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Dolores del Rio

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A First National Picture

First National Pictures

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Motion Picture Maga

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Vol. XXXII AUGUST, 1926 Number 1

Adel e Whitely Fletcher
Editor

Colin J . Cruickshank, Art Director

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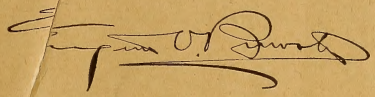
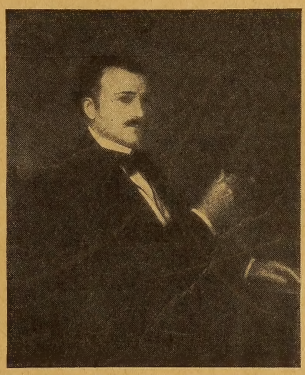
Criticising Critics

CRITIC: A person who is hired to find fault and pick flaws; member of the Anvil Chorus; one who is trained to see the fly on a barn door without seeing the barn; member of the I Know It All Club; an unusually shrewd observer who magnifies blemishes and minimizes virtues, and who detects the fly-speck on a painting without detecting the painting; a destroyer; a Smart Alec; one who knows and knows he knows and knows that nobody else knows; a Wise Guy who wants everybody to know he is wise. Syn: Knocker.

An Editorial by



Editor-in-Chief of the Brewster Publications



IN every branch of art we have certain students and investigators who make a life study of the subjects and who become what we call experts. These experts or specialists usually start with a good background such as a college education and a nat, ural aptitude for the subject, and tht they devote years to research wen and travel, finally becoming mastork Then they collect a library on the ers. ject and perhaps write a few magsub articles, then a book or two, and azine they are recognized as authoritit last es.

BUT with the Motion Picture different. Anybody can seirt it is ture and tell you whether he lie a picnot. And it is an easy mattekes it or up a few fine phrases and wr to pick might pass as a learn and rite what woods are full of suc scholarly criticism. And the ture, and that is why es, anybody can review a picfew good ones. have so many bad critics and so

NOW, what is the writing for a ction of a Motion Picture critic there to tear down, azine or newspaper? He is not be neither destructi is he there to build up—he should press to instruct t nor constructive. It is not for the When a picture i producers how to make pictures. changed. If the c released it cannot be corrected or he should write or tic really wanted to help the industry for the producer t criticism for his publication and one guide him in future productions.

THE real function of the critic is to review the picture and tell whether, in his judgment, it is good, bad or indifferent. He should point out its virtues noting such items as story interest, acting, characterization, composition, finesse, etc., so that the reader will be guided and instructed as to its fine points. After reading the review, the reader will probably decide to see the picture or not to see it. If the former, he or she will have in mind the points mentioned in the review and will agree or disagree. Others who had not read the review will go home and look it up just to compare notes.

THERE are no two things alike in this world, not even two minds or two pairs of eyes; hence, opinions will differ. I think "Stella Dallas" a very great picture, but you, my reader, may not like it. Likewise "The Last Laugh," but apparently the public did not agree with the almost unanimous verdict of the critics everywhere, which shows perhaps that we critics place too much stress on the fine points of a picture and not enough on the main thing—the entertainment or story value.

I BELIEVE that the public would enjoy all pictures more if they learned to appreciate all the fine points. Even the worst picture has some good in it, something to admire. Not all of us have been educated up to enjoying chamber music, symphony orchestras, and Wagnerian opera, and we all have much to learn about the fine points of a picture. It is for the critic to point out these things, thus adding to our enjoyment. But most critics are knockers pure and simple. They think they are not earning their salaries unless they can find fault and show how much they know.

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PAG

Motion Picture Magazine

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LILLIAN GISH and JOHN GILBERT in LA BOHÈME.

KING VIDOR'S production of
STUDIO days in Paris
GOLDEN days of love, laughter and tears . . . .
AND through it all
A great undying love.
COMING to your theatre
AFTER a record breaking $2.00 run
AT the Embassy Theatre
BROADWAY'S most exclusive playhouse

...ant Supporting Cast Includes

Renee Adoree and Karl Dane of "The Big Parade", Roy D'Arcy of "The Merry Widow", Frank Currier of "Ben Hur", well as George Hassell and Edward ...ret Horton.

...en story by Fred De Gresac based Henri Murger's "Life in the Latin ...rter"

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

The Bulletin Board

Last Minute News Gathered as We Go to Press

CECIL DE MILLE has had a hard time finding a story that nobody else has the rights to. After giving up "The Deluge" because Warner Brothers had a prior claim to a similar story under the title of "Noah's Ark," he decided to do "Thirty Pieces of Silver," a story of *Judas,* the Biblical betrayer. But Famous Players have announced their intention of filming "Pieces of Silver," a picture in which Emil Jannings will be starred as *Judas.* So De Mille will not start work until he has definitely established his priority in choosing this theme.

MAE MURRAY has given up all thoughts of Europe, now that her new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is under way. She has bought a very Spanish mansion on San Vicente Boulevard, for the conservative sum of $65,000, and the house-warming consisted of a very Spanish dinner for her friends.

WE always shudder at the news that a "military expert" has been engaged for a picture, because the result usually is lots of drills and no drama. You know what happened when one Colonel Byam lent his expert supervision to "Ranson's Folly." Now William Von Brincken, formerly a Life Hussar (whatever that is) and also military attaché at the German Embassy, has been engaged as advisor to Clarence Brown during the filming of "The Flesh and the Devil." However, we have confidence in John Gilbert's ability to offset any expert advice, however technical.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO has signed a new contract with John W. Considine, Jr., of United Artists, to make three more pictures for that organization. He is still at work on "The Son of the Sheik," in which they say Rudy and Agnes Ayres will duplicate many of the love scenes which made him famous in that "Sheik" of many years ago. Can this mean that the vaguely lovely Vilma Banky was not satisfactory as the "Sheik's" heroine?

THERE has been a great inrush of stars from the Coast of late. Reginald Denny came on for the Broadway opening of his new picture "Rolling Home." Mary Brian arrived as a loan to First National, for "Duke of Ladies." Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, the latest Lasky hero, has come back to play the juvenile lead in "So's Your Old Man"; Marie Prevost stepped off the train without explaining the reason for her visit; and Ramon Novarro arrived, *incognito,* like the Prince of Wales. Ramon is taking a short vacation after finishing "A Certain Young Man"—a picture in which he is much sought after by Rénee Adorée, Sally O'Neil, and Carmel Myers.

PARAMOUNT is always hunting for someone. If it isn't Theodore Roosevelt, it's the homeliest girl in the world. Two of the latter are very much in demand for the new Beery-Hatton comedy, "We're in the Navy Now." It seems to us, after looking on our fellow beings for many years, that nothing could be easier to find. But only beauty flocks to Hollywood, and the casting director is having quite a time. He might as well Mary Philbin make up for the part.

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD wishes it distinctly understood that he personally selected Esther Ralston as the heroine of "Glorifying the American Girl." This is an evidence of good faith and an assurance to movie patrons that the thing will be done up brown, as it has been on the stage of the New Amsterdam for these many years.

LOIS WEBER proves again that women can be successful directors. Her last picture, "Show World," was greeted with enthusiasm and she is now working on "The Savage in Silks," from the Ernest Pascal novel, "Egypt."

$10.00 for the Best Title to This Picture

You may send as many titles to this picture as you like—not more than ten words long. All answers must be mailed by July 10th and no titles will be returned. Address them: Title Contest 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York

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At the Mayflower IN WASHINGTON D.C.

135 WOMEN GUESTS

tell why they prefer this soap for their skin

IT IS ONE of the thrilling sights of Washington—the dining-room of the Mayflower Hotel.

Foreign diplomats, with discreetly worn decorations; statesmen and financiers, military attachés—rarely, amid the black coats, the sudden splash of color from some Continental uniform. . .

And everywhere the beautiful women: women in dazzling full dress, such as one sees in the public gatherings of no other American city.

HOW DO THE women guests of The Mayflower take care of their skin? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough to trust their complexion to?

We asked 188 women stopping at The Mayflower at the time of our inquiry what toilet soap they are in the habit of using.

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Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's, you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and begin tonight the treatment your skin need!

"White shoulders, jewels—a brilliant kaleidoscope of faces"

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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

A. Brinder

LYA DE PUTTI

Importations are the thing . . . And while our exportation of movie stars exceeds our importation, foreign companies forever seeking an American favorite for their productions, every now and then some European lady comes to our studios. And there is always a great fanfare of publicity. Lya de Putti is making her American première under auspicious circumstances. For immediately upon her arrival she went to work under D. W. Griffith's direction in "The Sorrows of Satan"

Richee

ALICE JOYCE

The producers do not seem quite sure what to do with Alice Joyce. They recognize her charm and her beauty because they have never let her retire from the screen, altho she has several times attempted to do so. In "Stella Dallas" she was perfectly cast. But as a general thing, they do not seem to get the utmost out of her personality. Now she is playing with W. C. Fields in "So's Your Old Man"

Ruth Harriet Louise

JOHN GILBERT

We give John Gilbert full credit for being the greatest lover shadowed upon the screen in many a day. But we think more than this is contributory to the high place he holds. With the public constantly demanding a higher standard in acting, it is the most natural thing in the world that John's stock should rise. He adapts himself to the rôle in hand . . . not the rôle to his personality. Goodness knows that is done all too seldom. This dashing picture finds him as *Bardelys the Magnificent.*

Russell Ball

TOMMY MEIGHAN

There's something about Tommy . . . And it is that something that keeps his name in electric lights whether the world kneels at the shrine of Latin lovers, college boys, or men of "the dangerous age." He always reminds us of the most attractive man in a smart suburb . . . And we especially like this study of him. He might have just come in from the links . . . with that healthy "dinner ready" look in his eyes. "Tin Gods" will mark his next screen appearance

Melbourne Spurr

MARY PHILBIN

"Love Me and the World is Mine" is what is known in the motion picture profession as "a good, box-office title." It is the sort of thing believed to bring people to the theater. Maybe it does . . . But we will never be satisfied until we see Mary Philbin in another sort of thing. She would be lovely in some of the Barrie plays,—we can see her as the delightful, whimsical and practical *Maggie Shand* in "What Every Woman Knows." We offer Mr. Laemmle, Mary's boss, this suggestion *gratis*. And humbly suggest that it isn't a bad box-office title, either

DICK BARTHELMESS

Dick has been kind to either his mother or a dog now in every picture he has made since goodness known when. But he still comes out near the top in popularity contests. He is too fine an actor to be submerged in such trite repetition and we hope that his new contract with First National Pictures will offer him an opportunity for another *Yellow Man* or *Tol'able David*. Right now he is disporting himself in the studios as "The Amateur Gentleman"

Ruth Harriet Louise

NORMA SHEARER

That Shearer girl has gone far, as people predicted she would. And we are of the opinion that she has much farther to go. After all, she has more than a straight nose and a shape head that permits a variety of coiffures. She can act. Her work improves in every picture. We look forward to her performance in "Up-Stage," confident that it will be as well etched as those that have gone before

Ruth Harriet Louise

PAULINE STARKE

Personalities do change! Pauline Starke used to go in for the sad, tragic heroines. Now she is one of the most vivid and flashing shadows on the screen . . . even if the photographer did catch her in a pensive mood this time. Clarence Brown has selected Pauline for "The Trail of '98"

Ruth Harriet Louise

ELEANOR BOARDMAN

If Eleanor Boardman succeeds in portraying an old-fashioned girl in "Bardelys the Magnificent" . . . a girl who belongs to the demure curls, the wasp waist-line, and the lacy crinolines . . . any last doubt about her being an excellent actress must be erased. For Eleanor is the most modern young woman we have ever met. She belongs to this generation of young ladies who manage to keep their appeal and, at the same time, think for themselves . . . something our grandmothers just wouldn't have believed could be done

A Hollywood Idyl

In Which Mary and Doug Walk Forth, Hand in Hand, to Meet Life

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

© Keystone View

When they married several years ago, they risked the careers to which they had both dedicated their lives. But they knew that no matter what turn life's tournament might take, they would be victorious in a great sense . . . for they would be together

WHEN we have heard legends of years that have now slipped into the dim centuries, we have wished mightily that we did not live in such a cynical age . . . and that we might observe some life that needed only years to make it legendary.

We wondered, too, if coming upon such beauty we would pause to mark it or pass it by.

Then we went to Hollywood. And we listened to the stories that the townsfolk tell of Mary and Doug. One story borrows another and some of them have been told so often that they are already of legendary character.

Mary and Doug have found something which words are too brutal to set down . . . something beyond the abstract scope of philosophy or theory . . . something of which dreams and unreality are made. But for all of this, they are not people who shirk life. They do not hide away behind the high stone wall of their house or draw silken curtains to shut out the poverty, ugliness and hate that stalk abroad. Had they done this even once, some of their greatness would have slipped from them. It has been proved that to be truly great you cannot let life flow over you but that you must take in all experience, whether bitter or sweet, if you are to be fortified for uncertain tomorrows. And Mary and Doug know this.

There are nuns who could tell you where Mary Pickford is to be found on Christmas mornings. There are workers in their studios who will tell you of that time a wife was ill in St. Louis and money seemed miraculously provided for the husband's fare home and a consultation of specialists.

Always they are Mary and Doug. Even in their Kleig-light kingdom Miss Mary . . . Mister Doug. We remember the darkies who are partners with Doug in the refreshment stand on the lot and their naïve comment on "The Black Pirate" which they had seen in the projection room that very morning.

They rarely go to parties, but that does not mean that they shun contacts. Nights when their work at the studio is done they drive up the mountain to their lovely house with its stretching gardens and sloping lawns. It is far more like something out of New England than like anything in Hollywood. It does not remotely suggest Spain, Mexico or Italy in its architecture. There is a permanence to the broad rafters and heavy timbers. Wide open porches command the sunsets. And there are many guest-rooms where interesting and celebrated and titled people from all over the world are glad to stop.

The world comes to them, in a sense. And they talk music with music masters . . . paintings with artists . . . politics with statesmen . . . international affairs with their titled guests.

The rest of Hollywood rushes from the studios to talk motion pictures at dinner-parties and dances. But Mary and Doug find that they have more to bring to motion pictures if there is frequent talk of other things.

They married several years ago and in doing so risked the very thing to which both of them had dedicated their lives. Predictions that they had sacrificed their careers for their love were many. And here and there could be heard a rumbling of disapproval. They are both too sane and wise not to have been aware that they were risking everything they had won professionally. Lesser people would have cheated and stolen off into some retreat, and the world might never have found out.

The last time we were in Hollywood we went over to their studios to see "The Black Pirate" in the projection room. The picture was on the screen

Abbé, Paris

Doug has been away from Mary one evening since they have been married. That was the evening he joined a Masonic order

when we arrived and we slipped into a back seat. Just in front of us we saw a dim mass of soft gold. And the lights went up to show the mass Mary's head at just about the level of Doug's shoulder.

It was at the time that Mrs. Pickford was so very ill. Mary's eyes and voice were heavy with tears as she talked to us and then turned again to study the second reel about to be projected on the screen.

Once we heard her say: "I would cut that scene just a little bit, Doug. It will sharpen the character." And we saw Douglas make a notation on the drop-lighted desk before him.

Every time the lights went out for another of the seven reels, Doug's hand groped for Mary's. He knew the anxiety she suffered, and his bronzed hand slipped into her small white one in mute sympathy and understanding.

We have always counted it a privilege to have known Mary and Doug. But after that morning in the projection room we listened to the things Hollywood said of them with a new interest. We talked to Lillian Gish who is their friend. And to Albert Parker who was constantly with them when he directed "The Black Pirate." We talked to less than these. And everywhere we heard the same stories.

They both discard old premises and live according to their own wishes. They find no pleasure without one another, so they are never separated. Doug has been away from Mary one evening since they have been married. That was the evening he joined a Masonic order.

They do not postulate their procedure as ideal. It is their inclination. They are content and happy to live this way.

In a day when sentimentality is looked upon as a vice, Mary tells you that she has never taken off her wedding-ring and that she places tape over it when she is acting. There is a sweet gravity about her dark eyes and her curving mouth when she tells you: "I like to think it has been there since the afternoon when Douglas slipped it on."

There are those who feel that Mary's pictures would be greater if she and Doug did not always make pictures at the same time. She becomes so interested in the things he is doing, so anxious for his achievement, that she is inclined to place her own secondary.

(*Continued on page* 96)

There's Something to This Heredity Business

We Call Your Attention to the Fruit of the Movie's Family Tree

The Costellos

Richee

Melbourne Spurr

There is nothing we can say about Dolores Costello that every motion picture critic and feature writer in the country has not already said. She is about the most promising girl on the screen today. And that does not mean that she has yet to win her laurels. She has won them. Now it behooves her to keep them. Something tells us that she will do so

Helene Costello is coming along now . . . also with flying colors. Dolores' brilliant rise put her in the background for a short time, but Hollywood prophesies equally interesting things for her. She played with Raymond Griffith in "Wet Paint," you know

Long years ago when Maurice Costello was known to the public because of his gray curly hair and his dimples, it was also known that he had two daughters. They played with him now and then. That was all. Perhaps Maurice always felt that they would eventually hold high the name of Costello again . . .

Doug Senior would do anything in the world for young Doug if he would remain in the classroom and forget motion pictures for a little while, but he has found that there is no use talking about it. The boy was born within the smell of greasepaint. Acting is in his blood

Strauss Peyton

The Fairbanks

Of course, Doug Junior will succeed. Not because of Doug Senior's influence, yet because of Doug Senior, nevertheless. The same things which brought his father fame are to be found in his make-up. He has ability and more . . . a vivid smile, an agile body and a romance about him

Ingram

The Bushman

Ralph Bushman is evidently going to follow in his father's footsteps in more ways than that of selecting a theatrical career. He is already a proud parent . . . and that reminds us of the large old-fashion family of which he himself is a part. Ralph is now on the screen in "Brown of Harvard"

If all of Francis X's children turn to the motion pictures, the family income will be something to puzzle over when the income tax comes around

Richee

A Flapper of 1820

We have had many historical dramas, but they have not always remained faithful to things as they were. What is the importance of a battle compared to the star's dramatic opportunity of back lighting? However, if this had not been the case, we would have a more or less complete film history by this time

We are assured, speaking of such things, that "Old Ironsides" will faithfully reproduce the years from 1804 to 1820. It is Esther Ralston who plays *Esther* . . . a flapper of those days when the younger set were called young ladies, rather than by less formal terms

The Age of Our Men and the Innocence of Our Women

Are the things on the American screen with which the internationally famous Raquel Meller quarrels

By BETH NORTON

Melbourne Spurr

She praises Belle Bennett, especially in the latter half of "Stella Dallas." And she is confident that Renée Adorée has the great soul of a true artist

Raquel Meller is—oh, take the word of two continents for it—the most undefinable, glamourous personality in the world. In France she is also a screen star, and now it looks as if she would be one for a limited time in Hollywood

Albin

John Gilbert gets her accolade, but she feels that he is too sophisticated to play young boys. And she feels that Lillian Gish is a fine artist despite her mannerisms

Spurr

Wide World

WE secured an unusual interview, because the sun was shining that morning, because Señorita Raquel Meller on her flowered balcony at the Hotel Ambassador stopped as she threaded her needle thru some Andalusian bit of lace, and chose to smile in the face of her fantastic American contract, which not only gives her the largest sum ever paid a performer on the stage, but protects her from such nuisances as interviewers, photographers and unkind critics. The sun was shining and we happened to be there. Even so, we had to obtain her opinions translated thru a third person, George Baud, her French representative. Nevertheless, we got the facts—we got Señorita Meller's own treasured opinions on the cinema, on screen acting and screen personalities.

Raquel Meller is—oh, take the word of two continents for it—the most undefinable, glamourous personality in the world, and in France she is also a screen star, and now it is pretty certain that she will be one in Hollywood. Metro-Goldwyn is wagging its royal lion's mane, and a contract is in the process of being negotiated. This contract will in all probability surpass in ingenuity of wording, demands and prerogatives anything ever heard of on the screen, but we will leave that subject until it comes to pass.

(*Continued on page* 95)

Ruth Harriet Louise

Lillian's Protégée

The story of "The Scarlet Letter" gave Lillian Gish, as *Hester Prynne,* many scenes with little Joyce Coad, who plays *Pearl.* And Miss Gish believes that Joyce, who is the winner of a California baby contest, will win an esteemed place for herself on the screen

SANDY

Cross-Country Travelers Leave the Train at Albuquerque for Exercise . . . or to Buy Post-Cards.

But the Motion Picture People Look Forward to This Twenty-Minute Stop Because of Sandy.

By RUTH CRANE

THIS is the story of a movie fan.

Of a little red-headed, blue-eyed, freckle-faced kid who, tho he lives far from Hollywood, is personally acquainted with more film stars, producers and directors than any other fan in the country.

He tells them his joys and his problems quite as unaffectedly as tho they were his next-door neighbors. He asks them interestedly about their work, he criticizes their pictures freely and frankly to their very faces, certain that they will consider his opinions of value. He isn't bold and pushing. Neither is he shy. He is just superbly unselfconscious. He believes the picture people are just regular good scouts and he meets them on that basis. They love him for it.

"The motion picture stars are all my *friends*," says Sandy. "Gosh, I certainly wouldn't know what to do without my friends out in Hollywood."

He is a rather ragged gentleman, to be sure, but he wears his faded blue overalls, his patched coat and his scrubby shoes with that dashing air which sets one apart from the multitude

Sandy lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico. I met him when I crossed the continent recently with Lois Wilson. As everyone who has made the transcontinental trip knows, Albuquerque is a sprawling, sun-baked desert town on the Santa Fé, where the California Limited makes a half-hour stop before it plunges onward toward Chicago.

After thirty hours of steady traveling, the film stars headed eastward give a sigh of relief as the train halts before the yellow stucco railroad station at Albuquerque. There is ample time to stroll up and down

(*Continued on page* 93)

In "Stella Dallas" Belle Bennett plays the mother as no one else in the world could have played her

Hartsook

Almost overnight Jack Gilbert became famous. Women adored him for his tragic brown eyes. Men liked him because he really could act

Russell Ball

The Thing That Makes

By ELIZABETH BENNECHE

IS unhappiness the price paid for genius or is genius the reward of unhappiness?

There is a thought for you, you contented, care-free people who may be longing for fame and never realizing the heartaches that so often come with it.

Young girls posturing before mirrors feel that they are born to be great actresses. They imitate the little, fluttering mannerisms of a certain star. They may even recapture a little trick of hers, a sidelong glance, a twist of the shoulders, a gesture.

But they can go no further. There is something lacking in their mimicry, a false note, a something indefinable.

What did Charlie Aplin lack when he copied Chaplin's derby hat, cane, funny shoes and the little tricks of expression?

What was it he couldn't match?

Some time ago Charlie Chaplin won a lawsuit against an imitator.

The man was a flagrant copyist. Little tricks of expression, his make-up, his clothes, including the derby hat, the cane and the funny shoes were all the familiar trappings we had so long associated with Chaplin. Not content with this, he had gone so far that even the name he chose, Charlie Aplin, was a travesty.

But there was something he could not imitate, and it is this something, and not the funny shoes or the cane or the mustache that we love in Charlie Chaplin.

His own experience had taught Chaplin and he had learned his lesson by heart. His own heartbeats had marked the tempo. It was his, earned by suffering and heartbreaks. No one could take it away from him.

We can thank an unhappy childhood, the squalor of London slums, the flickering lights of third-rate music halls, the sad little ghost of Hetty Kelly and the mother who dwells in the border land of shadows for Charlie Chaplin.

In spite of the success that has come to him, Chaplin is one of the most pathetic men in the world.

He loved greatly . . . once. She was a little girl who also played in the

Max Linder, one of the funniest men in pictures, and his young wife died a few months ago . . . suicides

Abbe

Mabel Normand's smile is sweeter and more appealing because it is shadowed by tragedy

Chaplin has learned his lesson by heart from his own experiences. His own heartbeats have marked his tempo

Them Great

PETERSEN

third-rate music halls and she loved the shy little man with the cane and the funny shoes who wasn't making a particular hit with his audiences.

One day they would both be famous and happy! They dreamed of this day on their little excursions around London. Once they looked in at the gaily lighted windows of Simpson's in the Strand. Some day they would dine there . . . and Hetty would have a beautiful gown and Charlie a dress suit like the toffs were wearing.

Jack Gilbert has been quite as handsome and romantic for years, but until he became the rage overnight he was a comparatively obscure leading man.

What worked this change?

But how often do the dreams of youth come true?

Fame of a sort came to both of them. Hetty Kelly's sister married Frank Gould, the American millionaire, and she wore the pretty clothes and went to the places she had dreamed of for so long.

Charlie Chaplin was creating attention in Hollywood. His cane and funny shoes were beginning to make people laugh.

But it wasn't until after Charlie had returned for Hetty, and arrived just in time to see her coffin carried thru the friendly door where she had met him so often, that he became really great.

(*Continued on page* 87)

© by Underwood & Underwood

Today Gloria Swanson is no longer bizarre and unreal. She looks and acts what she is . . . a woman who has at last discovered that life can hurt

Billie

James N. Doolittle

Dorothy

Gene Kornman

Jobyna

He's a Good Picker

As a discoverer, Columbus did his bit when he went out and found America. Somebody had to find it eventually. So three cheers and a zebra for Chris! But what we are concerned in right now are the Columbuses of the movies—the men who have discovered stars and placed them in their celluloid setting. Just as Columbus got his statue, there shall come a time when the Celluloid Capital will erect monuments to these movie discoverers, these star finders, Griffith, De Mille, Ingram, von Stroheim, Chaplin and Sennett.

More and funnier Columbuses! May I add the name of Johnny Hines, for he is a Christopher of the cinema who has discovered stars in embryo, in footlight settings, and given them the golden opportunity.

No one would be more startled than Johnny Hines to find himself on a high pedestal bearing the chiseled inscription that he has discovered and started on the paths to fame as many stars and probably more than some of these other navigators of the gelatine sea. But it is a fact that the comedian has given some of our best-known twinklers their first chance to appear under the Klieg lights and has also given them a training in the good old school of comedy, from a branch of which Gloria Swanson emerged, a graduate of Professor Sennett's Slapstick Seminary, not to mention Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, *et al.*

To the list of Doctor Hines's Select Cinema School for Young Ladies belong the names of Dorothy Mackaill, Norma Shearer, Billie Dove, Doris Kenyon, Jobyna Ralston and Jacqueline Logan—all sweet girl graduates, and many of them ignorant of the lessons in motion picture make-up when they began under his tutelage.

These were the days when Johnny Hines was beginning to make a name for himself in the "Torchy" comedies, and the most important requisite for a leading lady was to have a pretty face, an ingratiating personality, a sense of comedy, and a willingness to learn all the movie lore that this cinema campus provided. And before long, each one of these sweet girl graduates would confide to an interviewer that "comedy is, after all, the very best training for drama." And it is, isn't it?

So in looking about for leading ladies for himself, Johnny Hines proved that he was not only an excellent picker, but a splendid teacher, and in almost every case he realized that he had a winner under his wing who would go far in the picture world and perhaps climb up into the starry firmament of electric lights some day. And most of them have.

At the time that Dorothy Mackaill fell under the eagle eye of Professor Hines, she was playing in a successful musical comedy on Broadway. The comedian was immediately struck with her blonde beauty, her charming personality, and above all, her sense of humor. He engaged her at once and she appeared in six comedies opposite him.

"The moment I saw Dorothy Mackaill, she was hired," says Johnny Hines. "And she had the stuff we wanted for comedy. I wanted her because she was a blonde and I was a brunette. You see it was an excellent contrast.

It Was This Way:

Billie Dove
was "like the girl that married dear old Dad"

Dorothy Mackaill
had blonde hair, and a sense of humor

Jobyna Ralston
had a wicked wink while she looked the sweet, young thing

Jacqueline Logan
photographed beautifully from every angle

Norma Shearer
looked like a "nice girl" and an aristocrat

Doris Kenyon
could step out of a rented Rolls-Royce and look as if she owned it

Witzel

Jacqueline

Ruth Harriet Louise

Norma

Doris Nickolas Muray

By HERBERT CROOKER

And I wanted her because a twinkle in her eyes told me she had a wonderful sense of comedy. I was not disappointed. Dorothy Mackaill, even in her first work before the camera, was one of the most tireless workers I have ever seen in a studio. In spite of the hard work, the hot weather under the studio lights, she did not lose her good nature for a moment. She had a tremendous amount of pep and everybody liked her and was ready to do anything for her. She realized she had found an opportunity to get into screen work and nothing was too difficult for her to undertake. I need not say she made good. Just look at the gal now!"

At the time Dorothy Mackaill was working with Johnny Hines, the company began work on a comedy that called for another girl, and the comedian started out to find one. His search brought him to a very lovely girl, beautiful, aristocratic and charming. And she was just the type he wanted, as she was a brunette and would go well in company with the blonde beauty of Dorothy Mackaill.

Long Beach, on Long Island, was chosen for the first outdoor location for this new comdey, and this necessitated the company's taking a number of rooms in the Nassau Hotel for dressing purposes. Comedy companies in those days could not afford to spend a great amount of money, so the girls were forced to double in these high-priced dressing-rooms.

The pretty brunette, probably ignorant of the money-saving plan, demurred slightly at being thrust into a room with the extra girls. She complained. Johnny and his staff went into conference, as this was an unexpected problem which had to be settled with diplomacy. The girl was so lovely and aristocratic that they knew she was a nice girl and did not want to hurt her feelings, and at the same time they could not afford any added expense. To solve the problem and save the situation, they cut the rôle down so that her scenes could be photographed quickly, and, in the lingo of the studio, the girl could be "killed off" early in the shooting. Her name was Norma Shearer.

"Norma Shearer," Johnny Hines has said, "is the only girl I have ever seen in pictures who screened beautifully with practically no make-up. With only a slight coating of

(*Continued on page* 103)

In looking about for leading ladies for himself, Johnny has proved that he is an excellent picker—and an excellent teacher

Christopher Columbus may have done a lot when he did his bit discovering America. He deserves a lot of credit. But it's a cinch he didn't have so good a time as Johnny Hines has had making his discoveries

Ramon Steps Out of Character

C. S. Bull

Disillusioned again . . .

We believed all that talk about Ramon Novarro being shy and idealistic. And now look at him! Shy? Idealistic?

It takes more than a monocle, a mustache and a silk hat to make anyone look so dangerous and . . . so, er . . . interesting . . .

Menjou, Stone and all the other sophisticates certainly have a rival.

It is in "A Certain Young Man," formerly called "Bellamy the Magnificent," that Novarro steps out of character.

The line forms at the right of the box-office, girls.

C. S. Bull

The Stuff of Which Tears Are Made

Tia Juana Red

By BERT ENNIS

DOWN at the Tivoli, the gaudiest dance hall in Tia Juana, they call her Tia Juana Red. Her flaming mass of copper hair brought her that cognomen and obscured her baptismal name of Esther.

Tia Juana, you know, is one of the most notorious resorts in the world, located just fourteen miles from the lawful, sunny town of San Diego lying across the California border.

It is comprised of a single street, which is lined with one- and two-story buildings. Shacks really. And each shack houses a saloon, a dance hall or a gambling joint. If the proprietor is greedy, all three may be found under the same roof.

Tia Juana Red is the main attraction at the Tivoli. She holds forth, singing such diverting classics as "Red-Hot Poppa, dont you try to two-time me." She dances too. With whoever among the motley throng of tourists exacts the privilege of doing a fox-trot with one of the entertainers. This goes with the drinks.

According to her story, Tia Juana Red was a stenographer in the Legislature of the City of Spring-

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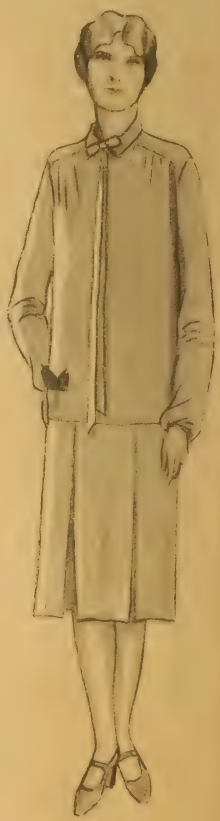
As the dance-hall girl in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," Tia Juana Red called heavily upon her own experience. And she shone forth brilliantly. In the illustration Red is shown in this picture—perhaps you remember her?

For the "*Lemon*

A few suggestions for social summer afternoons, whether you are at home or at one of the resorts

Mary Pickford inclines towards organdie and a wide brimmed hat, especially if she is serving tea at home. In the drawing on the left, her white gown is worn over a pink slip. The appliqued motifs are of two shades of sky blue and the velvet bow is of a darker blue. Incidentally, the same velvet bands her leghorn hat. Jewelry is apt to be annoying on warm days. Here Mary wears only a single strand of pearls at her wrist and her marriage ring. Simplicity is the thing . . .



The chemise frock which Constance Talmadge wears (it was part of her spring trousseau) is extremely simple and smartly new in line. It is fashioned from gray flannel with a yoke of appliqued net and bound just below the normal waist-line with a girdle of heavy white beads. Her hat is of white belting with a pin of onyx and rhinestones. And, as usual, she prefers the classical opera pumps . . . this time varying them with white bows

How like Lois Moran to wear this demure frock of French blue pongee! It is all in one piece and opens just enough at the neck to slip into it without disarranging the hair. The collar is tied with a beige grosgrain ribbon . . . and for a touch of color Mistress Lois wears a pale pink handkerchief in her pocket

or Cream?" Hour

By Cerline Boll

The other day when May Allison was having tea at the Ritz, she wore one of the smartest and most becoming hats we have seen this season. It was made of a black milan straw with a band of green velvet ribbon that crossed in front in the manner shown above

Aileen Pringle is always distinguished . . . and casual. With this frock of gaily printed modernist flowers on a gray silk background, she carries a navy-blue coat. And she has wisely selected one of the newest hats of navy-blue milan from Reboux, which has a discreetly wide brim, wired and bound at the edge . . . and a band of blue grosgrain about the crown. Because Miss Pringle wishes height, she adopts longer skirts than most people are wearing . . . for these enhance her superb carriage and innate poise

Norma Talmadge also favors clothes of the semi-sports *genre* for informal occasions. She is extremely partial to this exotic gown of white flat crêpe, painted in futuristic fashion in pastel colors. Her white felt hat contrasts beautifully with her dark hair and vivid complexion. And orchids on the shoulder are always pleasant . . . if sometimes impractical

One Hundred Years From Now—

—life will be very difficult, according to "Metropolis"

"Metropolis" is the latest celluloid importation from Germany. It is said to have cost one and a half million dollars to produce

The story is an imaginative one, dealing with the struggle between the overlords and the workers who live in tenements under the ground. A sensational actress, named Breta Helm, plays the humble factory girl who aspires to love the son of one of the wealthy overlords

Jimmie Cruze has superlative praise for this production. And Jimmie has the reputation of being conservative in his opinions. He says of "Metropolis," "it is incomparably the greatest motion picture ever made"

Why Do You Have Your Fortune Told?

Some People Believe in It . . . Others Have It Done for the Fun of It———

The Motion Picture People Spend Thousands of Dollars a Year on Fortunes

By ALICE TILDESLEY

THE fortune-telling trade is brisker in Hollywood than in any city in the world, they say.

Whether or not stars believe that there are some who can read the future, the fact remains that most of them give the aforesaid a chance to try. There is a roomful of illustrious "waiters" outside the sanctum of the crystal-gazer Dareos almost any hour of the day or evening. A certain negro seer used to make appointments three weeks ahead, and a popular form of entertainment at film parties consists of a palmist, psychic or numerologist.

There is another side. In Hollywood's busiest cafeteria, a once-upon-a-time seer is now engaged in serving chicken hash; another has gone in for millinery, and still another is in jail—or was, a few weeks ago.

Most of the stars consult the oracles for no better reason than the thrill they get from what might happen, because everybody else does, or because somebody invited them; but there are others who would not think of signing a new contract without going to their favorite psychic first.

It was Jane Novak who told me about Aunt Carrie of Victorville. Jane loves having her fortune told, and doesn't care who knows it. Aunt Carrie is an ancient negress of such uncanny powers that special trips are taken to her desert town by picture people who have met her on location.

"It's the thing to see Aunt Carrie when you're on location near Victorville," observed Jane. "The first time I heard of her, several members of the company made up an impromptu party and we went together to her cabin.

It was about eight years ago that a negress housekeeper told Estelle Taylor that she would marry the world's champion boxer or wrestler

Harold Lloyd belongs to the American Society of Magicians and insists that he knows how to do all the things that are done in séances and, therefore, he never believes anything

"It was a dark night and we had to feel our way into the house. The doorways were low and tall men bumped their heads. We went thru rooms piled with furniture—as tho someone had hauled it in and said: 'Now, when we want any of this, we'll come get it.' At last we entered a room lit by a fire in a grate and were told to sit down.

"Aunt Carrie was there in her turban, smoking her old pipe before the fire. She didn't look at anybody, but presently she spread her cards around, not in any particular way, I thought, and began to talk. She didn't tell first one, then another, but all together. She told one man, whom we had all supposed to be happily married, of his domestic difficulties and how soon the trouble would break. She told me of my own divorce, and another girl, whom I had considered very quiet, some amazing—simply amazing—things that were then occurring.

"We were terribly embarrassed to be told such facts in public, but strangely enough every one of them came true.

"Aunt Carrie has foretold the rising of stars who have been extras and the eclipse of others who seemed at the top of the heap."

When Jane Novak went to Berlin to make a picture, a companion accompanied her who was discovered to have a gift for tea-cup reading.

"Germans drank coffee before we arrived," smiled Jane, "but after they heard about Irene, they took to afternoon tea, and there was a line waiting outside my dressing-room every afternoon. Irene is amazing. When we were in England, she read my cup one day and laughed. 'There's an unborn babe to your family,' she told me.

Eve was married, but I had understood she intended to make a picture, and no one had mentioned baby to me. However, just for fun, we bought a complete layette in Paris. When I got home, Eve thought she would surprise me—but I surprised her!"

Margaret Livingston not only believes in "fortunes" but she can tell them herself.

"Jack Gilbert cant come near me without handing me a pack of cards," laughed Margaret. "He says I'm the only person who ever told him anything that came true. I modestly admit it.

"I use cards as a means of concentration. I always told the girls' fortunes in school, and nobody seemed to be able to do it by laying the cards out the same way. It's funny, tho, I cant get a thing for myself.

"Once when I was at an informal party, something terrible happened. As usual, someone had handed me the deck and I was doing my stuff. New people kept coming in. Suddenly I looked up and saw a stranger standing by the table. He asked me to read for him. He shuffled and cut and I laid out the cards—then I ran them all together and told him I couldn't see a thing. But I saw calamity so plainly that I was scared all night. A short time afterwards he died under peculiar circumstances."

Louise Fazenda has her horoscope cast by a noted London astrologist every other year. She cant wait until it comes, she says, and then after she has read it, she forgets all about it.

It was Louise who had the numerology fad last winter. Perfect strangers used to stop her on the street and beg her for a reading, so Louise proceeded to forget the science of numbers so completely that she doesn't know now whether she ever foretold anything that came true or not.

"Down at San Diego, when we were making a picture, all of us went to see some weird somebody who took flowers from everyone," remembered Louise. "When he came to my flower, he said: 'This person is in difficulties that are all her own fault. She can just try to get out of them.' All of which was true.

"But fortune-tellers generally tell me that I giggle too much. Unless I'm serious nobody can get anything for me."

Seely

Jane Novak goes way out to Victorville to have old Aunt Carrie tell her fortune. It was Aunt Carrie who told Jane of her own divorce

Louise

Jack Gilbert says Margaret Livingston is the only person who has ever told him anything that came true. And Margaret says she uses the cards only as a means of concentration

John Ellis

Louise Fazenda has her horoscope cast by a noted London astrologist every other year. She cannot wait until it arrives . . . and after she has read it she insists that she forgets all about it

When Clive Brook was making a picture with Natacha Rambova, something of the sort was said to him. Natacha is a great believer in the occult, and Clive was invited to a séance.

Tho the medium's Indian control seemed able to get all sorts of messages for everyone else, he could not get a word for Natacha's leading man.

"Ugh!" sputtered the medium, at length, "No can get for you. You have too many blankets on." By which he meant that the Englishman was too reserved.

Tho Georgia Hale insists that fortune-tellers justify themselves because they're so awfully much fun, John Miljan thinks that if their gifts could be depended on surely the Government or business interests would take advantage of them. At the same time, John Miljan has had an experience that would have made a convert of any other man.

When John was beginning his stage career, he joined a repertoire company with which was traveling a woman who had recently lost her husband. She was a well-educated woman, a friend of James Whitcomb Riley, and she read palms for pastime.

One afternoon, when the company was playing in a small town in Colorado, a girl stopped in to have her hand read. The woman, who was rather weird-looking, took one glance at the hand, choked and asked for a drink of water. Before she got over her seizure, the girl left. Then the woman cried out that she had seen that girl meeting with an accident. What to do? What to do? While the company was trying to soothe the seer, word came that the girl had been killed at the railroad station.

Gloria Swanson has a favorite fortune-teller in New York with whom she sometimes wiles away idle hours. When Lois Wilson had tonsilitis and was laid up with face and throat bandaged, Gloria surprised her by sending the psychic to amuse her. Later when Lois had recovered, the two invited the woman in again, one rainy day, and Lois, unrecognized, received the same fortune.

(*Continued on page* 114)

He Hated Alarm-Clocks

And Proves That Old Saying About the Early Worm Is Not to Be Taken Too Seriously

By HELEN HANEMANN

BEHIND the counter of a country store, a soda jerker jerked at his saccharine calling. Necessary, but hardly inspiring, the perpetual blending of chocolate, strawberry and vanilla, of more chocolate, strawberry and vanilla, of finally still more, long after the proper count had been lost. To be sure, the monotony was varied once; the soda clerk tried to mix a glassless soda, but that would scarcely pad a letter home. Strong the personality that could have stood out in this medley of syrup bottles, and used, still fuzzy glasses. Yet this man succeeded. He belonged definitely to that small class of persons conspicuous anywhere, even behind a soda counter. Here stood still another possessor of Elinor Glyn's famous "it."

Perhaps this vague quality arose from the tremendous solemnity with which he quizzically effected his task; possibly the secret lay in the kindliness with which he nodded in the direction of an occasional passer-by, a kindly nod which had seen and experienced much sadness, even aged a little, but was not discouraged. More likely it was a mixture of both mellowed with a singular wealth of charm.

The country store was set in a tiny portion of the lot enclosed by Famous Players for its Long Island Studios, and the picture, "The Old Army Game," first starring vehicle of William C. Fields. Strangely, prophetically enough, Bill Fields, comedy juggler, named this present triumph in previous engagements with the "Follies." "The old army game" was a favorite byword of his. The story of his world pilgrimages, of his ten years at the "Follies," doing a juggling act against the grim fear of an old age when he would again wander from town to town, from continent to continent with returns which diminished steadily, has become almost as well known as that of his sudden ascent to stardom. Two pictures, "Sally of the Sawdust," and "That Royle Girl," started producers outbidding each other for what they realized would prove the gilded services of W. C. Fields. Anyone, well, almost anyone, they argued from the depths of their wealth of hard-boiled experience, can be a pretty girl, but a man like Fields is a comedian. There is further testimony of these hard-boiled gentlemen's appreciation in the fact that Julian Street's short story, "Mr. Bisbee's Princess," winner last year of the O. Henry memorial prize, is being made into a picture for Mr. Fields. It will appear under a title suggested by the current favorite maxim of a wise-cracking stage: "So's Your Old Man."

"I've tried for years to break into pictures," said Bill Fields, as they stopped shooting for a moment, "but no one would give me a chance. I dont know the reason for this, except that managers and most producers are alike in one respect: they dont see, once they like something you do, why you should want to try anything different. 'Do what you're sure of,' is their constant advice. So I was branded juggler, and that was that. At least, that was that until D. W. Griffith bought the screen rights to 'Poppy,' or 'Sally of the Sawdust,' as it became known in pictures. When Griffith asked me—he'd liked the performance I gave in 'Poppy'—to take the same part in the picture, I got my first real opportunity. Altho I had been in 'Janice Meredith,' doing exactly one day's work, it didn't in any way count as a start. In other words, as I often tell people, it was only after I got my first real speaking part that I could get a chance in pictures."

Here Bill parked his cigar stub, and returned to his ministrations at the soda fountain, or as one might better say in speaking of him, to his soda juggling. And here I got an insight into one of the unusual features of Fields' work: it is practically undirected. There was an occasional suggestion of "Bill . . ." from Kleig bronzed young Edward Sutherland, who spoke from the eminence of a stool beside the soda counter and from the deep absorption of folded arms and bent brow. Not that one is casting any slurs on a director who has the good judgment to leave swell enough alone. And so much, incidentally, for the screen critics who say that the art of acting is in pictures supplanted by a simian following of mechanical directions.

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"I always have the best luck with gags I've actually seen take place," Fields said, "the little things that are totally unimportant yet full of humor and human interest"

He dares to intimate that he has succeeded because he was lazy—because he hated to get up early. He says inherent laziness is his chief asset

Hollywood Notes

By Eugene V. Brewster

I HAVE always understood that Hollywood is divided into cliques and that one set claims to be a little more select than the other. I have also heard that Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno move in the best circles and that when they give an affair it means something to get an invitation. Well, last Sunday night I attended one of these Moreno functions and it was indeed all that I had heard. In the first place their home is something of a palace or castle, Spanish style, situated on the top of a young mountain up which I motored on first speed. It is surrounded with walls, gardens, pergolas, swimming pools and romantic-looking nooks and corners. Inside, the rooms are spacious, high-ceilinged, and elegantly furnished. We were told "informal," but two or three of the seventy-five guests did not obey. The hour appointed was seven-thirty, but we did not sit down until about eight-thirty and we did not get up until eleven—except to dance, between courses. There was an orchestra playing and a very good vaudeville entertainment going on while the waiters were serving us, and handsome Tony and his charming wife gracefully flitted hither and thither looking after their guests. It was really a brilliant affair, and here's a list of the best-known people present as well as I can remember: Constance Talmadge, Claire Windsor, Bert Lytell, John Gilbert, Florence Vidor, Jack Holt, Mae Murray, Corliss Palmer, Frances Marion, Fred Thomson, Conrad Nagel, George Fitzmaurice, Fred Niblo, Marion Davies, Irving Thalberg, Earle Williams, Samuel Goldwyn, Frances Howard, Enid Bennett, Harry Rapf, Charles Ray, Richard Barthelmess and Sid Grauman.

Melbourne Spurr

Constance Talmadge seems to be a most popular girl so far as the male contingent goes. No matter where you are, you see the men seeking her for a partner . . . and grouped about her chair

NOAH BEERY is noted for his barbecues and when he gives one, everybody goes who is invited, which means a hundred or two. His ranch is a few miles out of Hollywood and it is a real ranch. It is only about twenty acres large and the house, barn and other buildings are simple and anything but pretentious, but very cozy and homelike. The affair I attended was given for The Masquers, a select theatrical club, but many other players were present. Noah with his velvet bass voice, genial smile and pleasant manner makes a charming host and everybody seems to love him. He had built many long tables and seats and a dancing platform in the back yard, and I observed smoke coming from the ground just beyond, which, I was informed, was where the buffalo, deer and beef were cooking — but just how I didn't find out. There was an appetizing odor of cooked meat all about, and when a half dozen men began shoveling off the dirt from three large concealed holes in the ground, we all began to get very hungry. Two or three feet below the surface they dug up all kinds of sticks, boards and burlap wrappings, and some gentlemen of color soon exposed to view huge chunks of steaming meat which certainly smelled good. I suppose that somewhere in the bottom of those holes were smouldering coals on which the steaks had been placed and covered. Anyway, there was enough meat to feed an army, but we hundred hungry guests soon disposed of it, and I am telling you that it certainly tasted good. Even Mrs. Leslie Carter seemed to enjoy it. Meanwhile a vaudeville entertainment was going on. I hope Noah will pardon me if I remark that he has an enormous appetite and that he could not have had any breakfast or luncheon that day. Edgar Norton also acted as if he had been starved. But, would you believe it?—the hungriest of all was little Georgie Harris. Ronald Colman, Vera Reynolds, Charlie Chase, Margaret

The Motion Picture Colony Looks to Itself for Enjoyment and, According to Our Social Editor-in-Chief, Seems to Find It

Hollywood, like all towns and suburbs, has caste. And it means something to be invited to the Antonio Moreno's. Their informal parties are attended by seventy-five guests . . . and dinner lasts from eight-thirty until eleven, with dancing between courses

At the famous Montmartre the other day Tom Mix listened to the jazz and was convinced that we have slipped back centuries. He feels our modern music is very similar to that enjoyed by Indians and cannibals . . .

Livingston, Corliss Palmer, Earle Fox and William Conklin, also showed signs of previous starvation. As for myself, well, I fear that my sylphlike figure has been endangered if not quite destroyed.

SUNDAY mornings in Hollywood are usually devoted to horseback riding, provided one has a horse or can ride one. Tom Mix and his lovely wife often take care of those who have boots but no horses, and last Sunday I was among their riding guests. We started from the Mix castle at eleven, each mounted on a Mix steed and it must have made a pretty sight. Mrs. Mix led the way, Kathleen Clifford next, Corliss Palmer next, all in brilliant colors, and for two hours we rode thru pretty mountain passes and trails amid the variegated grasses and wild flowers. On our return we found a few more awaiting us, and then we sat down to a very elaborate luncheon which was certainly appreciated.

I NEVER leave Tom Mix without taking away with me some brilliant thought. Tom is a deep thinker and when he opens his mouth you can always count on hearing something worth remembering. He sat next me at the Montmartre café the other evening and after listening to jazz for a couple of hours he said: "Modern music convinces me that we have slipped back a few centuries. This music is quite similar to the kind the Indians and cannibals used to enjoy. We educate ourselves up to the

(*Continued on page* 106)

"See You In the Funny Sheet"

When the cast of "Ella Cinders" said that they weren't using slang, they were being literal

Colleen Moore
as
Ella Cinders

Will "Ella Cinders" lead a procession of comic-strip characters to the screen? Only time and the box-office receipts will tell. Suggestions for stars to appear as "Mr. and Mrs."—"Pa's Son-in-Law," "Petey," and all the rest, are now in order

Photographs by Freulich

Lloyd Hughes
as
The Iceman

Producers always used to think of Louise Dresser as a comédienne. They would not give her an opportunity to play anything else until she managed to get the title rôle in "The Goose Woman." But she always had the conviction that she was an emotional and character actress

Despite the fact that she had yearned to play the part of the mother in "Stella Dallas" she grants that Belle Bennett was exactly the one who should have gotten it. If that isn't being a good soldier—?

On the left is Miss Dresser's dramatic portrait in "Blind Goddess"

The Good Soldier

By Helen Squires

THIS is the story of a soldier.

Her name on the roll-call is Louise Dresser; just now banners are flying and salvos sounding for her creation of the mother in "Blind Goddess," even as they did not so long ago for her unforgetable "Goose Woman."

The way she learned to be a soldier is this:

She had been on Broadway for two years, and her success was so great that producers fairly fought with one another to secure her services. Was there a big part for a comédienne? Get Louise Dresser! Was there a snappy new song? Louise Dresser must sing it! Wait till *Louise* comes on!

No wonder the young comédienne who was also "the most beautiful blonde who ever gladdened the eyes" was in danger of having her lovely head turned.

Charles Frohman and C. B. Dillingham presented Louise that season in "The Girls of Gottenberg."

Gertie Millar, having starred in the comedy abroad, was, as a courtesy, to be featured ahead of Louise and the comedian, and since Gertie was on the ocean, rehearsals proceeded without her. But she was scheduled to appear at dress rehearsal when, according to New York custom, prominent people had been invited to view the performance.

Gertie duly arrived, with Paris trunks and press notices. So did dress rehearsal.

Louise came on for her first song, singing as only Louise could sing. Off-stage, she lingered for a moment to watch Gertie's entrance. The chorus fluttered off; the orchestra began the opening bars of the song, and—the understudy came on!

Back in her dressing-room, Louise "had a temperament." Didn't they think Gertie needed a rehearsal? Why should she get away with this when Louise—Louise whom producers fought over!—was expected to be on hand?

On she came at her next cue, and walked thru the scene. She moved mechanically thru her songs, not bothering about high notes, business or proper emphasis.

Louise and Gertie appeared together in the second act, and this time it was the English comédienne and not her understudy who entered on cue. Gertie tried

(*Continued on page* 101)

That Time Louise Dresser Was Temperamental . . .

. . . She was really justified. It was Charles Frohman who interrupted her tantrum and showed her the valour of being a good soldier.

In this story you will see how that memory has followed her all thru her life . . . even when others have been given her plum.

Grandfather's Old

Antiques that serve a practical purpose are the best of all. The tall grandfather clocks are delightful in hallways . . . and they usually keep faithful record of the time

THERE may be sadder words in the world, but to one who for years has decorated everything from a movie set representing a Russian winter palace to a Norwegian fishing-shack, and including a couple of hundred private homes, the saddest words I can think of are: "I'm furnishing my home in *real* antiques."

Not that I dont like antiques. The right antiques—rightly used—are always good, but when I think of the thousands of sins committed in the name of "antique furniture," I am a bit saddened. American homes today would be in so much better taste if more people knew the truth about antiques.

When we talk about antiques and plan to use them in the modern homes, we forget several very important points. One of the most vital things that we do not take into consideration is the fact that our present living conditions are far different from the conditions of any other generation. Today the piano is almost a necessity. A victrola has also come to be regarded as important. Most of us want to have a radio to bring us in constant contact with the outside world and to furnish music for dancing and for amusement. A telephone has to be present. A home without electric lights would be most inconvenient. Glass is no longer prohibitive in price, as it was only a few generations ago, and all of us like our houses to have large windows for both ventilation and light. The modern house has steam or hot-water heat, which makes radiators necessary. Because we want to be comfortable, we like overstuffed furniture and down cushions.

Radiators, radios, electric lights, victrolas—to say nothing of modern built-in furniture and open book-shelves! All these are comforts that we would not dispense with but they are also comforts that were not present in the generations when "antiques" cames into being. This means that if you are using antique furniture you must of necessity combine it with new furniture and unless you are clever you are going to get a hodgepodge of old and new that is far from good.

But that is only one difficulty. There are many others. One is the actual interpretation of "antique" or "period" furniture. *All furniture is period furniture!* A piece of furniture made today is simply furniture of the Modern Period. Furniture takes its name from the period in history in which it was introduced. French furniture of the Louis' is "French period furniture." Georgian furniture may be "Adam furniture" or "Chippendale furniture," depending on the designer. Queen Anne period furniture simply means furniture designed in the time of Queen Anne of England.

To say that a piece of furniture is "period furniture" is incorrect. All furniture was made in some period, just as every dress, every hat and every other manufactured article was made in some particular time. Period furniture must be designated by

The Truth About Antiques

When we plan to use antiques in the modern home, one of the most vital things that we overlook is that our present living conditions are far different from the living conditions of any other generation.

We should not put furniture into our homes just because we believe it to be old. An antique is valuable only if it has charm and beauty.

Sometimes we go so far wrong in our quest for antiques that we might just as well put our grandfather's old shoes in the parlor.

To say that a piece of furniture is "period furniture" is incorrect. All furniture was made in some period, just as every dress, hat and every other manufactured article was made in some particular time. The chest mounted on legs on the left is of the Jacobean era

It is wise for the person of moderate finances to buy reproductions which duplicate the finest points of any period . . . and which may be rubbed down so that they appear quite old and mellow. On the right is a chest. Incidentally, chests were the first pieces of furniture

Photos Richee

Shoes In the Parlor

By Stephen Gooson

Interior Decorating Expert for First National Pictures

Every neighborhood has its fake antique dealer. Sometimes they are tucked away inside of an old farmhouse . . . but genuine antiques are not picked up very easily. Above is a reproduction of an old drop-leaf table

the period in history in which it was made. Our next problem in furnishing antiques is to select a suitable period for the American home.

Most attractive is the carved oak of Jacobean and Elizabethan days. But, alas, most of this furniture, because of its great age and scarcity, is found only in museums, in exclusive shops and in the homes of people who have large sums of money to spend on furnishings. We may almost count out entirely the sturdy oak of Jacobean and Elizabethan times so far as furnishing a modern home in antiques is concerned, for the few authentic pieces in existence are well guarded. Reproductions of these periods may be had at moderate prices and prove most attractive in the modern homes—but we are contenting ourselves now with real antiques.

The furniture of the Italian Renaissance period is lovely and much of it is suited to the average American home, but this too, alas, is becoming rarer every year and while real Italian Renaissance pieces may still be purchased, they are hard to find and, of course, must be bought from dealers or private owners in large cities. Even so, the cost makes them prohibitive to everyone excepting those with unlimited sums of money at their command.

Real pieces of French furniture

(*Continued on page* 111)

Above is a room in which old carved furniture, upholstered in a deep red velvet, finds a perfect setting. The paneled walls enhance its charm . . . yet modern appurtenances do not seem false notes

Below is a delightful room in which built-in book-shelves, upholstered furniture, and other modern necessities are perfectly combined, with good reproductions of antiques

Photos Richee

Theodore Dreiser Says:

The average American girl is in a sweet dream. She has a notion that she is all the candy. She lives in a crazy aura of the importance of joy, of sex, of youth. And gosh, the importance to a boy in our cities of the place to take a girl . . . of getting on with the fascination stuff . . . of making money.

The Story That Cost $93,000

With the Understanding That the Author Is to Approve the Scenario

By ESTHER CARPLES

THEY are going to put one of the greatest books this country has produced into the movies, and from West Coast and East Coast this has been the big news of the year. Theodore Dreiser has kept his own gargantuan self in the background, saying only that his work must be produced in fidelity to the story. Famous Players, with a magnificent gesture, paid $93,000 for it—ninety-three thousand dollars for a book that isn't by Harold Bell Wright or Zane Grey, but for a literary masterpiece. It is to be made into a super film that will run two hours and its direction and cast will hold some of the big plums of the forthcoming season. "Yes, I got $93,000 for it," said Dreiser, "but who is to be high-hat, I or the movies?" Well, Dreiser wrote the book and Famous Players only bought it.

To settle this money point which had been variously reported, Dreiser's contract reads $93,000, but ten per cent. of this went to his publisher, Horace Liveright, and out of this Dreiser also paid a handsome fee to his attorney. The whole thing contains a certain splendor because this wealth has come to Dreiser after twenty-five years of pioneering as a realist in which time he has been hailed, reviled and suppressed, only to win a wholesale popular acclaim at last by his gloomiest tragedy of all. "It surprises me more than anyone," said Dreiser. "It surprises me, and it doesn't matter."

The movies and the screen public had better get one point right at the start. The title, "An American Tragedy," is only a reflective handle to the book, it's putting a name to the overtones of the two-volume novel and to Dreiser's appraisal of life. The book itself is full of life, color, passion, full of America, of its prejudices, wild dreams, illusions, religion, bell hops, shop girls, tawdry loves, good trusting girls and bad, joy rides, scenic beauties, millionaire's daughters and one ordinary fellow, *Clyde Griffiths,* who ends up in the electric chair and thru whom we see how it is that in the American scene some 3,881 murders come to be committed annually.

Dreiser would like to see Erich von Stroheim do "An American Tragedy." He thinks that von Stroheim is the only one of the directors who will choose the right cast, collect people who will say inherently I am this character and that.

"I should like above all," said Dreiser, "that they pick the right people to play it. They've got to get the minor characters in the book right, the jurymen who try Clyde, his mother, his family, his associates, the whole American panorama is the creative force that impels events. Let them read the book carefully and get its psychology. The idea itself is the important thing. Scenes like those on the lake where Clyde drowns his factory-girl sweetheart so that he can be free to marry the rich girl, Sondra, have intrinsic drama and

He says that "An American Tragedy" is not a tract for anything or against anything . . . that he is not concerned with capital punishment. That he is neither for or against it

there are other scenes, but I am not concerned about those. 'An American Tragedy' isn't a tract for anything or against anything. I am not concerned with capital punishment, am not for it or against it. What is in the book is the psychology of America, the people we are. It is this country that generates this type of boy, generates this kind of backwoods jury to hang the boy. Von Stroheim might put in some subversive psychology, but he would get the right spirit. I have heard Griffith might do it, and I am not against Griffith as a choice, he will picture the sweep of it, I think. If some of the younger directors do it, I should like to see two of them on the job so that they will act as a check on the other. I dont want the spiritual values of the book distorted. I dont want a sentimental melodrama made of it, or a stylized tragedy."

"Couldn't an American Tragedy happen in any other country?" we asked Dreiser.

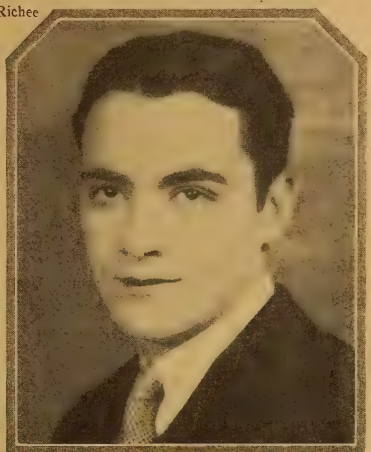
"No, our American psychology is positively our own. This show and bluff, the noble gestures of the American girl, our fairy tale avoidance and dislike of reality, materialism, self-indulgence, a good time, dancing and having a swell time, all this fan-tan is ours. The streets are full of kids like Clyde Griffiths and others in the book. You dont find English boys or German have such damn full illusions about life and about themselves. The average American girl is in a sweet dream; she has a notion that she is the candy, all there is. She lives in a crazy aura of the importance of success, of joy, of sex, of youth. It's a crazy, whirling, dynamic attitude. Gosh, the importance to a boy in our cities of the place to take a girl, about getting on with the fascination stuff, of making money—to the limit of crime and tragedy. That is what the book is about. This psychology permeates our people. These dreams and illusions and successes of the rank and file have colored our minds like an insect sucked into greenness himself from the color of the leaves he feeds on.

"I had no prejudices, no reforms in mind, when writing 'An American Tragedy.' I have equal sympathy for Clyde Griffiths and for Roberta Arnold. They shouldn't put on the sympathy stuff too thick when it comes to Clyde, or on Roberta, either. The kind of a fellow Glenn Hunter played in 'Merton of the Movies' would do for Clyde. Clyde like

(*Continued on page* 107)

It looks now as if Charles Rogers, the most promising actor of the recent Paramount School of Acting, would play Clyde Griffiths. They have tremendous confidence in his ability and he has the youth so vital to the character

Richee



Connelly

Mr. Dreiser mentioned Glenn Hunter for Clyde Griffiths, saying: "The kind of a fellow Glenn Hunter played in 'Merton of the Movies' would do for Clyde. Clyde, like Merton, lived in a mist"

On the extreme left of the lower row is Monta Bell, who it is rumored is to direct this very interesting picture. Next comes D. W. Griffith, also considered for the direction and approved by Dreiser

But it is Eric von Stroheim who is the author's first choice. "He would get the right spirit," says Dreiser

Press Illustrating Service

Gene Kornman

HAROLD'S WIFE

—wearies of retirement on Lloyd's paltry forty thousand a week. She has been dieting—and considering stories—and the next thing you know you'll see Mildred Davis on the screen again

When Doris Kenyon Pours

Afternoon tea is becoming as popular in America as it has always been in England . . . and Miss Kenyon offers her favorite tea menu and recipes

NO woman is ever quite so feminine or so charming as when she is bending over the tea-service, dispensing charm and hospitality at one and the same moment.

As a matter of fact, we Americans are reverting to pre-Colonial days in one decided respect. We are rapidly increasing the typically English custom of afternoon tea. It has become a rite in many households. And Doris Kenyon's is one of them.

In the winter the tea-table is drawn near the big fireplace in the Kenyon's New York apartment. Then Doris serves melted cheese on English muffins . . . cinnamon toast . . . other such things.

But in warmer months she inclines towards the specks of tea sandwiches, cut in all manner of fascinating shapes and sizes.

And if she and her mother are in the country for the summer, Doris has the tea-table carried out under some wide spreading tree. It is pleasant to drink tea out-of-doors . . . when there are bordered paths of old-fashioned flowers . . . butterflies skimming thru the drowsy air . . . hazy clouds sailing overhead . . . and a tree's heavily leafed branches screening the sun.

Every hostess has her own pet menus. Of course. There are the things she loves best to serve on certain occasions. And Doris told us one day at tea what items are in particular favor with her.

China tea comes first, winter or summer, hot or iced. It is fragrant with a myriad remote flowers . . . dream-dispensing. And it is lovely to look at. A pale amber. With its slivers of lemon spiked with aromatic cloves.

The more kinds of sandwiches the better. As many flavors as shapes. And just a bite in each.

Tiny round ones just the size of a slice of egg and holding just a slice of egg except for the speck of lettuce and dash of mayonnaise.

(*Con. on page* 113)

It is wise of American women to serve afternoon tea . . . for no woman is quite so feminine or so charming as when she is bending over her tea service . . . dispensing charm and hospitality at one and the same moment

Russell Ball

Chaney Outchaneys Chaney

As *Singapore Joe*, Chaney is required to have one dead eye. He consulted eye specialists galore and finally discovered that he could achieve the desired effect by coating the eye with collodion. Incidentally, he can only keep this in his eye about ten minutes at a time . . .

Lon Chaney has done so many grotesque and extraordinary things on the screen that he is constantly in a position where he must outdo his last performance. What he will do next causes as much interest in film circles as the golf score causes at the country club. We suppose a time will come when he will be stumped . . . but judging by these scenes from "The Road to Mandalay," that time has not yet arrived

Lois Moran, Henry B. Walthall and Owen Moore are also in the cast . . . Miss Moran plays *Singapore Joe's* daughter, who is terrified by his advances, not aware that he is her father, and Henry Walthall is a priest

An Assistant Director Forgets Himself

And Tells What Happened On the Set

By
William Holland

"Coward," called his irate wife, when she discovered him in the lion's cage

I HELD an assistant's job for quite a while with a certain producer who believes that all human drama begins and ends with lions. Whether it's in Africa or New York—his characters must meet up with lions. His world is simply littered with lions. Well, one day after shootin' a Western, this producer came in the projection room to see the rough cut of it. In the big scene where the heavy was being chased by a pack of wolves I noticed that the producer started to squirm. "Vy should that guy be afraid from dogs?" "Those aren't dogs," we answered, "they're wolves." "Vell, it looks like dogs," he replied with an impatient gesture, "and men ain't afraid from dogs. It dont look very dangerous—make him a lion." "But they dont have any lions in the part of the country shown," we replied. "Vell, what of it? We've got ten lions on the lot, haven't we? Take vun up!"

We used a flock of bees on an *Andy Gump* comedy at Universal that almost caused a panic

On another occasion when we were making a situation comedy without lions, the producer looks on for a while, and then says: "I dont see you usin' no lions in this here picture." We explained that the story didn't call for any lions. "Vell," he said, "we must use lions! Shave them! Paint 'em! Disguise 'em! But use 'em! We're feedin' 'em."

Speaking of lions, reminds me of a story that Charlie Gay, the famous lion tamer, tells on one of his Zoo assistants. It seems that this helper was a small man who was married to a big woman who continually argued with him. One night, he sneaked out of the house and didn't turn up all night. In the morning, she looks around and finds that he'd taken refuge in a lion's cage. She just gave him one look of contempt, and said: "You coward."

A dumb, but self-important bird arrived from New York one day with a contract to cut pictures. It turned out that he had never seen a piece of film in his life, and dumb, so dumb that I doubt if he could generate an idea if he were thrown head-long into the wound of knowledge itself. One day, out of curiosity, he opens up a can of film that has just been laid down by a cameraman containing stuff shot that day, but not developed. Of course, it changed color right before his eyes when the sun hit it. He gets sort of scared, feeling that all was not right, and asks the cameraman what color film is. Well, after he got out of the hospital!

We were usin' a dog in an *Andy Gump* comedy, but he developed rheumatism right in the middle of the picture. It slowed him up so bad that even by cranking eight or ten we couldn't get any speed out of him. He looked about as menacing as Fay Tincher. Well, some bonehead tells the humane society and these birds with something to do at last, pay us a visit and order the dog shot. Well, as they were old maids, we get Joe Murphy to vamp them and they finally agreed to let us finish the picture with the understanding that the dog was to be shot immediately thereafter. We had to get the scenes, so we cover the stage with chicken wiring and then hooked up with the switchboard. When the dog got the juice shot into him on his entrance, he came to life like Joe Murphy does when a dame passes the set. We got the scenes in no time, and the laugh is that the electricity cured the dog and we didn't

have to shoot him. Am thinking of trying it on Joe, too, sometime.

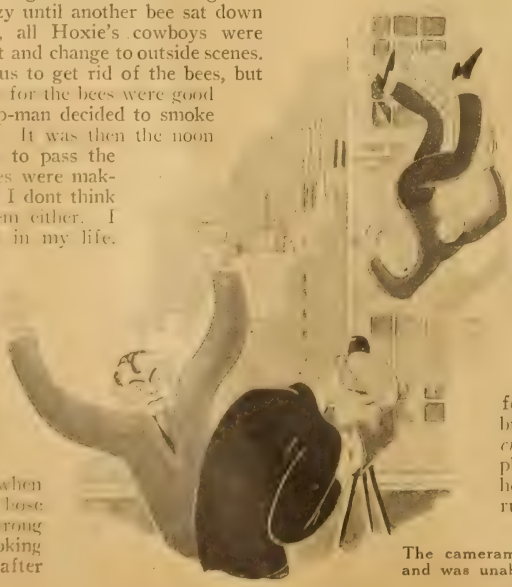
We needed a large number of whiskey and gin bottles for a Neeley Edwards comedy, but were unable to buy any—we tried several places without success. It seems the bootleggers had all of them. We decided to drive around and call on a couple of movie stars that I knew drank now and then, figuring I could get a bootlegger's phone number in this way. However, we didn't have to call on any bootleggers after all, for we had a car full of empty bottles after visiting two houses. But that didn't end our trouble. A revenue man spotted the bottles in the car while we were eating and figured that we were going to fill up the bottles later on from a still. We almost tangled up in a fist fight. He followed us until we drove into the studio gate and then feeling kinda cheap, he beat it to get a drink of gin to brace himself.

In the big scene where the heavy was being chased by a pack of wolves, I noticed that the producer started to squirm. "Vy should that guy be afraid from dogs?" he asked

We *used a flock of bees* at Universal on an *Andy Gump that almost caused a panic*. They stung Fay Tincher and she had to use a pillow whenever she sat down. The Director tells Fay that the bees wont sting if she doesn't strike at them, and to give her confidence, he goes thru the scene for her. However, he didn't know the bees, and the prop-man had to dig up another pillow for the director. Jack Hoxie was working in the next set, and in the big scene where he takes little Nell into his arms and is about to kiss her, one of our playful bees travels over and lands on the girl's lips as he finally kisses her. When he gets stung, he pulls out a gun and starts firing—his director thought he was crazy until another bee sat down on his neck. Pretty soon, all Hoxie's cowboys were dodging bees, and had to quit and change to outside scenes. The studio manager orders us to get rid of the bees, but it was easier said than done, for the bees were good and mad by now. The prop-man decided to smoke 'em out with a smoke-pot. It was then the noon hour, and all the stars had to pass the building from which the bees were making their hurried exit. And I dont think the bees missed any of them either. I never heard such a squack in my life. Then a bee, in revenge, turns on the prop-man and he drops a lighted smoke-pot and it set fire to the canvas in the set and it looked like the studio was going to burn down. The fire department arrived and had a hard time fighting the fire and bees at the same time. Every now and then when a fireman got stung, his hose would get aimed in the wrong direction and the actors looking on would get soaked. Well, after it's all over, the director calls me down for not having ordered trained bees. Later in the day, a flower-pot fell from above and landed on his head—he still thinks it was an accident.

We made a boat picture at Balboa recently, but had a lot of grief. On our way down, the car broke down and the prop-truck got lost. Then the leading lady discovered that she had left part of her wardrobe at the studio. The house-boat was found to be all wrong, and we nearly came to fist blows with the carpenters before we had the necessary changes made. It was nearly noon by now, but we set the camera up on a parallel sunk in the water and started to shoot the first scene. A wind storm came up and the director lost his balance and fell overboard. We got him out all right, and started once more, but the rope holding the house-boat to the pier broke and the house started to drift away. We knocked off for lunch while the carpenters towed it back. However, the prop-man had forgot to put the lunches on the truck, and we lost another hour going to town for dinner. After lunch, we try our luck again and get a few scenes. Then we decide to shoot the big fire scene. We explain the action to the fire-boat tug captain and give the cue to the prop-man to touch a match to the house. The wind was doing pretty good by now. Well, the house is set afire all right and starts to drift to sea with the actors at the windows hollering for help. The wind soon fanned the flames into a blaze. The director who stutters, tried to tell them to jump, but they didn't understand. He flags the fire-tug to go to the rescue, but something happened to their engine and they couldn't move. The director finally is able to holler at the captain of the tug-boat, but this bird hollers back, "Say, who in hell is running this boat." Well, the actors get wise and jump. Then the tug-boat comes to life again and starts for the house-boat, but the captain is so rattled that he runs right into the side of the house-boat and spills himself and his crew into the water. Meanwhile, it was growing dark, and the house was nearly gone in flames, so we decided to change the story to a nice quiet bedroom comedy.

We hired a double to shoot a jump off a building. Everything was made ready and the fellow made a beautiful jump, but *the cameraman forgot his crank-handle* and was unable to photograph the scene. The last I heard of him was that he is still running.



The cameraman forgot his crank-handle and was unable to photograph the scene

Renée Adorée ISN'T the kind of a woman a man writes odes to while he plays around with someone else . . .

Melbourne Spurr

She Knows How to be Pensive

By RUTH STARE

SOMEONE has said that the greatest wisdom of Providence is in leaving little boys of genius on the doorsteps of washerwomen, and it seems that those stars who are saved undue exploitation while they are making their marks, have also to thank the unknown wisdom that manages such things. Nobody has pigeonholed Renée Adorée, nobody has established an ironbound character for her, so she has been free to play many parts and in many moods. Then when the peasant girl Melisande in "The Big Parade" came along, the public became wide-eyed and discovered something. In fact they discovered two things simultaneously—that Renée Adorée is a great actress, and that she is an offshoot from the usual run of heroines, and something of a new type. Well, not a new type, but sort of a Burbank improvement on several types. She filled a need for an actress with depth, but without tragedy, not any one exotic, or turbulent, but a woman patterned for many emotions.

When you meet her face to face, she is a strikingly beautiful young woman, and she is bantering and gay and wise. She knows how to be pensive. There are many womanly women on the screen but Miss Adorée is more than that. She is intensely feminine and she has fire. It's a combination that doesn't burn, but glows. You feel when you see her on the screen that you could never tire of her, and you feel that way about people of her type in real life. She isn't a woman to be worshipped distantly, not the kind a man writes odes to while he plays around with someone else. As a type she makes you wonder whether the screen and public in experimenting with vamps, were not really reaching out fumblingly for something else, and that something else was a sensuous woman who wasn't wicked or sinful, but someone warm and earthy and human.

"You cannot take a pretty girl from behind a sales counter and ask her to feel things she has no knowledge of," according to Renée. "Even to play very happy rôles, you should have once been very sad. If the girl has been sad . . ."

We saw Miss Adorée on the second day of her first visit to New York in several years. The liveried flunkies at the Hotel Ambassador stood aside ornamental, correctly

(*Continued on page* 122)

Motion Picture Junior

Vol. II. No. 2 August, 1926

Pictured with Bebe are two of the high officers of the "Polywumpus Club" about to partake of some of the fruit of the vine that Bebe provides for her young callers

The Court of Daniels

By Myrtle Vest

"Visiting hours 10 to 11 A. M. Please meet in the patio."

That's the neat little placard that hangs beside the bell on Bebe Daniels' beautiful Commonwealth Avenue home in Hollywood. But if you are over fourteen, you're out of luck, for you cant join the gay gatherings that take place in the Daniels' patio.

When the youngsters around the Daniels' home heard that Bebe had returned to Hollywood from New York, they fairly stampeded the house and yard. Kids dont forget good times and good eats, and Bebe was known as the champion good scout of the neighborhood before she went East.

So popular was Bebe that she was made "Honorable Poly" of the "Polywumpus Club"—a neighborhood organization headed by "Sonny" Perry and his fat little brother, Tommie. How the name originated is unknown, but the purpose of the club is to protect the birds and pets in their home district. And on Saturdays and holidays to array themselves in gay feathers and near-skin chappies, with huge sandwiches and hunks of cake, and play "injun" in the wilds of Griffith Park.

Bebe's first association with the club came when it was discovered that her pantry boasted of the best three-layer cake in Hollywood. The coveted office resulted.

When it was first learned that "Honorable Poly Daniels" had returned, a grand rush occurred, so visiting hours were established.

Pictured with Bebe are two of the high officers of the "Polywumpus Club"—Master Bud Jones, known as Quill, the secretary, and Master Bill Howard, as Montezuma, the treasurer. They are partaking of some of the royal fruit of the vine that Bebe provides for her kiddie callers.

Of course, during school the hours had to be changed.

When I Was a Little Boy

Willard Louis Tells of Some Pranks He Played

Say, if any of you fellows are in the choir, I bet you can guess some of the things I did when I was a kid. We had great times, all right.

There was the time we stuck the minister's prayer-book together with postage stamps. Believe me, we sang like little angels that morning each one of us looking slightly more innocent than the other. They never did find out which one of us did that. Pretty soft.

What about pie, fellows? Any of you like it? Huh, I thought so. Me, too. The Ladies' Auxiliary had a pie-eating contest at a Social once. Me, I was right there and that's the only time in my life I had enough pie. . . . I got first prize.

You know how kids are always playing tricks on each other. Well, those fellows made up they were going to get even with me for winning that prize, so one of them had a good-sport cousin and she made a mince pie—and let two of the kids help her. They brought it to Sunday-school and told the teacher it was for me because I was so fond of pie.

Wasn't Willard Louis the cutest little tot? And wasn't he full of fun too! You'll think so when you read his story

Gee, it looked good, all brown and crisp, and mince pie my favorite and all. But she said I couldn't have it until after Sunday-school was out. My mouth just watered—I couldn't think of anything but that pie—never suspected anything at all. But Jennie did. Jennie was a little girl in the class who was sort of sweet on me. You know how it is. Anyway, she snooped around and listened to them snickering, and presently, accidentally on purpose, stuck her finger in the pie.

Right after class she came and whispered to me. I said: "Here, wait a minute, fellows. You didn't think I was goin' to eat all that pie, did you? Well, I hope I know my manners better'n that." And the teacher, she thought, golly, Willard's getting good all of a sudden, but she said that was right, always share with one another. So I nobly cut the pie into lots of little pieces and unselfishly passed it around, so that when it came to me, there wasn't a single piece left!

I'd a sure hate to bit into that pie—Jennie said they emptied pepper and mustard and salt and everything in it.

The Junior Answer Man

Joe Frank Cobb Answers the Questions Sent to Him in Care of Movie, Jr., 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York

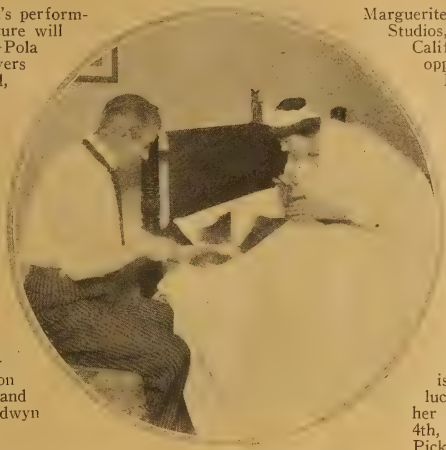
TED.—Yes, I enjoyed Colleen Moore's performance in "Sally" too. Her next picture will be "Ella Cinders." You can write to Pola Negri and Bebe Daniels at Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Milton Sills is just starting work in "Paradise" at the Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th Street, New York City, New York. Betty Bronson will appear opposite him. Remember her as *Peter Pan?*

NANCY.—It is customary to send the stars twenty-five cents in payment of their pictures. We have a new member in "Our Gang." He is Skippy Lowry, a New York youngster. The other members are: Mary Kornman, Jackie Condon, Johnny Downs, Mickey Daniels, Husky Haines and Farina. Our latest comedy is "Baby Clothes." You can write to Ramon Novarro, Lew Cody, Sally O'Neil, and Marion Davies at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

G. RAYMOND P.—I am glad to tell you that Baby Peggy is returning to the screen in "April Fool." Other members of the cast include Mary Alden, Eddie Phillips, Max Davidson and Pat Moore.

LAWRENCE L.—Rin-Tin-Tin is owned by Lee Duncan. Did you like the picture of them that appeared in last month's MOTION PICTURE, JR.?

OWEN MOORE ADMIRER.—Address John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte at the Metropolitan Studios, 1040 La Palmas Avenue, Hollywood, California. Owen Moore is going to play opposite Marion Davies in "The Red Mill." You can write to him and Gertrude Olmstead at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver, California.



The trained dogs in the movies are not the only dogs who will stay quietly in bed when they are sick. Dogs really know when they are being looked after . . . and they make better patients than some little boys and girls

PAULINE Mc.—We had a grand time while we were making "July Days." Mary Pickford was born April 8th, 1893. Jackie Coogan will be twelve years old in October. Ever since "The Sea Hawk," Milton Sills has been playing in pictures in New York. I thought "The Sea Hawk" was great, too.

EVELYN S.—Mary and Doug were married March 28th, 1920. They are vacationing in Europe right now. Mary's new picture, "Scraps," is going to be released this fall. A few lucky people who have seen it say it is her best. Lillian Gish was born October 4th, 1896. Did you know that she and Mary Pickford are very good friends? That was Baby Mary Louise Miller in "The Bandit's Baby." You will see her in "Scraps" too.

ELIZABETH M.—Alice Day's little sister in "Gooseland" was Mary Ann Jackson. She is just a little over three years old.

JESSIE T.—Mary Brian is eighteen years old. She will be Ben Lyon's leading lady in "Duke of Ladies."

MARGIE E.—Jackie Coogan is about to start work on "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut."

Do You Remember What George Washington Said to Betsy Ross?

What could be more perfect for a magazine that comes out right near the Fourth of July than this lovely picture of Claire Windsor as Betsy Ross, the mother of our flag.

We are reminded of that story about George Washington and Mistress Betsy. She was working on the flag for the colonists and it was quite shabby. An old flannel petticoat for the red stripes. A soldier's coat for the blue field. And an old sheet for the white.

One day General Washington called to see the flag, but he noticed that the stars had only four points. He didn't say anything about it at the time. He told Mistress Betsy that it was a beautful flag . . . just the thing to wave at the head of his army.

But that night he took her outdoors and pointed to the stars in the sky. At first she didn't understand what he meant. Then he told her to count the points. She did and her mistake was corrected.

Aren't we human beings funny? We can look at things all the time and not really see them. That is because we do not concentrate.

The people who really teach themselves to see things are the people who go the furthest in this old world of ours.

What could be more perfect for a magazine that comes out right near the Fourth of July than this lovely picture of Claire Windsor as Betsy Ross . . . the mother of our flag?

Clarence S. Bull

Wescosco Atelier

He Gets Our Vote

William Fox has some of the greatest plums to offer actors and actresses this year, having purchased the screen rights to the famous David Warfield successes. Who will play the title rôle in "The Music Master"? That's the question! Here Henry B. Walthall offers two studies of his interpretation of the rôle. Does he get your vote, too?

THAT'S OUT

By TAMAR LANE
Illustrations by Harry Taskey

Good Chance for Some New Film Finds

THE studios are still campaigning for new screen faces. If directors do not curtail their present habit of showing close-ups of pedal extremities, the film industry will soon have to change their plans and start a search for new screen *feet*.

This should open up a new field for aspiring amateurs. We suggest that you go to your home-town photographer at once and have a complete set of photographs taken of your feet—both front view and profile. The rush is liable to start at any time.

Get your home-town paper to start a Feet and Fortune Contest.

Dont let big feet deter you. Look what they did for Charlie Chaplin.

Stage *Versus* Screen

IT is to be admitted that the movies have their faults, but in a fair comparison of the spoken drama to the silent drama, it will be found that the average stage-play is not one bit better than the average film, the average stage producer is not one bit better than the average film producer, and the average stage actor is not one bit better than the average cinema actor.

The advantage of the screen is that when the thespian is a rotten actor, you only have to look at him—you dont have to listen to him.

Dogmas of the Movies

ACCORDING to photoplay codes, a crime is not a crime when it is committed by the hero or heroine. Only a villain can be a thief, a crook, a cheat or a traitor.

On the screen a wrong is only a wrong when committed by the bemustached gentry. The hero and heroine can break any law or propriety and yet film ethics holds them entirely innocent.

So far as the dumb drama is concerned, it isn't a matter of what is done that constitutes a right or wrong; it is simply a matter of who does it.

If the hero cracks the safe and purloins the valuable papers therein, it is a fine and righteous deed, because it will save the heroine's father from going to jail.

If, on the other hand, the villain pilfers the papers from the Mosler to save his own hide, the whole audience chortles with satisfaction when he is shot by the hero who has been lurking stealthily behind the office door.

Morals for All

IF it is going to be insisted that only players of the highest moral caliber be allowed upon the screen, then in fairness to the thespian, he, too, should have the same privilege of demanding that only those persons of proper moral fiber be allowed to view him on the screen.

It should be quite within the actor's rights to insist that every theatergoer, before being admitted to the cinema at which the player's film is being shown, must present credentials to the manager to prove his good standing in the community.

Why not run the whole proposition somewhat on the Henry Ford factory system? Let every person in the community be given a weekly card, passed by the Board of Censors, showing that he has strictly adhered to every ethic, law and moral and is therefore entitled to view our upright movie heroes upon the screen.

AN exhibitor up in Saginaw, Michigan, writes in to complain about Rudolph Valentino. He says every time Rudy gets a divorce, the ex-Mrs. Valentino becomes a screen star and the exhibitor loses money on her.

The exhibitor wants us to make a personal request to Rudy that in the future he please make it a point to marry *good* actresses, so the exhibitors can get back some of the money they have lost.

Hollywood Is Worried

THE rush of foreign artists to American shores continues at a great pace.

The panic is on in Hollywood studios.

Our American directors will now have to do a little thinking if they wish to save their hides.

And some of our players will have to do a little acting instead of striking pretty poses and worrying about camera angles.

Pity the Poor Public

WE take great pleasure in printing another little epistle from one of our admirers.

"Dear Mr. Lane: I would suggest that you and Herbert Howe get together and 'rave' to each other

(*Continued on page* 86)

Ruth Harriet Louise

If Mae Murray keeps on looking younger—and younger—and younger, the Children's Societies will begin investigations. We have never seen her lovelier than in this new portrait taken just as she began her rôle in "Altars of Desire"

By
Laurence Reid

The Picture Parade

In "Aloma of the South Seas," Gilda Gray gives promise of making a place for herself in the film sun

You'll like "Brown of Harvard," and you'll like William Haines in the title rôle

Aloma of the South Seas—Romantic Drama

As no sweet encomiums were sung for this romantic excursion upon the stage, one could hardly expect to find it of especial consequence upon the screen. The story, itself, is weak, but it might have had more melodramatic punch. Maurice Tourneur, however, has done nothing to pep it up but has given it a picturesque appeal with the Porto Rico settings. You expect something to happen in a half-dozen episodes, but they evaporate into nothing.

Gilda Gray is the whole picture and she gives a graceful, wistful study of the South Sea dancer who falls in love with a renegade white man who is fast drinking himself to death thru being spurned by his fiancée. Gilda executes her colorful dance and she gives promise of making a place for herself in the film sun if given the proper stories.

The trouble here is a weak story which has been overpublicized. It isn't as good as its advance notices have led us to believe. William Powell is the villain who goes down to the sea in sharks and he tries his best to be convincing. So does Warner Baxter as the native lover. Percy Marmont overacts—something strange for him as he invariably gives a restrained performance.—*Paramount.*

Brown of Harvard—Romantic Drama

We've had college stories and college stories, but none of them won their diplomas until "The Freshman" and "Brown of Harvard" happened along. The last-mentioned shapes up as a likely campus number even if its plot is typical of the stuff that made Frank Merriwell's name a household word. One thing in its favor is its approach to a real collegiate atmosphere. The boys dont sit around a room decorated with pennants of girls' colleges, nor do they strum their ukuleles. *Brown*

Dick Barthelmess has had better rôles and better stories than he finds in "Ranson's Folly," but he is, nevertheless, convincing

Harry Langdon skyrockets into the limelight in "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." It is a "wow" of a comedy

"The Brown Derby" is a sparkling comedy. And Johnny Hines is great in it

emerges here as a half-way human chap, tho it is unlikely that he would continue to be so fresh after he's become a "soph."

The idea behind it is based upon the premise that a youth must go thru the mill in college just as he would go thru it in life—if he would be successful. And in expanding the theme it develops along simple romantic lines. Harvard must suffer thru *Brown's* didoes until he finds his character.

Meanwhile the college loses its boat-race—and *Brown* loses his sweetheart. There is a football scene which affords a rattling good climax. The rôle of the Harvard hero gives William Haines a chance to act with considerable spirit and enthusiasm—and Jack Pickford is sufficiently wistful as his worshipful room-mate.—*Metro-Goldwyn.*

Ranson's Folly—Romantic Drama

THIS best seller of yesterday, written by Richard Harding Davis is brought forth on the screen with a good deal of conviction. True, it offers nothing as a work of moving, absorbing drama. It is so simple that a wee youngster can "spot" the development of every scene. But the plot shortcomings are partly overcome by Sidney Olcott, the director. He has dressed it up with appropriate atmosphere and detail, the military flavor giving it a certain tang that lifts it out of the ordinary rut of plots.

Richard Barthelmess has had far better pictures—and he's done far better work with bigger characterizations, but at that he makes himself convincing as the venturesome lieutenant who has a folly or two. Indeed, Folly Number (One) finds him saving the post from being destroyed by fire, and Folly Number (Two)—which gives the punch to the picture—arrives when he, for the sake of a thrill, masquerades as a highwayman. A court-martial develops from this bit of playfulness.

There's not so much to it, but suspense is well projected. Dorothy Mackaill makes the most of a weak rôle—and the others in the cast are competent. We give it a mark of "moderately good"—and let it go at that.—*Inspiration-First National.*

Harrison Ford and Marie Prevost are two reasons why "Up in Mabel's Room" proves as amusing on the screen as it was on the stage

The Brown Derby—Comedy

IT'S a lively, sparkling number that Johnny Hines has here—one that should carry him along the high road to popularity where he can sit back and rest on his laurels—and say "I'm satisfied." The piece is bright with brand-new gags and develops spontaneous laughter from the start. If there are any old high jinks they have been dressed up so you cannot recognize them.

What we like about it is the "snap and go" of the action. Truly, there isn't a scene which loses its pace and gingery quality. From the moment that Hines inherits a brown derby from an eccentric uncle and proceeds to overcome his inferiority complex by wearing it until he mani-

The decorative Corinne Griffith gives "Mlle. Modiste" a certain appeal, but, like most musical comedies, the story does not make the screen grade

An effort to produce another "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" has been made in "The Greater Glory," but the results are not a bit satisfactory

In "Wet Paint," Raymond Griffith resorts to horseplay . . . and because we have come to expect subtle pantomime from him, it is a little disappointing

fests a conquering spirit the piece skips along breezily and releases a volume of laughs in its journey.

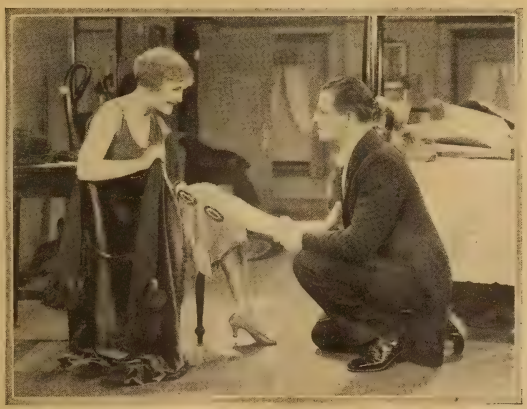
Much by-play is created from the derby which almost has a mind of its own in the way it places Hines in difficulties. He gets caught in all kinds of jams, tight and otherwise—and always comes up smiling. Marital complications enter to keep the pot boiling and the w. k. chase figures for a climax. In all a hilarious number and surely provocative of laughs.—*Burr-First National.*

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp—Comedy

HARRY LANGDON skyrockets into the limelight with this feature-length comedy. In taking him out of the two-reelers his sponsors have simply answered the public's demand—that he be given substantial stories like those concocted for Keaton, Lloyd, *et al.* It's a smart little number—one which generates many laughs without resorting to imitations of other comedians' gags to get over. Langdon is a sure-fire comedian—a comedian with a sound knowledge of how to extract the utmost humor from a situation. He knows how to blend the pathos with the fun—if his wistful expressions and bashful gestures are any criterion.

The star enters a cross-country walking contest—hoping to cop a $25,000 reward which the enterprising shoe manufacturer has announced for the winner. The laughs get under way early when Harry, thru taking an overdose of a sleeping powder, makes a bad start. He makes up the lost time by taking a short cut over a precipice.

There are thrills as well as humor in the picture. One of the big "kicks" arrives when Harry, in avoiding a flock of sheep, climbs a fence and discovers himself hanging from a dizzy height when a nail catches his sweater. The piece is packed with original gags, any one of which would suffice for an ordinary opus. All of them carry a big laugh. We certainly recommend "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." It is a "wow" of a comedy.—*First National.*



This time Reginald Denny and Laura La Plante play in "Skinner's Dress Suit." And Denny again proves that he is a capable comedian. Laura is especially good, too

Up in Mabel's Room—Farce Comedy

THE bedroom farce has its innings again—and while the crisp dialog is silenced this story has been treated gingerly enough to make it quite as substantial and interesting as the stage version from which it was adapted. Like all bedroom farces it calls for much activity on the part of its characters who must make hurried entrances and exits in order to avoid compromises. And the more active they become the more compromising become the situations. Again like all bedroom farces a word of explanation would cause it to topple over before it had half finished. But

"The Wise Guy" is a very good picture . . . with James Kirkwood splendid as the fake preacher

You will see a good mystery picture in "Silence" . . . one in which H. B. Warner does capital acting

the characters gesticulate and dodge and run. And explanations are avoided.

It is a bright little number which revolves around a fair *divorcée* determined to win back her ex-husband. The *pièce de résistance* is some filmy gewgaw which hubby bought in Paris to present to his wife, altho for the purposes of the plot she believes he bought it for someone else. This bit of lingerie starts the fun and finishes it—with most of the high jinks taking place in *Mabel's* room (*Mabel* and the others having been invited to a week-end party).

The players act with an admirable mock-seriousness—the pantomime being thoroly in character. Harrison Ford and Marie Prevost have the honors and display a fine adaptability for farce. And, of course, there is Harry Myers. And Phyllis Haver. It is neatly staged and the direction is good.—*Christie-Producers Distribution Corp.*

Mlle. Modiste—Romantic Drama

SOMETIMES the musical comedy adaptations succeed on the screen if they are well equipped with plot and humor. We have but to mention "Sally" and "Irene" to establish this fact. But if they are lacking any definite story they are not so good—especially when deprived of their musical score. That's what happened with "Mlle. Modiste" minus Victor Herbert's charming melodies. An effort has been made to jazz up the piece but the humor appears to be dragged in by the heels.

The decorative Corinne Griffith gives it a certain appeal—what with her personality and the sartorial effects she displays. Otherwise it is boresome. The subtitles strive hard to put over the humor but they are not spontaneous enough.

The original was not a very plotty affair. It served solely as a medium for Herbert's melodious score and Fritzi Scheff's high notes. So with the operatic matter removed it doesn't hit on all cylinders. Miss Griffith sports her glad togs when as a Paris mannequin she is set up in business by an American butter-and-egg man. This piques the French count who loves her and who believes the worst.

"The Rainmaker" offers something different in racing stories. And William Collier, Jr., offers a most convincing portrayal of the jockey

"Why Girls Go Back Home" is not what the title implies, but it is interesting nevertheless. Clive Brook is the reason for the title, and Patsy Ruth Miller is the bucolic heroine

"The Midnight Sun" is not a great picture. But if you like Pat O'Malley, go to see him as the Grand Duke

The idea of "Money Talks" is mostly slap-stick . . . and Owen Moore and Claire Windsor are an interesting team in it

There is nothing new in the story of "The Wilderness Woman," but you are entertained by it nevertheless. Chester Conklin walks away with the picture

There's the picture. Otherwise it is a fashion show. The star can certainly wear gowns exceedingly well—and she can act when they give her a chance. Willard Louis indulges in some obvious gags, and Norman Kerry swanks around in some gay uniforms.—*First National.*

Wet Paint—Farce-Comedy

RAYMOND GRIFFITH'S new comedy cant be mentioned in the same class as "Hands Up" and "Paths to Paradise," his previous fun pieces. For one thing it is crammed with gags of the slap-stick pattern which start from nothing and get nowhere in particular.

The introductory title announces it as a version of the Bard's "Much Ado About Nothing" in modern clothes. And a sparkling hour is promised. But after a few moments of spontaneous fun it gets down to horse play —most of which concerns auto chases and ridiculous shootings. If you accept it as straight slap-stick you will find merit but Griffith's name has become synonymous with subtle pantomime.

And when he resorts to gags to gain the laughs those who have followed his antics are apt to be disappointed.

The celebrated high hat comes in for a kick or three and there are some explosive laughs sprinkled thru it. But in our opinion it goes back to early Sennett when Mack tossed out the Keystones. Helene Costello and Natalie Kingston carry on the pulchritude appeal.—*Paramount.*

The Greater Glory—Drama

AN effort has been made to produce another "Four Horsemen" in this picture, but the results are not a bit satisfying. Whatever merit the original story, "The Viennese Medley," carried has not been brought forth here. The war from the Germanic side is shown and while it is painted in a ruthless manner the method of treating it is wrong.

For one thing there are far too many characters and most of them have "von" attached to their names. Hence it is difficult to identify them. These relatives (yes, most

(*Continued on page* 121)

"Hell-Bent fer Heaven" is not as good a motion picture as it was a stage-play (for which it won the Pulitzer prize). It has suspense, tho . . . and Gardner James gives a remarkable performance

"The Little Irish Girl" does not do Dolores Costello justice. She is worthy of a better production

"So This Is Paris" finds Monte Blue in a sophisticated rôle. It is a Lubitsch picture

WHOSE HAND?

Can You Guess the Owners of these Hands from the Character Readings Given?

By F. Vance de Revere

THIS hand corresponds more accurately in type with the owner's face than the masculine hand in this series. It is a long hand, with thin fingers, belonging to a person who is tall and slim, with the muscular and osseous development. Such a person would be an active, restless nature, highly ambitious, with great determination and persistency; one who never gives up and has great ability to overcome obstacles. She has a splendid, well-developed thumb, which indicates musical ability. The third finger dominates the hand and, its general formation, in conjunction with other characteristics shown in the hand, gives decided dramatic talent. In fact, she is in the vocation for which she is best suited. The good breadth of the palm denotes a practical turn of mind, giving good judgment. Here is something which may interest you. I analyzed this young lady, over a year ago, and, at that time, the third phalanges of her fingers were thin, which indicated a lack of interest in eating and a poor appetite; this same sign was pronounced in her face, a serious thing and a weakness which might affect her health. The first thing I noticed this time was the fulness and development of these signs and I said, "You have been giving more attention to your eating and your appetite is better." She laughed and said, "It is true." This young lady has developed greatly and this is shown in her hand and still more so in her face.

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F. Vance de Revere

IN direct contrast to the other two hands illustrated on this page, is this long narrow hand, long fingers with a still longer palm. This hand belongs to an individual of good height, with a face which has greater length than breadth. However, the owner of this type of hand would, usually, have a long thin face, whereas in this case the face has good breadth. Notice the fine, well-shaped thumb, showing strength of character, much determination and persistency, but unfortunately, for its owner, there is a lack of aggression; this makes a gentle, sweet person and gives a charm socially, but frequently is a handicap in business, especially the Motion Picture Industry where, unfortunately, self-assertion is so often made necessary if one is to gain the heights. The waistlike shape of the thumb shows a very tactful person. In fact, the whole hand indicates an affectionate, kind, sympathetic, highly emotional nature. The firm palm denotes one who is active, restless and never lazy, either mentally or physically. The lovely, smooth-jointed fingers, with their cushioned tips denotes a highly sensitive, intuitive and inspirational nature with great love of the artistic and all that is beautiful. A person has great appreciation of both color and music. This individual would make a good executive of the type which governs and directs thru respect and personal charm but not force. There are variances in face and hand, giving a more diversified character than if the two corresponded exactly.

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F. Vance de Revere

GENERALLY the outline, size and formation of the hand corresponds with the person's stature and the shape of the face. This hand is one of the finest examples and reasons why the usual courses in Character Analysis are so inaccurate. This type hand, with its great breadth of palm and its unusually short, square fingers, with their full, thick phalanges and other characteristics would, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, belong to a short, thick-set man with a broad, full face and a square formation of the head. This hand read, without reading the face, would indicate ability as a surgeon, also mechanical ability. I believe there were mechanical geniuses in his family and he started training for surgery. His hand shows heredity traits, but his face shows the characteristics which would govern his abilities and tastes. Notice how the first finger, also the little finger, stands apart from the others, this indicates an individual who is independent in both thought and actions. The third finger dominates his hand and, with its square finger tip, denotes artistic and dramatic sense. The knotty finger joints indicate a philosophical mind and the long second phalanx of his thumb, denotes a logical thinker, a person who reasons things out. The third phalanges of the fingers are full, which indicates great enjoyment of the creature comforts of life and one who likes good things to eat and drink. The owner of this hand has a good mentality and is a very interesting and unusual personality.

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F. Vance de Revere

Editor's Note.—On page 80 you will find pictures of the stars whose hands were analyzed last month. And next month you will find the answers to these character readings.

July Sponsors Many Brilliant Stars

Apeda

John Gilbert July 10 | Aileen Pringle July 23 | Mary Philbin July 16 | Richard Dix July 18 | Florence Vidor July 23

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

Marion Meyer Drew will cast your horoscope and tell you if the stars forecast a career for you in the movies

Ida F. L., January 10:

Your horoscope shows a good many difficulties in your life at the present time; one of the most real of which is opposition to your personal interests, altho the indications for health just now are not so good either. I wonder if you would not be better off in the long run if you were to compromise with circumstances and adopt some ambition which would be less startling and easier to accomplish than your dream of entering the movies. You really have a good deal of ability when you once get to work at anything. You have practicality, persistence and a great desire for the good things of the world, which combined will make you acquire either reputation or money for yourself. But this is more apt to come thru business activity than thru acting.

EDITOR'S NOTE: **The Editor of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE hopes that this department will be of benefit as well as entertainment to its readers, but neither this publication nor the writer of this department can assume responsibility for any statements made herein, because inaccurate data is sometimes furnished, even tho the sender may have every reason to believe it correct.**

All comments made are based on Astrological rules. In order to apply these rules to the Horoscope of the individual, the following facts about yourself must be submitted:

Your date of birth.

Your year of birth.

City or nearest town and county of birth.

The hour and minute of the day or night.

Sex.

Ruth Lee, May 16:

Ruth Lee is five years old, but by no means too young to have her horoscope read. In fact, the younger the better, for the sooner we know our own capabilities the better we are able to use them. This little lady has imitative ability, due to the fact that a strong sign in her horoscope is that from which most of our noted mimics and impersonators come—the sign Cancer. But she has other underlying characteristics which will crop out as she grows older and which will make her of a rather serious and practical turn of mind. Her ambitions will lie along scientific lines of thought, geology and mineralogy appealing to her greatly. If this were my daughter, I would give her a thoro grounding in the material sciences and then settle back and watch her make a name for herself.

M. C. K., D. C. B., C. E. M., Agnes B., and many others:

The horoscope is, of course, a fascinating subject and nearly everyone in the world would like to have his or her chart drawn up and read, even if only in the brief manner possible in a magazine, but you see, dont you? that this would be impossible on the face of it, and this department is intended for the answers to those who are interested in a motion picture career and wish to have an unprejudiced word as to whether or not they have indications of success in such work. I cannot answer general questions about marriage, money matters, health, and so on, in the pages of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, any more than a writer might expect to conduct a department similar to this one in such a magazine as we find devoted to the steel industry or the advertising business. So dont feel hurt if your general questions are omitted here and the space given to those who are knocking on the gates of the studios either in person or in dreams.

(*Continued on page* 108)

Gossip of the

The last authentic word about the players

By ELISABETH GREER

Now all of Hollywood has taken to early morning rides, everyone is trying to get a more beautiful horse than anyone else has. Here Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman Lowe are about to start on a canter

Both Novarro and Gilbert find mustaches necessary to their present rôles. And both have more trouble getting the darn things to stick than they have tying bow ties

Behind the camera: Jack Holt with Mrs. Holt and the two children

ALICE JOYCE will be the next decorative background for the antics of W. C. Fields, Paramount's pet comedian, who has already been allotted such alluring ladies as Carol Dempster and Louise Brooks to cavort opposite him. Alice wont do much cavorting, tho, because she has the rôle of the Princess in "Mr. Bisbee's Princess"—known to the screen as "So's Your Old Man"—and that implies a certain amount of dignity. Alice is rising higher and higher in the nobility, having just finished work as the lovely *Lady Brandon* in "Beau Geste."

Oh, Well . . .

When Alice Calhoun was released from her contract with the Warner Brothers, she said that she had virtually been a prisoner to it . . . that she had been unable to leave the city without permission, etc. She stated further: "I am most happy to be free and it will be a long time before I tie myself up to another long-term agreement."

Within a week she had married Mendel B. Silberburg.

MAURICE COSTELLO is breaking into the movies. After a lapse of many years he is returning to the screen which once made him an idol. Mr. Costello has been getting lots of publicity, lately, as the father of the beautiful Dolores. Last summer Dolores told us her father had never been to Hollywood, but when it became obvious that she was there to stay, he packed up and went out to join the rest of the family. Now he is in the large and imposing cast which Columbia Pictures has assembled for "The False Alarm." Mary Carr, Ralph Lewis,

Ernest Torrence hates to remember the early rising he did when "Lady of the Harem" was being filmed. It took the studio make-up man hours every day to paste on the whiskers *et cetera*

When Rin-Tin-Tin left Hollywood for a recent transcontinental tour, in typical movie-star fashion, he bid his son look after the family and see that no one wanted for a bone

Camera Coasts

and the plays in which they are to appear

AND MILTON HOWE

Dorothy Revier, George O'Hara, Lillian Leighton, John Harron, and Priscilla Bonner are just a few of the others who have been engaged for this picture, which Frank O'Connor will direct.

Hollywood seems determined to glorify the fire-fighters, and more and more importance is being attached to "The Fire Brigade," Metro-Goldwyn's propaganda picture which is being made in co-operation with as many fire departments as can spare the time. Charles Ray has the leading rôle opposite May McAvoy.

The Week's News in Hollywood

Monday: Pola says "Yes" and Rudy says "No."
Tuesday: Rudy says "Yes" and Pola says "No."
Wednesday: Pola says "I go to Europe."
Thursday: Pola says "I do not go to Europe."
Friday: Pola has dinner with Rudy.
Saturday: Rudy has dinner with Pola.
Sunday: A holiday.

LILLIAN RICH's little sister, Patricia, has arrived in Hollywood from London, and will start work in pictures. Shortly after the arrival of her sister, Lillian left for New York to make a picture at the Eastern studios.

Patricia asked no special favors upon her arrival in the cinema capitol, saying that she was perfectly willing to begin at the lowest rung on the ladder.

WHAT is the correct way to address a female governor?

The title of Pauline Frederick's new stellar picture seemed to be at stake. Hyatt Daab and Weed Dickenson, the authors of the piece, had called it "Her Honor, The Governor."

James Kirkwood is going to play in "Butterflies in the Rain." He has had conferences with Edward Sloman, who is to direct the picture, . . . and Lila Lee, who seems to have forgotten her own career

Willard Louis has been in demand ever since "Beau Brummel." He is again with Barrymore . . . this time in "Don Juan." It is in a scene from this production that Alan Crosland is directing him here

John V. Weaver is out in Hollywood, meeting the stars and working on scenarios. We wish he would write a story for Charlie Ray. He writes about the fellows that Charlie plays best

The Monte Blues certainly do *not* live up to their last name since Barbara Ann arrived. They both wear the parental smile that wont come off . . . unless something goes wrong in the nursery. Then pandemonium reigns. Yes, it is their first child

Underwood & Underwood

Every movie person who comes to New York is inveigled into broadcasting. It is the one thing about the trip that they dont like. But Renée Adorée found that she couldn't escape it any more than others have been able to

According to the well-informed legal powers of the studio "Her Honor" is not the correct way to address a lady governor. They said it should be "Her Excellency."

"'Her Excellency' is a bum title," said Weed, a former newspaper man. "Few people know the difference."

"But the people who do know the difference will shriek their disapproval!" exclaimed the technician.

"Well," mused Weed, "If you want those people to know that we know better put 'Her Honor' in quotes."

Therefore, we wish to inform you that Pauline Frederick is returning to the screen in the stellar rôle of "'Her Honor,' the Governor."

The dancing scenes of Greta Garbo and Antonio Moreno in "The Temptress," which Mauritz Stiller is directing in this photograph, were filmed by a camera attached to a moving platform which followed them about the floor . . .

ANOTHER proof of the old axiom that producers are like a lot of sheep is the rush they've all been giving the Devil lately. What with "Hell's Four Hundred" and "Sorrows of Satan" old Nick was well on the way to having his head turned. And now Fox is going to film "The Devil's Master," a Gerald Beaumont story which John Ford will direct, with William Russell and Olive Borden in the leading rôles.

GILDA GRAY's first picture, "Aloma of The South Seas," was ushered into the Rialto at a special midnight performance, 'mid much confusion. Only one door of the theater was opened, so the large crowd had to shuffle in inch by inch, uncomfortably but good-naturedly. The ushers, the politest in New York, were distractedly wrestling with the problem of reserved seats, which they are not accustomed to. Knowing nothing whatever about the numbering of the seats, they sent everyone down the wrong aisle and there was much climbing over knees and trampling on toes. All these difficulties delayed the performance about an hour, and we must admit with regret that the picture was hardly worth the sleep lost by the large audience. It wasn't lost to everyone, however, for one or two courageous individuals gave up the struggle and frankly slept in their chairs, giving to the occasion a pleasant informality.

The high light of the evening was the appearance of Gilda herself, in the flesh. Either she has improved since the old Ziegfeld days, or else the fact that she didn't sing added enormously to her charm—at any rate, we thought the Hula she did was a wow. Gilda and her husband entertained most of the audience at their studio afterwards, and Gilda was able to eat heartily for the first time that day. Mal St. Clair was also able to eat heartily, in spite of the distracting proximity of Lenore Ulric. Alice Joyce and her husband, Paul Bern, May Allison, and innumerable others were there.

"Thanks for the buggy ride," said Constance Talmadge when they completed some close-ups of her in an old-fashioned sleigh for "Sybil"

IF our Pacific coast is ever attacked by a foreign foe some enterprising director like James Cruze will probably organize an army and drive them back into the kelp beds before the Government has decided what kind of powder to use.

According to rumors, and there are more in Hollywood than there were in the A. E. F., Cruze asked permission of the Government to use some marines in the filming of "Old Ironsides." Before the necessary red tape had been unwound Cruze had assembled an army of ex-service men, and was making pictures of them when he received word that his request had been granted.

However, the Government has been called upon to aid in the making of "Old Ironsides" on so many occasions that one slip on its part is excusable. In fact, I cited the above instance because I was in the war, and at that time I swore that if ever I had the chance to bawl out some of the red-tape gang I would relish it more than an extra can of corned willie.

The Government has come to the rescue of Cruze many times. During the late storms a Government cutter saved one of the movie ships from demolition. Cruze's latest request to use the radio in directing his battle scenes has been granted. After all the Federal authorities have been quite liberal in their co-operation with the film companies.

DAVE KIRKLAND, director for Fred Thomson, was engaged in selecting a leading lady for Thomson's next picture. A number of beautiful young things with their hands full of photographs were standing in the outer office. The stenographer admitted one girl at a time to Dave's inner office.

As the steno was about to usher in number seven she stopped, "Say!" she exclaimed, staring at the trembling ingénue. "Didn't you work for the Portland Cement Company at one time?"

"No," pouted the fair one, "I've never even been there."

THE Lasky studios are still trying to find someone who looks like Theodore Roosevelt, to star in "The Rough Riders." Tests are being made all over the country of people who claim to be Teddy's double. These tests are being forwarded to the studio. Old news reels of Teddy are being run for the purpose of checking up on

(*Continued on page* 119)

Harry Jackson

SANS SILK

Corinne Griffith has put away her perfumed silks . . . her jewels. She has cancelled her standing order for orchids. She has laid away the marcelling irons . . . and become a starry-eyed peasant child for the first half of "Into Her Kingdom"

You can believe it if you want to. But we knew Shirley Mason on the screen when she was a demure little thing with pigtails down her back and wearing gingham pinafores . . . and it was no time ago at all. She's trying to steal all of "Don Juan's Three Nights," we'll bet a hat . . . and what with Lewis Stone playing *Don Juan,* we cant say that we blame her

Shucks—— Shirley...

What Do You Go Acting Like This For?

Genuine Jade

. . . a sateen tie is just about as likely to figure in Adolphe Menjou's wardrobe as an imitation jewel in his morocco case

By HOLMER LITTLE

Adolphe Menjou is one person to whom Beau Nash, custodian of knowledge about what the well-dressed man will wear, could turn for authoritative word on style and taste

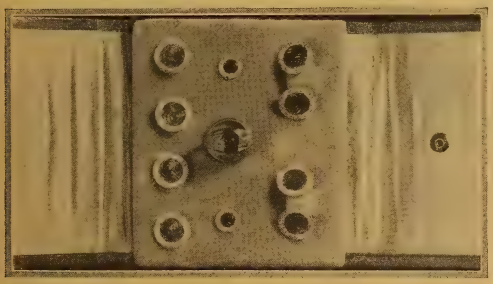
ADOLPHE MENJOU is one person to whom Beau Nash, Lord High custodian of knowledge about what the well-dressed man will wear, could turn for authoritative word on style and taste. The suave, polished gentleman of society, so skilfully portrayed by Mr. Menjou, is the last word in correctness of his attire as well as in his manner.

A sateen tie is just as likely to figure in Mr. Menjou's wardrobe as an imitation jewel in his morocco jewel case. A cotton handkerchief would have as good a chance of appearing with him in social life or on the screen as would a piece of green glass masquerading as an emerald.

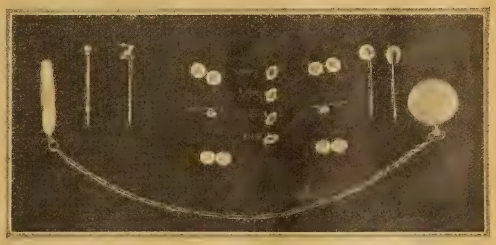
In short, Mr. Menjou is an actor with jewels as genuine as his dramatic skill.

His collection of stickpins is sufficiently varied to supply the correct one for any occasion. There is no scurrying messenger sent to the five- and ten-cent store to supply the need of the moment. Instead, Mr. Menjou leisurely opens his jewel case and the variety he wishes is forth coming.

Set of jade and diamond studs and cuff links and emerald ring worn in "Sorrows of Satan"



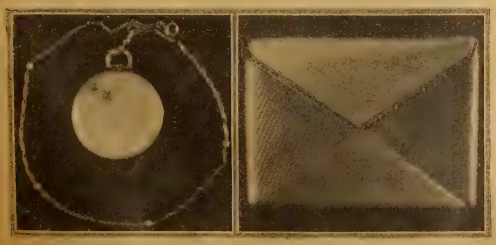
A lustrous single pearl and a diamond horseshoe are two favorites of his that have appeared on the screen with him. A wide range of sport styles and a collection of interesting animal designs are both represented in his large collection of pins.



A group of the Menjou jewels showing some stickpins and rings which he favors

Smoking becomes a rite, indeed, when the cigaret is offered from the French envelope case of platinum that is pictured. It is so well portrayed that any description offered would be an ill-fated attempt to gild platinum. The flap is bordered with small square-cut sapphires that lend a decoration that is simple and also simply grand.

Platinum watch, monogrammed with sapphires. French cigaret case, envelope design, decorated with sapphires



Other rings . . . and watch chain of platinum and pearls

The watches that Mr. Menjou has chosen are equally

(*Continued on page* 99)

All Aboard the Limerick Liner

Now if YOU get a ticket
this time,
For completing a Limerick
Line,
You must watch with
both eyes
For some sort of surprise
To bring back from a far-
away clime.

For, like all of the stars
nowadays,
You must follow the
foreigners' ways,
And take up a hobby,
Queer, funny, or
nobby—
But one that your friends
will all praise.

Adolphe Menjou has taken to writ-
ing
Saucy verses in French—most
exciting!
Oh! He sure has a flair
For a rhyme full of "dare"

New steps for the Charleston
is what
Kathleen Key by a Russian
was taught
For her hobby, and my!
She can leap to the sky!

Pola Negri's new hobby is munching
Two apples at noontime, and lunching
On one quart of milk—
And her skin is like silk!—

Noah Beery's pet hobby's
to raise
Pond lilies—he started the
craze,
And Filmdom's gone mad
Over this pleasant fad,

Miss Dolores Costello
designs
All her negligées—
exquisite lines
She gives them; and
hues
Of the strangest she'll
use,

Are you going to be one of the lucky passengers on The Limerick Liner? We have $50.00 to divide among five writers of clever lines. Remember that the line you submit to complete a limerick must
first tw
as you
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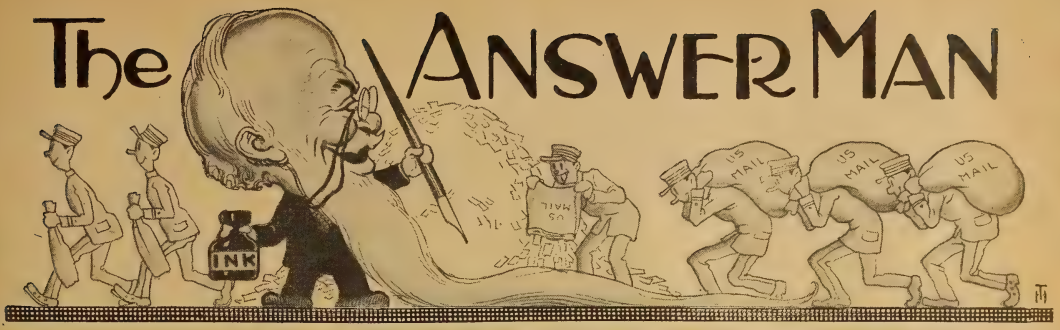
Brookl

The Answer Man



ANNIE LAURIE.—I should say it is warm. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Marie Dresser have been added to the cast of "Broken Hearts of Broadway." Thanks for the card, also the forget-me-not.

FRANCIS B.—No, no George O'Brien and Olive Borden are not engaged. You want me to tell George O'Brien's secretary to take poison. That's nice—she may be a charming little girl.

DORIS A.—So you think I must look like Bull Montana or else I would publish my picture. Well I dont! There was a picture of Rudolph Valentino in the November 1924 Magazine. And you saw "The Eagle" five times.

SYLVIA C.—What's this, you are not sure whether I am the real thing or not. Well let me tell you, young lady, there is nothing false about me, not even my beard or teeth. Write to First National, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

TEARLE FAN.—Oh, yes, Conway Tearle is still around, he is playing in "Altars of Desire," with Mae Murray. And speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim. Blanche Mehaffey in "Take It From Me."

BESS AND CORA.—What's this, a duet? Well I dont think I can settle the argument, but Pola Negri's mother was Polish and her father was a gypsy. France boasts of having more women aviators than any other country in the world. I always did hear that they were high-flyers.

IMA TALKER.—So I see. Curiosity is not the monopoly of sex. No, I dont hear much about Marguerite Clark. Neil Hamilton is playing in "Beau Geste."

ANNA M.—No, I have never been asked to pose for shaving-cream advertisements. I dont know who said "The society of women endangers men's morals and refines their manners." Pauline Garon in "The Show-Off." So you want to be a nurse.

TWO GREAT THINKERS.—Who? Yes, Douglas Fairbanks played in the mob scene of Mary's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Did you see him? Ian Keith opposite Belle Bennett in "The Lily."

CLAIRE.—So you got a real thrill when you saw Marion Nixon. She and Pat O'Malley in "Spangles" for Universal. I think you have a very good angle on the situation, but a man philosophizes better than a woman on the human heart, but she reads the hearts of men better than he.

VIVIAN F.—So you think my answers are cute. In "Laddie," the Gene Stratton-Porter story, four of the late novelist's relatives are connected with the picture. Jeannette Porter Meehan, daughter of Mrs. Porter, adapted the story which is being directed by her husband, Leo Meehan, and Jeannette and Gene Stratton, both grand-daughters, are included in the cast.

LOYAL THRU THE YEARS.—Your letter was mighty interesting, and I hope to hear from you again.

LIBERTY.—Well the other magazine that I answer questions for is THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, this magazine's young sister. Yes, I wear my beard all summer. Richard Dix was born July 18, 1894, six feet, 170 pounds, brown hair and eyes and is playing in "Say It Again."

HILDA H.—You certainly read a great deal. I am still earning $15.00 per, and I will be able to save when the warm weather is here. The poor will do much for money, but the rich will do anything for more money. Francis X. Bushman and Grace Darmond in "The Show World" for Universal. Ah, but the tiger is physically stronger than a lion. The silkworm lives from 50 to 73 days.

B. W. S.—Your letter surely sparkled. Thanks for the buggy ride.

MRS. M. S.—Enjoyed yours, also the cards. I didn't see Ruth Roland this time when she was in New York, but she phoned me. I feel the same way you do about her.

G. C.—Pride only helps us to be generous; it never makes us so, any more than vanity will help us to be witty. So you like John Bowers. You know Mickey Daniels has left "Our Gang" but has been supplanted by another boy, even more freckled than he is.

SUE.—A guilty conscience is the mother of invention. Yes, Valentino has been married and divorced twice. From all accounts, I dont think there will be a third time. I should say I do drink buttermilk, and good and plenty this warm weather.

NOEL.—Here you are Noel, anything to make a boy happy in his youth. You want to know how "long was the whip used by Douglas Fairbanks in 'Don Q.'" How much did it weigh? What style was it? It is an Australian bull-whip, long, very slender and with a very sinuous lash fastened to a short, buttlike handle and tapering from an inch or so in thickness to a little more than a small cord in its 15th or 16th foot in length. It was used by cattlemen in the early ranch days of Southern California. Yes, Douglas is in Europe at this writing.

MISS L. D.—Speaking of curious words, there is one in the English language, the first two letters of which signify a male, the first three a female, the first four a great man and the whole a great woman. The word is "heroine." Yes, I think Richard Dix and Lois Wilson are an ideal couple. "Lefty" Flynn is playing in a series of two-reelers called "Bill Grimm's Progress."

RAMON'S SLAVE.—Well actions may speak louder than words, but they are not such great liars. Ramon Novarro was born September 20, 1899. John Barrymore was born February 15, 1882. Byron was the author of "Don Juan" that has just been produced.

DOROTHY L.—Thanks for sending me your Bebe Daniel's Club chats. Anyone wishing to join this club write to Dorothy Lubou, 2064 Vyse Avenue, New York City.

DOROTHY B.—Well I didn't mean anything personal—there's one club after another. Carol Dempster was born January 16, 1902. She is playing in "Sorrows of Satan." So it was in a dentist's office that you first met our magazine. Owen Moore in "The Red Mill" with Marion Davies. He is also playing in "The Road to Mandalay" with Lon Chaney and Lois Moran.

OLIVE NUT.—The Juggernaut is supposed to be a Hindoo god. He has a famous temple in India. Yes, there is a Columbia Company, and they have such stars as Betty Compson, Bert Lytell, Mary Carr, Ann Pennington, Johnnie Walker, Lionel Barrymore, Katherine MacDonald, and George O'Hara.

H. B. B.—Better start a company in Florida with the good-looking family. You say your wife resembles Pauline Starke, and your daughter resembles Dorothy Mackaill, while your son wants to join Tom Mix. I wouldn't be surprised if you looked like Valentino. Guess I could play a little part in that picture you mention myself. See you later. Have one on me.

MISS MAUDE R.—Surely you dont ask me to give you here a list of all the pictures Tom Mix has played in—there were eight in 1924, and about as many every year since he began in 1920. Have a heart.

AL.—No, I have no thoughts of marrying. I should say my room is reasonable; how could it be otherwise on a $15.00 salary? But it is not big enough for two and light housekeeping. Jacqueline Logan, Creighton Hale, Earle Fox, Zasu Pitts and David Butler in "Wages for Wives," from the stage play, "Chicken Feed."

(*Continued on page* 78)

HEAR YE, HEAR YE!

All you folks who have questions to ask, come this way and you shall be heard—and answered. I have learnt a lot during the last eighty-two years, and it's all yours for the asking. Been answering ??? here for the last fifteen years and still going strong. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear here, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address, and mail to me, The Answer Man, care of* MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, *175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

He Threatens Our Forests

We have discovered one of the reasons for the lumber shortage—namely, Russell Simpson. You have heard about the long waits between scenes—of the weary waiting done by the players. Well, Mr. Simpson spends his time whittling. He is the film colony's jack-knife man. Here you see him in the character of *Stubbins,* which he essayed for "Lovey Mary"

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt says:

"... together they constitute as simple, swift and effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered"

The shimmer of white taffeta, the daring of black velvet in this exquisite period Lanvin frock, conspire to heighten MRS. VANDERBILT'S *exotic beauty*

THE lovely younger women of society have learned that even in the proud bloom of youth it pays to keep the lamp of beauty filled and trimmed.

Listen, for instance, to Mrs. Vanderbilt:—"Youthfulness is the real pot of gold at the end of every woman's rainbow. *How to keep it*, how to achieve it is her goal."

Mrs. Vanderbilt's beauty is like a star—cool, white, apart. It is unexpected—and thrilling.

As Miss Gloria Morgan she "danced at court" in the great capitals of Europe. Then came her brilliant marriage into one of America's most celebrated families, followed by the birth of a lovely baby girl.

Marriage, motherhood, houses in New York and Newport—responsibilities have only increased Mrs. Vanderbilt's conviction that beauty must have wise care.

The TWO CREAMS *which cleanse, tone and preserve your delicate skin*

"Pond's Two Creams," she says, "are a wonderful help to this coveted end—they cleanse the skin, keeping it fresh and firm. And protect it, giving it a velvety finish. Together they constitute as simple, swift and effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered."

Care for your skin as follows daily

Whenever your skin needs cleansing use Pond's Cold Cream. After you return from an outing and always at night before retiring, pat it generously over the surface of your face, throat, hands. Let it stay on a few moments that its soft fine oils may sink down, down into the skin's deep cells, forcing out all dust, dirt and face powder. A soft cloth or facial tissue removes all cream and pore-deep dirt. To make doubly sure, pat fresh cream on again. Remove once more. Finish with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice.

If your skin has been exposed to sun and wind or if it tends to dryness, after the bedtime cleansing pat on more Pond's Cold Cream and leave it until morning. It smooths out all the unlovely little lines, brings you supple and fresh to start the day.

Oiliness means overactive oil glands and these in turn mean congestion at the base of the pores. Repeated cleansings with Pond's will eliminate every trace of oiliness and bring back a soft, clear tone—like satin without the sheen.

After every cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, except the bedtime one, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream thinly. It vanishes, leaving an exquisitely smooth surface, a translucent loveliness. And now for your powder. Whisk it on and see how beautifully it lies and lingers! You won't forever have to be daubing your nose in public. And go out, now, without apprehension for your skin. Laugh at the wind. Turn your nose up at the sun. They cannot harm you—spared, protected, as you are by this delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Buy and try Pond's Creams. See for yourself that Mrs. Vanderbilt speaks truly when she says, "They constitute as effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered."

Other women of beauty and social prestige who have praised Pond's Creams are:

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA
THE PRINCESSE MARIE DE BOURBON
THE DUCHESSE DE RICHELIEU
MRS. WILLIAM E. BORAH
MISS ANNE MORGAN
MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH
MISS MARJORIE OELRICHS
MISS ELINOR PATTERSON
MISS CAMILLA LIVINGSTON

Free Offer: Why not try Pond's Two Creams, free? Mail coupon for tubes of each and instructions for using them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. H,
143 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Creams.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

He's in the Army Now

—you know the rest of it. Anyway Syd Chaplin gets into khaki for "The Better 'Ole"

The Coburns appeared in "The Better 'Ole" on the stage and it was one of the best things that came out of the war. We cant think of anyone more perfect for the screen version than Syd Chaplin

There's a funny side to everything, even warfare. And "The Better 'Ole" is it. If you dont believe us, go see for yourself

YOUR POWDER WON'T "*Show*"

when you use a *scientifically blended* shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder to match your skin

By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

You can give your skin a lovely uniform tone by using a selected shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder—the shade that exactly matches your skin.

A SOFT, delicate texture—a lovely satiny face—yet not a sign of powder. What *is* the secret of her alluring complexion? Does she use powder? She *does*, but a shade that matches so perfectly the tone of her skin that she secures the good effects of powder without seeming to use it.

All smart women strive for a natural complexion, but all do not achieve it. Not all women have found a powder that really matches their skin—a powder that reveals their natural coloring. Complexions are not composed of single colors, but a blend of different colors. Pompeian Beauty Powder is scientifically blended from different colors. Whatever the tone of your complexion, some one shade of this powder matches it perfectly. Select this shade from the directions that follow in the Shade Chart.

Pompeian Beauty Powder has gained its remarkable popularity because of its purity, its exceptional consistency, its delicate odor, its quality of adhering well—and its perfection of shades.

This charming type of American beauty, with gray eyes and brown hair, should use Pompeian Beauty Powder in the Naturelle shade to emphasize the lovely tone of her skin.

SHADE CHART *for selecting your shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder*

Medium Skin: The average American skin tone is medium, neither decidedly light nor definitely olive. This skin should use the *Naturelle* shade.

Olive Skin: Women with this type of skin are apt to have the dark hair and eyes characteristic of beautiful Spanish women. This skin should use the *Rachel* shade to match its rich tones.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin, and should use the *Flesh* shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

White Skin: This skin is unusual, but if you have it you are the only type that should use *White* powder in the daytime.

In the evening under artificial light it may be better to use powder of lighter shade than the one recommended above. In case of doubt, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

If you have experienced the difficulty of having powder look "chalky and unnatural," buy a box of Pompeian Beauty Powder today, in the shade suggested for your special type. At all toilet counters 60c. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

Madame Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

P. S. I suggest Pompeian Day Cream to protect your skin against the weather, and Pompeian Bloom for a touch of color.

Send for Liberal Sample of Powder

DO you not agree with me about matching your skin tones with the correct powder shade? Then I urge you to act on this advice, and see with your own eyes how much more beautiful Pompeian Powder will make your complexion. It is so easy to make this test. Just fill in the coupon and send it to me with 10c. In return, I will send you a generous sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder (enough for several weeks' use) and in addition a sample of Pompeian Bloom containing enough rouge for 30 applications.

It will never be easier to tear off the coupon than NOW, before you turn the page.

Madame Jeannette, THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2613 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Madame: I enclose a dime **(10c)** for samples of Beauty Powder and Bloom.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

Shade of powder wanted .....

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 73*)

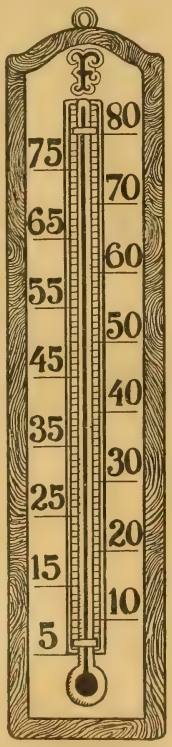
DESPERATE AMBROSE.—How desperate are you, Ambrose? Yes, I have heard that the opal stone was hard luck, but cheer up. The turquoise stone is supposed to be a preservative from death, and Russian officers still wear them in their rings for that purpose. Wallace Beery is married to Mary Gillman. That is Gloria Swanson's real name. Mary Pickford was born in Canada, and her real name is Gladys Smith.

KITTY.—But the girlie who cant, but tries, deserves more than the one who can but wont. Gloria Swanson's next is "Personality." Fred Thomson is married to Frances Marion. Therefore he probably gets all his scenarios free.

MARGARET E. C.—Well, Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona, October 2, 1899, and was married to Gloria Hope on June 30, 1921.

ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES.—So you are trying to convince me that a woman's love is more sincere than a man's. We will have to chat that out some day. You are right about Bebe Daniels. No, Nita Naldi is not married.

Watch Them Rise!



MEN

Richard Dix	97
Ramon Novarro	57
Ronald Colman	54
John Gilbert	53
Ben Lyon	50
Rudolph Valentino	49
Lloyd Hughes	43
William Haines	36
Richard Barthelmess	32
Ricardo Cortez	32
George O'Brien	24
Tom Mix	24
Rod La Rocque	23
Lawrence Gray	20
Buck Jones	19
John Barrymore	19
Thomas Meighan	18
Lon Chaney	17
Clive Brook	16
Douglas Fairbanks	15
Harrison Ford	14
Conrad Nagel	14
Adolphe Menjou	14
Jack Holt	14
Percy Marmont	14

Once more Richard Dix and Colleen Moore came out on top. But there is the usual shifting about among the other players

WOMEN

Colleen Moore	64
Betty Bronson	38
Norma Shearer	37
Marion Davies	36
Mary Pickford	33
Gloria Swanson	32
Norma Talmadge	31
Bebe Daniels	31
Mary Brian	25
Clara Bow	25
Sally O'Neil	25
Esther Ralston	24
Mae Murray	23
Barbara La Marr	23
Pola Negri	21
Vilma Banky	21
Madge Bellamy	21
Dolores Costello	20
Lois Wilson	20
Claire Windsor	20
Lillian Gish	18
Constance Talmadge	17
Eleanor Boardman	15

SLIM JIM.—So you like Mr. Brewster's articles. He is some philosopher and prophet. Did you know that in August, 1909, issue of the *Caldron Magazine*, Mr. Brewster said, "Future wars will be fought in the skies, and after that in the parliaments and congresses"? You see he was right.

DICK BARTHELMESS ADMIRER.—He was born May 9, 1895. Five feet seven. So you think it is a shame that Mrs. Barthelmess left him. You say you know many a girl who would like to take her place. Well, you know when a girl gets the "career" idea in her head, you can do nothing with her.

BERTIE A.—So you sent twenty-five cents to House Peters, Lois Wilson, Lon Chaney and Will Rogers for their photos, and they never sent them. Perhaps they needed the money. Mary Philbin had an especially built celluloid "body" which she had to wear for her role of Unity Blake in "Stella Maris."

VIVIAN H.—Dont give up. Perhaps he will come back. They always do. Harrison Ford was married to Beatrice Prentice, but I understand they have separated. You say our alphabet is too long and should be shortened, and you ask me how. Say, is this a proposal? This is so sudden! The only way I know is to get married, for then C and I would be one. Alas, I am too old! Yet, I could certainly keep a woman warm with my whiskers—she would not need furs.

FIRM AS A ROCQUE.—Och! No, I am not in Walter Hiers' or Babe London's class. I'm in a class all by myself.

SAMUEL I. O.—Well, when my thoughts dont flow fast enough, I step on her. Lucille Ricksen was born September 2, 1907, and died March 13, 1925, of pernicious anemia.

CHAPPIE.—Blessed are the Marys—Mary Pickford, Mary Astor, Mary Philbin, Mary Brian and Merry Christmas. So you think I should go into the diplomatic service for Uncle Sam. I'm too young and honest for that crowd. Wasn't it the letter "L"?

ALBERTA.—Yes, I am a man of few words, and they are usually disagreeable ones. Anna Q. Nilsson is five feet seven. Perhaps Nita Naldi is the tallest woman on the screen. Valentino is five feet eleven. Yes, Constance Talmadge was married to John Pialaglou, but she is now Mrs. Alastair MacIntosh.

GAY.—That's easy, Wallace Beery, and Herbert Somborn, the former husbands of Gloria Swanson.

C. HENRI DE LANEY.—That's not so easy. I dont know the brand of cigarets Gloria Swanson smokes. Larry Kent played opposite Alberta Vaughn in "The Adventures of Mazie."

THE THREE JOHNSONS.—No, I dont mind giving the ages of the players; let me see, Norma Shearer is twenty-three, Richard Barthelmess thirty-one, John Gilbert thirty-one, Lloyd Hughes twenty-six, Gloria Swanson twenty-nine, Betty Compson twenty-nine, Constance Talmadge twenty-six and Tom Mix forty-six. You're welcome.

THE HARD-BOILED WIDOW.—I cant believe that. Well, when a man gives to a woman because it pleases her to receive, he is not necessarily in love; but when he gives because it pleases him to give, he is. Yes, Ben Lyon is a fine boy. He was in to see us one day. Pauline Garon is twenty-four, five feet one and weighs 104; has light hair and hazel eyes.

IGNATZ.—So you think Ronald Colman is Hotsy Totsy. Hurrah!

DIANA.—Keep you own secrets, for nobody else will. I can see you are all for Alberta Vaughn. Jackie Coogan in "Johnny-Get-Your-Hair-Cut."

You Live Every Day—Meet Every Day —Unhandicapped

In this NEW way which solves women's oldest hygienic problem so amazingly by banishing the insecurity of old ways, and adding the convenience of disposability.

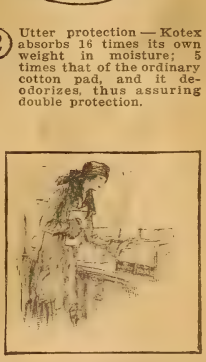
By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(1) No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.

(2) Utter protection — Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



(3) Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

OTHER women have told you about Kotex; about the great difference it is making in their lives.

Now from the standpoint, both of practicing nurse in charge of more than 500 women and girls . . . and as a woman myself . . . I urge you to try it.

It converts most trying situations of yesterday into the mere incidents of today. You can wear your most exquisite things, your sheerest frocks and gowns without a second's thought. Once you try it, you will never again use a makeshift sanitary pad.

Eight in every ten of the representative women of America have adopted it. Highest hygienic authorities advise it. *Virtually every great hospital in America employs it.*

These new advantages

Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Kotex also deodorizes by a new secret disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

Kotex will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind—*and in your health.* 60% of many ills, according to many medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe or unsanitary makeshift methods.

There is no bother, no expense of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way. Obtain a package today.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by *West Disinfecting Co.*

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen
Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

Kesslere

Milton Sills

Nishiyama

Aileen Pringle

Doolittle

Gertrude Olmstead

The Answer to "Whose Hands?"

Which Appeared in the July Issue

By F. Vance de Revere

The long hand, with its long slender fingers, belongs to Milton Sills. Such a hand would indicate a lean, muscular person, tall in stature and with an oblong face, and, surely, this description fits Mr. Sills. The hand and face both show an active, restless nature, a thoughtful person with a philosophical and an analytical mind; one who thinks things out clearly and logically. In face and hand alike is shown an independent and a very individualistic nature, also splendid executive ability. It would be a great loss to us for Mr. Sills to give up acting upon the screen, but what an excellent director he would make.

The very versatile hand, whose owner is very individual, belongs to Aileen Pringle. In her face, more than her hand, are shown determination, persistency and good judgment. In hand and face alike is indicated an honest, fearless, straightforward nature with great courage of her convictions, a person who is independent in both her thinking and her actions; one who is an excellent judge of human nature and very adjustable and adaptable to all conditions and people. Poise, dignity and self-control are much in evidence and are dominant characteristics. Aileen Pringle, with her mentality and ability, if given worth-while parts, would overshadow those who have been more fortunate.

The very youthful hand belonging to one of the new people in the "Movies" is the hand of Gertrude Olmstead. Her hand, as well as her face, indicates a very versatile person with a number of possibilities. Vocationally, she could do well in several vocations. In both hand and face is shown a sensitive, emotional person, especially susceptible to music and color; tact, diplomacy and a sociable, friendly nature, a love of luxurious and harmonious surroundings. If Gertrude Olmstead, who is young and whose character is still in the formative state, develops her possibilities, she will be very successful.

All rights reserved
F. Vance de Revere

ARE THEY ALL THEY SEEM?

Is Valentino a *Don Juan* in Hollywood?
Is Lillian Gish really as spiritual and wistful as she seems on the screen?
Is John Gilbert the same type that he appears to be?

Gladys Hall

has written a frank story about several of the motion picture people sans the mask they wear professionally. It is not only delightful and entertaining reading . . . it is also an illuminating side-light on human beings.

Reserve Your Copy of the
September MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE Today

STRAIGHT HAIR *Made naturally wavy*

Perfect permanent waves assured in advance

No Longer Guesswork or Uncertainty

Do you know that you can now have your hair made naturally curly? Not waves of a day or a week, but permanent waves that will withstand washing, bleaching, dyeing, shampooing, wind or rain, sea or spray. *And what is more*—you may have the exact style of wave you want—small or large, tight or loose, *with perfect results assured in advance.*

Nestle Puts Permanent Waving on a New Scientific Basis

It is the Nestle METER SCALE that has brought about the new era in Permanent Waving . . . that tests the hair and determines how it shall be waved.

This machine, in the Nestle Laboratory, New York, reads a strand of your hair and reveals its exact characteristics. It makes it easy for us to prescribe the Circuline treatment that suits *your* case.

Nestle's Circuline Process of Permanent Waving

Nestle's Circuline Process carries out the readings of the Nestle Meter Scale to the letter. By this new method, any Nestle Circuline Waver will treat your hair according to its own characteristics—*with results made certain before the wave.*

Send a Sample of Your Hair For a Laboratory Reading

Just fill out the coupon below and enclose a small strand of hair, cut from the top (about as thick as the lead in an ordinary pencil and at least five inches long). Enclose $1 deposit—which will be deducted from the price of your next permanent wave, anywhere in the United States where the Circuline process is used. Over 6000 hairdressers and beauty parlors use Nestle permanent waving apparatus. The Nestle Company *guarantees* the refund of your deposit.

Mail the Coupon Today!

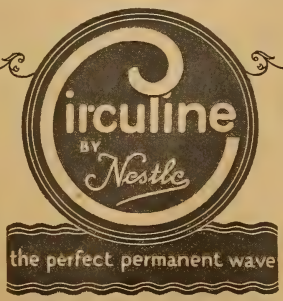
The Nestle Laboratory will send you its official examination card, showing the result of your hair test, and containing explicit directions to your permanent waver stating exact Circuline treatment required for type of wave you want.

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD.
12 East Forty-ninth Street, New York City
Originators of Permanent Waving. (Est. 1905)

FREE

Mr. C. Nestle's Interesting Book on the Hair and Its Care!

Whether your hair is strong or weak, snow-white or black, bleached or dyed—no matter whether you've ever had a permanent or not—send for Mr. Nestle's new book on the Circuline Process. It is alive with helpful information on the care of the hair—material that has taken a lifetime to assemble. It will be sent to you absolutely free—*use the coupon opposite!*



Nestle Lanoil Co., Ltd., Laboratory
12 East 49th St., Dept. 8-G, New York

Enclosed find $1 Deposit and sample of my hair for an official laboratory reading on the Nestle Meter Scale. It is understood that my $1 will be deducted from the cost of my *next* permanent wave at any hair waving establishment using the Nestle Circuline Process. You are to send me a record of your findings and your free booklet on permanent waving.

*Name*_____ (Please write plainly)

*Address*_____

_____

If free booklet only is wanted, check here ☐

YES and NO

SAY IT WITH LETTERS

Have you a kick against the movies? Then dont suffer in silence. Write us a letter about it. Have you a favorite that you want to tell the world about? Then remember that it isn't fair to keep the good news to yourself. This department is devoted to your opinions and you are the boss of this page

I WAS very much interested in a letter published in the June MOTION PICTURE in which the writer protests against players being cast according to type. Now, I think a review of the current favorites indicates that however versatile the players may be, the public will not allow them to break away from those parts with which they are identified.

If we separated Bill Hart from his six-shooters, Tom Mix from his sombrero, Harold Lloyd from his glasses, Mary Pickford from her curls, Charles Chaplin from his derby, cane, and shoes—would these stars continue to be stars in our eyes? I wonder.

The stars today have become established by the individual style of their respective rôles—and by the unique manner in which they have stuck to these rôles. The classic example is that classic comedian, Charles Chaplin. Never has he dared remove his little mustache, never has he discarded his derby or baggy trousers. When so great an artist as this feels it imperative to stay in one well-defined part, the necessity of creating a type and sticking to it becomes apparent.

What of Buster Keaton and Harold Lloyd? Harold Lloyd was comparatively unknown until he found his horn-rimmed glasses, and created his present type. One of our best types was Charles Ray, the bashful farmer boy. This type brought him fame—he tried to get away from it, and disaster followed. True, he is trying to come back in different parts—but we shall see.

Dick Barthelmess attempted something different in "The Enchanted Cottage"—it was an artistic success, but a box-office failure. Mary Pickford attempted to change her type in "Dorothy Vernon"—it brought a storm of protest, and Mary returned to the type that made her famous.

Adolphe Menjou is a distinct type—he knows it, and keeps to it. So is Raymond Griffith, and Wallace Beery.

So we might go on. Most stars today are such because they have appreciated the value of type, and have capitalized it.

M. M.,
Vancouver, B. C.

Nothing Whatever—Only Five Husbands

I WONDER where Peggy Hopkins Joyce got the idea that she is good-looking. She sure has it. I have never in my life seen anybody as conceited and egotistical as she is and with nothing whatever to even halfway justify it.

I went to see "The Skyrocket" expecting to see a marvel of good looks, intelligence and acting. I came away disgusted, to say the least. I am surprised that such an intelligent and good-looking actor as Owen Moore would agree to play with her. That may not have been his fault, but that of the casting director, however.

She is vainly trying to win fame in the movies on her reputation in real life. Whatever her fatal charm for members of the masculine sex may be, let her continue to practise it on them and NOT on the poor unsuspecting fans.

G. R.,
Atlanta, Georgia.

Is Valentino Through?

I THINK that I can name the few actors that, I think, have talent and possibility. There are only a few. Valentino is finished and he might as well "own up." Milton Sills, Thomas Meighan, Conway Tearle and Eugene O'Brien are too old to consider as "possibilities." Lloyd Hughes, Rod La Rocque will always be just what they are today, good. Conrad Nagel, Ben Lyon and George O'Brien have possibilities as good-looking young men, but again, where is the talent? Richard Dix will always give good comedies. I could name lots of others who will finish soon, in my estimation, or stay the way they are, but what is the use when there are men who will do some more and better work in the future and for some years in the future, too? John Gilbert is either a fad or a "stay-in." I think probably the latter. Ronald Colman has some wonderful work ahead of him if he steers clear of the rocks. But there is still John Barrymore. I will not say anything about him on the screen. He is a stage-actor and should have stayed there. He is too good for the screen in ways. He cannot bring out the same character on the screen the way he can on the stage.

I guess you are wondering where I put Ramon Novarro. Mr. Novarro has to have a place to himself. He will not fit in with any other actor on the screen. He is the exact man for the Prince Charming character. He is a real Prince Charming. I agree with Mr. Brewster entirely that his personality, magnetism and possibilities are the largest of all the other stars put together. He did not win fame overnight. He has been working hard for seven years.

One thing I like about him personally is that he shuns the publicity part of it all. I know several stars that I have liked very well for that thing called personality and then out comes a lot of publicity and I leave their vicinity forever. It may be prejudice, but I hate anybody who forces themselves on the public eye.

J. M. F.,
Ridgewood, N. J.

Be Accurate, Please

LIFE is certainly *not* as the movies paint it. Too much beauty is evident everywhere. For instance: In any death-bed or sick-room scene, the patient invariably looks very beautiful. No matter if it is a scene of childbirth, pneumonia, heart-failure, or consumption, I have yet to view the picture wherein the heroine does not look as if she had just stepped from Dorothy Grays' Face and Hair Parlor. We all know that life is not like that. I have been confined in bed myself for four months and I know that I look sick because I am sick, and I also get very cross and irritable, but alack . . . in the movies . . . regardless of how long the invalid has been an invalid, the cripple a cripple, etc., they always remain sweet-tempered, forgiving, happy and utterly too saccharine for words. If life could only be that pleasant. . . .

One thing more. Please print Mary Philbin's correct age. I was fortunate enough to have an article of mine printed in *Screenland* some time ago about her, as we are old school-chums and playmates, and she's not in her teens. I'm out of mine, and she's older than I am, so let's be frank—the truth is always best, *N'est-ce pas?*

MARIAN SMITH MINTHORNE,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

But On the Other Hand

I HAVE heard, frequently too, that Valentino has lost his popularity. Such being the case, I ventured to go to see "The Eagle" without booking my seat in advance, and all I saw were the S. R. O. signs—when there was any room at all.

The "French Tango" has taken London and other large cities by storm. It is danced nightly at the best hotels to the strains of La Parisienne and Valentino.

Finally Paris and London have given

(*Continued on page* 115)

YOU'R opinions on subjects relating to the movies and their players may be worth actual money to you, if you can express them clearly in a snappy letter of one to three hundred words. A five-dollar prize is awarded for the best letter of the month, which will be printed at the head of this department. One dollar is paid for the excerpts printed from others. Write us an interesting letter, giving reasons for your likes and dislikes. Sign your full name and give your address. We will use initials only if requested.

Send to YES AND NO, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

You, Too, Can Realize Your Dreams

By Developing a

Strong Rich Voice

More than 20,000 men and women all over the country have developed powerful, beautiful voices by Physical Voice Culture. You, too, can build up a strong, magnetic, compelling voice that will be the marvel of your friends, and your key to success and fame.

Read the letters on this page from men and women who have made their dreams come true by this wonderful, scientific method of voice culture. You can continue your present occupation and mode of life while you study *in your own home*—and the cost is nominal — only a very small amount each month as you study.

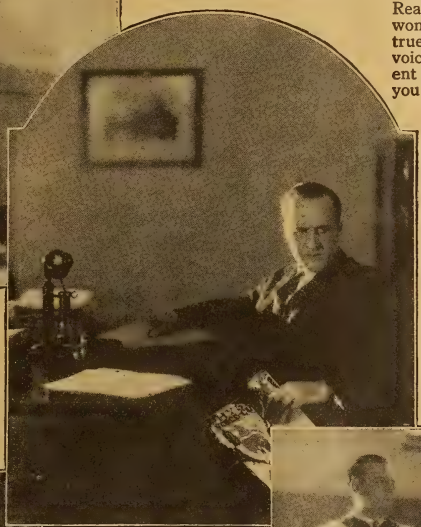
100% Improvement Guaranteed

It makes no difference whether you wish to improve your voice for your own pleasure or for professional singing. The man or woman singing in the home—the opera or concert singer—the choir singer—all can improve their voices 100%, at the very least, by Physical Voice Culture. ***We absolutely guarantee 100%*** improvement or your tuition will be gladly refunded. You alone are to be the judge.

Gives Physical Voice Culture Credit for Grand Opera Voice

Each 24 hours brings me a stronger and better hold on my voice. I feel like telling you of it each day when I think back to six years ago when catarrh had just about finished my hearing and voice.

I joined the Los Angeles Opera Company this Spring and we will have five Operas ready in September. It is really pathetic to see the *star pupils* from the *great voice masters* try for a place in the Company. Some very pretty, but weak, palate attacks, throat and lip attacks. I work hard all day and your silent exercises are a wonderful rest.—Bert Longtre.



Harry Lompierre Finds the "Right Way"

I wish to give credit where credit is due. The past twelve years have been spent in professional singing.

Believing that I had at last found "the right way," I cancelled an entire season's bookings to apply myself diligently to your idea.

Today my voice is completely new. Formerly, I could sing only a fair "B" (fifth line). Now I can sing high "B" flat, with a rich, resonant, manly tone. — Harry Lompierre.

Church Singer Delights Congregation

I cannot help but say "Thank God" for everything you have done for me. As I sang in church yesterday people turned to see who was singing.

I hope you will always think of me as one who has made a big success in the work I chose to do.—Carolyn Baker.

For obvious reasons the names signed to these letters have been changed. But the letters are all true and the real names of writers will be sent on request.

Singer Triumphs Over Discouragement

Did you think one year ago that I would now be singing as high as high "C"? I am very sure that I didn't.

I often think of that hopeless first letter I wrote to you and I want to thank you for the help you have given me and especially for the cheering letters at the beginning when I needed boosting along the worst way.

Hoping that you will believe me to be ever your grateful friend.—Mrs. Mary Brown.

Inspiring Book Now FREE

Send Coupon!

The coupon will bring you a FREE copy of "Physical Voice Culture"—a valuable new book on voice building. Do not hesitate to ask for it. It is FREE and need not be returned. This may be the first step in a great career for you. Send the coupon **TODAY!**

Perfect Voice Institute, Studio B-126
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, FREE and without any obligation, Prof. Feuchtinger's new book, "Physical Voice Culture." I have checked the subject in which I am most interested.

☐ *Weak Voice* ☐ *Stammering*
☐ *Singing* ☐ *Speaking*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

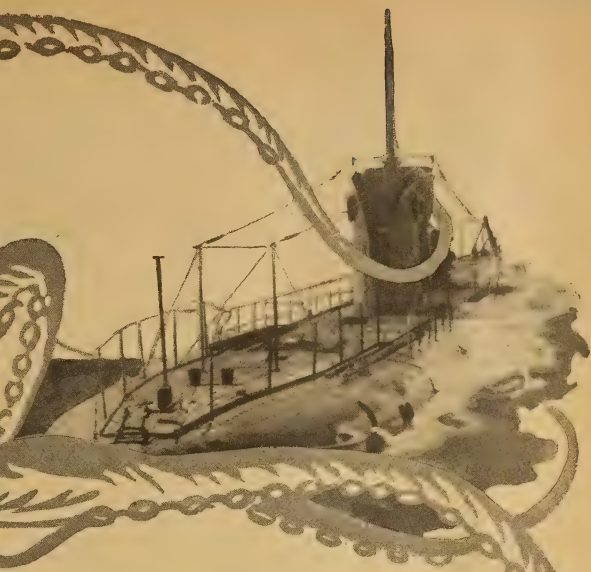
*City*_____ *State*_____

Perfect Voice Institute, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Studio B-126 Chicago

A City Made to Order

When Ernst Lubitsch prepared to film "So This Is Paris," he looked about Hollywood and could not find any cafés that looked wicked enough. They were all well and good for that prosperous Western town . . . but they weren't Paris. Then Harold Grieve was called in to design the exterior scenes as well as the interiors with these results

At the top of the page is his conception of the exterior of a café on the Bois. Just above is a café's dance floor. The ceiling of silks and laces is draped away from the waists of striking pillars in the guise of shapely feminine limbs. And, on the left, is a room, the floor of which is completely hidden by mulberry velour carpet, while the curtains have many ruffles of gold net edged with robin's-egg blue ribbon. The walls are blue-gray and the furniture of the Louis XV period and hand-painted with gold trimming. So this is Paris . . . is it?



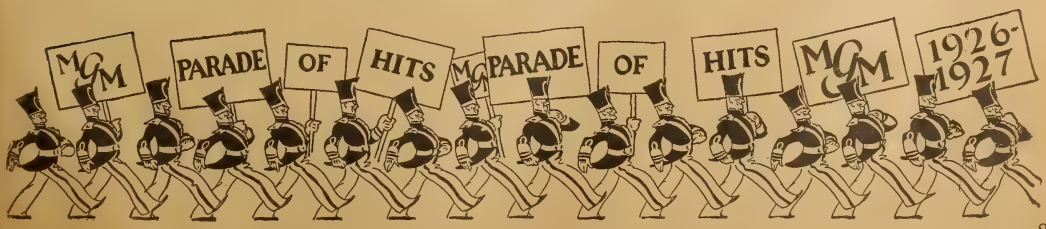
Rex Ingram's
MARÉ NOSTRUM

MEANS "Our Sea".
ALL New York thrilled to it
THOUSANDS and thousands
GLADLY paid $2.00 to see this epic by
BLASCO IBANEZ, master maker of tales.
ALICE TERRY as the beloved spy,
ANTONIO MORENO as Ulysses
WHO worshipped her
BUT loved a great cause more.
A sinking submarine—
THRILL after gasping thrill!
A STUPENDOUS picture
COMING to your theatre
DIRECT from Broadway.

Alice Terry
as Freya
Antonio Moreno
as Ulysses

A Metro-Goldwyn-Picture

"More Stars than there are in Heaven"



Sun-burn

Instant relief

Splash the painful area freely with Absorbine, Jr. Cooling, soothing, healing relief comes instantly. It takes out soreness and inflammation. Absorbine, Jr. is neither sticky nor greasy and does not *show*. Keep Absorbine, Jr. on hand for sore muscles, cuts, bruises, insect bites and other vacation mishaps. Always reliable.

Absorbine Jr
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

At all druggists, $1.25 or postpaid
Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. Springfield, Mass.

That's Out

(*Continued from page* 57)

about your own personal favorites, and devote the space in the magazines to those players in whom the public is interested.

"I might also add that as a diplomat you would make a fine substitute for a red flag at a bull-fight. In a recent issue of Motion Picture you made the statement that Thomas Meighan's admirers belong to the 'lower classes of citizenry.' And now you make the statement that the film public is *slow* thinking . . ."

"(Signed) One of the Slow Thinkers."

Unfortunately for the public—and the slow thinkers—Herbert Howe and myself have built up such sound reputations for acumen in motion picture matters that we are now paid immense salaries just to set in print the things which interest us.

We dont even have to be diplomats.

The Essence of Comedy

The secret of the success of comedy is its surprises, a culmination of an incident in just the opposite direction to which the spectator imagined would be the outcome, i. e., a diminutive comedian, having a slapstick battle with a large and fierce-looking gent, the two disappear into the next room, whereupon the walls shake and ornaments fall to the floor in such a manner that it leads the spectator to believe the dwarf is being annihilated.

Instead, the little fellow returns, bearing in his hands the trousers and underwear of his opponent as symbols of victory.

Or a comedian, upon depositing a dachshund into a sausage-grinder, the spectator is led to expect that a string of frankfurters will come forth, but instead a cat and three kittens come marching out.

This Might Help

The mental reactions of the reformers certainly are a puzzle.

They are always clamoring for laws to prevent children under fifteen from going to the movies.

Judging from many of the films we have seen lately, something should be done to stop people *over* fifteen from viewing them.

They Do It in the Movies

All burglars replace their loot and immediately reform upon little Willie's awakening and walking in upon the intruder in his nightgown.

Persons confined to their bed because of illness always look in the best of health and present an attractive appearance.

There are no ordinary men in the Sahara desert, all Arabs being sheiks.

Why Doesn't My House Look Like That?

Have you at one time or another wondered why your living-room or bedroom did not have the charm of some room you have seen on the screen? Perhaps the set was not the home of a wealthy family at all. Perhaps there was nothing in it that you couldn't have in your own house. Yet there was a difference.

STEPHEN GOOSON

the interior decorator for the rooms used in First National Pictures, will write an article every month in which he will tell you how to get charm in your home.

Most houses suffer because there is not enough color in the rooms. Most of us are afraid we will overdo things in this direction. The way to get enough color in your rooms—yet not too much—is simple.

Dont miss Mr. Gooson's article in the

September Motion Picture Magazine

On the news-stands August 1

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The Thing That Makes Them Great

(*Continued from page 29*)

The tears that had refused to come as he stood there dry-eyed and inarticulate, are there in his pictures.

It is these tears trembling in every smile that have made Charlie Chaplin the greatest clown in the world.

And all the tears that were ever shed before the camera, haven't one-millionth of a degree the poignancy of those shed where no one will ever see or ever know.

After years of waiting, Belle Bennett has arrived. Her empty heart and empty arms have reaped the laurels denied to her in her happy youth.

"Stella Dallas," the story of a mother's sacrifice, has revealed her one of the truly great emotional actresses of the screen.

Belle Bennett played the mother as no one else in the world could have played her. Her boy died just before she started work on the picture. She is alone now.

You dont have to be ashamed if you wipe away a furtive tear or try to gulp down the hard lump in your throat. You are seeing the naked soul of a mother. It is her own heartaches you see pictured there in the cheap, shoddy little mother on the screen.

And if you praise, do it gently. Applause may ring harsh in a mother's ears.

Jack Gilbert was just as handsome and romantic a few years ago as he is today. But then he was a comparatively obscure leading man and today he is among the screen immortals.

It was his marriage and separation from Leatrice Joy that bridged the distance. Those who understand him best, know that he hasn't taken his marital difficulties lightly.

Almost overnight Jack Gilbert became the rage. Women adored him for his tragic brown eyes. Men liked him because he really could act.

He has found himself, but he has lost Leatrice. I wonder if the fame that has come to him is compensation for that.

One of the funniest men in pictures and his young wife died a few months ago—suicides.

He was Max Linder, the gay, debonair young Frenchman who didn't seem to have a care in the world. He seemed to have everything worth while, a wife who loved him enough to die with him as she proved so tragically, wealth and fame. But his heart was so heavy life did not seem worth living.

They call Mabel Normand the stormy petrel in Hollywood. Her life has never been free from sadness. Her name has been connected with one scandal and tragedy after another. She has lost those nearest to her. And yet Mabel Normand has a smile on her lips, a smile sweeter and more appealing because it is shadowed by tragedy.

It took two unhappy marriages and the birth of her baby to make an actress out of an animated clothes model.

For years Gloria Swanson created a certain interest because of her bizarre coiffures, her ultrafashionable clothes and the eccentric uses of her make-up.

And then she became an actress, a woman who could sway her audiences to smile and sigh when she pulled the strings.

Today Gloria Swanson is no longer bizarre and unreal. She looks and acts what she is—a woman who has discovered life can hurt.

Mary Pickford has for years been the most consistent favorite on the screen, but

(*Continued on page 89*)

FREE:

A wonderful little book that gives new beauty secrets. Free, with every jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Four Simple Ways

to improve your skin —NOW!

By FRED INGRAM Jr., Ph. C. B. Sc., (Pharm.)

I. From 16 to 30 you need from 7½ to 8 hours sleep at least four nights out of seven. At 30 to 50, 6½ to 7 hours will do with a daily short rest after lunch or just before dinner. If you would have beauty after 30—get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compete with loss of sleep.

And you simply *must eat* each day either lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrots, spinach, oranges, white cherries, grapefruit, lemons or tomatoes. Your doctor will tell you just what combinations are good for you personally. Sleep and these foods are a sure foundation for beauty.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and hands—at least once a day, lukewarm water and any good soap (Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap is fine). *Then* use Ingram's Milkweed Cream on hands, arms, neck and shoulders. Rub it in gently. Don't rub it off. Use only at night before retiring—wear old gloves on hands. You will be astonished. Your friends will comment on the remarkable change in the appearance of your skin with this simple common-sense treatment. Under no conditions use any other cream while you are making this test.

III. For the face, give our cream two weeks' exclusive use. Write the date on the label so that you may watch results carefully. Use no other cream of any kind. Wash your face at night with lukewarm water and Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap. Rub cream in gently; don't rub it off. Use morning and night, using water only at night to cleanse face. Blotches, blemishes, blackheads, redness, tan, wind, and sunburn will go if you follow the diet suggested and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream exclusively.

Women today will tell you this simple treatment gets results. We have thousands of letters over a period of 40 years that back up our statements. And today thousands are enjoying the beauty insurance which this simple method brings.

IV. If you have a good beauty shop operator, stay with her. But insist that she use your own jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Infections are dangerous. Not one woman in a hundred has a scientific beauty operator.

We are always glad to answer questions—to help those who have been unsuccessful in their search for skin loveliness. Particularly those who want to protect their beauty over a long period of years.

If you are in doubt, take no chances. Do your own facials, arms, neck, hand and shoulder treatments at home. We will teach you how in our little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

YOUR ARMS shoulders neck and hands

may be beautiful, ivory white . . . often in TWO WEEKS!

As last year, afternoon and evening frocks leave the arms, neck and upper back exposed. To be truly charming, beautiful—*you must have this!*

Smooth, satiny, ivory-white skin—*so utterly charming to men!*

Ingram's Milkweed Cream has done just this, for over a million women—in this country *alone*. Use it daily on your hands, on your arms, neck and shoulders. You too will notice pleasing results, often within two short weeks.

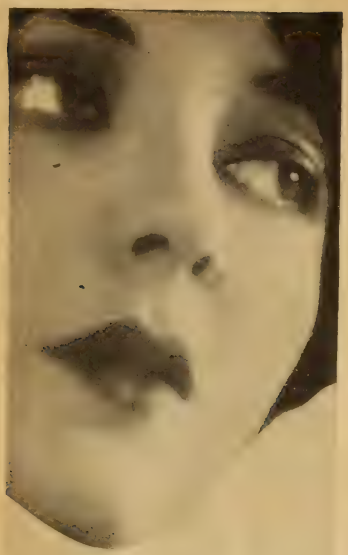
Read the four common-sense beauty secrets in the column at the left. It tells you *how*. Then obtain a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream at your favorite store. Get it in the 50 cent or dollar size. The dollar size is more economical. Start using it now. And remember:

You need only one cream . . Ingram's!

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885

Windsor, Ont., Canada — 321 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream.



There's a difference worth knowing!

50¢

TRE-JUR Face Powder

JOLI-MEMOIRE FRAGRANCE

Sample—Generous sized package in your own favorite shade sent for 10c in stamps or coin. *The House of Tre-Jur, Inc.*, 19 West 18th Street . . . New York.

IT'S FUN MOUNTING SNAPSHOTS *or clippings in albums or elsewhere with* Engel "Art Corners"

No paste needed—Easy to slide on corners—Easy to stick—from the trade—Quick—Artistic. 10c Buys 100 art all Photo Supply Counters. A dime brings full pkg. and FREE samples from ENGEL-Dept. 23H, 4711 N. CLARK ST., CHICAGO.

Before *After*

Delica-Brow

The *ORIGINAL* Liquid Dressing

Your eyes will seem much larger, brighter and your lashes twice as long, dark and heavy after your very first application of *Delica-Brow*, the original waterproof Liquid Dressing for the lashes and brows. You will never know what beautiful eyes you really have until you use *Delica-Brow*. Send for a free trial bottle today. Kindly enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Delica Laboratories, Inc., Dept. C4

3012 Clybourne Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Tia Juana Red

(*Continued from page 33*)

field, Illinois. She wanted to be a movie player. And with this urge upon her she ran away from home some five years ago and made the rounds of the various agents in New York, seeking to break into the golden game by the extra route. She met with the usual response at the agencies. "Nothing doing today."

Then she heard about Hollywood and the great number of studios there, of the increased production activities . . . and of those who suddenly found themselves famous and sought after by producers because of some effective "bit" they contributed to a scene.

But the railroads have a custom of charging for transportation and Red had no money. She knew that she danced with an abandon that was desirable, for she had danced in amateur theatricals back in Springfield. She applied for a job as a dancer at Rector's, then flourishing as one of Broadway's leading cabarets. She was hired and nightly did the dance which had made her the hit of the amateur offerings in her home town.

The girl with whom she dressed was a seasoned veteran who had had her fling under the studio lamps as an extra in several pictures. And when she confided to her her ambitions for a screen career, this girl pointed out the requirements of a wardrobe necessary for those who planned to beat and beat upon the movie's door until it swung open and remained open to them. She told Red that she would need a variety of shoes, evening gowns, hats and all the little incidentals. To get these things would take a large sum of money.

Then the Wise One offered Red a suggestion. Why didn't she blow out to Tia Juana? Tia Juana was not far from Hollywood. The pickings there were soft. The tourists spent money freely on the entertainers in the dance halls there. She knew. She had acquired a bank roll there herself. Sure, it was a tough life. But if your heart was set on being a movie player . . . well, that was one way.

Red listened hungrily. And the next night when the show went on at Rector's, she was in an upper berth and on her way to Tia Juana on borrowed money.

Once there, she did not have any difficulty in filling the requirements of the Tivoli. Her New York background gave her a superiority and it is not difficult to divert those who seek recreation in that one-street Mexican town, where the lights are turned on in the afternoon and are still blazing brightly when alarm-clocks awaken the average citizen to another day of toil.

So Esther became Tia Juana Red. That was just as well. She was in a place where few care to be known by their real names.

Every night she sang her numbers and did her dances in the smoky ribald palace of pleasure. She told herself that she was singing and dancing her way nearer and nearer the enchanted land of Kleig lights. She was acquiring the coveted wardrobe and saving her earnings for the siege she planned against Hollywood.

Then her chance came. . . .

Arthur H. Sawyer, the discoverer of Barbara La Marr, who was always on the alert for new talent, visited Tia Juana in a search for types for his next picture, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." He strolled into the Tivoli. Red was doing her stuff. Sawyer saw her at once and knew that she was the exact type for the dance-hall girl in the Yukon sequence.

His elation at finding a perfect type was nothing compared to Red's at being the type, however.

The long nights in the Tivoli. . . . The brushing shoulders with the riffraff of the world. . . . Her exile in the Mexican border town. . . . It had all been worth while. It had brought her to her ambition.

So she descended upon Hollywood, armed with her bank-books . . . her clothes . . . even her car. They spend money freely down there in Tia Juana and she had been one of the favorites.

She played the rôle of the dance-hall girl in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and gave it all the vivid coloring, all the atmosphere and realism that the part demanded. She called heavily upon her own experience. It may truthfully be said that she lived the part.

And she made good. . . .

The bits she contributed to her scenes were life. They shone forth brilliantly. She thought she had arrived. So did Arthur Sawyer. So did I, who happened to be publicity director for the production.

But the ways of Hollywood and those who control its film destinies are strange and unexplainable. Tia Juana Red armed with her stills and a good word from her producer made the rounds of the studios. She went to the big ones first. Of course. Then after a month or two she applied to the smaller companies. Everywhere she met the same story.

She had done a good dancing girl. But that had been easy. Hadn't she simply been playing herself. They had no pictures calling for the delineation of a dance-hall girl. But they would keep her name on file and let her know.

Tia Juana Red was not easily daunted. She took quarters in a modest hotel, invested in more clothes, and spent some judicious money on that important weapon, publicity.

For six months she battered at the doors, but they did not budge.

Then she did something that convinces us that sooner or later her ambition will find fulfilment.

Her savings were exhausted. She had sold her car. Her clothes were becoming passé. And she packed her trunk and headed for . . . Springfield? New York? No, Tia Juana and the Tivoli and for more raucous nights of singing and dancing.

She is back there now, saving again. . . .

If you go to Tia Juana, look out for a girl with hair that shines like burnished copper . . . listen for the strains of "Red-hot Poppa, dont you try to two time me. . . ."

When You Have Dinner Guests . . .

ARE you sometimes puzzled what to serve? Almost every hostess is. That is why we are so glad to publish the menus and recipes favored by the stars. They have the best cooks that money can secure in their kitchens . . . and they know the little extras that make dinner parties successful.

We will print the menus and recipes of some meal every month.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The Thing That Makes Them Great

(*Continued from page* 87)

now her box-office receipts aren't quite so heavy as they used to be.

She had everything, beauty, charm and youth. But the greatest part of her appeal was her wistfulness. There was no one who could portray the forlorn little waif, the misunderstood child, with the same degree of tenderness as she.

And somehow, even after seeing her in the happiest sort of fade-out, you couldn't help going away with a lump in your throat.

There was a pathos about Mary that suggested a little kitten hungry for affection.

It would be an old story to reconstruct the bridges Mary has burned behind her. You all know of her childhood, incomplete and barren as is the childhood of most stage children, her marriage with Owen Moore, her unhappiness, the cares of her family that rested so heavily on her shoulders.

And then suddenly, miraculously, happiness came.

She married Douglas Fairbanks, who adored her. He banished the cares that had been pressing against her. For the first time in her life there was someone to do things for her, to give instead of take, to shoulder the burden she had been carrying so long.

Today Mary's happiness glows in her eyes.

But something is lost.

Mary's art is still as great as it has ever been, but the wistful little waif whose eyes mirrored the sorrows of the whole world is gone forever.

We miss that little waif. Mary's gain has been our loss.

But somehow we feel that she is more than compensated for any loss of popularity that happiness has brought her.

We cant have everything, and who wouldn't choose happiness if they had the choice of what they wanted above everything else in the world?

Corinne Griffith's Clothes

. . . occasion admiring comment even in the well-groomed motion picture set. She has a faculty of selecting a fragile smartness that is most delightful.

Cerline Boll

spent hours studying the things Miss Griffith bought on her recent trip to New York and she has sketched them so that you may adapt them to your own wardrobe.

They will appear in the September MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Now—a new and totally different way to remove cold cream

A way that will double the effectiveness of your make-up
That will combat oily nose and skin conditions amazingly
That will make your skin seem shades lighter than before

Please accept a 7-day supply to try. See coupon below.

The ONLY way yet discovered that removes all dirt, grime and grease-laden accumulations in gentle safety to your skin

MODERN beauty science has discovered a new way to remove cleansing cream—a way different from any you have ever known.

It banishes the soiled towel method that all women detest. It contrasts the harshness of fibre and paper substitutes with a softness you'll love.

Now a test is being offered. Send the coupon and a 7-day supply will be sent you without charge.

It will prove that no matter how long you have removed cleansing cream with towels, paper substitutes, etc., you have never yet removed it *thoroughly* from your skin . . . have never removed it properly, or in gentle safety to your skin.

What it is

The name is Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—a totally new kind of material, developed in consultation with leading authorities on skin care, *solely* for the removal of cleansing cream.

It is the first absorbent made for this purpose. There is no other like it.

Exquisitely dainty, immaculate and inviting; you use it, then discard it. White as snow and soft as down, it is 27 times as absorbent as a towel; 24 times as any fibre or paper makeshift!

Stops oily skins. Combats imperfections. Lightens the skin

On the advice of skin specialists, women today are flocking to this new way.

It will effect unique results on your skin. By removing *all* dirt and grime, it will give your skin a tone three or more shades whiter than before.

That's because old methods failed in absorbency. They removed but part of the cream and grime. The rest they rubbed back in. That is why your skin may seem several shades darker sometimes than it really is.

It will combat skin and nose oiliness amazingly. For an oily skin indicates cold cream left in the skin. The pores exude it constantly. That's why you must powder now so frequently. That's why, too, imperfections often appear.

This new way combats those failures of old ways. One day's use will prove its case beyond doubt.

Send the coupon

Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent without charge.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes:

Boudoir size, sheets 6x7 inches . . 35c
Professional, sheets 9 x 10 inches . . 65c

KLEENEX
ABSORBENT
'KERCHIEFS
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO., M-8
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—as offered.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

What the Stars Are Doing

And where you may write to them

Conducted by Gertrude Driscoll

Adorée, Renée—playing in *Tin Gods*—Metro-Goldwyn, Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Allison, May—playing in *Mismates*—Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St., New York City, N. Y.

Arthur, George K.—playing in *Bardelys, The Magnificent*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *Forever After*—United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Banky, Vilma—playing in *The Winning of Barbara Worth*—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *The Amateur Gentleman*—Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Barrymore, John—playing in *Manon Lescaut*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *The Great Gatsby*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Beery, Noah—playing in *Paradise*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *Old Ironsides*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Belle—playing in *The Lily*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Blue, Monte—playing in *So This Is Paris*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Boardman, Eleanor—playing in *Bardelys, The Magnificent*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bow, Clara—playing in *You'd Be Surprised*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *Duke of Ladies*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Bronson, Betty—playing in *Paradise*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *For Alimony Only*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Carey, Harry—playing in *Burning Bridges*—Pathé Exchange, 35 W. 45th St., New York City, N. Y.

Chaney, Lon—playing in *Tell It to the Marines*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Chaplin, Charles—playing in *The Circus*—1412 La Brea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chaplin, Sydney—playing in *The Better Ole*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Cody, Lew—playing in *The Waning Sex*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Collier, William Jr.—playing in *Glorifying the American Girl*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Colman, Ronald—playing in *The Winning of Barbara Worth*—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *The Sorrows of Satan*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Costello, Dolores—playing in *The Heart of Maryland*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Dana, Viola—playing in *Kicko Katy Kelly*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *The College Flirt*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Davies, Marion—playing in *The Red Mill*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *What Price Glory?*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dempster, Carol—playing in *The Sorrows of Satan*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Denny, Reginald—playing in *Take It From Me*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Desore, Dorothy—playing in *Señor Daredevil*—United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *The Quarterback*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Dove, Billie—playing in *The Return of the Lone Wolf*—Columbia Prod., 1600 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

Dressler, Louise—Playing in *Broken Hearts of Hollywood*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas—latest release, *The Black Pirate*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Fazenda, Louise—playing in *The Passionate Quest*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Fields, W. C.—playing in *So's Your Old Man*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Ford, Harrison—playing in *The Nervous Wreck*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing in *The Flesh and the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gibson, Hoot—playing in *The Man in the Saddle*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Gilbert, John—playing in *The Flesh and the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gish, Dorothy—playing in *London*—Herbert Wilcox Prod., London, England.

Gish, Lillian—playing in *Annie Laurie*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Goudal, Jetta—playing in *Her Man O' War*—Cecil De Mille Prod., Culver City, Cal.

Gray, Gilda—latest release, *Aloma of the South Seas*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Gray, Lawrence—playing in *Kid Boots*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Griffith, Corinne—playing in *Tin Pan Ally*—1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Griffith, Raymond—playing in *You'd Be Surprised*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Haines, William—playing in *Tell It to the Marines*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Diplomacy*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hines, Johnny—playing in *The Dancing Mayor*—C. C. Burr Prod., 135 W. 44th St., New York City, N. Y.

Holt, Jack—playing in *Forlorn River*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hughes, Lloyd—playing in *Forever After*—United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Joy, Leatrice—playing in *For Alimony Only*—Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Joyce, Alice—playing in *So's Your Old Man*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Keaton, Buster—playing in *The General*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kenyon, Doris—playing in *Mismates*—Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St., New York City, N. Y.

Kerry, Norman—playing in *Love Me and the World Is Mine*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Kirkwood, James—playing in *Butterflies in the Rain*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Langdon, Harry—playing in *The Yes Man*—United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

La Plante, Laura—playing in *Butterflies in the Rain*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lloyd, Harold—playing in *The Mountain Lad*—1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Louis, Willard—playing in *The Door Mat*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Love, Bessie—playing in *Young April*—Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *What Price Glory?*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—playing in *Duke of Ladies*—Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St., New York City, N. Y.

Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *Subway Sadie*—Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St., New York City, N. Y.

MacLean, Douglas—playing in *Ladies First*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mason, Shirley—playing in *Don Juan's Three Nights*—United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

McAvoy, May—playing in *The Fire Brigade*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Meighan, Thomas—playing in *Tin Gods*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *The Sorrows of Satan*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Miller, Patsy Ruth—playing in *So This Is Paris*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Mix, Tom—playing in *Western Society*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Moore, Mat—playing in *Married Alive*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Moreno, Antonio—playing in *The Temptress*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Murray, Mae—playing in *Altars of Desire*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *The Waning Sex*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Negri, Pola—playing in *Good and Naughty*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Nilsson, Anna Q.—playing in *Sinners in Paradise*—United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Nissen, Greta—completed *The Love Thief*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in *A Certain Party*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Brien, Eugene—playing in *Fine Manners*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

O'Brien, George—playing in *Fig Leaves*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Hara, George—playing in *Cook's Tours*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Neil, Sally—playing in *The Waning Sex*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Philbin, Mary—playing in *Love Me and the World is Mine*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—playing in *Sparrows*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Pitts, Zasu—playing in *The Wedding March*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Prevost, Marie—playing in *Almost a Lady*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Ralston, Esther—playing in *Glorifying the American Girl*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Ray, Charles—playing in *The Fire Brigade*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Rich, Irene—playing in *The Door Mat*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—playing in *Up-stage*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sherman, Lowell—playing in *Love's Magic*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Sills, Milton—playing in *Paradise*—Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St., New York City, N. Y.

Starke, Pauline—playing in *The Mysterious Island*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *Midnight Lovers*—United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Swanson, Gloria—completed *Fine Manners*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Sweet, Blanche—playing in *Diplomacy*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Talmadge, Constance—playing in *Sybil*—7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Talmadge, Norma—latest release, *Kiki*—7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Tearle, Conway—playing in *Altars of Desire*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Terry, Alice—latest release, *Mare Nostrum*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Torrence, Ernest—completed *Mantrap*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Valentino, Rudolph—playing in *Son of the Sheik*—7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Vidor, Florence—completed *Love's Magic*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wilson, Lois—playing in *The Show-Off*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Windsor, Claire—playing in *Tin Hats*—Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.

Worthing, Helen Lee—playing in *Lew Tyler's Wives*—Tech-Art Studios, 44th St., New York City, N. Y.

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A National Institution

Sandy

(*Continued from page 27*)

the platform, to send telegrams, to buy pottery from the gaily shawled Indians who squat in the sunshine, their wares spread before them.

As our dusty train came to a stop, Lois said, "I have a movie fan here named Sandy. I wonder if he will be at the station to meet me?"

"*A* movie fan," I shrieked. For a crowd had collected to meet Lois. At least three hundred of Albuquerque's citizens, ranging in age from five to seventy-five years, swept her from my side the instant we descended from the train.

"Miss Wilson, will you give me an autographed photograph?"

"Miss Wilson, will you write your name in my autograph album?"

"Miss Wilson, wont you stand over here in the light, please, and let us take your picture?"

I made a dash for freedom, leaving Lois at the mercy of her public. Some ten minutes later I saw her coming toward me down the platform. Many of her admirers still trooped behind her, at a slight distance.

But hand in hand with her strolled a young gentleman of about thirteen years.

He was a rather ragged young gentleman, to be sure, but he wore his faded blue overalls, his patched coat, his scrubby shoes with that dashing air which sets one apart from the multitude. His freckled face was ashine with joy. His tumbled red hair seemed simply standing on end with enthusiasm. No boulevardier, strolling with his lady, more gay than this young man. No knight, returning triumphant from the tournament, more proud and happy in his lady's smile.

"This is Sandy," said Lois. And she was smiling gaily, too.

"Well, I'm certainly glad to meet you if you are a friend of Miss Wilson's," announced Sandy briskly, with a friendly grin which revealed uneven but very white teeth.

"Sandy is the best-known film fan in the country," explained Lois. "He meets the California Limited every day and has become acquainted with every star, producer and director who travels over this route."

"Yes, I guess I know them all," said Sandy, as we three resumed the promenade. "I'm awful glad to see them, too, and they're always glad to see me, it seems."

"I thought," teased Lois, "that you had forgotten me, Sandy. Really you were very late in getting down to the station today."

"Well, it's this way, Miss Wilson," said Sandy seriously. "I had to help my mother this afternoon, so I couldn't start as soon as usual. I live over by the sawmills," he explained to me courteously, "and it's a two-and-one-half-mile walk. But you must know, Miss Wilson," he added with naive flattery, "that I wouldn't *think* of missing the train when *you* are on it. Let's see, the last time I saw you you were with Miss Blanche Sweet. How is she these days?"

Assured that Blanche was enjoying good health, he then proceeded to tell us much exciting news about himself. He was now, it seemed, the possessor of a Boy Scout suit.

"It fits fine. Gee, I wish you could see me in it, Miss Wilson."

"I wish I could, Sandy," said Lois sincerely. "You were telling me, the last time I came thru, that you were planning to go to the Scout camp. Did you go?"

"Yes, I did. We fellows had a great time up there. The only trouble was that I missed my mother. I got pretty lonesome for her. I did a lot of thinking while I was up at the camp," he continued, "and it just seemed to me that I never could live without my mother. Dont you feel that way sometimes, Miss Wilson, when you are away from your mother on these trips?"

"Yes, Sandy," Lois replied. "I know just exactly how you felt about it."

"I guess I could live without my *father*," said Sandy, "but I certainly wouldn't know what to do if anything ever happened to my mother. It's her birthday pretty soon and I'm saving up to get her a three-dollar box of candy." His blue eyes shone joyously. "I guess she'll be pleased about that all right, wont she!"

One suspects that the shabby Sandy's mother might appreciate a more practical gift than a box of candy, but who would have the heart to suggest this to her gay, eager son? Neither Lois nor I, surely.

"Say, Miss Wilson," was the next remark. "I saw 'The Vanishing American' a little while back and I certainly was terribly disappointed in it."

I glanced over to see how Lois would take this devastatingly frank criticism, and found that she was truly interested in Sandy's point of view.

"What didn't you like about the picture?" she asked.

"Well, your work was all right, and I liked Mr. Dix, too. But the picture wasn't a bit like the book. I read the book first, and so the picture disappointed me."

"After this," I suggested frivolously, "I'd advise you to see the pictures first, and then read the books from which they are adapted. It may lessen the shock."

Sandy considered this line of action for a moment, and then nodded his red head.

"I guess maybe that would be best," he said. "But I dont care much for fiction and these popular novels anyway. I like mostly books about travel and adventure. I'm reading a fine book now about a man named Livingston who went into Darkest Africa. You ought to read it some time. Then I like books about Boy Scouts and what they do, and books about girls, too," he added generously, "if they're Girl Scouts."

I expressed my regret that neither Lois nor myself were Girl Scouts and then, being very much interested in this utterly unique young person, inquired if he worked for a living.

"Yes, I sell newspapers, but, of course, there's not much money in that," said Sandy. "Albuquerque isn't a very big place. Our population here is just thirty thousand and that includes the outskirts."

Sandy, you see, is right there with the details concerning his native town, and I'll wager he is accurate, too.

"I'll only be here a year longer, tho," he continued. "Carl Laemmle and I had a long talk the other day, when he stopped off here, and he promised that next year he would take me out to Hollywood. They say," he looked up keenly now at both of us, "that Mr. Laemmle is a man who always keeps his promises."

I had a quick vision of this shabby newsboy, talking as frankly and unconcernedly with the president of the Universal Film Corporation as he now talked with us. Laemmle, too, has come under his charm, it would seem. What road may not be opened to this young Dick Whittington? Particularly since it is often

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said in Hollywood that Mr. Laemmle never does break a promise.

"But what are you going to do when you get to Hollywood, Sandy?"

"Why, I'm going to become a motion picture actor," he replied with perfect assurance. "That's what Mr. Laemmle is going to do for me. Isn't it wonderful, the friends I have in Hollywood!"

Sandy was as radiant as tho the Gates of Promise already swung wide. Indeed, in his eyes, they do. Has not Mr. Laemmle spoken?

"But why do you wish to become an actor, Sandy?"

"Because I dream of so many things," replied this astonishing child, "and if I'm an actor, all my dreams will come true."

Lois and I exchanged a glance. We know so many actors whose dreams have not come true. But again, in the face of such blissful faith, we could not tell Sandy so.

Sandy was now looking up and down the platform, evidently seeking someone.

"Isn't Miss Griffith on this train?" he questioned. "I heard that she was, and I'll be sorry to miss her."

Indeed, Corinne was reported to be on the train, but, as we told Sandy, we had not caught a glimpse of her so far. He then inquired after the Talmadge sisters, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Bill Hart, all friends of his and of whom he was interested in hearing reports. He spoke of them exactly as tho they were next-door neighbors who had been out of town for a little while.

"Bill Hart is my pal, and he's a great pal for a fellow to have," he said. "He certainly knows a lot about the West. Every time I see him he tells me stories about the Indians and cowboys, and the two-gun sheriffs who used to shoot from the hip. He's going up to the Scout camp with me some time. The fellows will certainly like Bill Hart."

The first section of the Limited rolled out of the station. Ours would follow, so escorted by Sandy we turned toward the train. But before we had joined the crowd clambering aboard, Lois paused, opened her hand-bag and drew out a dollar bill.

"Sandy," she said, smiling down at her shabby young cavalier, "here is a dollar to help pay for that box of candy for your mother."

Sandy stopped dead in his tracks. His face went white under the freckles. There was a hurt look in his blue eyes as he stared up at Lois. He drew in his breath, and then said in a hoarse little voice, "I cant take money from you, Miss Wilson. I cant take money from you."

I loved him for the brave manliness of that moment. It takes a tremendous pride and courage to refuse a crisp new dollar bill, if one is a ragged little newsboy to whom dollar bills come all too seldom. And remember, this strange, precocious child is without doubt keen enough to know that he could exploit his naïve charm with the warm-hearted, generous film stars, if he chose to do so.

But Sandy refuses their money and wins their love and respect instead.

"A-a-aboard. A-a-aboard," called the porters. Steam hissed. The long line of Pullman coaches lurched slightly. "A-a-aboard."

The tense last moment had arrived. But I stood silent at Lois' side, watching the unexpected little drama being played out by a famous motion picture star and a tattered thirteen-year-old boy who lives "out by the sawmills" in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Lois smiled down on the child and then put one hand on the shoulder of his patched jacket.

"Sandy," she said gently. "I love little boys who—who go without many of the things other boys have, in order to give presents to their mothers. Unselfish boys," said Lois, and suddenly bent over to brush his touseled, upstanding red hair with her lips, "like you."

She thrust the bill into his reluctant hand, and we made a dash for the train, Sandy at our heels.

"But Miss Wilson! A whole dollar! Why that's more money than I've had in an entire year!" he cried protestingly.

However, Lois had won, and back in her drawing-room we looked out of the window to see Sandy, his face ashine once more, gazing eagerly up at us.

He waved at us, called to us, tho we could not hear what he said. We waved back, "Good-bye . . . Good-bye."

The train started, Sandy running along the platform under our window. The happy grin was vanishing from his face. He was saying good-bye to one of his "motion picture friends," as he calls the film stars.

Reaching the end of the platform, Sandy had to stop. As the train flashed by, one grubby little fist was pressed furiously over a very blue eye.

Is it possible that the most famous film fan in the country was close to tears as he caught a last glimpse of Lois? Perhaps. Tho, no doubt, he would have explained to any fellow Boy Scout who happened by that it was just a cinder.

"That child has the rarest gift for friendship I have ever known," said Lois, as our train swept away from Albuquerque and on into the sunset desert. "There seems to be no hero-worship in his affection for us. To him, the film players are just nice, friendly people whom he likes. He confides in us so naturally, so unaffectedly, that we cannot help being won over to him."

We speculated then on the probability of Carl Laemmle's taking Sandy to Hollywood, to make a film actor of him. It's quite within the bounds of possibility. Sandy has poise and assurance, and the friendly grin on his freckled face would endear him to the film fans, without doubt.

Already this remarkable youngster has made no small mark for himself, in winning the friendship of the leading stars, producers and directors in the motion picture realm. Who can say how soon his charm may extend beyond the confines of his native town, with its "thirty thousand population, including the outskirts" to delight, entertain and amuse his fellow film fans everywhere?

Sandy, the film fan, may indeed become Sandy, the film star, in time. If so, may all his dreams come true, as he so firmly believes they will.

Are the Stars Beautiful?

NEXT month Nikol Schattenstein, the famous Russian portrait painter, answers this question. He has painted many of the screen stars . . . and you'll be interested in the new things he has to say about women and the thing that makes them beautiful.

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The Age of Our Men and the Innocence of Our Women

(*Continued from page* 25)

Meanwhile Señorita Meller has looked upon the American screen and made observations. Translated from Spanish to French to English:

"You have many fine artists on the screen, but the men are too old, many of them are too old. They play youth and they have lines about their mouths and eyes. Good acting can make the same man any kind of a personality, the tyrant, the saint, a thief, a fool, but a mature person cannot play extreme youth. Youth is one quality that dies and cannot be recalled. The screen is not wholesome with older lovers always. They make love, but not like youth. Your girls are too innocent, your men too wise."

"Would Señorita Meller say that an artist is restricted by his physical self?"

"Yes," Raquel Meller would say. "Yes." Casting according to type is simply following nature. But within the limits of his physical self an actor can be many different people. She herself is fourteen different women in one performance, singing in fourteen different songs, but she does not choose rôles that are not for Raquel Meller. Look what forgetting nature has done to the French stage, she said. Old men playing boy's parts, fat men playing the *spirituel*. Fantastic, ridiculous. Art is to make clear a soul, not to change the body.

Señorita Meller declared that she loves the screen so much that she would give up her singing for it. Whereupon Monsieur Baud, who has learned infinite tact from having been the manager for Bernhardt, Rejane, Duse, the Guitrys, smiled cordially and said, "Oh, but she could not," in a manner that let in the whole world as lamenting this possibility, which it would.

And what parts will she play, this most rapturous, beautiful, and mystic lady. It is just as well to get in some adjectives rashly about Señorita Meller's beauty before the avalanche starts in movie circles. You look upon her photographs and she is exotic, handsome, undeniably Spanish, a portrait merely. When she arrived in New York at last, the ship-news reporters, who aren't taken in by anything, not even the ravings of critics, said frankly they couldn't see it. This writer felt the same way, until midway into Señorita Meller's performance one evening, and then became ecstatically willing to shout with the rest. It all depends on how she screens. On the stage she works miracles of personality. You will swear that her eyes are green and brown and blue and jet-black, that she is really a larking peasant girl at heart, that she is a grandee's donna, that she is the most dramatically lovely woman you have ever seen, that it isn't her art, it's her beauty, that it isn't her beauty, it's her acting. The critics' estimate of her is just as much a free-for-all.

The pictures she has made abroad are "The White Gypsy," made in Spain; "Les Opprimés, the Oppressors," made in France, and these others made in France—"The Imperial Violet," "The Promised Land," "The Night Watch," "Carmen." The Selwyns, New York theatrical producers, have purchased "The Imperial Violet," but not one of her pictures has been released in this country so far, and she is therefore a mysterious quantity as a screen personality.

"Not the big films, not superfilms," said Miss Meller. "I do not want to play in those. If the scenery is big, the artist

(*Continued on page* 97)

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a touch of henna in the shampoo

NOT until you have seen in your mirror the bewildering brilliance, the flashing glory of your hair, can you believe what a miracle of beauty just *a touch of henna in the shampoo* can perform. This secret is used in the boudoirs of the world's most famous beauties—in the salons of the great master Hairdressers of Paris, Rome, London and New York. Your hair is glorified, strewn with innumerable gleaming lights by the beauty-magic of this famous secret of lustre. In your own home you can create this amazing miracle by using *a touch of henna in the shampoo.* There is only one shampoo that contains just the right *touch of henna* to work the miracle for you. It is HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO. Its clear, delicately scented liquid foams into a rich lather to cleanse and invigorate the hair and scalp. And in the lather *a touch of henna* works its marvel of radiance until your hair regains its own fullest and truest natural glory. No matter what color your hair is, try this secret of loveliness today. Give yourself the beauty-luxury of a HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO.

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lures and beguiles as she bobs up from the waves. Tiny drops of water quiver at the very tips of her thick lashes, sparkling as dew in the summer sunshine.

It is the heavy sweep of long, dark lashes that makes her eyes so alluring. *You* can invest *your* eyes with this fascinating lure by darkening your lashes with WINX. Instantly they appear much longer and heavier, imparting roguish mischief with every glance. And, dive as you will, your eyes will *stay* lovely, for WINX is *waterproof!* Applied with brush attached to stopper of the bottle, it dries at once.

WINX is a harmless liquid that neither runs nor smears. Black or brown. 75c, U. S. or Canada.

Offer! *To prove the merits of* WINX, *mail the coupon with 12c for a generous sample. Another 12c brings a sample of* PERT moist Rouge—*waterproof too!*

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Melbourne Spurr

There are those who feel that Mary's pictures would be greater if she and Doug did not always make pictures at the same time. She becomes so interested in the things he is doing, so anxious for his achievement, that she is inclined to place her own secondary

A Hollywood Idyl

(*Continued from page* 21)

When she was working on "Scraps," it was neccessary to build a swamp on the very edge of the lot and this was a great distance from where Doug was working with his pirates. He had a telephone installed on her set. But if he left the studios, he walked over to tell Mary good-bye, nevertheless.

They always make location trips together if they are for more than one day. If it is Doug's company that goes, Mary halts work on her production so that she may accompany them. And the reverse is true.

They are wise to hold dear such a precious thing. But it is the desire on their part to do these things that is idyllic.

Hand in hand, they walk forth to meet life. And no matter what turn life's tournament takes, they will always be victorious in a great sense . . . for they will be together.

There is something symbolic in the golden Mary and the bronzed and gallant Doug . . . something reminiscent of the medieval knights who rode forth bearing a holy pennant because of a ladye. . . .

And Doug will tell you that it was thru Mary that he became a Christian. . . .

Let the cynics prate of love's being a myth . . . and of all the other silly things about which they prate so ceaselessly and stupidly.

We have seen what we have seen. We know what we know.

Out of the chaos of grease-paint, masks, press-agentry and the shifting scenes of Hollywood, an idyl has come.

A Map of Hollywood

There is such a craze for copies of the old-fa-hioned maps these days that we think it altogether fitting and proper that we publish one of Hollywood.

You'll see the studios—the homes of the stars sprawling all over the mountains—the Pacific Ocean overcrowded with yachts and bathing girls.

And you'll see the whole of Hollywood blocked out before your amazed eyes.

Wait for the September MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE!

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Something DIFFERENT *for Bobbed Hair*

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion — the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. KOBI Co., 656 Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

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SHAMPOO

CHAFING and RASHES
promptly relieved and healed by a few applications of

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Moles

HOW TO BANISH THEM
A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.
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A PERFECT LOOKING NOSE
CAN EASILY BE YOURS

Trades Model No. 25 corrects now all ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only noseshaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Over 90,000 satisfied users. For years recommended by physicians. 16 years of experience in manufacturing Nose Shapers is at your service. **Model 25 Junior for Children.**

Awarded Prize Medal by big Wembley Exposition, London, England. Write for testimonials and free booklet, which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose.

M. TRILETY, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist
Dept. 2525 Binghamton, N. Y.

The Age of Our Men and the Innocence of Our Women

(*Continued from page* 95)

becomes too small. In a superfilm like 'Ben-Hur' you cannot really act. In the picture, 'The Big Parade,' that is different, because it is so near our time, and because the story has been made very simple. King Vidor used the first principle in art—good selection. You will get big pictures by coming close to life and interpreting it only thru a very small cast.

"Costume pictures must be made differently, and I want to play in costume pictures. They do not age. It is a pity to make good pictures that will die in a few years because the styles in clothes and hair-dressing have changed. It makes the best acting ridiculous. In Paris I saw recently the picture, 'Forfeiture,' with Fanny Ward and Sessue Hayakawa. A few years ago it was a big success, and today everybody laughs because Miss Ward's waistline is different."

When Señorita Meller acts before the screen, Hollywood will learn some new temperamental demands as to filming reality. Miss Meller will act in costume and *genre* production, but if the producers think that Miss Meller will romanticize the past, well let them just think they can. When Miss Meller played *Carmen* before leaving France, she stripped *Carmen* of all traditions and made her a ragged mountain wench, and a thief. "Pola Negri did not know," said Miss Meller, "but a gypsy smuggles lace, but would never think of wearing it."

The great Spanish beauty, imperious as a queen, keeps herself secluded, with her two Spanish maids, her Pekingese, her fabled casket of jewels three feet long, her two cars that stand at the door and are never used. It makes one giddy to think of the material for fan stories when Miss Meller enters the screen aristocracy. She may still keep her vows and not give interviews, but there is the story of her birth in a traveling troupe, her years as a factory lacemaker, the two miracle years when she became blind and sang or begged in the streets and the miracle in a convent of her returning sight. Not the mysterious Count Domski in the background of Pola equals the picturesqueness of the Argentinian husband of Señorita Meller, Gomez Carillo, who carried her off to South America and imprisoned her in his embattled mansion.

On the stage she sings her famous song, the "Violetera," and throws bouquets of real violets into the audience. Señorita Meller also had a few fragrant posies to throw to our screen actors. Upon seeing Renée Adorée in "The Big Parade," she wrote a public appreciation of Miss Adorée, saying that Miss Adorée had the great soul of a true artist. She likes Belle Bennett, especially in the latter half of "Stella Dallas." Lillian Gish, according to Raquel Meller, is a fine artist despite her mannerisms. John Gilbert got her accolade, but Gilbert should not play young boys, he is too sophisticated. The thing Miss Meller has to bring to the screen, if it is carried over by the camera, is a clarity and nakedness of emotion such as no other actress possesses. She uses very few gestures, her pantomime is wonderfully reserved, but she can create characterizations that are real with a sort of world pang that makes the fate of a single character universal. She sings a little song about a girl of the streets, a flower of sin, and you see the myriad lives of many such girls. You see nature revealing thru flesh where inwardly some nerves, some springs of life are lax and malformed.

Approved by Paris

It is now everywhere the vogue
—this original liquid polish that gives such gleaming, rosy nails

The Glazo manicure, brought to the chic Parisienne by her American sisters, is everywhere the vogue!

Today, at smart resorts here and abroad, at every gay assemblage, one is conscious of a new loveliness of nails, which only Glazo, the instant manicure, can give.

Just a touch of this wonderful liquid and *voila!* like magic, the nails assume a lustre that is delicately brilliant, exquisitely tinted. And this lovely finish, with no buffing, actually lasts for several days.

Glazo manicures do not crack, peel, or turn an ugly brown. The lustre is not dimmed by soap and water. Be certain you get Glazo if you want just the polish Fashion demands.

Separate Remover for Best Results

Glazo is the original Liquid Polish. It is the only polish at its price that comes complete with separate remover, which not only insures better results, but prevents the waste that occurs when the polish itself is used as a remover.

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GLAZO

Nails stay polished longer—no buffing necessary
Try GLAZO Cuticle Massage Cream
It shapes the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy

Only this way is sure

Nothing else can clean toilet bowls so thoroughly and surely as Sani-Flush. It does away with mops, pails and acids.

Just sprinkle Sani-Flush in the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush. Every mark, stain and incrustation is gone. The bowl is white and clean. Even the unreachable trap, so especially dangerous if neglected in hot weather, has been cleared of all sediment.

Always keep a can of Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom. Harmless to plumbing connections.

Buy Sani-Flush in new convenient punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

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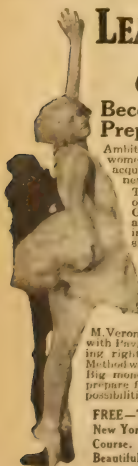

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He Hated Alarm Clocks

(*Continued from page 39*)

When Fields had once more returned, as in the bleachers, some astute admirer asked how it felt to become a star, and at that, overnight. W. C. Fields, then, was to epitomize his triumph with a few well-chosen words, cue if ever for an avalanche of ego. I liked the man, and I shivered. It wasn't pleasant to foresee the swift shattering of a favorite ideal. With a trace of that smile which is going so large just now among the fans, Bill briefly replied: "It doesn't feel any different. Acting is acting the world over. It doesn't suddenly change just because you happen to have a better part."

"But dont you miss all the hands you used to get at the theater?" It was my turn to scintillate.

"Not a bit," was the swift reply. "That's all there was to it, the applause; seeing if I could make each audience laugh harder than the one that went before and then the next one louder than that. I always go to see my pictures two or three times, and if people laugh, I am perfectly satisfied. In fact, I love this work. There's always something different here. I used to get sick of doing the same thing night after night, year after year. I dont want to go back to the stage—not for a long time, anyway. There're so many things I'd like to try out in pictures first. I want," continued the seasoned showman with surprising naïveté, "to do some slapstick comedies, and also some work of a more subtle character."

"Mr. Fields," interposed one of the studio staff who had been listening, "knows all there is to be known about gags. No matter which one they think of using, he can tell you just where and when and by whom it was originated. He can even list the number of times it's been used since."

"Oh, I only know what I've seen around at shows in my spare time," Fields deprecated. "The gags I really meant were a lot of little incidents I've watched on the street, things totally unimportant, but full of humor and human interest. I've always had the best luck with gags I've actually seen take place."

"I know one good gag of yours, that never took place on the stage or street," said I, looking at it admiringly.

"Oh, my mustache!" and to the accompaniment of a chuckle, Mr. Fields exhibited his first sign of pride. "That is my own idea. Want to see how it works?" He unclamped a bit of mustache to which had been attached a substantial hook-eye. "I got tired of taking the glue off my face, and I think this is just as good, even a little funnier."

Once we had agreed on that, Bill fell into a confidential mood:

"Say, do you know what's responsible for any success I've had?"

"Great industry and talent, combined with an undying desire to get ahead?" I nodded a sagacious head.

"Not a bit of it. It's been a case of pure laziness. I went on the stage as a kid of eleven—I'd run away from home, you see, and I never went back—so that I could sleep late in the mornings. Now I'm in the movies partly because I've changed and hate going to bed late. There's little doubt that if I'd persisted long enough I could have got someone to give me a chance in pictures before this, but I didn't, again because of inherent laziness—my great failing, or merit, or whatever you want to call it. And a good thing the delay was, too. I'm that much surer of myself, and just that much better qualified for my new work. Of course, I did very little talking on the stage, and the training that I got in pantomime is invaluable to me now. . . . Speaking of lines, I used to have a very hard time with managers. I told you how difficult it was to sell them a new idea. Well, they were sure of me as a comedy juggler, and just as the producers had on that account been unwilling to try me out in pictures, so the managers were opposed to my trying anything but a dumb act. When I wrote lines into my acts, they always told me to cut them. Sometimes I'd hold back a good deal right thru the dress rehearsal to the first night. I remember one special time when I did this here in New York, and all the big critics gave me good notices the next morning. Still the manager told me to shorten my act. In this show, a big success, a friend of the manager told him, on hearing this news: 'Cut out Fields' laughs and you close your own show.'" Fields spoke now with lowered voice, and his eyes brightened as do those of every tried trouper when he recounts his triumphs. The outcome of the conversation between the adviser and manager had apparently been a great comfort to the Fields of that time, a lonely, discouraged Fields who, looking into the future, was beginning to see a drab continuity of unalleviated juggling.

"You see," he continued, "too much comedy distracts attention from the love interest. That's what they really meant when they said that too many laughs held back the show. It's just the same in pictures. Much of my work was eliminated from a film recently because it diverted attention from the star."

I asked Mr. Fields if he didn't feel reconciled to being a star, since it meant that from now on he could be as funny as he chose without discouragement.

"Oh, well, I never said I didn't like it," and again he chuckled.

And with that the interview, as had work for the day, automatically ended. I watched Mr. Fields as he ambled down the set. There was comedy in every line, in the hang of his costume, the tilt of his silk hat. There was comedy, and a hint, too, of wistfulness.

Just then Carol Dempster's head peered thru her dressing-room door:

"Hello, Pop," she called. It was a form of speech which she has carried over from "Sally of the Sawdust."

There was an interchange of smiles and greetings, then, suddenly, he was gone.

And I only restrained myself in time from calling after him: "Good-bye, Pop. Here's everlasting luck to 'The Old Army Game.'"

The Editor Gossips

With the return of Adele Whitely Fletcher to the editorial chair of the Motion Picture Magazine, we are glad to announce that once more the editor will gossip in our pages . . . in this department are the fascinating little things that never ordinarily find their way into print . . . the confidences of tea-tables . . .

Look for this popular page next month . . .

In the *September* MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

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RETAIN that glowing loveliness. Radiate the color of youth in spite of waves and weather. How? By using PERT *Moist* ROUGE—it's waterproof and won't rub off.

A touch or two of PERT insures natural rosiness at all times. Through hours of swimming, it will neither fade nor streak. PERT *Moist* (cream) ROUGE vanishes only at the touch of cleansing cream or soap.

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Offer! For perfect coloring send 12c for a sample of PERT *Moist* ROUGE. Another 12c brings a sample of PERT Powder—*Waterproof.*

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Here is your chance to earn lots of pocket money. You can do it in spare time or part time, as you choose. The work is pleasant and dignified. We pay you a fine commission and big bonus money.

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High School Course in 2 Years You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in side of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY

AMERICAN SCHOOL
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Genuine Jade

(*Continued from page* 71)

unique and appropriate. One has a round, very thin platinum case with a string of sapphires all around the edge. For full dress, the watch Mr. Menjou prefers is shown in the pictures. The initials are done in tiny sapphires. The chain he wears with formal dress is made of tiny platinum links among which four pearls are set at intervals. In all, there are five chains from which Mr. Menjou makes his selection and of those for informal wear one is fashioned of heavy and the other of long, slender links.

A very fine Russian emerald in a setting which combines diamonds with the emerald is a ring which Mr. Menjou usually wears. With it he wears the narrow guard ring also pictured. His other rings are varied, one emblematic, a gold seal ring, and one set with an amethyst, his birth stone.

"These cuff links," said Mr. Menjou as he showed me a gold pair with Chinese characters, "are some I value very much. My brother sent them to me from the Orient and those characters spell my name. Perhaps they aren't the most legible identification tag I could wear, but I use them more than any other pair for business wear."

Carved jade surrounded by rose diamonds and mounted in platinum is Mr. Menjou's newest full-dress set. It is of unsurpassed grandeur even among his notably choice sets. Included in the jade set are two studs, four waistcoat buttons, and the double links. The photographs represent the design charmingly but can give no hint of the real beauty of the gems.

For dinner dress, Mr. Menjou prefers black pearl buttons of fleur-de-lys diamonds set in black pearl.

The use of pearls Mr. Menjou strongly commends for those of very simple tastes and others who are limited to the purchase of perhaps only one set. "Buy pearls," he said. "They are always good for fine quality. In fact, they represent conservative as well as correct taste, and *conservative* is the key-note to good taste in dress. It applies equally to clothes and jewelry.

"As for jewelry, *per se,*" he continued, "I considered well, as a man of business, its merits as an investment before I bought many pieces. I have decided that it is an investment that pays good dividends in giving years of service in wear, and besides that, it has a constantly increasing intrinsic value."

Love in the Movies

Impetuous love——

Caveman love——

Bashful boy love——

Sophisticated Love——

Intense love——

Next month Chamberlain offers his impressions of these five varieties of celluloid love.

His drawings are delightful.

Make Your Skin *Ivory-white* in 3 Days!

I have the honor to announce the most important beauty discovery of the age . . . a wonderful new-type lotion that clears the skin of every blemish and makes it as smooth and white as ivory. Every woman who wants a glorious complexion can now have it in three to six days.

NOW. . . . *a New Kind of Lotion Skin Whitener*

NOW you can have the smooth, flawless complexion you have always longed for . . . the exquisite white skin you see only in famous beauties. The kind of skin that powder cannot give! The skin itself must be soft, smooth and white. My marvelous discovery now gives you this striking complexion in just three to six days. It smoothes the skin to soft, silky texture. It whitens the skin to ivory whiteness.

Freckles and Tan Vanish!

All trace of freckles, tan, blackheads, roughness and redness disappear almost as if you had wished them away. Never before have women had such a preparation! Mild, gentle and guaranteed safe and harmless! Apply it in just three minutes at bedtime. Every woman should have it. There is not one complexion in a thousand that will not be clearer, smoother, more radiant through its use.

Test It . . . Whiten Your Neck

Test this preparation on your arm, hands, or on your neck where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. See what an amazing improvement three days make. Use my Lotion Face Bleach any way you like for six days. Then, if you are not simply delighted, I ask you to let me refund your money.

Large Bottle...Low P

Send no mone
arrives pay
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Calls Gray-Haired Women Foolish!

Folks don't mean to be unkind to the woman whose hair says "I am growing old." But gray hair today is your own fault! For its full, *natural* shade can be restored so easily!

Wear your hair in a style as youthful as you feel—but don't let gray, or faded locks spoil it all. There is a perfectly harmless liquid—clear as water from the spring—that *restores* the true shade no hair should ever lose!

Do try Mary T. Goldman's hair color restorer. You can *so easily* banish every sign of grayness; and have the hair so delightfully soft and healthy, too. Ask your druggist or mail the coupon.

Complete Test OUTFIT **FREE**

MARY T. GOLDMAN 2-C
Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Send me the demonstration outfit FREE and POSTPAID. **Mark color of hair with X.**

☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Medium Brown
☐ Auburn (dark red) ☐ Light Brown ☐ Light Auburn (light red)
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Hair Color Restorer that Leaves No Artificial Look

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PERSONAL Appearance

is now more than ever the key note of success. [illegible] social and busi- [illegible] -Legged [illegible] -eed

The Prize Winners Are:

One popular star you will see,
As you wander around gay Paree,
Is Mae Murray, of course,
On a dashing black horse,
"Sitting Pretty" we all must agree.

Mrs. Howard Wallace Hanson,
Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Norma Talmadge will sell you the news,
And tho wearing old garments and shoes,
She'll look cunning and cheeky
As the street *gamine Kiki*,
With each "Echo" a song if you choose.

L. Hammond,
Northport, L. I.

To the country you'll go for a day,
And will find there Renée Adorée,
As a peasant coquette,
She's the snappiest yet,
And you'll loathe to go home, so they say.

Marie Lonergan,
Chicago, Illinois.

At the Palace of Versailles dont miss
Our Gloria dressed up like this.
Can you guess? It's so plain,
Why she's *Madame Sans-Gêne!*
A laundress like her would be bliss.

Leontine Brennan,
New Orleans, La.

Pauline Garon will tell some wild stories
Of Francis MacDonald's new glories;
For an Apache is he,
And as fierce as can be!
That's the type sent to reformatories.

Milton McAllister,
San Antonio, Texas.

ON page 72 of this issue you will find five more limericks needing last lines. There is a prize of $10.00 for the best last line submitted for each of them.

A Dear (Deer) Attraction

is the prize-winning title for the picture which appeared on page 72 of the June issue. It was contributed by M. Carhart, New York.

CHARLES RAY
Does His Stuff for "The Fire Brigade"

[illegible]rtisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

10c Tube FREE
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Nothing Like It!

You'll simply marvel at the new Del-a-tone Cream for removing unsightly hair. It's just an old tried and true friend in a new, convenient form ready for immediate use. Millions have used Del-a-tone in powder form and the circle of new users is constantly growing.

"If other women knew what I know about depilatories," said one delighted user," they would use only Del-a-tone."

Such enthusiasm must be deserved. We want you to see for yourself how delightful Del-a-tone Cream is. It is the only snow-white fragant cream for removing superfluous hair in 3 minutes. Think of it — no unpleasant odor; just pure-white, and as convenient and easy to use as your favorite cold cream.

3 Minutes and Hair Is Gone!

Del-a-tone is safe and sure. Just apply to face, neck, arms or limbs. In 3 minutes, rinse off and behold, a lovely, dainty skin free from all unsightly hair. Keeps bobbed hair neat and trim.

Del-a-tone and Del-a-tone Cream are sold by Drug and Department Stores or we will send large size container of either product prepaid in plain wrapper anywhere in U. S. for $1.00. State whether you wish Del-a-tone Cream or Del-a-tone (powder). Fill out and return this coupon.

The Delatone Co.
Dept. 78, 721 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

FREE TRIAL

Please send me FREE, prepaid in plain wrapper, 10c tube of Del-a-tone Cream.

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MORE
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PIMPLES

Cleared Up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. CLEAR-TONE tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. WRITE TODAY.
E. S. GIVENS, 422 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

The Good Soldier

(*Continued from page* 43)

to play up, but Louise refused. Like a bad child, she sulked thru the scene.

A little man at the back of the theater stopped the music. He walked up the aisle to the steps from pit to stage and mounted them, beckoned to Louise, who had defiantly watched him come, and backed her against the wall of the set.

"Louise," he said, gently, "I want you to be a good soldier. Some day, you know, you're going to be a general."

He was Charles Frohman. . . .

"I've never forgotten it!" cried Miss Dresser, her wide-set blue eyes tender with memories of dear "C. F." "I went to Gertie at once and apologized. Whenever I've been tempted to be cocky, I've remembered what that great little man said to me—and mentally saluted."

But before Charles Frohman ever saw her, Louise Dresser was enrolled in the ranks of good soldiers.

Her father died when she was fourteen, leaving his widow and children nothing but loving memories. Since the little girl was gifted with a golden voice, not unnaturally she found her way to local opera houses, in a more or less amateur fashion.

A big benefit held in a Columbus theater where Louise was a tremendous favorite brought her in touch with two show girls from New York who promised to find her a real job some day.

"People often say those things and seldom do more," observed Miss Dresser, across the luncheon table, "but behold the exception! One day, when I was nearly sixteen, a letter came asking me to join a musical show in Boston.

"Nothing would do but I must go. My poor mother led an awful life until she agreed and we got the money together to buy a ticket to New York, where I was to be met by the 'impresario.' There wasn't money enough to get a berth so I sat up all night, arriving next day, tired out and scared to death.

"A man in an overcoat that fell quite to his heels, a near-mink collar and a high silk hat met me. He could have doubled for Mephisto without make-up.

"Jack says"—Jack is Miss Dresser's attractive husband—"Jack says my guardian angel must have been right there that day, for Mephisto took me to a house on Fourteenth Street that is worse than can be imagined. Up two flights of narrow stairs we went, my poor little legs shaking so they could hardly carry me, to a bit of a room with a queer, carpet-covered folding bed.

"'Rest awhile,' Mephisto directed. 'We go on by boat tonight.'

"The minute he left the room, I fell down beside that carpet-covered bed and prayed every prayer I knew. I know I said 'Now I lay me' six times! Then I crawled up on the bed and slept.

"At Boston he took me to a boarding-house. I explained to the landlady that I'd never been away from my mother before and begged her to let me sleep with her, not to leave me alone! She put me with her daughter.

"Then came the blow. The 'musical show' turned out to be a burlesque. I didn't even know what the word meant. I'd never seen a pair of tights in my life. For four miserable weeks I stuck it out. My clothes were thin and I wasn't used to New England winds, so I had pneumonia.

"Some day I am going to tell you about the wonderful woman who took care of me then—took me, a little unknown bur-

(*Continued on page* 105)

Irresistible is the charm of a smooth clear skin

NOotherelementofbeauty has the alluring appeal of a fresh, velvety skin, glowing with health and color. Every man admires it and nature intended every woman to possess it.

But no skin, however lovely, will retain its beauty unaided and thousands of women have found the solution of their problem in the daily use of Resinol Soap. There are three excellent reasons why this soap appeals so strongly to the woman who wishes to preserve or restore the fresh, youthful charm of her complexion.

First, it is a decidedly pleasing toilet soap giving a quantity of creamy, pore-searching lather that invigorates while it cleanses.

Then its ingredients are absolutely pure and wholesome. There is no trace of free alkali—that harsh, drying chemical which makes so many ordinary soaps injurious to the skin and hair.

But best of all, it contains the soothing Resinol properties which give it that distinctive, refreshing fragrance and rich color, and cause it to keep the skin clear and velvety.

RESINOL OINTMENT is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes.

Write for free sample of Resinol Soap and Ointment. Dept. F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

Irene Rich, Clive Brook, in Compromise, *a Warner Brothers production*

Their hair defies summer breezes

LONG evenings, hatless, outdoors . . . At times like these it takes more than ordinary brushing to keep your hair smooth, in place.

Defy summer breezes—with *Stacomb!* Keep your hair lustrous, smart—all day long. Stacomb counteracts dandruff, too. In jars, tubes and liquid form. All drug stores.

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Dept. O-32, 113 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.
Send *free* sample of Stacomb as checked:—
Cream form ☐. Liquid form ☐.

Name.....

Address.....

Why Blonde Hair Requires a Special Shampoo

Nothing attracts more attention than beautifully blonde hair. That is why blondes always have a charm all their own. The only unfortunate thing about blonde hair is that it has a natural tendency to darken, streak or fade as one grows older. Then blonde hair is anything but beautiful. But now a way has been found to correct the natural darkening of blonde hair. You simply shampoo your hair with Blondex, a new shampoo for blonde hair only. Blondex not only keeps hair from darkening—but actually *brings back* the original golden beauty, even to the most faded and darkened blonde hair. Blondex is not a dye—contains no injurious chemicals. Over half a million users. Money back if not delighted. Get Blondex at all good stores.

BLONDEX
The Blonde Hair Shampoo

Albert Prisco puts his whole family to work in the movies whenever the first of the month comes 'round. That makes it all very simple

He Doesn't Worry About the High Cost of Living

By HOLMER LITTLE

OVER in what is so frequently called "Sunny Italy," Albert Prisco found a huge cloud between him and the sunshine. Somehow or other things never went just right for Albert.

One reason, and a very good one, was that Albert and his good wife, Frances had a house that overflowed with children of a full assortment of ages and sizes. If you asked Frances suddenly how many "bambinos" she had, she usually had to stop and count them up. There were thirteen, which is quite a flock when the shoes are wearing out and the baker and milkman and all that sort of thing have to be taken into consideration. To take care of a brood like that is a real assignment for any man.

So Albert decided the chances would be better in far America. He sailed the intervening seas and after getting settled in New York sent over for his family of fourteen. When they steamed slowly up the harbor to New York on a bright and sunny day, they figured that they surely were coming to a country of gold, success, and good fortune.

Down at No. 419 East 106th Street, they settled in a little home and Albert found that he had to scratch gravel mighty hard even in opulent America to keep the shoes going and the rent paid.

One day he conceived a brilliant idea.

That night he announced it to his wife.

"There is the moving pictures, Mama," he explained.

"We no can read, no understand, no money to buy tickets," she came back, thinking he meant to take the family out to a little theatrical treat.

Then he explained that he meant work. So the next day he registered his brood with a casting agency.

Meanwhile, up at First National's New York studios, a picture called "Puppets" was in the making. There was a scene showing a crowd in a little puppet theater supposed to be in New York's lower East Side. Italian types were wanted, a hundred of them. And a call went out to the casting agency to send in a crowd.

The next day the crowd came. A fair share of it included Albert, his wife, Frances, and their thirteen children, Emily, Leon, Maggie, Salvatore, Agnes, Tony, Adrian, Rose, Annie, Fannie, Foncy, Charlie, and Vinci, all moving picture extras, all drawing real pay checks.

For two days they took part in the picture, cheering Milton Sills as he went thru his starring part as the master of the puppet theater. It was a great two days for this little group.

When it was all over Albert called at the paymaster's office and collected two days' pay checks for fifteen people, or a total of thirty days' work for one man.

"Good business—this picture business," he said as he pocketed the money and saw plenty of shoes for some time ahead.

Have You an Idea for a Movie?

HAVING an idea is the first thing . . . But how to present it to the film companies so that it will reach the proper person is another thing.

Agnes Christine Johnston, a brilliant scenario writer, who knows how the wheels go round in scenario departments, gives a few valuable suggestions which anyone who has an idea for a movie will be interested in reading.

Look for this story in the September MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

He's a Good Picker

(*Continued from page* 31)

powder dabbed on her fine features, she faced the camera in those exteriors and was an exquisite picture of beauty and charm."

It seems that a wicked wink got Jobyna Ralston in the movies and gave her her preliminary training that prepared her for her present rôles opposite Harold Lloyd. In seeking for a girl to play opposite him, Johnny Hines wanted one with lovely eyes, and one of these eyes had to wink naughtily. The scene was a drug-store, with the comedian as the clerk. A sweet young thing enters with a cinder in her eye, and Johnny, seeing beauty in distress, via the blinking optic, welcomes a flirtation over the soda-fountain.

Dozens of girls were tried out for this scene, and none of them, strange to say, could wink the right eye with all of the finesse that was demanded. Jobyna Ralston was playing in a musical comedy on Broadway around that time with hopes for a chance in the movies. Johnny Hines happened to see her in the show.

"Gosh!" he said to himself, or words to that effect, "that girl ought to screen like the so-called and elusive million dollars!"

But could she wink! Jobyna was sent for, her wink qualified as an entrance examination, and she soon received her diploma, which paved the way for bigger and better things for Jobyna.

Johnny Hines knew a ravishingly pretty girl in the "Follies." Her name was Billie Dove. He sent for her and asked her if she would like to lend her beauty to the uplift of the silent art and she assented. Billie Dove was chosen by the comedian because she was the sweet type of girl that was at that time becoming so popular on the screen. Not the Broadway type, nor the flapper, but the—well, a popular song of days gone by describes Billie Dove aptly in its chorus by, "I want a girl, just like the girl that married dear old Dad!" That was Billie Dove as Johnny Hines saw her and gave her her chance. Perhaps you've heard of Billie. Let's see? She's playing opposite Doug Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate."

"Have you ever come across a girl," Johnny suddenly asked, "who was absolutely beautiful from every angle? No matter what way she faced the cameras, her loveliness registered? Such a girl came into our studios and got her first experience before the motion picture camera. She hadn't walked from studio to studio with the hopes of obtaining extra work. She came to us and she got her first job. I'll never forget the first day that motion picture make-up was introduced to Jacqueline Logan——"

Now all the time that these girls were learning their movie lessons and stepping out into the great big world in search of fame and fortune, Johnny Hines was progressing. He had established himself as a first-rate comedian in the "Torchy" comedies. Other comedians were flirting with feature-length pictures, so why shouldn't he?

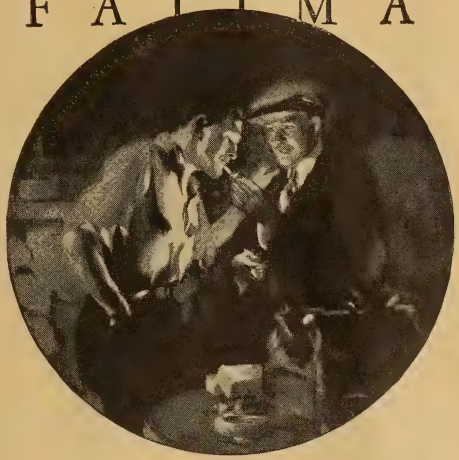
Before Johnny began with "Sure-Fire Flint," he determined to start off with a bang that could be heard around the celluloid world. He began thinking about a leading woman. It had to be someone who would lend class and distinction.

"For that picture," the comedian explained, "I had to have a girl who could step out of a rented Rolls-Royce and look as tho she owned it. I had to have a girl who would walk into a lavish library set

Ample argument

THE OLD CHINESE proverb says, "One picture is worth ten thousand words." By much the same reasoning . . . and it is sound reasoning, too . . . the best argument for Fatima is Fatima. Taste one . . . for just one taste is worth a bookful of description

F A T I M A



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LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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This sensational cosmetique has intrigued the fancy of Europe's most beautiful women. Now we offer to you trial sizes in three shades at the cost of wrapping and postage. A cream that softens, whitens and beautifies—combined with a powder that will not rub off—VELOUTY DE DIXOR.

Send 15¢ for three tubes

For complexion, hands, arms and shoulders. Protects against sun and wind burn. Leaves skin velvet soft and white. Will not come off on clothes. White, Ivory and Natural shades. Now sold in large dollar tubes by better beauty parlors and department stores. For trial tubes of three different shades, send 15c and address:

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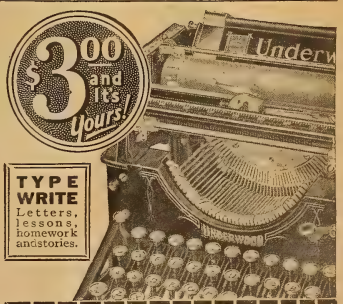

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CLIP THIS NOW! It's your own fault if you go without a typewriter now. There is a bargain price on this Underwood! Totally rebuilt; new type; new platen; new finish; and a *five-year guarantee*. Easiest terms ever—$3 and it's yours.

FREE BOOK! Typist Manual and complete catalog explains whole plan. To first fifty who answer, instructions free in touch typewriting. Mail now to the Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co., C202 Shipman Bldg., CHICAGO.

Name.....

Address.....

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC
The Smart Motion Picture Periodical

The
Moods of Chaplin

A short time ago a writer of repute went to Hollywood with the main purpose of interviewing Charlie Chaplin for a magazine with a huge circulation. He waited. He kicked his heels. He had arrived at a time when Chaplin was in no mood to be asked questions. And he returned to New York without an audience.

This is just one of the incidents which
Mordaunt Hall
tells in his graphic and understanding character study of Charlie Chaplin. The world comprehends the figure which Chaplin presents upon the screen. But few have ever troubled to understand the man himself.

Further Adventures
of Cella Lloyd
By John Held

And Other Features Presented for the Entertainment of People Who Think

Ask Your Newsdealer to Reserve the *August* CLASSIC for you.

built by the studio carpenters and make the audience feel that it was real and that she read it—regularly. Suddenly the name of a girl occurred to me. We had worked together in the days of the World Film Company. Doris Kenyon.

"And Doris Kenyon was the girl who helped me put over this feature comedy. It might be said that we graduated together into bigger and better things. We shared the rewards of glory when the picture went over with a bigger bang than we thought our torch would produce."

In his forthcoming First National picture, "The Brown Derby," Johnny Hines has given Diana Kane her first chance really to shine opposite a star. Heretofore Diana has been usually cast as a vamping lady, and the comedian has given her the opportunity to show off her girlish good looks, humor, and the charm that this pretty sister of Lois Wilson possesses. Now that Diana has her comedy diploma, she bears watching.

When this inquiring reporter pinned Professor Hines down and demanded the secret of his success as a discoverer, the modest young man replied with a smile:

"I am not bragging. I will take on all comers at the Charleston, but I dont claim to be a Columbus. However, I dont deny that all of my leading ladies have been beauties. And yes—here's one rule—they've got to be good troupers."

To which I simply must add—dont stop me—that Chris Columbus may have done a lot when he did his bit as a discoverer. He deserves a lot of credit. But it's a cinch he didn't have such a good time as Johnny Hines!

This snap-shot, taken of Aileen Pringle and Ben Lyon while they were on location for "The Great Deception," reminds us of that old song about a bicycle being built for two. If you remember it, too, you're not as young as you used to be

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Banishes Gray Hair in 15 Minutes

WITH invariable success hundreds of thousands of American women are regaining the youthful glory of their hair by using INECTO RAPID NOTOX. And the success of these is guiding thousands more to use this, the one tint that is perfectly natural and perfectly safe; strictly scientific, conforming with the most exacting laboratory standards.

It is specifically guaranteed to impart to gray, streaked or faded hair all its former harmonious beauty of lustre, of silken texture and shade. Its use cannot be detected. It is guaranteed permanent; its color withstands any condition or treatment that Nature's will—brushing, rubbing, shampooing, sunshine, salt water, perspiration, Turkish baths, permanent waving, marceling and curling. It is safe; it cannot injure texture or growth; it contains no paraphenylene diamine. The ease of application enables anyone to apply it in the privacy of her own home.

If you are concerned about your hair Jeanne Ruere, expert of the greatest hair coloring manufacturer in the world, is ready to give confidential advice on your particular problem.

Send No Money

Merely fill out the coupon below

INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th St., New York

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Please send me without cost or obligation full details of INECTO RAPID NOTOX and the beauty Analysis Chart form L-20

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

In CANADA called NOTOX. Made by Notox, Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.

All for a Dollar!

PIN a dollar bill, or better, a U. S. money order for one dollar, to this advertisement, with the coupon filled out—and we will send you a handsome set of 24 pictures of Motion Picture Stars (4¾ x 7 inches)—and the next four issues of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

For the enclosed $1.00 please send me the set of 24 pictures of Motion Picture Stars—and the next four issues of *Motion Picture Magazine.*

Name.....

Address.....

Start with.....issue.

BUST DEVELOPED

My Big Three Part Treatment is the ONLY ONE that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without exercises, pumps or other dangerous nonsense. I send you a VERY GENEROUS DEMONSTRATION TREATMENT **FREE** if you send a dime toward expenses. A Big Aluminum Box of my Wonder Cream included. In sealed wrapper. IS IT WORTH 10c TO YOU? If not, your dime back *quick.* This extraordinary offer may not be repeated, so send NOW with 10c only.

MADAME WILLIAMS, Dk. 59, Buffalo, N. Y.

BUNIONS

PEDODYNE the marvelous new Solvent, banishes Bunions. Pain stops instantly. Hump vanishes as though by magic. You can have shapely feet and wear smaller shoes with comfort.

SENT ON TRIAL

I want you to have relief from Bunions. I will gladly arrange to send you a box of Solvent to try. Just write and say I want to try PEDODYNE. —Address

KAY LABORATORIES
186 N. La Salle St. Dept. N360, Chicago, Illinois

The Good Soldier

(*Continued from page* 101)

lesque actress, into her own home! . . . Some day. . . .

"When I recovered, I looked for work and didn't find it. I wouldn't eat at her house then. I was too proud. I had a meal ticket that bought a meal a day for a week and I spent ten cents a day on chocolate. The ticket ran out on a Tuesday, and the chocolate money lasted until Thursday, and I was invited to Sunday dinner with my wonderful woman. . . .

"Sunday came. I managed to get to the table, eat my soup and faint. I'd starved too long. . . .

"After that came a chance to sing at the museum—nine shows a day. Girls say to me now: 'You wouldn't take so-and-so, would you?' I took what came, no matter how hard, gritted my teeth and stuck until I reached Broadway—and stayed there nine years!"

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gardner have been married eighteen years, and never have let stage or screen come home with them.

They came to the Coast because Louise's mother couldn't live in the East, and stayed because Louise broke into pictures.

It was a hard climb, this picture trail, but the good soldier didn't falter. She knew she could be an emotional and a character actress, but nobody else knew it. Producers thought of her as a comédienne, until "The Goose Woman."

"Now they think of me as a player of mothers," said Miss Dresser. "I dont want to be labeled.

"The best thing about pictures is that everything is for the good of the picture. When I first got in, I didn't understand this. George Melford delighted me by asking me to do *Red's* wife in 'Salomy Jane.' I had a scene in which I ran cursing and screaming down a long hill to reach my husband, who was about to be hung. It was my big scene and my only one. We made it in a canyon, with hundreds of people looking on.

"'This is what pictures should be!' I thought. 'One whole scene!'

"I saw the rushes and the thing looked as I had imagined it. I could have wept with joy. My chance! Jack and my mother went with me to the opening of the picture. I waited for my scene breathlessly. It came. I saw myself standing at the top of the hill, beginning to run—then they cut to another sequence.

"I couldn't bear it. I got up, dragging my cloak, walked over my family, felt my way out, wandered blindly down the street, crying like a child. I remember I stood by a bakery window, saying: 'I mustn't cry like this!' and not stopping.

"But I saw that cutting my scene helped the picture. I'm no *Pollyanna,* but I've lived long enough to know that things work out for the best.

"When I read 'Stella Dallas,' I yearned to play the part. I took the book to Jim Cruze and begged him to do the picture and let me have *Stella.* Up to the last minute, I fought for the part, and I was broken-hearted when I lost it.

"Yet look at Belle Bennett. Wasn't she exactly the right one to play it?"

Louise Dresser is always eager to tell you of the good work of others. How gifted is Lois Moran! Dolores Costello, with that eerie something that transcends technic! Ernest Torrence—"He has not even touched the heights he could reach." Esther Ralston was so easy to work with, "so in sympathy with me, that I felt when she came into my arms that she really and truly belonged to me!" . . .

There you have the good soldier. A general, indeed.

$500.00 in one Month for Drawing

Careful, conscientious training by members of our faculty made this possible. Today, trained illustrators who draw pictures for magazines, newspapers, etc., both men and women—earn $200 to $500 a month.

The present splendid opportunities in this field have never been excelled. Thousands of publishers buy millions of dollars' worth of illustrations every year. Illustrating is the highest type of art. If you like to draw, let your talent make your fortune. Develop it. It takes practice, but so does anything worth while. Learning to illustrate is fascinating to anyone who likes to draw.

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Every young man and woman with a liking for drawing should read this *free* book before deciding on their life's work. It is illustrated and tells all about illustrating as a profession and about the famous artists who have helped build the Federal Course. It also shows remarkable work by Federal students. Just write your name and address in the margin below, mail it to us and we will send you a copy of the book *free.* Do it right now while you're thinking about it.

Federal School of Illustrating

8096 Federal School Building **Minneapolis, Minn.**

BROWNIE NAME CARDS

Latest Handy Size. **50 Perfect Name Cards and Case 50c.**

Size 1¼x2¼, engravotyped in dull black, gloss black, silver, or gold. Choice of Old English, Script or plain types. With novelty case, Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. *Agents Wanted.*

BROWNIE NAME CARD CO.: **64 MAIN STREET Greene, R. I.**

Become an Artist

EARN $100 to $250 a WEEK

You can quickly learn to draw pictures that sell through a remarkable simple home-study method. Earn money while learning and secure a well-paying position after completing course. Good artists are always in demand and earn from $100 to $250 a week. *Write today for free book. No obligation.*

Washington School of Art
Room 188-D, 1115-15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

A creamy deodorant that stops odor all day

Are you making the great mistake so many women make—thinking that because you are not bothered with perspiration moisture that you cannot offend with its unpleasant odor?

Creme Odorono destroys every trace of odor without checking perspiration. Apply any time or before going out. Effective for all day or evening. Can be used as often as desired—absolutely harmless.

Creme Odorono is delightful to use, vanishes instantly, and leaves the skin soft. Contains no grease or color and will not stain. At all toilet counters, 25c.

Send for Sample—only 5c

Ruth Miller
The Odorono Company
68 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me sample tube of Creme Odorono, for which I enclose 5c.

Name .....

Address .....

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Hollywood Notes

(*Continued from page* 41)

point of appreciating symphony orchestras, grand opera and chamber music, and then we slip back to the crude jangle and dum-dum-dum of our primitive ancestors." And Tom is quite right.

I HAVE been wondering who are the most popular players in Hollywood, but have come to no definite conclusion. In some sets a certain player is very popular, but this very popularity makes him or her unpopular in the other sets. Among the men everywhere Constance Talmadge seems to be the most popular—at least, they all seem to want to dance with and be around her. Of all the places, studios and parties I have been to, not once have I met Rod La Rocque, nor even heard his name mentioned. Corinne Griffith is another who does not seem to mix, and I have seen her only once.

MOST of the best two-reel comedies in the world come from the Hal Roach studios out in Culver City near the M. G. M. and Cecil De Mille studios, including many with "bathing beauties." I used to have the notion back East that these young ladies were not always Sunday-school girls and that therefore the atmosphere of these studios was not quite like that of a Methodist prayer-meeting. I recently had a long talk with Billy Joy, brother of Leatrice Joy, who has just severed his long connection with the Hal Roach studio. Among other things, he said: "One thing about the Roach lot is that it is clean and above reproach in every respect. Any child or young girl would be just as safe there as at home and Hal Roach has always insisted on keeping everything on a high plane mentally, morally and physically."

LEATRICE JOY is not married and has no official manager, but she has a brother who lives with her, and greater love than this hath no man. Talk about idolatry and devotion—well, Billy Joy could certainly give *Sidney Carton* lessons, and he has all but laid down his life for his sister. They say that one must live with a person to know that person, and therefore Billy ought to know Leatrice about as well as anybody; and if she is all that Billy says she is, Leatrice Joy comes about as near the perfect woman as anybody I have ever met or heard or read about. And it must indeed be a happy home—the Joy home which is well named—the smiling, happy, always-cheerful Leatrice, the fond, doting mother, the loved and loving child of the unfortunate Gilbert marriage and the idolizing brother. And when they invited Corliss Palmer and me to dine with them at the Ambassador, I accepted, curious to know if all the wonderful things Billy had said about Leatrice were true. And now, after an evening with Leatrice, I am convinced that Billy is no relation of Ananias—that everything he said was true.

I SAID to Louise Fazenda the other night at a party given by Bess Meredyth, the scenarist, "I have been wondering why you are not starring in feature-length comedies, like Chaplin, Lloyd and Keaton." Her eyes sparkled, she straightened up and said earnestly, "I wish you would tell Harry Warner that." I told her I would, but that I would require nine-tenths of her salary as my share of the spoils. She said I could have ten-tenths, so I promptly went over to another corner where Harry and his wife were sitting and made an eloquent appeal to the Warner magnate. But to my surprise and delight he said that they had already planned to star Louise with Willard Louis.

I was sitting in the publicity office of the Hal Roach studio talking to the young lady in charge, when Joe Cobb and Farina rushed in demanding some lollypops or all-day suckers—or whatever you call them. The young lady was reluctant but was finally compelled to go to a closet and deal out the candies. I afterwards talked with Director MacGowan, and he said that the gang frequently goes on strike like that, refusing to go on with their work until they are sweetened up.

Shoemakers' wives may go ill shod, but movie magnates' wives not only go to the movies regularly—they also adore appearing in them. Mrs. Earl Hudson is seen here with Mrs. Dorothy Walker in a scene from "Mismates"

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The Story That Cost $93,000

(*Continued from page* 47)

Merton lived in a mist. I do not hold a brief for anyone in the book, they are all of their time, of this day. I do not want the film to preach anything. If the life of the book is set down it will have what lessons anyone wants to find in it. If we could get an answer, to anything, if we could say do so and so and you will reform the world and change human nature, it would be wonderful. But no one sits in at the council table in heaven. I do not think man regulates life, life regulates man."

"Do you think the American public will like the film story altho it is a tragedy?"

"If they picture the book faithfully and get in all its moods, I think the American public will like it. 'An American Tragedy' is different in psychology from other American films only in so far that it shows that sometimes in the mist we live in some individuals cant pay up for their illusions. Otherwise the gilt is there, our success dreams and our love dreams, that is what I wrote about."

There is another thing that Dreiser would like to see in the filmed 'An American Tragedy' and that is some of the beauty of our industrial civilization. "A sheriff arresting a man, a court scene, the human drama of labor issuing like cool molasses out of a perpetual jug, they all have beauty. When they picture our grand hotels, the mill town, the line of hundreds leaving a factory at the whistle, they should get the sombre mechanistic dance of it in."

Dreiser likes the movies, he is not afraid that they cant picture his novels, but he is going to keep a grip on his works until he sees the scenario. There is a clause in the contract between Famous and Dreiser that says Famous may get out of doing the job if they want to, and Dreiser must approve the scenario. "It is a silly attitude to say that the movies cannot do great things," said Dreiser. "The film 'Greed' is one of the momentous things in any medium, and so is 'The Cabinet of Caligari' and some of Chaplin's films. That funny little fellow Chaplin always horning in on situations that physically and psychically would know him not, an aspiring pauper of physical and spiritual cowardice—it is great life."

"The movies," said Dreiser, "are America's ra-ta-ta, the calliope ahead of the circus. The movies are doing the utmost to spread our American psychology and the world seems ready for it. I dont think that they like American movies from Sumatra to China because our heroines are so beautiful, but because of the psychology the pictures carry. No other people have ever dreamed such wholesale riotous dreams. We go all over the world with our shout of 'take a chance,' that success is in money, in big buildings, that there is love for everyone, a swell time for everyone. No other people have ever dared even to think such a psychology. I dont know how we got this mental attitude, out of the soil and air over us I suppose. We get broken on our illusions and pick ourselves up and start in all over again. I remember saying to Mr. Woolworth, 'Why do you want to build the Woolworth building?' and he replied that he wanted to be the man who put up the biggest building. In Durham, North Carolina, in Dallas, in Omaha, in Wichita, they want big hotels. The hotels may not pay, but they have to have a fine hotel. Our automobile business is built by people buying cars on the

(*Continued on page* 115)

THEY USED TO CALL ME "WEARY WINIFRED"

The personal story of a woman who never was really sick, yet always ailing—and how she made herself into a being of super-health and strength.

IN New York City there lives a woman who has such amazing vitality that she is the envy of all her friends. Yet not so long ago they used to call her "Weary Winifred." Winifred has asked us to publish her story for the benefit of the thousands of other women who may be helped by it. It is printed here *in her own words,* as an open letter to all women who are discouraged with their physical burdens.

"The strangest thing," she says, "is that I never realized that there was anything the matter with me. My life, I thought, was that of the ordinary wife and mother. But somehow, I never seemed to catch up with myself. If I stayed up late one night I could hardly drag myself out of bed the next morning. I had to cancel engagements frequently, not because I was ever really sick, but simply because I was too weary to make the effort. I *looked* tired, *acted* tired, and *was* tired.

"My looks began to show the effect too. My neck began to look stringy and hollow. My cheek muscles sagged, my complexion was 'pasty' and colorless. My figure began to look dumpy. My age—which was only thirty-five—began to feel like fifty. Life was becoming 'just too much for me'—and I didn't know why. Of course I did things about this state of affairs. I tried, in various ways, to gain strength, and yet reduce my weight, changing from one thing to another. I 'fussed' with everything.

"Yet with all these little ailments I was not really sick. *There was nothing organic the matter with me.* And so it never occurred to me that I was not a normal woman. I just thought that I was the victim of ills that a great many unfortunate women were heir to.

"But one day, something happened that made me 'sit up and take notice.' I read an article telling the story of Annette Kellermann's life—of how she, who is called the world's most perfectly formed woman, was once a puny, ailing girl, always in ill health and, in fact, so deformed as to be practically a cripple. The story of how she dragged herself out of her misery and actually made of herself the lovely creature of glorious health and beauty that she is today was a revelation to me. Indeed, I was so lost in admiration for this wonderful woman that I wrote her. In response, I received not only a charming personal letter, but, far more important, one of her special little lessons.

"That lesson opened my eyes to the fact that it is totally unnecessary for women to suffer as they do—unnecessary for them to be continually incapacitated by petty little ailments—unnecessary for them to look old and haggard and worn. That was the beginning of my re-creation.

"Today I am practically *never* tired. I am never nervous or irritable. I never have any of the petty ailments from which so many women suffer. I look fifteen years younger, instead of fifteen years older, than most other women of my age. My step is springy, my eyes are bright, my skin is firm and clear, and my body is slender and has the free, lithe grace of a young girl.

"And because I *know* there are thousands of women who are now living as I did, miserable imitations of real women, and because I know that every one of them can actually be a new woman, with health and beauty such as they never knew existed, I cannot too strongly recommend that they take this simple way out of their troubles. *It is so easy!*"

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Annette Kellermann, Inc., Dept. 388, 225 West 39th Street, New York

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- ☐ Abdomen protrudes
- ☐ Waist too large
- ☐ Busts heavy and hanging
- ☐ Double chin
- ☐ Arms too fleshy
- ☐ Neck fat and flabby
- ☐ Calves heavy
- ☐ Ankles too thick
- ☐ Too fat in back of neck and between shoulders
- ☐ Thighs too fleshy
- ☐ Arches of feet fallen
- ☐ Legs bowed
- ☐ Busts flat and undeveloped
- ☐ Neck thin and scrawny
- ☐ Hollows at base of neck
- ☐ Arms too thin
- ☐ Ankles too bony
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- ☐ Stooping carriage
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- ☐ Skin sallow or colorless
- ☐ Puffs under eyes

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Dept. 58, 45 W. 57th St., New York City

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

(*Continued from page 65*)

Alfred V. S., October 2:

YOUR letter is extremely interesting. I can imagine that in a typical small town you might well be considered peculiar, but here's a secret—s-s-s-h, dont let anybody hear—most people with artistic ability or ambitions are thought "peculiar," but what do you care? Would you rather be dumb or have the dumb ones think you queer? Your chart shows much musical and artistic ability, but I really think Nature intended you for the speaking stage, altho without the time of birth I am not quite certain of this. You are making a mistake to sell your services for less than the regular wage, because your chart shows the ability to ask and get a good deal of money. Things will change very much after 1929, and my advice to you is to try your wings.

Ellena S. A., July 25:

IT'S undoubtedly true that you have screen possibilities, but let's look over the situation impartially. Acting for the camera is a definite art, with tricks and twists that are learned only thru experience. A woman of mature years with no stage or screen experience is terribly handicapped in getting even a chance to learn the technique, to say nothing of establishing herself in worth-while parts. Mary Carr, Louise Dresser, Belle Bennett and others who play the rôles of women of experience, have had long years of arduous training before they achieved success, and for a woman to break in at an age when she should be reaching the top is rather difficult. It's too bad that youth is the great asset in stage work, for youth so quickly passes into maturity, but that does not alter the facts. Try to find contentment in work with children or animals; you could raise fancy stock or pet dogs successfully. Unfortunately, the folder did not reach me, so I do not know if this is what you are doing at present. Your work lies in the country.

L. A., August 5:

I THINK you may keep on doing fairly well in motion picture work until late this year or early in 1927, but along about February of next year you are going to make a change which will prove disastrous to your career and effectually stop your progress for about two and one-half years. It looks to me as if you were going to marry at this time and that your choice of a husband would not approve of your presence on the set. So think it over. Dont say that nobody told you. As a matter of fact, I think you'll finally settle on some other form of work, possibly something connected with money or politics.

M. M. M., August 18:

YOU'LL get back into pictures as soon as you make an effort to do so now, your aspects being rather bright for such work. You will make your greatest success when you are about thirty years of age in a very emotional and dramatic rôle. Meanwhile, drill away at the regular routine and dont let your natural impulsiveness govern you to such an extent in the future.

Peggy, April 30:

YOU have a brilliant future in film work or in stage work. You are not choosing a very good time to start, but you have a lot of dogged perseverance and much physical energy, so maybe you wont mind tramping around from office to office, as some of the aspirants do. I do not give encouraging advice on this business thoughtlessly; I am convinced that you can make good in the movies or else I would not advise your giving up your present work. Your next big year will be 1928.

E. D. B., December 31:

I CANNOT always get an answer in the magazine one mentions, you know, because very few people give time for printing and distributing when they specify the issues in which they want their answers to appear. I hope this is not too late. You possess great imagination, energy, variety of interests and personality, but you do not concentrate nor do you consider practical details. I dont know why you have lived in seclusion—you seem just the type of woman that would kick over the traces whenever the idea seized her. If that restricting Saturn in the part of the horoscope governing your career has been what has saved you, you can consider yourself born under a lucky star! I am not going to flatter you by telling you that you were meant to be a dramatic queen, for you were not. If I were you, I would use my perfectly good brain and splendid powers of visualization in teaching or writing.

Miss T. L., November 22:

YES, you can write. It's possible that you'd be able to write scenarios, but that is a field that one approaches by a roundabout path usually. Make a name for yourself in fiction and Hollywood will offer you thirty thousand dollars to write a plot, but perfect yourself in the planning of such things and the powers that be will yawn and ask you if you wouldn't like a nice job dredging for oysters in the Mojave Desert. Seriously, and because you have ability, get a job on a newspaper, and work at it for two or three years. Save your money and then get into a studio, preferably as film cutter or office assistant. In other words, get an idea of construction and be on the inside when the director is tearing his hair for some story ideas.

P. Z. F., April 10:

DANCING for yours, not screen work—possibly eccentric dancing or some special form of this difficult art, not the every-day ballroom dancing which has passed for so long as the highest example necessary for stage or screen appearance. You have a sense of humor which is bound to show in your work. Go to see some of the Russian or Swedish ballet performers, because your tendency is in that direction. Your horoscope is quite unique and would repay you for any time you might put upon a study of it.

Lillian B., January 12:

YOUR outlook upon life is very serious, even inclined to be melancholy, while your personality is a very sensitive and idealistic one. I think your chief interest will lie in religion or psychic development; rather unusual interests, but very powerful in your nativity. Any form of artistic work which you might take up would be tinged with these qualities and therefore distinctive, altho perhaps not widely popular. I believe you would do well in designing or painting, or even interior decorating. Do not attempt to deal directly with the public, because this is not your forte.

J. E. W., July 16:

YOU are not adapted temperamentally for the screen; too bad, but better now than after you have put in a lot of time and

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money trying to establish yourself thereon. I want to give you a few words for your lasting good, and here they are: Forget all about winning prize contests, and concentrate upon hard work to get you where you want to arrive. Motion picture work looks to you like a lot of easy money with very little responsibility. Of course, that's the way it looks to a good many people, but that's not all of it. Most of the people in pictures think that teaching school, running a restaurant or taking in washing is a fine job compared with what they have to do. You belong in a bank, grocery store, clothing establishment or other place where you will deal with the public direct. You will make money in life, but not in the movies.

B. B., December 17:

WELL, I certainly admire your courage and ambition! Let's see, you're seventeen and writing a book and planning two more, and then intend to go on the stage. The funny thing is that I believe you can do it. Only dont, for your own health, attempt too much. You have a very delicate nervous system and will get farther eventually if you take a slower pace. I doubt if your book will be published; keep it three years and then rewrite it. Meanwhile, study and practise your writing. I do not like the name you have adopted as well as your first and last names for professional work. And as for your career—nothing but high spots!

S. I. W., October 18:

THE fact that you look like a famous male star might be a handicap in actual screen work rather than an asset, but, strange to say, resemblances often disappear entirely in the eye of the camera, people who look alike actually photographing very differently, due to little variations of feature or coloring. Your horoscope shows great artistic appreciation, particularly in literary work, but your best occupation will be connected with travel or transportation.

J. P. N., January 21:

I'D like to have time and the space to give you the interpretation that your chart really deserves. You have much ability but you are a stage actor, not a motion picture light. You will probably never make a great deal of money and you may never be widely famous, but your life will be one which will be full and satisfying in other lines and probably rather influential. You have some very splendid qualities, notably kindliness, originality, initiative and self-reliance, but you stand in your own way thru lack of self-control in the emotional department. Go out on the speaking stage as soon as you can; perhaps you wont be able to make a good connection this year, but 1927 should be far better.

Beatrice D., August 18:

SO far as height goes, there is nothing at all to stand in the way of stage or screen success, personal appearance having far less to do with these things than the outside world imagines. But there are indications in your chart of other things in store for you. For one thing, there is a marriage in your life which is quite unusual and can be made a very wonderful experience, inasmuch as your partner promises to be a man of high character, reputation and ability. But you seem to oppose him and thwart him, and this you should not do. Your possible public success is not worth jeopardizing your domestic happiness for, so make your husband's attainments your own in the old-fashioned way

"Let Us Taste Life While We May"

"Doushka," he whispered, "Life is so short. Let us taste it while we may!" And the princely stranger, who had suddenly appeared out of the soft shadow of the warm, sensuous Egyptian night, bent and kissed her lips.

She struggled against the intoxicating emotion—tried vainly to resist—to push him away—but he again gathered her into his arms and most tenderly kissed her.

All power of movement seemed to desert her. She only knew that she was wildly happy, that this was heaven, and she wished it would never end.

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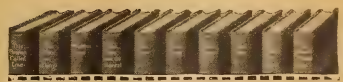

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which sounds so dull but which after all is more satisfying than a life spent in loneliness.

F. N. S., July 15:

HERE you have a beautiful chart for appearing before a public, winning their favor, enacting dramatic parts, and giving the world some real artistic creations, and what you want to do is write, while other people, without an atom of intelligence as to what makes for stage or screen personality, want to act while in reality they can write! I cant account for it, and if anyone can I wish he or she would tell me about it. You're wasting your time in the law office, but your theater may lead to something. You have a big year in 1933.

William F. B., July 1:

WHILE dancing as such is not often used in motion picture portrayals, it is almost invaluable in developing grace of movement and bodily control, two things which register very strongly in the films. Your horoscope is excellent for dramatic work, practically as strong a chart in this respect as any that I have studied. You should do very well in parts demanding the expression of force and virility. Dont be afraid to let yourself go and put plenty of pep into your work.

Isabel C., February 8:

YOU have literary ability of some unusual sort—possibly critical ability, possibly humor or satire. Keep on trying to sell your book; you have a splendid period this summer and fall for such things, but revise it if it has been the rounds without getting favorable notices. I think you can write for the movies, but make a name elsewhere first. People in the motion picture profession cannot tell gold unless it has the stamp of the mint on it.

Roma, April 28:

I DONT think you have a great deal of acting ability, but I know that your personality would register and carry you along pretty well in parts suited to your distinctive qualities. If you can afford it, it would be worth while to get yourself the most striking and dashing gown you could, and make the rounds of the studios. Remember you must get by on your appearance, not on your experience or arguments. And there's lots of competition in looks in Hollywood.

Miss D. L. G., November 11:

LET'S settle this question of looks again. Do you honestly think that Lillian Gish, Gloria Swanson or Constance Talmadge would be considered "pretty" by people who saw them in ordinary clothes without special lighting and costumes designed to show off their good points. The fact is that these women are intelligent and forceful personalities, and that is what counts, not the baby stare. Your own case does not in the least depend upon looks. You have a very intense emotional nature and much independence and originality. I do not think you are an actress, however, and would suggest that you make yourself one of those invaluable secretaries that all big men either in or out of the movies have to have.

V. M. T., August 29:

YOUR very strange handwriting attracted my attention and while I do not judge the acting abilities by that means, still one's eye cannot help seeing the curlicues and ruffles with which you adorn a page. Why dont you stop that? You are a nice sensible girl with a lot of critical ability and great will-power and determination, but no one would ever think it to look at your letter. You can either write, such things as technical articles, advertising or newspaper reports, or you would make a splendid nurse, having the executive ability helpful in managing a large hospital or sanitarium. No movies for you, except as a means to get rid of your spare change.

Robert F. LeW., April 16:

WHILE I dont criticize you in the least for loving and admiring screen actors and actresses, and wishing to emulate their work, still I dont believe that this is going to appeal to you as the most congenial work you could do yourself when you are ten years older. The technical reasons are too long to give here, but there has been an influence in your chart lately that has emphasized all your interest in such things, but this is a temporary affair with you. You will do best in some form of engineering work, preferably architecture or the construction of bridges, dams and so on.

Betty, October 28:

YOU have an interesting little daughter here. She is talented, intense, emotional and very demonstrative and sensitive. Her temper can make her ill, and she is in danger of wearing out her delicate nerves at all times. Teach her to control those emotions or else they will always control her to her own lasting unhappiness. She possesses dramatic ability, and will probably make use of it in some public way in later life. Do not force her into a premature expression, however, as she has not the constitution for it.

Aileen R., March 20:

There is apparently a very happy and financially favorable marriage in your horoscope, which seems due within the next two years. I cannot see that the films hold out any opportunities for you and would discourage any attempt upon your part to enter this line of work. Try to stay put for a time and let fortune catch up with you; you seem to have been moving about so fast for the past year that it would be practically impossible for you to keep friends or dollars either. The year 1927 should mark a big advance in your life, so wait for it.

Robert V., August 5:

You are a man of great emotional force, personal magnetism and executive ability. This would make you an ideal director or even give you success in character parts, altho you might have difficulty in being cast properly. Your experience upon the stage would make this problem somewhat easier, but the description you give of yourself might make the average casting director want to place you in rather minor rôles at first. I have great faith in your ability, however, and feel that success will crown your efforts. The present year is none too active a period for you, however, and it might be better for you to look to the future for marked advances.

W. R., January 11:

The strong Mars influence in your birthchart denotes a large store of personal force which must in some way be expressed in your stage and screen work. The experience you have had already must have shown you this. I would suggest that you specialize in parts where passion and impulse are leading characteristics—possibly "heavy" parts, but those villainous thru impulse rather than thru careful planning. The year 1927 will be a highly favorable one for you and I expect to see your picture in all the papers at that time.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

How You Can Insure Real Love In Marriage

STRONGFORT
Builder of Men

Don't commit a crime against the girl you love by plunging into marriage if you are not physically fit—if you are dissipated and weak through fast living and excesses. Don't do it. She will find you out only too quickly. Then comes the crash—affection lost, happiness impossible!

Why take such a chance? Why not wait just long enough to take up

STRONGFORTISM

and through it get yourself into fine physical and mental condition and make you a wife proud of you.

I will help you restore your health and strength by natural methods, as I have helped thousands of men—no dope or drugs or apparatus. Just give me the opportunity. Write today.

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SEND THIS COUPON FOR IT

LIONEL STRONGFORT
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Send me your Free Book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Energy."

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I PAY MEN $100 a week

Make $100.00 a week and up, selling our fine made-to-measure, all-wool suits, direct to wearer. **Biggest values—positively sell on sight.** Biggest commissions paid in advance. We attend to delivery and collections. 6x9 swatch samples—over 100 styles all one price—furnished **FREE.** Part or full time men write at once.

W. Z. Gibson, Inc., 161 W. Harrison St., Dept. V-498, Chicago

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During the past 17 years thousands have added to their captivating glory of womanhood by using

GROWDINA

for bust, neck or arm development

Great Discovery of Parisian beauty expert. Harmless, easy, certain results accomplished quickly. Marvelous testimonials of efficiency. Confidential proof and literature (sealed) on request. Write now. **Mlle. Sophie Kopel, Suite 525, 503 Fifth Ave., New York**

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Quick, safe relief for callouses and burning on bottom of feet.

At drug and shoe stores everywhere

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

For Free Sample write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 259 styles of Bass, 684 Synoopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Café Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 133 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

Watermau Piano School, 1830 West Adams Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Cuticura Talcum Unadulterated Exquisitely Scented

Grandfather's Old Shoes in the Parlor

(*Continued from page* 45)

of the periods of the Louis', The Directoire and Empire are far more easy to secure. Every antique shop in every large city has a few genuine pieces of French furniture—and a hundred imitations. If you hunt around and have the money to spend, you undoubtedly can get as much French furniture as you desire. But, after you get it, what then? In spite of the fact that French furniture may be easily acquired, it usually isn't at all appropriate after you acquire it. The luxuries of the Louis' are not duplicated in our present civilization. The delicately painted and enameled walls which proved a suitable background for the enameled and gilded and carved furniture is absent, as are silk and panniers, white wigs and the stately minuet. Much French furniture in its day was lovely. Personally, I have never been fond of furniture of the period of Louis XVth, for its rococo curves do not please me. However, much of the furniture of the days of Louis XIVth and Louis XVIth was lovely—and is lovely today if properly used. American homes today, even homes which are formal and stately, excepting for an occasional ballroom or a reception-room, do not need French furniture.

So we have come down to the furniture of American origin, and this, on the whole, is what most people mean when they say they are "furnishing in antiques."

I do not like to think of some of the things that pass for American Colonial furniture. I have seen more hideous homes done in Early American than in any other period. *Collecting antiques, if you mean by that gathering what you think are authentic examples of Colonial furniture, is one of the greatest affectations in America today.*

Do you think me soulless? Perhaps you think I do not appreciate the traditions that surround this early furniture nor the furniture itself. It is because I *do* love American furniture and appreciate American traditions that I want to call a halt against the undiscriminating use of what passes for antique furniture today.

When I was very young I learned a valuable lesson in furniture. I found an old table in the yard of a poor family and purchased it from them for fifty cents. I took it home in great delight. After spending many hours cleaning and polishing it, I brought an older man, a connoisseur of the arts, in to see it. He questioned me about my table, and when he found that I had spent only a small sum for it and that I wouldn't be too disappointed, he said:

"Yes, my boy, your table is old. I grant that. But would you put a pair of your grandfather's old shoes in the parlor?"

Then he pointed out to me that the table was bad in line and poor in workmanship, that it was made of cheap wood and had nothing to recommend it except a problematic age. That awoke in me a desire to learn about furniture and to decide for myself whether a thing was good or bad. I have often since applied the test of "grandfather's old shoes."

Everything that you put into your home should have both beauty and use. If you can get a good piece of antique furniture that is lovely in line and color, and substantial and useful as well, there is every reason why you should use it. But there is no reason at all why you should put into your home ugly pieces of furniture just because they are old.

NON-SCENTS For the Feet, Also

Use NON-SCENTS on your feet, too; *it will pay for itself many times in hosiery saved.* Its use checks perspiration and neutralizes its fabric-destroying acids—makes the hosiery wear longer. But that is not all!

NON-SCENTS relieves itching feet, removes inflamation, destroys all odors, stops chafing, prevents clamminess, and heals cracked skin. You would gladly pay many dollars to a foot specialist for the comfort a tube of NON-SCENTS can give.

Both Prevents and Deodorizes

NON-SCENTS, an easy-to-use greaseless cream, dries in 30 seconds, stops and deodorizes excessive perspiration. Certified harmless, stainless, non-irritating. Use it daily wherever perspiration bothers—comfort and freedom from perspiration worries will be your all-day reward. *At all toilet counters or direct, 50c and $1 or send for free sample.*

FREE

NON-SCENTS, Inc., Dept. C-4
Wrigley Building, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample (enough for a week) of Non-Scents. I enclose a dime (10c) for packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

FRECKLES

Can't be Concealed

Othine Will Remove These Ugly Spots Surely and Safely

This preparation is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by all drug and department stores with a guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for Othine—double strength; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee.

$1 FOR 50¢

Photo-finishing worth $1 regular prices for 50c. Two 5x7 Enlargements or 20 Prints any size for 50c. Send only negatives. Overnight service. New Bargain Sheet FREE. Write for it today.

Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 18-A Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Paris *Boston*

LABLACHE

IT STICKS

FACE POWDER

Known and loved by four generations
ON SALE EVERYWHERE
Write for free sample of face powder and Booklet illustrating new LABLACHE Creations
BEN LEVY CO., Dept. 75, 125 Kingston St., Boston, U.S.A.

Clear Up Your Skin

Freckles are a handicap, both to good looks and social popularity. Get rid of them. They are needless. You can remove them secretly, quickly, surely—and no one will ever know how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream, *double action*, not only dissolves away freckles, but whitens, refines and beautifies your skin. After using this snowy-white magical cream, your skin will be soft and white, clear and transparent. Results guaranteed.

At all druggists 50¢ and $1.
Try it tonight.

Stillman's Freckle Cream *Double Action*
REMOVES FRECKLES WHITENS THE SKIN

FREE COUPON

The Stillman Co.,
33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
I would like your FREE booklet, "Beauty Parlor Secrets," telling all about make-up and skin treatment used by stage stars.

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There's big money in every branch of Professional Photography: Motion Picture, Portrait and Commercial. Make money in spare time. Earn while learning.

CAMERA FREE Your choice of real Motion Picture camera taking standard professional film used by all theatres, or 5x7 View Camera, latest model, genuine guaranteed lens.

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NEW YORK CITY

NOTE:
If you prefer to come to our New York or Chicago Studios for personal instruction, this can be arranged. Write for Catalog R. Dummer out address: 10 W. 33rd St., New York or 630 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

This fad for collecting antiques! What horrible atrocities are committed because of it! How many countless homes are made hideous! The truth is that the better class of Colonial furniture is beautiful and charming and useful as well. It is made of lovely wood, exquisitely fashioned. It is gracefully shaped and beautifully proportioned. But, alas, for many years now collectors have been gathering it together. There have been scouts out in nearly every by-path looking for these lovely pieces. Early English and Dutch furniture that found its way to America has been just as eagerly sought. Colonial pieces have always been considered good. Except for a short—and awful—Mid-Victorian period—Colonial furniture has held its own. But, after all, there must be an end to the number of good pieces of antique furniture in existence, and this is what has happened in America. There are still remote places where good Colonial pieces can be picked up for almost nothing—but these places grow fewer each year. Unless you are living in a remote district that has not been honeycombed by professional buyers or can afford to pay a very good market price, you stand little chance of getting good Colonial pieces today.

Most of the people, then, who are buying antiques are buying very poor stuff indeed—if they are getting old things at all. You wouldn't put into your house the pieces of furniture used today by the very poorest people that you know. These people may be most excellent folks, but, alas, tho I am quite aware that it shouldn't be so, cheap things are not especially good-looking. You wouldn't go into the slums and carry away hideous chairs and tables and poorly made, flimsy chests of drawers, I am sure, and yet that is precisely what, in a way, people are doing. They are buying crude farm furniture and because it was made a few generations ago are putting it into their living-rooms. Grandfather's shoes in the parlor!

Every neighborhood has its fake antique dealer. Sometimes these dealers are tucked away inside of an old farmhouse and it looks to the unsuspecting buyers as if they were finding genuine antiques. It's too bad, but genuine and valuable antiques are not picked up this easily.

Farmhouse furniture, if it is well made, has its uses. If you are furnishing a summer cottage or the simplest sort of a home, you might make a place for it. If your home is of the better class, I see no reason why you should introduce into it crude furniture, ugly in design, poor in line and workmanship and made of inferior wood, just because it was made in an earlier day.

The modern home is not complete without some stuffed furniture. A davenport, comfortable overstuffed chairs, these things are part of the necessary furnishings of a home, if you want it to look well and to be comfortable. You cant find these in antiques, whether the antiques be farmhouse furniture or furniture from better homes. This means that it is almost impossible to have a correct Colonial home. When you think how much higher our ceilings are today than were the ceilings in the average Colonial home, and how much larger are our rooms, to say nothing of the modern inventions that we have already discussed, you can see how impossible it is to be "in period" and have a home that is attractive, too.

The solution? Oh, that's easy enough. So easy that it seems incredible that more people have not taken advantage of it. Pick out the period that you like best, one that combines beauty and comfort and that is appropriate to your own living conditions. With this put modern overstuffed furniture and well-selected modern accessories. *Buy your period furniture in good reproductions!* Buy reproductions that are copies of the best things made in that period. If you have the opportunity, purchase antiques, but take the word of those who have made a life study of furniture and buy antiques that are well and strongly made and come originally from homes with similar surroundings to that in which the piece will be placed.

Your home will be far more attractive and certainly far more livable done in reproductions and modern additions than if furnished with stiff and homely farm furniture made for people of other days, who were without taste and without the luxuries and comforts which modern life has introduced. Antiques are excellent and suitable antiques can find their way into your home—but be sure that they are suitable—and that they are the real antiques as well.

Every day my friends come to me and show me atrocities, either imitations or pieces that are old—and ugly—and say proudly: "Here's an antique I found. I am furnishing my home in antiques." Usually I haven't the courage to tell them the truth—for one cant lose all one's friends by truthfulness, but I have told the truth here both for the benefit of my own friends and for the benefit of the thousands who want lovely homes, but who have an idea that antiques are the things to buy. So—do not put furniture into your home just because you believe it to be old. An antique is valuable not because of its age but because of its charm and its beauty.

The Children's Page

THIS is the only motion picture publication which sets apart a special department for juvenile movie fans. In this issue you will find Motion Picture, Junior, on pages 54 and 55. There are one or two short stories that the children in your household will adore.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

When Doris Kenyon Pours

(*Continued from page* 49)

Diamond shapes . . . with a paste of cream cheese, olives and nuts.

Small squares . . . with watercress and cucumber fillings.

Hearts . . . a layer of devilled tongue between them.

Doris often serves sweet sandwiches, too. There are thin slices of white bread rolled with a marmalade of oranges and grapefruit. Incidentally, the secret of rolling bread successfully is having it quite fresh and being careful not to tear the slices when the crusts are being cut.

The tea cakes have been a favorite with the Kenyons ever since those by-gone days when they lived in the little parsonage next to the father's church. Mrs. Kenyon made them then. And she has taught a succession of cooks to make them since.

They are also tiny affairs, frosted in delicate pistachio and lemon yellow and chocolate.

Doris asked her mother for the recipe of these cakes and Mrs. Kenyon insists that they are so simple to mix up that the most inexperienced cook need not fear to try them.

For the cakes themselves you cream two-thirds of a cup of butter with two cups of sugar, being careful to add the sugar gradually. Then you add four well-beaten eggs . . . then one cup of milk . . . and three and one-quarter cups of flour, four teaspoonsful of baking powder and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of mace.

Bake the cakes in tiny individual tins, well buttered.

For the chocolate frosting you add one egg to one-third of a cup of flour, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of salt and one-half a cup of sugar. Into this you pour one cup of scalded milk. Cook about fifteen minutes in a double boiler, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Then add a half teaspoon of vanilla and one square of unsweetened chocolate which has been melted in a saucepan over hot water.

For the lemon frosting you proceed in the identical manner, substituting one-quarter of a cup of lemon juice instead of the vanilla and melted chocolate.

And for the pistachio icing you heat one-half a cup of sugar and one-eighth of a cup of milk, letting it slowly come to a boil and boiling it about six minutes. You then break about one-eighth of a pound of marshmallows into small pieces and melt in a double boiler, adding one tablespoonful of hot water. You cook this mixture until it becomes smooth and then add the sugar and milk gradually while you stir constantly. After this you add a few drops of the extract of almond and one-third of a cup of pistachio nuts, blanched and chopped, and leaf green to color it.

Have You Sometimes Wondered What This World Is Coming To...?

. . . if so turn to page 36 and you will see one version of life one hundred years from now. "Metropolis" is an imported motion picture depicting life a century hence . . .

New-way shaving

More and more men are discovering it

Self-shaving in a professional manner with a barber-edge blade, speedy, super-comfortable. This is the daily delight of all who own Valet AutoStrop Razors.

Not amateurish. Not a substitute. But a better shave in every way.

Simpler. This unique razor sharpens its own blades. No unscrewing. No disassembly. Sharpen, shave and clean without removing the blade.

More economical. A new-like blade for every shave. The utmost in self-shaving satisfaction.

Valet Auto-Strop Razor

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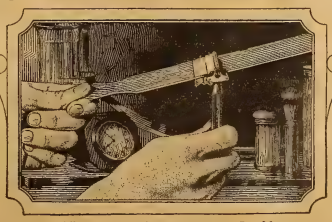
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 656 First Avenue, New York City



The Razor That Sharpens Itself

Have New Outer Skin!

THIS NEW WAY

Old Outer Cuticle Comes Off in 3 Days—Then Blackheads, Pimples, Tan, Freckles, Large Pores, Blemishes and Wrinkles

ARE GONE!

"Because They're OFF!"

Most Amazing Discovery in History of Beauty Culture Enables Any Person to Do It at Home!

Read Free Offer Below!

Worry no more over your disfigured skin and complexion! Forget your failures with lotions, clays, creams, powders, massage, steaming pots and "cover-ups." Throw away your rubber masks, plasters, and beauty makeshifts. Because—here's where you get a new, true skin! Your blackheads, pimples, large pores, freckles, tan, sallow complexion, surface wrinkles, blemishes, and signs of approaching age, go, definitely—"because they're OFF!"

Most astonishing discovery in the history of beauty culture. All explained in an amazing free book called "Beautiful New Skin in 3 Days." Tells how to do what foreign skin specialists have charged enormous prices for. Make your own skin and complexion the envy of all who behold it.

Hundreds of men and women are now doing it themselves—in the quiet of their own homes—without the knowledge of their most intimate friends. They surprise and astonish others with a new, soft, velvety, clear, spotless, youth-like skin on face, neck, arms, hands or any part of body where new skin is desired.

How old saying that "Beauty Is Only Skin Deep" has been made to come true for thousands of both sexes, young and old, easily!

The method is absolutely harmless and easy. It's astonishing—almost beyond belief. Send name and address only—this amazing new book is absolutely free to readers of this magazine. Address, Marvo, Lab. Dept. 32-F, No. 1658 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

OPPORTUNITY MARKET

AGENTS WANTED

Would you risk a 1c postal card against chance to make $5 to $15 daily during the next four months? If so, send name and address now to Macochee Hosiery Co., Card 2388, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—New plan makes it easy to earn $50.00 to $100.00 weekly selling shirts direct to wearer. No capital or experience needed. Represent a real manufacturer. Write now for FREE SAMPLES. Madison Shirts, 562 Broadway, New York.

Twenty dollars weekly mailing circulars in spare time for mail-order companies. Others make that much. Why don't you? I'll tell you how. Complete information one dime. W. S. Hamilton, Lock Box 688-J, Sherman, Tex.

HELP WANTED

$95.00 to $250.00 Month. Men—women 18 up. Government Jobs. Steady. Candidates coached. Common education sufficient. 32 page book and full particulars free. Write IMMEDIATELY. Franklin Institute, Dept. W-87, Rochester, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

Ladies Earn $6-$18 a Dozen decorating Pillow Tops at Home; experience unnecessary. Particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 126, LaGrange, Ind.

Ladies wanting home work; any kind; spare time; write us; enclose stamp. Eller Company, Dept. 26, 296 Broadway, New York.

HELP WANTED—MALE

Be a Detective—Earn big pay; cities, towns; easy work; open to all; we show you; particulars free. Write Chief Wagner, 188 East 79th St., New York City.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

PATENTS

Inventions commercialized on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. In business 24 years. Complete facilities. References. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 513 Enright Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

INVENTORS—Write for our free guide books and "Record of Invention Blank" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of the invention for our Inspection and Instructions Free. Terms reasonable. Victor J. Evans Co., 833 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAYS

Photoplay ideas wanted. We are right on the ground in Hollywood. We know the market. Booklet free. Universal Scenario Co., 261 Security Bldg., Western and Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Photoplays, short stories, poems sold, criticized, revised. Photoplay instructions. Short-story course. FREE booklet explains our business. Established 1911. Advance Publishing Company, Box 496, San Francisco.

$50,000 for One Successful Photoplay. Let us tell you about it. Send for "Successful Photoplays," our new, valuable, free book for writers. Successful Photoplays, Box 43, Des Moines, Iowa.

Original Plots Valuable! Hollywood Scenario and Publishing Co. revise and market MSS. of all kinds. Publish, copyright, market PHOTOPLAYS. Experts. Booklet free. 6722 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Scenario Plots Wanted by Big Companies. Our service covers Hollywood and New York markets. Photoplays sold on commission. Free instruction course. We protect your ideas. Classic Photoplay Co., 54 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

REDUCE

Delle Ross Reducing System, Dept. L, Eddy Bldg., Bloomington, Illinois. Guaranteed to reduce you healthfully. No drugs, no exercises. Highest references. Particulars free.

VAUDEVILLE

Get On the Stage. I tell you how! Personality, confidence, skill developed. Experience unnecessary. Send 6c postage for instructive illustrated Stage Book and particulars. M. LaDelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Cal.

Why Do You Have Your Fortune Told?

(*Continued from page 38*)

"But I dont believe in fortunes, so I dont remember what they say," mourned Lois, "I'll never be able to check up on her!"

Norma Talmadge is like a little girl when she visits a fortune-teller. She throws herself into her rôles on the screen. She loves the mystery of it.

I took her to see "Zara," the seer who read the hands of Mark Twain and other celebrities (this for a scientific story of Zara's) and it was more fun than a Grauman first night.

"I adore fortunes," sighed Norma, after we had ruined our cuffs and stained our finger nails with the hand-print ink-roller, used all the soap and disfigured the towels. "It's like eating hot dogs and pop-corn on boardwalks, going to country fairs and circuses, where no one knows you and you can just be *you*. . . . But if they dont tell me I'm going to travel, I always come out saying: 'She wasn't any good!'"

Constance, too, is always racing off to see a new fortune-teller, dragging all her friends there while the mood lasts, enjoying it with all her might and then forgetting all about it.

The famous astrologer, Evangeline Adams, has consulted the stars for more than one screen luminary. John Roche, one July day, when seeking a between-seasons engagement, met her.

"You may as well spend the summer out of town," she observed, "There is nothing for you before October."

John paid no attention to her warning, but it was not until September 29th that he signed for his first picture with Vitagraph, the next day also signing for Belasco's "Deburau," in which he played on Broadway for the New York run.

Some eight years ago, a negress housekeeper told Estelle Taylor that she would marry the world's champion boxer or wrestler.

"I didn't know who the champion of anything was," said Estelle, "but I gathered it was Jack Johnson, who didn't seem the right color. Then it was Jess Willard—or maybe I was a year or so behind the times then and it was always Jess Willard. He was married and it didn't seem quite the thing for me to set my heart on him. So I laughed and let it go.

"When I met Jack Dempsey, I suddenly remembered the prediction. It was in an antique shop where we were both buying stuff, and I blushed and dropped whatever I had and he picked it up, just like the ingénue in the first reel. He made an engagement to see me again—and I was lost."

Harold Lloyd belongs to the American Society of Magicians and insists that he knows how to do all the things that are done in séances or what have you, and therefore he never believes anything.

Charley Chase says that he was having the time of his life conducting mystic parties, tipping tables and raising spooks, until one night Harold Lloyd came over and stopped the show. Harold knew the answer to everything.

"He's getting dressed for magic!" they whisper to each other at the Lloyds' when Harold takes an extra half-hour to get ready. There must be places for things to disappear into, you know.

"But that's not the same thing as foretelling what's ahead!" argues Georgia, who cant point to any specific thing that

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has happened to her "But it's going to—give it time!"

There is the prophecy of Dareos that Charles Farrell has the brightest future of any boy in Hollywood, and that other prophecy made by several seers that Dorothy Dwan will be the mother of twins—yet to come true.

Victor McLaglen toured the world with his brother before the war, and heard strange forecasts of the coming years.

Near the Tower of Silence of the Parsees, an ancient cult of fire-worshippers, a fakir offered to tell the fortunes of the "white sahibs."

Among other things, the old man said that a war was coming, in which both brothers would fight, the elder being killed. Their father, he said, was a "high priest" of a tribe across the sea—he was a retired minister in London. And Victor would be near death twice, first by knife and then by water.

The brother was killed in the British fighting near German East Africa. Victor was stabbed by an Arab while serving as British Provost Marshal in Mesopotamia, the native having been sentenced to jail by the court over which Victor presided. Several years later, Victor, while playing in "The Hunted Woman," almost lost his life in the Yuma dam.

The tales of one star may send others flocking, and the tales of another may keep them away.

But say what you will, and believe them or not, the fortune-telling trade is doing well in Hollywood.

The Story That Cost $93,000

(*Continued from page* 107)

instalment plan, borrowing money on the Morris plan and buying automobiles. But they've got to have a car. It may be taken away from them, the furniture grabbed, but they've had a car. Everyone takes a chance and hustles around to make good. They take a chance and figure that nothing much more can happen to you but to be locked up, and you'll get out of that in time. They've got to get the feel of all this into the film of 'An American Tragedy,' or it wont be true to life.

"I dont think I am a gloomy fellow," Dreiser wound up. "Some of us are born mentally honest, and some are born mentally optimistic or dishonest. I am not talking in 'An American Tragedy.' I have only set down what I have observed. What I myself think about life is nobody's business."

Yes and No

(*Continued from page* 82)

us an entire change in millinery and christened their new creation Valentino.

If this is losing popularity, I wish I could lose mine.

DOROTHY E. STONE,
Manchester, England.

A Poem

PLEASE listen to my plaint: Why do the film folks in some parts look like what they ain't?

For example, I will give parts played by Charlie Ray. Does he manicure his finger nails so he can rake the hay?

And then, again, a movie queen on her broom so weary leans. Can you tell me

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why such close-ups are taken of those scenes?

Why not make up the hands to suit the part that is portrayed? For farmer boys dont manicure, nor does a hard-worked maid.

BETTY WHITE,
Melrose Highlands, Massachusetts.

Can This Be Lew?

WHY—oh, why isn't Lew Cody chosen for more pictures? To my estimation, he is one of the best actors on the screen, and I think he proved it in "His Secretary" and "Monte Carlo."

He is far from having traces of conceit, and does not proclaim himself a great artist like some of the other male stars. He acts—and at the same time has that refined appearance. He is truly the American type of hero.

I'll vote for Mr. Cody any time, because he is a safe bet—and let's hope that directors soon take the hint.

Perhaps MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will give us an interesting interview with Mr. Cody, and a full-page portrait of the most wonderful actor on the screen.

MRS. HENRY C. RAYNOR,
Baltimore, Maryland.

The Foreign Invasion Doesn't Reach Inland

WHAT becomes of all the foreign films about which one reads as being shown in New York? They are acclaimed by the critics of that city, but why dont the so-called provinces get a peek at 'em?

It am thinking particularly of "Grass" and "Siegfried," two of, to quote someone, "the most inspiring" films of 1925. Neither of these pictures was exhibited in the smaller large cities of this country.

The only foreign film since Pola Negri's "Mad Love" and Lubitsch's "Loves of Pharaoh" to be shown in Washington was "The Last Laugh."

Here's for better circulation of foreign films. Most of them are good, tho not so good generally, as the home-made product.

Some others that were not generally exhibited were "Othello" and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."

And here's a bouquet for Dick Barthelmess—because Lois Moran is no longer his leading lady.

R. I. J.,
Washington, D. C.

Syd, Dont Get Artistic

I DONT know how Syd Chaplin's director, Chuck Reisner, goes about his work. But, judging from the results (usually bubblingly funny pictures), one imagines that Mr. Reisner gathers his cast around him, tells them the general details of the plot, and then gives them *carte blanche* in carrying it out. At least, that is what the general enthusiasm and spontaneity of comedy suggest.

Incidentally, I hope no one ever tells Syd that he is an artist. We dont want to murmur regretfully, "Another good comedian gone wrong." But then, Syd is not just "another comedian." To my mind, he is the best we have, and judging from the enthusiasm of the audiences viewing his pictures, I'm not alone in my opinion.

MISS VERA HOGUE,
Richmond, California.

Cut Out the Dieting

I AM a girl that goes to the movies five times a week, and always sit in the first row to take a good look. And what I suggest is this, that I do not see why a movie star should get credit when someone else takes the dangerous parts instead of letting the star herself do it.

Quite awhile ago I saw Anna Q. Nilsson in "Flowing Gold" at Loew's State Theater where someone else doubled for her. And who got the credit for it? The movie star. I do not think it is fair in any way. Lately I've been so disgusted with pictures that I just go once every two weeks. I was also very disgusted with that picture, "The Beautiful City." The only decent picture I've seen lately is the "Sea Beast." I would like to see Ramon Novarro play with Norma Shearer in a good romantic picture.

What I see in some of the pictures is that movie stars are so thin that it doesn't look like they had a square meal, their clothes look like a hanger. I like Bessie Love—she is nice and plump. That's what I think of the movies.

GREGORIA GONZALES,
Los Angeles, California.

I HAVE long wished that someone would have the courage to say what they really think about Lillian Gish. She has always impressed me as being like a mechanical toy, which must be wound up before it will perform; and not a very good one, at that, since she must be wound up so many times, over and over again, before she is finally ready to go.

Lillian Gish may be a great technician, but she is not a great actress, nor a great artist. All her actions, her mannerisms, her self-conscious posturings and little tricks, appear to be purely mechanical. How could she portray any real human emotion when she herself feels none? How could she give us a warm, vital, magnetic performance, when she herself is neither warm, vital, nor magnetic? One cannot give out that which they do not possess.

Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, and others, are also great technicians, but they have something besides technique. They have personality, sympathy, love, magnetism. They have warm, pulsating blood in their veins. They can portray human emotions because they themselves are human, and have human hearts in their breasts instead of some kind of a mechanical ticking clock.

Lillian Gish's face shows not a line or mark of any kind of emotion. Her features are painted on as flatly and smoothly, and are as expressionless and blank as those of a rag doll. Why should her face show emotion, when she herself feels none?

All the more credit belongs to John Gilbert and his art, that he should be able to give such a charming, and compelling, and glowing performance, after being obliged to rehearse his scenes tiresomely and mechanically, not only day after day, but week after week, while Lillian was getting her little actions and expressions learned by heart well enough to be able to go thru with them without making a mistake when the camera was finally allowed to turn. One wonders how John Gilbert could still act spontaneously after all those parrotlike rehearsals. And indeed, one wonders how he could make any kind of convincing love to a wooden image.

Lillian Gish has never given but one good performance, and she has Griffith to thank for that. I mean the child in "Broken Bossoms." She has been running around in circles and biting her fingers ever since. But there is something more to acting than running around in circles. I for one have long ago grown tired of her shop-worn little tricks. At one time I reached the stage where I could laugh at her, but I am too bored to even do that now.

MISS C. G.,
Portland, Oregon.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

A Guide to Current Pictures

Which are now being shown thruout the United States

A Certain Gentleman
Cleverest society comedy of season. Novarro wonderful. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Aloma of the South Seas
More was expected here. Simple story never gets anywhere and plot disappears. Gilda Gray makes début and flashes ability. (Paramount)

Barrier, The
Rex Beach's story is done again—and shapes up as fairly good. Not much suspense, but plenty of action. Somewhat overacted. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Bat, The
A corking good mystery melodrama which keeps you keyed up with excitement from beginning to end. Carries a good pace and is well acted. (United Artists)

Behind the Front
A burlesque on the late unpleasantness in Europe, executed with much broad slap-stick. Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton put it over. (Paramount)

Ben-Hur
The masterpiece supreme of all time, containing all the elements of a 100 per cent picture. (Metro-Goldwyn)—E. V. B.

Beverly of Graustark
The best seller should sell well as a picture. Different from the story in characterization, but full of high lights and color. Marion Davies immense in her gay masquerade as the prince. (Cosmopolitan-Metro Goldwyn)

Big Parade, The
Truly one of the great pictures of the screen. The Great War reproduced with remarkable fidelity. Sweeping and stirring in its scenes and acting. John Gilbert and Renée Adorée create marvelous performances. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Black Pirate, The
Fairbanks has created another rich picture—one unfolding spectacular romance and adventure. Done in natural colors. Doug at his best and supported by a great cast. Dont miss it. (United Artists)

Blackbird, The
Lon Chaney is grotesque again in a picture not up to "The Unholy Three." Has some thrills and carries suspense, but somehow fails to grip you. Renée Adorée good as heroine. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Blind Goddess The
This one is worked out pretty well and contains quite a lot of suspense with its murder and courtroom scene. Enough action to satisfy. (Paramount)

Broadway Boob, The
Glenn Hunter in a first-rate small-town story with Antrim Short supplying comedy. (Associated Exhibitors)

Brown of Harvard
The straight college story has yet to be made. The characterization is hardly convincing and there is too much hokum. Is partly saved by rousing climax showing football game. Just fair. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Cave Man, The
The coal heaver enters society and becomes a polished diamond. Obvious and very much single-track in idea, tho it has its moments of appeal. (Warner Brothers)

Clothes Make the Pirate
A burlesque in which the laughs are achieved in too strained a manner. Leon Errol's droll comedy is, in the main, satisfactory. Pleasing enough, tho it doesn't ring the bell. (First National)

Cobra
Valentino in a new rôle—not a lover—suave and polished as ever. Nita Naldi miscast. Fairly good drama, but not up to "The Eagle." (Paramount) —E. V. B.

Cowboy and the Countess, The
Buck Jones takes his outfit to Europe and gives fair entertainment in a *Lochinvar* rôle. (Fox)

Dancer of Paris, The
The Michael Arlen story with Dorothy Mackaill. Disappointing even to Arlen admirers. (First National)

Dancing Mothers
Mother goes to bat for her headstrong daughter. Pays the piper herself to keep daughter safe. Done with good drama and competently played. (Paramount)

Desert Gold
Another Zane Grey story and just about the dullest of the lot. Plenty of heroics and villainy executed in the same old style. (Paramount)

Devil's Circus, The
A strong religious motif here, which brings happiness out of tragedy. Bound up with a spirit of redemption. Good circus background and fairly good symbolism effected. Well acted by Norma Shearer and Charles Emmett Mack. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Dixie Merchant, The
J. Farrell MacDonald in a delightful character study based on Barry Benefield's novel, "The Chicken-Wagon Family." (Fox)

Don't
Slap-stick stuff from the pen of Rupert Hughes—the idea presenting a strong-willed flapper who tells her father where to get off. Just fair. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Eagle, The
Valentino comes back with a bang, but Vilma Banky shares the honors. You will like this romantic drama. (United Artists)—E. V. B.

Ella Cinders
Is Colleen Moore's best characterization since "So Big." Charming comedy, replete with laughs, pathos and interest. Harry Langdon plays small part in it.

First Year, The
An amusing story of married life with Matt Moore and Kathryn Perry as the young couple. Matt Moore is splendid. (Fox)

Flaming Frontier, The
Does not come up to expectations. Depicts Custer's last fight and has good atmosphere, but the big moments are few and far between. (Universal)

Foot Loose Widows
Starring Fazenda best farce comedy of season excellent direction and cast including Jacqueline Logan. (Warner)

For Heaven's Sake
Harold Lloyd has another rollicking number, one that is rich in gags and humor. Not quite up to "The Freshman," but excellent enough to be considered one of the best bets of the season. (Paramount)

Freshman, The
Harold Lloyd's funniest picture—and by all odds his greatest. Has everything and will please any type of picturegoer. Dont miss it. (Pathé)

Gold Rush, The
After two years we expect something better from Charlie Chaplin. However, you will probably like it, but not nearly so well as "The Kid," etc. (United Artists)—E. V. B.

Golden Strain, The
Pretty weak drama starring Kenneth Harlan. Hobart Bosworth gives the best performance. (Fox)

Grand Duchess and the Waiter
A light and fluffy piece of entertainment, done with much adroitness and subtlety. Is clever in every way—and capitally played by Menjou and Vidor. (Paramount)

Great Love, The
Broad comedy this, which centers around the antics of an elephant to restore peace and happiness to a heroine in distress. Too trivial for the adults. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Hell-Bent fer Heaven
Feud story with emphasis placed upon characterization. Good enough for its type. Contains a thrill or two. Finely acted by Gardner James. (Warner Brothers)

Her Sister From Paris
A rollicking comedy this, based as it is upon the wife who masquerades to bring back her wayward husband. Constance Talmadge is delightful in a dual rôle, and the support is good. (First National)

His Secretary
Norma Shearer's best since "He Who Gets Slapped." Willard Louis fine, also Cody and Karl Dane. Excellent comedy. (Metro-Goldwyn)—E. V. B.

Ibañez' Torrent
A very good picture of love and its tragic consequences in Spain. Has unusual ending. Good atmosphere and plenty of interest. Finely acted. (Cosmopolitan-Metro-Goldwyn)

Irene
A first-rate companion piece to "Sally" is this latest Colleen Moore picture. The *Cinderella* pattern executed with good comedy and romance. And the star is immense. (First National)

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14-K white gold, hand engraved case. Fancy wing ends. 6½ ver ptal. High grade 15 Jewel movement. $25. $2.50 down and $1.00 a week.

Johnstown Flood, The
The film version of the Johnstown disaster is recorded with excellent realism. The flood scene is immense and the suspense puts it over. A good melodrama. (Fox)

Just Suppose
Richard Barthelmess tries the mythical kingdom story—and gets away with it fairly well. A finely mounted picture—the acting and settings compensating for a weak plot. (Inspiration)

Kiki
Norma Talmadge makes this screen version of the play a right interesting number. Has more slapstick and comedy than original, but none of it is overdone. (First National)

La Bohême
Opinions differ whether this is great or ordinary. Anyway it is beautifully produced and you ought to see it and judge for yourself. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Let's Get Married
A light, but fast-moving picture giving Richard Dix plenty of amusing high jinks to prove himself a first-rate comedian. Put over to the tune of capital comedy. (Paramount)

Little Annie Rooney
The same old twelve-year-old Mary Pickford and not a year older. Laughter and tears. While not an elaborate or well-done production, it "gets" you. (United Artists)—E. V. B.

Little Irish Girl, The
Much too somber for Dolores Costello. Hasn't enough plot and incident and never leaves its obvious groove. Just average. (Warner Brothers)

Man Upstairs, The
A diverting mystery-comedy adapted from Earl Derr Bigger's "The Agony Column." Monte Blue is the very likable hero. (Warner)

Masked Bride, The
Mae Murray returns to a moth-eaten type of story and her frenzied style of acting here. Nothing much to interest you. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Memory Lane
Fair entertainment in a story featuring Eleanor Boardman, Conrad Nagel and William Haines. (First National)

Merry Widow, The
Mae Murray and John Gilbert 100 per cent. in a wild, passionate romance full of action and interest. Excellent. (Metro-Goldwyn)—E. V. B.

Mike
Very much to the hokum—which means that it should have been compressed into three reels. Episodic, but has certain amount of color. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Miss Brewster's Millions
Slap-stick comedy, dynamic action and Bebe Daniels, cutting up capers as a fair spendthrift, make this an enjoyable number. Amuses and entertains. (Paramount)

Mlle. Modiste
Mostly a fashion show—as plot is extremely thin. Relies upon settings and costumes for appeal. Corinne Griffith needs stronger stories. (First National)

Moana
A beautiful and impressive drama of tribal life in the South Seas. An epic of land, sky and water that deserves to rank with the best. See it. (Paramount)

Money Talks
Affords Owen Moore the opportunity to masquerade in feminine clothes and gets away with it in good style. Light, but fairly amusing. (Metro-Goldwyn)

My Own Pal
Tom Mix and his pony, Tony, do their stuff again—with lots of incident and action to keep it going. Familiar plot, but it has its moments. (Fox)

New Klondike, The
Tom Meighan, for once, has a good picture. Good take-off on the real-estate situation in Florida. Has humor all the way. Look into this one. (Paramount)

Night Cry, The
Rin-Tin-Tin in his very best picture and that's saying a lot. Little Mary Louise Miller in extraordinary performance. (Warner)

Oh, What a Nurse
Syd Chaplin has gone in for more feminine attire. Doubles as the woman who writes advice to the lovelorn. Fairly complicated—and quite amusing. Should get the laughs. (Warner Brothers)

Old Loves and New
Another sheik picture by the author of "The Sheik." Presents the triangle situation in the desert and should interest audiences thru its well-developed action. Well played by Lewis Stone. (First National)

Other Women's Husbands
Monte Blue and Marie Prevost work out their problem with the aid of Huntly Gordon and Phyllis Haver. Pretty likely to please you. (Warner)

Partners Again
Abe and *Mawruss* go into the automobile business and are not so funny, nor so successful as when they "partnered" in the movies. Mostly illustrated subtitles. (United Artists)

Prince of Pilsen, The
Nothing much to it. Relies almost entirely upon subtitles. Scenes become repetitious as there is no variety of plot. (Producers Distributing Corp.)

Rainmaker, The
Starts off as a race-track story and develops into a hectic melodrama. Has oodles of action and holds interest. Well played by William Collier, Jr., and others. (Paramount)

Ranson's Folly
Old-fashioned and Dick Barthelmess not at his best. Plenty of thrills, however. (First National)

Road to Yesterday, The
A beautiful, romantic drama introducing Cecil De Mille, with Joseph Schildkraut and Vera Reynolds. Elaborate and splendid, but long drawn out. (Producers Distributing Corp.)—E. V. B.

Royle Girl, That
The latest Griffith-Carol Dempster melodrama with plenty of thrills, including a cyclone. Rather long drawn out but good. (Paramount)—E. V. B.

Sandy
Madge Bellamy in a versatile rôle and the best thing she has ever done. (Fox)

Sea Beast, The
John Barrymore. Yes, also Dolores Costello, whales, ships, etc., but mostly Barrymore. Gruesome and thrilling but long drawn out. A big, if not great, picture. (Warner)—E. V. B.

Sea Horses
A sea thriller involving tropical storms, a typhoon, jungle life, schooner hokum and what-not. An exciting hair-raiser. Good for weak pulses. (Paramount)

Silken Shackles
An absurd story with Irene Rich as the flirtatious wife. (Warner)

Silence
Crook melodrama has interesting plot and plenty of suspense. Affords H. B. Warner the rôle he played upon the stage and he gives good performance. (Producers Distributing Corp.)

Skinner's Dress Suit
A successful picture of some seasons ago has been made over again—and the results are pleasing. Light, but amusing, and Reginald Denny and Laura La Plante perfectly at home in their parts. (Universal)

Social Celebrity, A
A bright little number which is exceedingly frothy and hardly substantial enough for feature length. But due to good direction it amuses and interests all the way. Adolphe Menjou, Louise Brooks and Chester Conklin help in making it enjoyable. (Paramount)

Stage Struck
Far below what you expect from Gloria Swanson. A glorified slap-stick comedy done to the tune of romance. Carries a sprinkling of laughs but is tiresome and overdone. (Paramount)

Stella Dallas
The greatest emotional drama ever produced. Belle Bennett wonderful—so are they all. You will weep, but they will be tears of joy. (Samuel Goldwyn)—E. V. B.

That's My Baby
Once this piece gets started it packs a mirthful wallop. MacLean acts with plenty of spirit and his support, consisting of Harry Earles, the midget, is excellent. A neat comedy. (Paramount)

Three Faces East
A clever mystery melodrama touching upon the pastime of spy catch spy. Excellently treated and acted—and chock-full of suspense. (Producers Distributing Corp.)

Tough Guy, The
The children will like this Western with Fred Thomson and Silver King. (F. B. O.)

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp
One of the funniest comedies that ever reached the screen. Surely places Harry Langdon right up in the front ranks. Dont miss it. (First National)

Untamed Lady, The
Just about the weakest picture Gloria Swanson has had. Is far-fetched and ridiculous in most of its scenes. Pass it up. (Paramount)

Up in Mabel's Room
Farce-comedy develops according to Hoyle, but it is well handled and entertains all the way. First-rate cast here with Marie Prevost, Harrison Ford and Harry Myers. (Producers Distributing Corp.)

Volga Boatman, The
Certainly contains some highly beautiful scenes, executed in the De Mille manner. The story, however, doesn't convince, as there is too much reliance upon happiness and sentiment. Fairly well acted. (Producers Distributing Corp.)

Wanderer, The
From an artistic standpoint perhaps the greatest dramatic spectacle ever produced. Very beautiful and elaborate, even if not gripping. (Paramount)—E. V. B.

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Wet Paint
Raymond Griffith again—this time in unadulterated slap-stick. Not up to previous pictures, tho it releases some laughs. (Paramount)

"Whispering" Smith
A good railroad melodrama, this—one which is always obvious but which carries a sting in the way the hero does his stuff. Convincing in its acting—with H. B. Warner as the star. (Producers Distributing Corp.)

Why Girls Go Back Home
Neat little romance of the girl who leaves the fireside in pursuit of actor. Reveals some lifelike touches and is capably acted by Clive Brook and Patsy Ruth Miller. (Warner Brothers)

Wilderness Woman, The
Something different in the plot of the primitive woman who gets a taste of civilization. Has its hokum, but is thoroly entertaining. Chester Conklin and Aileen Pringle see to that. (First National)

Yankee Señor, The
Tom Mix and Tony cutting up melodramatic capers again. The familiar tale of rescuing the heroine from the *hombres*. Exciting enough and pleasing to the eye. (Fox)

Yellow Fingers
Olive Borden gives a remarkable performance in this romantic story of the South Sea Isles. (Fox)

Gossip of the Camera Coasts

(*Continued from page* 68)

every little mannerism of the former President.

"TIM" HOLT bought a horse.

Young Jack Holt, junior, looks like a bird on a buffalo when he climbs astride his new pinto pony and tries to emulate his famous dad.

The pony, which appeared in "The Vanishing American," cost a lot of money, one hundred dollars. Tim wanted to buy it eight months ago, but his father told him he would have to earn his own money. The resourceful young Tim worked for eight long months weeding the gardens of Florence Vidor and Ernest Torrence. He also made extra money picking up snails. Thru his various enterprises he managed to get the hundred dollars. No, he doesn't want to break into pictures, he wants to play polo.

THE opening of "La Bohême" at the Forum Theater in Hollywood brought forth many a beautiful star to witness John Gilbert's latest in the city's most beautiful theater. Claire Windsor's beauty really outdazzled that of the theater, and brought many a gasp of admiration from us local boys.

Fred Niblo was master of ceremonies again. Fred seems to be the only one who can star at this job. Before making introductions he apologized for taking the spotlight again, saying, "I would like to produce a great picture myself, but I am so busy acting as master of ceremonies at the openings of King Vidor's great pictures that I cant find time."

The audience tittered at the scene showing Lillian Gish tripping thru the daisy fields, but applauded when Gilbert enacted the scene in which he demonstrates to *Mimi* the action of his play.

After the show Gilbert and other members of the cast bowed to the assemblage.

HAVING dinner with a couple of big boys like Ernest Torrence and Jack Holt at the Montmartre makes an ordinary fellow feel like David must have felt when he met his first giant. You are always shooting your conversation skyward, and the only part of the room you see is the ceiling.

"Ernie," as Jack calls him, was planning to leave for Scotland but had canceled his reservations because of the strike. He left immediately after the trouble was settled.

Torrence said his contract with Paramount had expired and that he planned to free-lance after making a sojourn back to the land of the bonnie bright blue heather.

AT the Warner Brothers studio I visited the big "leg" set where Ernest Lubitsch was directing a mob of five hundred in a big café scene.

Everything bore out the semblance of a female leg. The legs on the tables were decidedly feminine. The pillar to the room, the canes and everything that could possibly look like a leg did. When I arrived all the five hundred extras were doing the Charleston, and animated legs flew in all directions. I thought I had died and gone to heaven. I dont remember the name of the picture, but it might have been "Old Ironclad."

MANY were the typewriter ribbons used on sob stories about Ben Turpin and his devotion to his sick wife. Ben gave up his screen career to care for her, and when she died Ben was much written of as the sad little clown who made others laugh while stifling his own tears—you know the old line. Alas, for those wasted typewriter ribbons! Ben has shown characteristic masculine resiliency and within a year after Mrs. Turpin's death has reestablished himself on the screen and—here's the point of the story—is planning to take unto himself a new wife! The lady's name is being kept a close secret by Mr. Turpin, but he states that they met at the California Lutheran Hospital during his wife's illness. No date for the wedding has been announced, but the bride-to-be is wearing a large diamond, so Ben evidently means it.

THE mystery of what became of Dagmar Godowsky when she disappeared from the screen is at last cleared up. Any fans who are also night-club addicts may see her at the Fifth Avenue Club, where she presides as "Mistress of Conversation." Quite an unusual job for one who received her training in the silent drama. Her duties consist in combining "the sophistication of the salon with the gaiety of the night club." We think it would be worth a trip to the Fifth Avenue Club to see—or hear—Dagmar functioning.

SOCIETY people just cant seem to learn their lesson—they insist on going into the movies. The latest aspirant from the social register is Mrs. John Harriman, a tall and presumably beautiful brunette, who began her career as an extra at the Paramount Studio. Things looked hopeful for Mrs. Harriman when D. W. Griffith, unable to find a *Sybil* for "The Sorrows of Satan," finally selected this neophyte for the rôle. But one of the first things to break yourself of, in the movie business, is the habit of thinking that just because you were offered a job, or promised a job, or even contracted for a job, you are really going to *get* that job. Dont be silly, Mrs. Harriman! You didn't have a chance, when Lya De Putti came along, with a little more fame and a little more pull.

So now Alice Harriman is going abroad to see if UFA has a greater sense of honor than our American producers.

INNUMERABLE fans have asked whether or not Lon Chaney had a son. And now the facts are out—he not only has a son, but a son of marriageable age and inclinations. Creighton Tull Chaney was wedded

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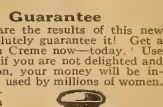

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to Miss Dorothy Hinckley not long ago, in Hollywood. Those are very bare facts—with not even an inkling as to whether Creighton and Dorothy are also in the movies—or what.

WALLACE BEERY and Raymond Hatton, who were such a mirth-provoking team in "Behind the Front," are turning their joint attention to another branch of the service. Their next picture will be "We're in the Navy Now." Our navy is getting awfully popular in Hollywood, what with Metro-Goldwyn making "Tell It to the Marines" and Warner Brothers planning a war picture called "Across the Pacific."

Claire Windsor has the leading feminine rôle in "Tell It to the Marines." Lon Chaney and William Haines are said to have rôles of equal importance. But it's easy to see who will get the girl.

ARLETTE MARCHAL, the vivacious young French star, who was imported by Paramount, is playing an important part in Marshall Neilan's next picture, "Diplomacy." I am always astounded by the utter frankness of these foreigners.

"It is so different over here," she said. "You rush, rush, rush! You have time to do nothing. I can understand why the foreign people are not happy here. They are not used to so much rush. I like it very much and everything you do here is in such a big way."

The few flashes that one has been able to get of Arlette Marchal in "Madame Sans-Gêne" and "The Cat's Pajamas" show that she possesses a personality and talent that will burst forth in a box-office triumph when her opportunity comes.

CHARACTER men are receiving more and more recognition by the producers. Raymond Hatton and Wallace Beery, who have always played supporting rôles, are being co-starred in comedies.

The latest announcement is that Jean Hersholt has been signed by Carl Laemmle to star in four pictures a year. Hersholt recently completed the principal rôle in "The Old Soak." He will be remembered for his clever characterizations in "Greed" and "Don Q."

Lon Chaney is the one who really smashed traditions by becoming the first starring character man. Now Barrymore comes to the movies and does nothing but characterizations. John Gilbert has revolted and is crying for parts with a touch of character.

ANTONIO MORENO may become the representative for one of his native Spanish companies. Ardavin Brothers, Spanish producers, have asked Moreno to become their official American representative. Tony has accepted the job tentatively and will make arrangements for the showing of "La Bejarana" in this country. The film has had a long run in one of the large houses of Madrid.

RAYMOND GRIFFITH suspects her of having great ability as a comédienne. That is what he told me about Clara Bow. Two days later he had engaged her to play the leading rôle in his next picture, "You'd Be Surprised."

The versatile Mr. Griffith is the author of the story. In fact, he does nearly everything but grind the cameras on himself. It will be remembered that Ray wrote a number of original comedies for Douglas MacLean. He also worked as a comedy gag man with Mack Sennett. Ray has at various times occupied practically every position in a motion picture company, so he is quite qualified to be the boss of his own destiny.

HERE'S good news for the Answer Man! He'll never have to rack his brains again over the question, "What is my screen favorite's favorite sport?" when Weiss Brothers Artclass Pictures release their new series of one-reelers. These pictures introduce "all the famous stars," and show each one at his favorite recreation. So if you want to know how John Gilbert keeps that youthful figure, and how Richard Talmadge does those stunts without breaking his neck again, look out for this series.

EVIDENTLY Ralph Ince didn't consider himself a complete success as a leading man, because after "Yellow Fingers" was released he went back to directing. He will be responsible for "The Return of the Lone Wolf," a story which was first filmed some years ago. Billie Dove, after celebrating her birthday in New York, went back to the Coast to co-star with Bert Lytell in this production.

AFTER keeping Ramon Novarro busy on "Ben-Hur" for a few years and then bringing him back to the screen with that feeble comedy, "The Midshipman," Metro-Goldwyn has at last decided to do right by their handsomest star. "Old Heidelberg," starring Ramon, is on the ambitious M. G. M. program for next fall. This is a picture which Ramon has longed to make, but which for a time was mentioned as a vehicle for John Gilbert.

THE doctor took a few stitches in Shirley Mason's head after she was thrown from her horse and landed wrong end to. Shirley was on location at Lone Pine at the time of the accident, and the doctor who did the needle work must have dropped a stitch, for the actress had to have it done over when she arrived in Hollywood.

TOM MIX is to have a different director on each picture he makes during the coming year. The Fox company will have their megaphone wielders lined up in rotating order to handle the Western star. W. Roy Neill will be the first to direct Mix.

During the past year the Fox company went on a buying orgy, and purchased all the well-known stage-plays and best sellers they could find. Now they find themselves short of directors.

Along with their story buying the Fox company has made an ambitious effort to find new feminine stars. Three of the girls who have been selected by Fox will undoubtedly be famous before the end of another year. They are Olive Borden, Jaynet Gaynor and Joan Renée.

IT is very confusing for a star to have six doubles.

John Gilbert discovered that while making "Bardelys the Magnificent."

Six men were employed to double for the famous star. There was much talk among them. One of the men approached the real John Gilbert, thinking he was just another double.

"Say," said the double, "it's a wonder to me why this guy Gilbert doesn't do some of his own work."

OWEN MOORE was telling how he let one of the royalty down easy. A countess was working in a picture with Owen. She was very enthusiastic over her new work. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "This is delightful. I just know there is something big for me here!"

"It may be the gates to the studio, Countess," said Owen, stretching his arm upward to indicate the size of the gates.

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The Picture Parade

(*Continued from page 63*)

of them are related) make various entrances and exits and become involved in all kinds of situations—from the triangle to the mother-love idea. Naturally, it all spells confusion.

The director has striven for too much detail. He should have aimed for a simple treatment and built the picture from some well-chosen strokes. By presenting symbolic touches of the four horsemen galloping across the sky he brings back memories of the original steeds and their riders—and the new impression is not so good.

A large cast of players has been selected, but not one has been able to do anything in the way of characterization because of the plot ramifications and the frenzied manner in which the figures are handled. Jean Hersholt contributes the outstanding performance.—*First National.*

Skinner's Dress Suit—Romantic Comedy

THEY'VE lugged this story to the movie mill again. It earned its laurels several years ago with Bryant Washburn as the chap with the evening togs. At that time it proved to be something entirely different from the general run of light comedies. Today it doesn't look so novel, tho it stands to the credit of the director, William Seiter, and the star, Reginald Denny, for pepping it up with amusing by-play in which the Charleston figures importantly.

There isn't so much weight to it. And it skips about at times without head or tail. But it never is boring. Denny is a capable comedian with most any kind of material—and he cuts up capers with all the abandon of a trouper who is sure of himself. Laura La Plante and a host of others are present and most of them seem to get keen enjoyment from it—especially the La Plante person. This is the type of story which fits her. And she should remain in light comedies and not venture in emotional numbers like "The Midnight Sun."—*Universal.*

The Wise Guy—Drama

THERE was quite a run on the crook story, as it concerned fake preachers after "The Miracle Man" was produced. Sensing the popularity of that work, every picture mogul did his "darnedest" to cash in on its appeal. The idea was used so often that it tired the public and, naturally, it was dropped. Now it has cropped up again and makes a rattling good picture—one that is logically developed—and which, making allowances for dramatic license, is consistent and convincing.

There could be no better choice than James Kirkwood for the rôle of the fake preacher who conducts a mission on wheels. He has surrounded himself with some "religious" talent who are just as shady as himself. And so he saves souls by preaching with sincerity in his voice. And like the central figure in "The Miracle Man," he really gets religion by falling in love with a girl.

There is a healthy moral lesson behind the picture and it is well balanced with humor to keep it from becoming too drab in its plot. Kirkwood gets good assistance from George Marion, George Cooper and the others.—*First National.*

Silence—Melodrama

THE shadow of the noose looms very large in this melodrama starring H. B. Warner. Upon the stage it provided many anxious moments thru its suspense and the restrained emotion contributed by Warner. Now that he is playing the same rôle of the burglar upon the screen, he is giving the picture the benefit of his shadings and moods. The film follows the play in practically all of its essentials. The prolog shows the condemned man waiting for the noose to be slipped around his neck. His lawyer pleads with him to tell who really committed the murder. But the crook is obstinate and refuses even when they perform a psychological third degree upon him.

Then the real plot opens and explains in terms of more or less tense action and incident why the crook is in jail. Twenty years of a hectic life elapse—years in which crime and punishment and what-not are ever flirting with the burglar.

"Silence" is a good mystery picture and is capitally acted by Warner. The director has taken advantage of all of its melodramatic trimmings by keeping in mind the value of suspense.—*Producers Distributing Corp.*

The Rainmaker—Melodrama

SOMETHING different in racing stories is unfolded here—one which, while not so original in its theme, manages to release some novelty in its characterization and the manner in which the scenes are manipulated. Certainly it doesn't lack for dramatics—there being enough of the element known as action to supply an old-fashioned serial. Not only is there a racing episode to start it off, but it continues with its punch when a fire and epidemic are added for good measure.

Naturally, this all builds a plot which becomes truly "in-tri-kut" and difficult to accept as real. But no one can deny that it fails to tickle the pulse. The hero is a jockey who knows how to pick a mud horse and ride it to victory on a rainy day. His barometer is his arm, which having been wounded in the war, gets rheumatic enough to tip him off on the approach of inclement weather.

The racing episode gets over quickly—and the following scenes introduce the romance and the melodrama. Indeed, the love interest enters and stays with the dramatic moments to the finish. William Collier, Jr., gives a most convincing portrayal of the jockey. He succeeds in admirably blending the pathos with the humanities. Georgia Hale is satisfactory as the girl, while Ernest Torrence gives a perfect characterization of a "diamond-in-the-rough."—*Paramount.*

Why Girls Go Back Home—Romantic Drama

ONE would think that this was a home-and-fireside melodrama to judge from its title—a melodrama in which Pop and Mom wait patiently for their erring daughter to return by the light of the parlor lamp. In a measure this is true, but the director has wisely seen the obviousness of it in time to brighten it up with humor and humanities. While the plot gets out of hand occasionally, it doesn't take itself too seriously. Where it errs is in the method employed to drive its message home.

The girl of the title pursues an actor to New York after he has trouped in her town. When the thespian gets on the front pages she, having become a chorus girl, falsely announces her engagement to him.

(*Continued on page 123*)

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She Knows How to Be Pensive

(*Continued from page* 53)

English, the elevator stopped and Miss Adorée came out. She was a symphony in gray, April, pussy-willow gray. She is an exquisite person, really quite exquisite, and her eyes are large and strange and of a clear cobalt blue. She is more slender than she appears on the screen. Face to face, she is not the cuddly, chubby French peasant woman, not the darling bundle of kissable femininity that she is in some of her pictures. It is only when she talks that these moods of character come out. She talks rather as you would imagine Constance Talmadge would, vivacious, blunt, riding over preliminaries, and engaging.

Miss Adorée has been many things in her life, a circus performer, and a French one at that, and the circus is different there. Small, intimate *cirques,* not our biggest show on earth. The troupe is a band of shrewd, gaily shrewd, vagabonds, You get the flavor of the many things she has been in in her irregular and beautiful smile. She has a mouth that says pluckily and wistfully, "and that's that," and "oh, let's not be serious over it." She is so much the woman in an elemental all-embracing way.

When some of our other actresses play serious rôles, you feel that they would be beaten down if the hero should not arrive, if things did not straighten out, but when you see Miss Adorée in similar parts, you feel that she would come out all right no matter what happened. She has in her personality what psychologists place above everything else, security, a sort of sex appeal that is deeper than sex attraction alone. She became heroic in "The Big Parade" because of that quality, but she was a somewhat similar person in the "Blackbird" and in every other rôle she has played.

"I think," said Miss Adorée, "that in order to be a fine actress, one does not need a colorful past, but one should have suffered once, anyway, very much. Once is enough. You cannot take a pretty girl from behind a sales counter and ask her to feel things she has no knowledge of. Even to play very happy rôles, you should once have been very sad. It makes the gaiety more human. I dont believe there is as much technic to acting as some actors and directors would have you believe. When you really sink into a character, it is because you are in an emotional transport and let go of your own identity. The finest acting must be spontaneous and unconscious, even when you know the effect you want to produce. You will act a thing right, if you feel it right, and that's the important thing."

Miss Adorée dined on grapefruit juice and *omelette aux herbes* and showed at the same time just how little of a French accent and mannerisms a real French woman employs when she has become partly Anglo-Saxon. Well, not one French phrase, not one sigh over dear Paree.

We asked Miss Adorée outright what type she thought she was, and she shrugged her shoulders and answered "sympathetic" and let it go at that. She made several startling confessions: That she does not want to become a star, but remain a featured player, that she does not travel with an entourage, not even a single maid, that she possesses no wardrobe to speak of, that she likes to save her money, and that she does not own a mansion in Beverly Hills, and that her home in Wilshire Avenue in Hollywood is a bungalow of only six rooms. She made several expressive gestures about her ears, where no earrings dangled, and about her wrists, where there were no tiers of bracelets. "Oh, I couldn't play the part," she said. "Not ermine on my dressing gown every morning for breakfast." She confessed further that Louis B. Mayer has found in her one actress whom he can convince that good parts are more to be desired than riches, and that she lets him get away with it.

"Every time I go to Mr. Mayer to tell him I ought to have more money, he gives me so many good reasons why I could not, and Mr. Mayer talks so well, and I hate arguments so much, that pretty soon I find myself agreeing with him."

"But you look as if you could go right up to Mr. Clemenceau and tell him what you think——"

"Yes, Clemenceau," she answered smilingly, "but not Mr. Mayer."

You gather she must be the life of a studio cast.

She is so sure of herself as a woman. When they were filming "La Bohême," there was a round-table discussion one day as to the kind of person *Mimi* really was. They asked Lillian Gish, and Lillian thought *Mimi* was spiritual. "Oh, no," Miss Adorée contradicted. "*Mimi* was just like *Musette,* only *Mimi* was sick and *Musette* was not." Renée Adorée has Gallic salt, she sees life as it is, and she smiles at it and shrugs her shoulders like a good Frenchwoman. The whole intriguing charm of Renée Adorée is the type of woman she is. No Frenchwoman wants to be anything but a woman, in fact almost every woman when she grows up to full emotional maturity wants to be just that.

She and John Gilbert are the prize ad libers in Hollywood. Between King Vidor, Gilbert and Adorée, "The Big Parade" grew up like *Topsy.* Tod Browning gave her the same freedom in "The Blackbird." "I cant rehearse," she said, "it kills me. I think about a rôle before I play it, but when I am before the camera I do not want to think, only feel." She likes to work with John Gilbert, he is "so pleasant," and Vidor is pleasant and Tod Browning is cheerful and natural. "You can laugh with them," she explained, "not serious like a dungeon." She likes Hollywood. It is a "mild pleasant little Mid-Western town." But people in the profession should not marry — too much temperament and too many temptations.

She has not had a hard time in pictures. She came to this country six years ago and went on the stage. She played in "The Strongest" and with Emma Dunn in "Sunny" and in "Oh, Uncle" and "Oh, What a Girl" and in "The Dancer." In musical comedy she used her skill as an acrobatic dancer and was told it did not matter how she sang. Between engagements she got an offer to play for Fox and took it. That was the beginning of her movie career and she stayed on.

Miss Adorée is happy that the public has not restricted her as to type. Best of all that they have not pigeon-holed her as to nationality. "When directors do all the acting for the cast, they become stale after a few pictures. If I play French girls all the time, I shall forget how to be one."

She is in New York playing with Tommy Meighan in "Tin Gods." Renée Adorée is not troubled about her future career. Louis Mayer knows she wants good parts, that she has shrewd intelligence—and a gift of the gods in the movie maelstrom—artistic integrity.

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The Picture Parade

(*Continued from page* 121)

Which disconcerts the young trouper and his press-agent.

However, it shapes up as moderately interesting. Clive Brook is the reason for the title. He succeeds in making his acting felt, even if he doesn't command much sympathy. Patsy Ruth Miller is the bucolic heroine and Myrna Loy is also present with that "It"—or, what Elinor Glyn calls personality.—*Warner Brothers.*

The Midnight Sun—Drama

THIS is nothing more or less than a simple love triangle against a Russian background—a background which could just as well have employed an American setting. Heavily exploited as a vivid story of Russ passion and intrigue as it concerned life in Petrograd before the World War, it fails to live up to its advance notices. There is nothing about it suggestive of Russia except the uniforms of the soldiers.

The central figure is played by Laura La Plante. She is the *Midnight Sun*—the *première danseuse* of the Russian ballet. And right there the sponsors err in establishing her as an American. These ballet girls are enlisted almost from the days of their infancy. It is her fancy to play a Grand Duke against a captain of industry. And in carrying out her intrigue, she develops a romance with a lowly officer of the G. D.'s guard. That's all there is to it. Some hints are given that it may soar to dramatic heights, but the situations are then neglected.

The direction is old-fashioned—and truly suggestive of an early Biograph period, particularly in its last scenes with their conventional chases and rescues. Money has been lavished upon the picture, but it has been inadvisedly used. Miss La Plante belongs in light comedies. The best work is contributed by Pat O'Malley as the Grand Duke and George Seigmann as the wealthy Tartar. Both strive to humanize their rôles.—*Universal.*

Money Talks—Farce Comedy

OWEN MOORE is the latest to take up the comedian's privilege of disporting himself in feminine togs. He wears frills and flounces pretty well, tho he doesn't get as much burlesque as usual out of his assignment. In his rôle of a young go-getter who gets into business and matrimonial entanglements he squeezes every ounce of fun from his rôle.

The piece is not substantial—and naturally, it slackens a bit here and there. But just as it seems about to spend itself, a bright bit of "business" is introduced and it recovers. The idea is mostly slap-stick—what with Moore cutting up didoes. He manages to bluff his way thru his ability to put up a good front. Eventually the other half of the romance, played charmingly by Claire Windsor. The characterization and the speed of the gags are the particular high lights. Bert Roach assists the Moore-Windsor combination with some mirthful by-play.—*Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Wilderness Woman—Comedy Drama

EVERYBODY has grown accustomed to seeing a girl's reactions to city life after she has left a primitive home environment—and truly the idea is not so new nor original. But if such a story carrying such a personality is worked out deftly, it invariably gets over. That's what has happened here. The novel twist is the heroine's starting-point—Alaska.

Some first-rate scenes are introduced to keep one interested. Indeed, the visit of the girl and her crude Pa takes on the form of a sightseeing tour of New York—a tour dotted with all kinds of little tricks of deportment and etiquette. This, naturally, spells much amusement—especially since the rôle of the parent is played by Chester Conklin. Did you see how he spiced up the Negri number—"A Woman of the World"? He enlivens the fun here, too—with his keen sense of burlesque.

If the picture serves no other purpose, it manages to keep to its tack and serves up a pleasant relaxation from worries and annoyances. It may be a trifle far-fetched for the sophisticates—but even those patronizing people must admit that it is refreshing. A point in its favor is its lack of pretentions. Conklin, of course, walks away with the acting honors with his sketch of the Alaskan prospector. Aileen Pringle, seemingly, enjoys every scene she has with him.—*First National.*

Hell-Bent fer Heaven—Melodrama

UPON the stage this story earned a high mark—even winning the Pulitzer prize a couple of seasons ago. This was due to its sound characterization and the logic of its drama. Here the director has tried to compensate for the dialog by introducing some typical picture action. Naturally those who witnessed the original will be disappointed. But those seeing it for the first time will find moments of interest in it.

The stage cant approach the movies in recording melodramatic punches such as the breaking of the dam and the subsequent flood scene. Here they are employed for all they are worth. Yet at the same time the director has effected worth-while characterizations from the mountaineer feudists.

The central character is an unbalanced youth whose aberrations run to religion and sex. Intensely jealous of a young man, lately returned from the war, he contrives to upset the latter's romantic plans by re-establishing the feud and attempting to exterminate everyone who has stood in his path. There are moments of suspense here—and the atmosphere is highly creditable. So are the performances of the youth and the mother by Gardner James and Evelyn Selbie.—*Warner Brothers.*

The Little Irish Girl—Melodrama

IF there is one girl who has been knocking at the gates of stardom, that girl is Dolores Costello. Now she has arrived—and this picture doesn't do her justice. Her appealing personality is as pronounced as ever, but she doesn't have the opportunity to do anything in a histrionic way—even if she is cast as a crook. The trouble is the director has allowed too much sweetening matter to enter the scheme of things—with the result that the story is syrupy and lacks the punch anticipated.

The pretty star plays one of those reformed crooks and what moments she has are mostly given to looking sad.

The plot? Well, it's bound up with the idea of selling a suburban hotel famous for its mineral springs.

We hope to see the Costello person in some picture more worthy of her personality and talent. This one is not so good.—*Warner Brothers.*

Ann, eat your breakfast

HERE'S cream taken from a bottle, and breakfast food got out of a box. I haven't tasted them yet, but I'm not afraid to ask you to eat. And in the bathroom is new tooth-paste to use on your teeth. Here's medicine to take before you start off to school. . . . . Dont forget to wash your hands—that's a fresh bar of soap—and maybe dust your face with powder. No, it wont hurt the skin. This list of things I've seen advertised—stop and give it to your father. He'll bring them home tonight. Some of them old, some of them new . . . but what a civilized thing! To buy on faith and use on faith and never be betrayed!

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For over fifteen years Motion Picture Magazine, the pioneer and the oldest magazine of its kind, has fearlessly, accurately and authoritatively presented the news of the great motion picture industry to the millions. Under the experienced and able leadership of Eugene V. Brewster, its Editor-in-Chief, it has become a powerful influence for all that is good and progressive on the screen. The editorial staff are the leaders in their profession.

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But so many skins have been robbed of their fine-textured loveliness. So many show coarsened pores, and blemishes, instead of the clear, smooth beauty that every girl longs for. And, Oh! the heartaches and the disappointments that result from poor complexions. Only the girl who suffers, knows.

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MOTION PICTURE

SEPTEMBER — 25 CTS

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

CRAZY QUILT

A Big Human Story

Have You an Idea For A Movie?

See Page 28

They Are Not What They Seem

IDEALS OF BEAUTY

Physical Perfection

That Schoolgirl Complexion

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Start today with this simple care

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Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

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Motion Picture Magazine

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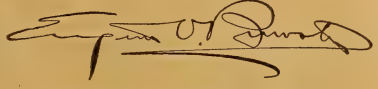
Vol. XXXII SEPTEMBER, 1926 Number 2

Adele Whitely Fletcher
Editor

Colin J. Cruikshank, *Art Director*

A Prophecy

An Editorial by



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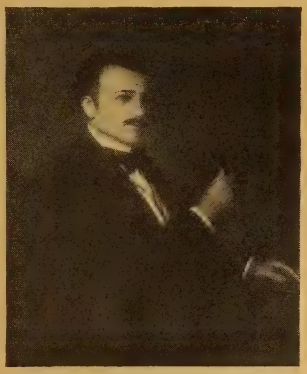

THE first motion pictures were less than one reel in length, that is, there was less than one thousand feet of film to them and they required only about a quarter of an hour to be shown on the screen. It was easy for the pioneer producers early in the present century to discover that a story could well be longer than one reel, and so came the two-reel pictures and the well-remembered announcement—"One moment please while we change reels." Then came the still longer pictures, until finally the theaters were all showing "features."

FIVE or six years ago a feature had to be just five reels long—no more, no less, and a longer or shorter picture was practically unsalable. Today the average length is seven and a half reels (7,500 feet) for purely commercial reasons, the theater manager estimating that he must fill his theater so many times a day and to do so the program must not be too long. Hence, he prefers, say, a feature that will run about an hour and a half, and allowing a quarter of an hour for a news reel and half an hour for a two-reel comedy, he can draw one audience at two, another at four, another at six, another at eight, and another at ten and thus making a good profit. And those theaters which have only two performances a day generally open at two-thirty and close up at five, and in the evening open at eight-thirty and close at eleven. Thus, believing that every audience requires about the same program, such as a prolog feature, news reel and comedy, the theater demands features that are not more than eight reels in length.

THIS, of course, is all wrong. Commercialism prevails. Art is suppressed. Because, some stories are naturally three reels long, and some are naturally just twelve reels long, and so on, which necessitates tiresome padding or destructive cutting down. This accounts largely for the present surplus of poor pictures. True it is a pity, and a pity it is true, that theater patrons are thus placed at the mercy of commercialism, and apparently have no redress and no means of even expressing their demands. In literature we have short stories and novels, and readers may choose. In the speaking theaters we have full-length plays and vaudeville or short acts, and in opera we have long subjects and short ones. Some people enjoy reading short stories and seeing several short plays, while others prefer long ones. The time will come when we shall have "vaudeville movie houses," where patrons may see half a dozen short subjects including two- and three-reel dramas. And right around the corner will be a theater where they can see one long drama or comedy from eight until eleven—and nothing else, not even a prolog. And picture stories will be told in exactly the number of feet that they naturally require, and the exhibitor will have nothing to say about the length. And the big producers will make short comedies with the same sets and casts that they now devote only to features. And pictures will cost less to produce, and will be given to the exhibitor at a lesser price. And the actors will receive lesser salaries and do more work. There wont be so much waste and loss of time; the whole industry will be reconstructed on sound economic principles and rest on a strong financial basis. And you, my readers, you who make the industry possible, by contributing your dimes and dollars at the box-offices, will have your say. You will not be at the mercy of selfish exhibitors, and you will find a way to register your likes and dislikes and get what you want.

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I wouldn't part with my Course for a thousand dollars.

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Realizes the Dream of Her Life

A feeling of thankfulness comes over me to think I have found such an opportunity to cultivate my voice. It is the one great thing in my life to develop a beautiful voice, and to think that it is daily improving through your wonderful method brought right to my own door.

I will now make you happy by saying it is certainly the best investment I ever made.

Florence M. Clarke,
1488 11th Ave., Vancouver, B. C.

Lost Voice Restored—Sings Better Than Ever

I am very glad to be able to inform you that the study and practice of your exercises is making a great change in my voice.

You may appreciate what this means to me when I tell you that an illness while in France, weakened my throat to such an extent that I feared I would never sing again. However, after studying your lessons, I find that I can sing better than ever, in fact, I was told by a friend who had heard me sing at a reception that I had never been in better voice than I am now.

J. Ralph Bartlett,
Newton, N. H.

THE four letters on this page tell amazing stories of vocal development. They are from men and women who have learned that *Physical Voice-Culture* is the one, infallible, tested, scientific method of voice building. They are just a few of the thousands telling the same stories of success, in many cases, after all other methods of voice building had failed.

Your voice has fascinating dormant possibilities that you may not even realize. The new book, *Physical Voice-Culture* will show you how to build up a superb voice by the development of muscles whose existence you never suspected. No matter what condition your voice is in now, it can be improved at least 100% or every cent of tuition will be cheerfully refunded without question when you have finished the course.

Just a few years ago, Bert Langtre's voice was almost destroyed by catarrh and asthma. An impediment in his speech caused him untold embarrassment and suffering. Now he is singing in Grand Opera in California. "An unusual case," you say. Not at all. He merely took advantage of the opportunity you are given here.

Build up your voice the simple, easy, natural way by silent physical exercises in the privacy of your own home. The *Physical Voice-Culture* method is ideally adapted to home study. It is being taught as successfully by correspondence as by personal instruction. No one need know that you are studying until you have developed a strong, beautiful voice. When you are constantly urged to sing or speak at your church, at private receptions or public functions—when you are the most popular person in your circle of acquaintances, then you will know the rich rewards of *Physical Voice-Culture*.

If You Can Pass These Tests You Can Develop a Superb Singing Voice

1. Can you open your mouth wide enough to insert two fingers between your teeth?
2. Can you swallow five times in succession?
3. Holding your hand to your throat, can you feel the cords vibrate when you sing "e-e-e-e?"
4. Can you hold your breath for 30 seconds?
5. Are you determined to sing or speak well?

If you answer "yes" to these questions, you have a potentially fine voice that can be developed amazingly by PHYSICAL VOICE CULTURE.

Now FREE

Mail This Coupon

Find out at once about the wonderful possibilities of your voice—possibilities that you have never realized! Simply send coupon for FREE book. Read the astounding *true stories* of what others have done. This may be the turning point in your life. Mail coupon today.

Perfect Voice Institute
1927 [illegible]side Ave. Studio 12-66 Chicago, Ill.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 12-66
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Send at once, free and without obligation, your beautifully illustrated book "Physical Voice Culture" and full information regarding your home study method of voice building. It is understood that I do not have to pay a cent for this book, either now or later, and that I do not have to return it.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

The Bulletin Board

The Very Last Word in News

HARRY POLLARD, Universal director, has had to give up all hope of finishing "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He began work on this revival last winter, but had to abandon it because of illness. company has waited several months for his recov- with the overhead piling up, and as he is still un- roved, Lois Weber has been selected to finish the pic- . Miss Weber has just made a great success of "The riage Clause," and was about to start work on "The sation Seekers."

Harry Pollard played *Uncle Tom* in the first film sion of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and it has been his at ambition to direct the picture. The cast will re- in unchanged—with Pauline Frederick, Marguerita cher, and in all probability Charles Gilpin, the negro or.

VIN COBB has gone to Hollywood with a double pur- pose. He will write a comedy for Cecil De Mille en- led "Turkish Delight," which describes what happens Turkey when the harem is let loose. And he will also epare the script for Metro-Goldwyn's pictorial version the building of the Panama Canal.

GILDA GRAY and her first picture, "Aloma of the South Seas," played at the Rialto in New York for six iumphant weeks. The question is whether Gilda's pic- ire, without Gilda and er shimmy in the flesh, vould have lasted even wo weeks. And her pro- ucers apparently dont vant to find out—for ney are sending Gilda long with the picture on . tour of the United States.

ALICE HARRIMAN, the society woman who had movie ambitions and who was given her first part in "Sorrows of Satan," died suddenly in Europe of septic poison- ing. She had gone abroad to act with the UFA company in Germany.

OSCAR SHAW, the mu- sical-comedy favor- ite who once in a while appears in pictures, is be- ing mentioned as leading man for Norma Shearer in her next picture, "Up- stage," to be directed by Monta Bell. Oscar worked with Mr. Bell as the small-town lover in "The King on Main Street," and as we re- member it, there was nothing in his pe formance to recommend him as a foil for the lovely Norma. A few years ago Oscar was one of the most ingratiating personalities on the musical-comedy stage, but his charm either has faded or does not photograph.

GLENN HUNTER, having been suggested by Theodore Dreiser but ignored by Famous Players as a candi- date for the leading rôle in "An American Tragedy," is going abroad. He will star in a screen version of "L'Aiglon," the play that Maude Adams made famous on the speaking stage. It will probably be directed by Dudley Murphy, known to American film fans only thru his "Ballet Mécanique," which gives very little hint of what the young man can do with a dramatic story.

SINCE musical comedies seem to furnish such good ma- terial for the screen, First National has decided to convert "Lady, Be Good" to the uses of Dorothy Mackaill. Frances Agnew is now busy on the scenario. One has come to look for Jack Mulhall in the cast of any Dorothy Mackaill picture, and he does not dis- appoint this time. Lloyd Hughes will also have an important rôle.

LOIS MORAN has signed a contract with Famous Players and will begin work with them as soon as "The Duke of Ladies" is completed. Her first picture will be "God Gave Me Twenty Cents," to be directed by Herbert Brenon.

Mr. Brenon is still busy on "The Great Gatsby," in which Lois Wilson appears for the first time with shorn locks. Lois' is a bob in name only tho, for it is not at all boyish and the effect from the front is exactly the same as be- fore. It has given Lois a new gesture, for she in- sists that she *feels* quite nude, and keeps stroking the back of her head ex- perimentally.

DOROTHY HUGHES has been making rapid strides toward success of late. Her small part in "Sorrows of Satan" was followed by a rôle in "Glorifying the Amer- ican Girl," and when this is completed she will join Adolphe Menjou and Alice Joyce in the cast of "The Ace of Cad's." Like so many of her cinema sisters, Dorothy hails from the chorus, and she has all that this implies.

$10.00 for the Best Title to this Picture

You may send as many titles to this picture as you like—not more than ten words long. All answers must be mailed by September 10 and no titles will be returned. Address them: Title Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

(Walter Hiers in sca[illegible] Up")

A Message From E. W. Hammons To the readers of Motion Picture Magazine

IF you were connected with the great motion picture industry—if you were a star or a director or a business executive—what would be your greatest ambition? Would your fondest dream be that some day you would be responsible for the "biggest and grandest" spectacle the screen had ever produced?

Perhaps on first thought you will quickly answer "yes, of course." But that isn't my chief ambition—and it never has been. I'd like to tell you why.

* * *

The motion picture industry, in my opinion, has one function to perform that is more important than any other consideration—to provide you and the rest of the great picture-loving public with consistently fine, wholesome entertainment and amusement. Of course, you want to see the fine big feature spectacles. But you also want to be sure that whenever you care to spend an evening at the "movies," you can count on having a fine evening's entertainment all through the whole show.

And that's why it always has been my chief ambition to have *Educational* provide for you the finest possible entertainment in the comedies, novelties and other Short Features that make up "The Spice of the Program." In the many years that *Educational* has played a part in the motion picture industry, it has never handled a long feature picture, and I'm mighty proud of the fact that it has grown to its present position among the leaders of the industry through specializing in the briefer pictures that go to balance the ideal picture program and that provide such a large part of your film entertainment.

You have shown that you want—that you demand—the finest entertainment all through the show; and that's why most of the country's better theatres are showing *Educational Pictures* today. That's also the reason why the Greater Movie Season that is just beginning will bring to the screen for your entertainment a still bigger and finer group of *Educational Pictures*.

Your favorite theatres can tell you what Short Features they are going to show as well as which longer feature. And if you'll consider them all in deciding "where to go," you'll find that you get more consistent enjoyment out of your movie evenings. You'll be impressed by the beauty and story value of the Romance Productions in natural colors, such as "The Vision." You'll always get a hearty laugh out of any of *Educational's* comedies or cartoons. Any program is a better show that includes some of the Short Features that make up "The Spice of the Program."

ROMANCE PRODUCTIONS
HAMILTON COMEDIES
LUPINO LANE COMEDIES
BOBBY VERNON COMEDIES
JIMMIE ADAMS COMEDIES
BILLY DOOLEY COMEDIES
CHRISTIE COMEDIES
MERMAID COMEDIES
(Jack White Productions)
JUVENILE COMEDIES
TUXEDO COMEDIES CAMEO COMEDIES
LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-PODGE
FELIX THE CAT CARTOONS
ROBERT C. BRUCE SCENIC NOVELTIES
CURIOSITIES LIFE
The Movie Side-show *Cartoon Comedies*
KINOGRAMS
The NEWS REEL Built Like a Newspaper

Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC.
E. W. Hammons, *President*
Executive Offices, 370 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

AT THE RITZ-CARLTON AND THE AMBASSADOR IN ATLANTIC CITY

164 Women Guests tell why they prefer this soap for their skin

"Does wonderful things" they say, "for the complexion"

DANCING every night, beginning at midnight and ending with breakfast at dawn; teas, receptions, private theatricals, the opera, the theatre, the dressmaker, the caterer, engagements packed one into another like a conjurer's puzzle . . .

Until the society woman, abandoning her calendar, takes a run to Atlantic City for a few days' perfect relaxation in that golden air.

From New York, Philadelphia, Washington — even from as far as Pittsburgh and Chicago they come — lovely creatures in Paris frocks, thronging the brilliant promenades of the Ritz and Ambassador hotels.

HOW do these women, who can afford the most costly personal luxuries, take care of their skin?

What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough, to trust their complexion to?

One hundred and ninety-four women stopping at the Ritz and the Ambassador at the time of our inquiry, gave us their answer to these questions.

One hundred and sixty-four — over three-fourths — said, "I use Woodbury's Facial Soap for my skin."

"My skin was so irritated by ordinary soap."

"Other soaps which I had given a fair trial had failed — Woodbury's has greatly helped me."

"Because once I find something good, I want to hold on to it. It is the most refreshing soap in the world."

"All my friends who have good complexions use it."

"Because of the amount of soap necessary for use, living in Pittsburgh, I find Woodbury's leaves the skin as smooth as possible."

These are a few of the reasons they gave.

"Slim, exotic, brilliant as jewels against the luxurious setting of the Ritz and the Ambassador hotels"

A SKIN specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one is conscious of this extreme fineness.

Every Woodbury user recognizes something individual and unique in the feeling of Woodbury's on her skin: mild, soothing, and at the same time tonic and gently stimulating.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet containing special treatments for overcoming common skin defects, such as blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous nose pores, etc. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in correcting these common skin troubles make it ideal for regular use.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will notice an improvement in your complexion — will see it grow smoother, clearer, finer.

Get your Woodbury's today — begin, tonight, the treatment your skin needs!

A Large-Size Trial Set
Your Woodbury Treatment for ten days

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
1309 Spring Grove Avenue,
Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder and the booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch."*

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1309 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

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Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

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Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

Ruth Harriet Louise

CARMEL MYERS

Carmel is hard to classify. After seeing "Ben-Hur" we knew she was never intended to be a vamp—yet she continues to be cast in these rôles. In this blonde study only the back denotes the siren. The face might be Claire Windsor looking starry-eyed and ingenuous. Carmel will next be seen in "Tell It to the Marines"

Ruth Harriet Louise

WILLIAM HAINES

Bill is looking very collegiate since the triumph of "Brown of Harvard." His brilliant performance in that picture entitles him to a place in the very front rank. Yet in "Lovey Mary" his rôle is negligible, and in "Tell It to the Marines" he plays second lead, with Lon Chaney. Someone is not using good judgment

Irving Chidnoff

NORMA TALMADGE

In spite of the tumultuous success of "Kiki," Norma Talmadge will have no more of comedy. Convinced that straight drama is her forte, she has chosen "The Sun of Montmartre" for her next picture. Norma has threatened to retire from the screen in three years, but we refuse to begin worrying yet. In the meanwhile, she has on her program such eagerly awaited offerings as "The Darling of the Gods" and "The Garden of Allah"

Muray

BEBE DANIELS

Bebe persists in riding, even tho she was thrown in the course of her last canter and was seriously ill for many weeks. It takes more than a horse to upset Bebe. She has to be more or less of a daredevil in her new position as Paramount's première comédienne. Her next picture will be "The Campus Flirt," in which we will see one more movie director's conception of college life

Melbourne Spurr

ROD LA ROCQUE

Fox couldn't afford to cast Rod as *Sergeant Quirt* in "What Price Glory," tho he was their first choice for the rôle. Maybe that's why Rod looks so sombre. There are disadvantages in being a high-priced star. He is working hard now on "Gigolo"

Hartsook

BELLE BENNETT

"Stella Dallas" established "Billy Bennett's mother" as one of the finest actresses on the screen, and she will gather more glory in Universal's production of "The Fifth Commandment." With her in this study is her son Theodore, who comes as quite a surprise to everyone

Muray

AILEEN PRINGLE

Joseph Hergesheimer has publicly declared her the most fascinating woman in Hollywood. Elinor Glyn long ago proclaimed that she had "It." Yet Aileen Pringle has never quite caught the fancy of the public. Perhaps she has never had a rôle which could illuminate her personality. Perhaps her charm is too still and deep to be captured on the screen. At any rate, fame eludes her. She is playing with Thomas Meighan and Renée Adorée in "Tin Gods"

M. J. Boris

RAYMOND GRIFFITH

We were beginning to despair of Ray Griffith. For the past few months his formula for making pictures seems to have been—plenty of Ray Griffith, and never mind the story. But at last he has realized that one man doesn't make a picture. His next will be a straight drama in which mystery, murder, and plot will mingle with Ray's irresistible comedy. The title is "You'd Be Surprised"

The Fake Princess

By
JANET REID

We see Helen Otero, stenographer, at the gorgeous dinner tables making her brave, bright stand, laughing to cover her shudders. We see her in her hotel room counting over her money and wondering whether she dare buy an orchid for her gown . . .

HERE is a really, truly story of Make-Believe for you . . . a story about Poor Little Princess Pretend. The only part of the story that remains shrouded in mist is the ending . . . whether or not it is a Happy Ending must be left to Time and the gods. . . .

It was in the month of May, 1926. A modern story of Make-Believe, you see.

The true story of the little stenographer who posed in Hollywood as a Spanish princess

Hollywood was going its painted plutocratic way. There hadn't been a sensation in months. And then, all at once, there blazoned into the film foreground the blue-blooded fact that a Princess of Spain, a daughter of the blood royal, was at the Hotel Biltmore in Los Angeles and that her avowed desire was to "get into the movies," that Mecca of the humble born, the royal born and the Great Middle Classes. That touchstone which makes Julie O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady veritably sisters under their skin.

No one was very much surprised. It takes a great deal to surprise Hollywood. But everyone was thrilled. After all, even in Hollywood, Princesses of Spain do not come every day. Princesses of Spain who say that their heart's desire is to play opposite to Valentino, Antonio Moreno and Ramon Novarro.

Hollywood "took up" the Princess Beatriz de Braganza. Hollywood entertained her as befits Royalty. It dined her and wined her. It obtained movie tests for her. She had come to see the Golden Apple of the Hesperides (Hollywood) and the Golden Apple quivered and was about to drop into her outstretched palm.

The Best People were her hosts and hostesses. Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Mrs. Arthur Wright, Mr. Eugene V. Brewster. Leatrice Joy and her brother. It never occurred to any one of them that this little lady was other than she purported to be.

Now and then it appeared odd that a daughter of royal Spain should appear in a frail little frock of no particular pretension. But what of that? It is an integral part of royal blood to know impoverishment. Now and then it was delicately hinted that her Spanish was not of the

(*Continued on page* 95)

A Fascinating Story About

Illustrations by
Henry Pilgrim

Prize Offer

Why is this new novel about motion picture people called "Crazy Quilt"? Two hundred dollars in prizes is offered for the best explanation. See page 122 for details.

The Editor

"The man who started this vogue for artificial

Crazy Quilt

THE aroma of an Habana cigar never failed to startle Judith into an unwelcome memory of that afternoon. And years later when she remembered the big mahogany-filled office and the dusty band of sunshine shifting thru the curtain, she was to remain grateful that the short, fat hand of Marcus Goldstein had not touched her.

She had asked to see him in a brave moment. She had seen her rushes on the screen and the knowledge that she

Fascinating People—By Adele Ormiston

gardenias is a criminal," he said, looking at the fresh flower pinned on her dress

had etched the bit she played with *finesse* had girded her with courage.

Ordinarily, of course, she would never have been allowed in the sacred precincts of the projection-room. But the director had been called away and had asked his assistant to look over the film. The assistant had invited Judith to come in and have a look at herself.

"Yours will be the face on the cutting-room floor," he announced.

And Judith knew enough about motion picture parlance and motion pictures to realize that he was giving her a compliment and telling her the truth. Anyone undiplomatic enough to steal a scene from a star might expect to be surgically removed from the footage.

Marcus Goldstein had seen the rushes too. And he had immediately recognized Judith as the girl who had waited for his car to pass in the studio driveway the day before. He had made a note of her then. He had admired her.

She Was an Extra Girl : He Was a Press-Agent

"Who is she?" he asked Sam Bond, the director, with whom he saw the film that afternoon.

"Her name is Tower, I think . . . that's right, Jack?" Sam Bond had sought confirmation from his assistant director.

"Yes sir," Jack said, "Judith Tower is her name."

There had been a non-committal grunt from Marcus Goldstein and at that moment nothing else had been said. But a few minutes later he asked if the Tower girl was new at the game and if he should know her.

Sam Bond believed she was new at the game.

"She has a freshness about her that makes me think she is kind of new," he had explained. As a matter of fact, he had actually thought this. But even if he had not, he would have said something to this effect. It was evident that this girl was going to find favor. Being on the safe side had always been Sam Bond's long suit.

When Marcus Goldstein had shortly quit the projection-room, both men had looked at each other significantly.

"You'll direct Miss Tower again," Jack vouchsafed.

"It's a safe bet that someone on this lot will," Sam agreed.

Both of them knew the proclivities of the president of the Excelsior Film Company. They made production in his studios difficult. Favorites. Capricious women. Always the possibility they would not be able to act and that the director would be the one blamed. Two or three productions had been ruined at about this time and the directors had subsequently been let out.

It would have been difficult to say whether Goldstein had left the ladies' underwear business because of the pretty girls in the motion picture studios . . . or whether he had found the pretty girls merely an added attraction.

Back in his office, Goldstein had been thinking how fortunate it was that his commercial and predatory instincts lay alongside of each other this time.

And his office boy had announced Judith Tower.

He had been a little surprised. Naturally. And he was relieved that it would be unnecessary for him to manufacture a pretext for an interview. It was infinitely better this way. It placed her at a disadvantage.

His quick little eyes watched her as she entered his room and took the chair he indicated beside his desk. He made allowances for the severity of her gray-tailored suit and the small felt hat. He had imagination. He knew how she might look in the jewels and furs he could give her. He pictured her roundly turned slenderness in a Lelong gown. And he thought how beautifully white her hands would look wearing those pigeon-blood rubies in his safety deposit box.

He saw himself walking down theater aisles with her on first nights. She would wear ermine. What else? Expensive? What of it? He had made a large fortune in this Aladdin business. Pretty girls had made it for him. He would spend something on pretty girls.

He could see himself sitting with her, tête-à-tête, at a small table at the Ritz Carlton at luncheon. Everyone went there. Such prices! And the head waiter always expecting you to slip him a crisp bill if you expected a table held for you. But it was all part of the game. The profits warranted such extravagances.

If Judith found his compliment impertinent, she gave no sign. But she sensed that his hand, studded with a large and flashing diamond, was reaching towards her

He saw her in a fragile negligée pouring his cocktail. . . .

Judith stirred uncomfortably in her chair. She knew that he had only partially heard what she was saying. And she wished that he would not look at her that way. She had seen her father's friends look at race-horses in something the same manner. Suddenly she wanted to hide her audacious red mouth. She lowered her green eyes. She thought not even the fulness of a nun's robe could sufficiently hide her body. This man made her acutely conscious of every moving curve.

When she paused, he did not attempt to break the silence.

"If I could become a member of your stock company, at even a small salary," Judith broke the interminable lull, "I feel sure I would please you. . . ."

She found that her voice was playing queer tricks. It

(*Continued on page 76*)

W. F. Seely

The gridiron has not been the same since Lefty Flynn married Viola Dana . . . for Lefty now spends his days in the studios. He is with the little woman, for one thing. It is more lucrative too, of course. Lefty comes to the screen next in "Mulhall's Great Catch" And Viola in "Kosher Kitty Kelly"

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Flynn, of Hollywood

Charlie Ray has lived far from the old swimmin' hole . . . in a house staffed with correct functionaries . . . he has been concerned chiefly with ultra-tonsorial appearances

Gene Kornman

Harold Lloyd doesn't wear his horn-rimmed glasses, and instead of being carefree, he is a serious and industrious business man, a doting father and protective husband

They Are Not What They Seem

By GLADYS HALL

Some 'eroes and 'eroines are what they seem. But many are not. It is of the latter we write . . . removing their masks and showing their real faces, minus make-up and minus Kleig lighting

PICTURE people are paradoxes. Some of 'em. The answer might be "So's your old man . . . " but we'll let that pass.

This is going to be a series of indecent exposures.

We're about to remove the masks and show you real faces, minus make-up, minus Kleig lighting.

No doubt you've all heard, or suspected, that most people are not what they seem. Not quite. You may or may not have believed it. That's as may be.

To point our subject we will take one of the most perfect paradoxes at hand—Valentino.

We all have, or had, a pretty consistent picture of Valentino. The Sheik. The Latin Don Juan. Romeo. Orlando. Any and every highly flavored great lover of fiction or history fitted him to a T.

But he's not—really. He has another side. His true side. Here is it:

He loves to potter around the house. He loves to make little things with chisel and hammer and saw. Smoking tables. Sewing tables. Chairs. Boxes. He's handy at electrical wiring. He can hang pictures with finish and dispatch. He knows how to manipulate a vacuum cleaner and sling a wicked dishtowel. He admires the Mother in Woman. His marriage split on the rock of no children. He couldn't conceive and wouldn't endure the state of marriage without the sound of little feet pattering up and down the halls. Domestic. Thus the Valentino.

Mary Pickford is not the curly-headed little girl . . . she is mature of mind and very, very wise. She is pre-eminently the practical, intelligent woman of business

K. Rahmn

Perhaps the next most pointed paradox is illustrated by Adolphe Menjou. He comes so easily to our mind that it seems a shame to mention him. Like taking advantage of too-easy a situation. You, of course, think of Adolphe as the sophisticated, no, the super-super sophisticated Man About Town; the *risqué*, the *blasé*, the, no, the super-super *blasé*. An exquisite. A connoisseur. A cynic. Weary. Disillusioned. Passionless and profane. *Et cetera, et cetera, ad eroticism.* (Look *that* up in your dictionary. We did.)

Nay, nay and again nay. Here comes the paradox. Adolphe is a gentle, persistent soul, long suffering and of great patience. A kindly man who wears horn-rimmed spectacles that slip down to the middle of his nose, who talks earnestly about his work, who dotes upon his mother, who was a bit in awe of the Wife. A homey, folksy sort, comfortable, dependable and secure. He is a case of high artistry in that he can give to the world so consummate a portrait of the rôle he is called upon to play and still remain Adolphe Menjou himself; a horse (if we may employ the vulgarism) of another color.

By way of contrast, let us consider the paradox of Mary Pickford.

Mary is, to her Public, which is

A Story About the Picture People Who Are Paradoxes

Harold Dean Carsey

Then there is Valentino, the sheik . . . who potters about the house and can hang pictures with finish and dispatch . . .

A Series of Unexpected Exposures

the World, the beauty of Young Romance. The golden-haired child with wistful eyes and dreaming mouth. She is America's Sweetheart; the golden dreams of Business Men.

Yes and no. Largely no.

Mary is a practical, poised, intelligent woman of business. She has great executive ability. She has a perfect sense of balance and the stamina to maintain it. She is level-headed and capable of driving a bargain if necessary. She is the devoted wife and the devoted daughter. She is sensible, sane, serene. She is mature of mind and very, very wise. She is philosophic and logical beyond the imagining of any Golden Sweetheart the world has ever known. Thus Mary.

Lillian Gish is a popular paradox of the first water. We think of her as the Lily Maid of some Astalot or other. We think of her as Elaine, fragile and frail. A mere filament. We pray every night that the North Wind will never assail Lillian lest it blow her to radiant dust. We think of her as detached from the world of reality, helpless, clinging, inestimably delicate.

This is not the real Lillian Gish. Not at all. Lillian is as healthy as Sandau. She is as strong as finely tempered steel. She is as unresisting as pure fiber silk. She is economical to a cent. Definite. Deliberate. She has immense resources of courage and the full determination to use them. She is not to be deluded nor deceived. When she has rights she will defend them with the gentle ferocity of . . . of Lillian. She is completely the mistress (even the master) of herself and of all the circumstances of her life, personal and professional. S' truth.

John Gilbert . . . ah, magic! . . . what springs from our hearts to our lips when this throbbing name comes to us . . . this Flame of Romance . . . the beautiful, ardent, splendid sad lover every woman curses Fate for denying her. . . .

Well, John Gilbert is a business man. He prefers the aft of the megaphone to the fore. In case you are not a sailor accustomed to nautical terms we will explain that John prefers directing to acting. (At least he did six months ago). He saves his money. He also invests it. Impossible to think of Prince Danilo, of Rodolphe, saving against a rainy day. But he does. He figures out his own career in terms of dollars and cents and consults the calendar in doing so. He estimates success exactly for what it is worth, staying power and all, and not for what Mr. Webster's dictionary says it is. He wants to be happily married and believes in home life, children and mowing the front lawn.

John Gilbert suggests Ronald Colman. Not that we need anyone or anything to suggest Ronald Colman to us. Who are we to be able to forget him? But because they are such close friends, such warm admirers, the one

Kenneth Alexander

S'truth . . . Lillian Gish is as strong as finely tempered steel. She defends her rights with a gentle ferocity

It may be difficult for you to think of Prince Danilo . . . of Rodolphe saving against a rainy day . . . but John Gilbert does. And he wants to be happily married and have children and mow the front lawn

Melbourne Spurr

Ronald Colman is a paradox, too. He is a man's man. He spends his spare time off in the woods, roughing it

If you treasure your illusions, read no further. For Adolphe Menjou is a homey, folksy sort, comfortable, dependable and secure

M. I. Boris

of the other. Ronald appears on the screen as the profound and deeply passionate lover. He is the force that runs deep. He is the symbol of love when love is Great. He is the perfect type of the One Love. The man who causes weary, disillusioned women to think, "Ah, if it might have been *him*—how different everything would be!"

Ronald Colman is a paradox, too. He is, really, a man's man. If you know what I mean. It was for him that John Gilbert prophesied the greatest and most enduring success of any man on the screen today. He loves to take his spare time, between pictures, and go off into the woods with a couple of other men, fishing tackle, a gun and a dog. He isn't a hermit, as has been said. He is too sane a person for such a pose. He even takes the girls out now and then, goes to night clubs and revues. But he does it mostly in the company of men and from a man's point of view.

Another contrast—Harold Lloyd.

Harold Lloyd seems to you what he once seemed to us . . . simply and entirely a care-free boy, having larks and scrapes every minute of his time. Horn-rimmed and happy.

Well, he doesn't wear the horn-rims in everyday life. That seems to make a difference to begin with. It is the outward symbol of the inward paradox. He isn't a care-free, boisterous boy, but a sober, serious, industrious man making pictures *and* money and calculating very carefully and with a great deal of anxiety at times what his next move should be, pictorially. He is the doting father and the fond, protective husband. He is also the artist or he couldn't be so distinctly a paradox. While in the field of comedy it is impossible to pass over the king of them all. Charlie Chaplin. Who is, perhaps, the greatest paradox of all the picture people. It is, however, all but unnecessary to tell the world about Charlie since the world has heard so often that Charlie hankers to play *Hamlet* or *Napoleon*—or both. Such information must have set you thinking . . . a little.

Max Autrey

Tom Mix, from the Great Open Spaces you have read about, has a penchant for cream tailoring and scarlet do-das . . . and he is always ablaze and a-glitter with diamonds

Everyone knows that Charlie isn't the funny little man with the derby. He is brilliant and moody . . . either exuberant and optimistic or morbid and pessimistic

Charlie, really, is the genius-type. He doesn't conform to any mould. He certainly does not conform wholly to the funny little man with the derby, the cane and the big shoes. Not unless you realize that in that funny little man is invested all the piteous futility, the wistful frustration of all pitiful, frustrated gallant people. At any rate, Charlie is brilliant and moody, he is brilliant and fitful, he is morbid and pessimistic or he is exuberant and optimistic. He goes in for intellectual things. He is high-sky up or he is the reverse down. Whoever it was who said that Comedy and Tragedy are akin must have had a foreknowledge of the birth of Charlie.

We run to contrasts . . . Tom Mix comes next in our portraits of paradoxes.

We dont know whether we can go on with this paradox or not. Our vocabulary is limited and we have a strong aversion to dying of laughter. It is painful and undignified. BUT——

We expected Tom to be one of these Where-Men-Are-Men

(*Continued on page 87*)

HOLLYWOOD AND ENVIRONS

With the craze for old maps what it is today, what could be more interesting than this impression of the movie capital and the surrounding country done in the topographical-pictorial manner employed by the old map makers?

Have You an Idea for a Movie?

By
Faith Service

Aneda

14-Karat Advice

Agnes Christine Johnston can tell you how to go about marketing that idea you have . . . and her advice is 14-karat. It is bona-fide stuff for she is on the inside and she knows how the wheels go around. More than this she used to market her own original stories.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl and she went to Packer Institute in the Borough of Brooklyn. She was just a schoolgirl, as the saying goes. She made fudge and joined little clubs and went to the movies now and then, for pastime.

Then one day she found herself and her mother and her younger sister in rather more than "reduced circumstances." The little family were downright poor. None of them were prepared to do battle with the world and the wolf. They lived in one room in a boarding-house and subsisted upon pea soup and rice contributed by a kindly landlady.

It was up to our heroine.

She thought, first, of newspaper work. She went the beaten rounds from paper to paper, but none would give her a job.

Then, suddenly, clearly, from out the sky it came to her. She thought, *"I'll write a movie!"*

She might just as well have thought that she would get the golden apples of the Hesperides for all the experience she had had of either venture. But when this idea came to her it came as a revelation, a "hunch." She followed her hunch or the voice of her guardian angel or the prompting of her subconscious, whichever it may have been. . . .

She hadn't the faintest notion of how to write a movie. This was back in the days when Vitagraph was ace-high in the film field, when Maurice Costello was the Man of the Hour, when J. Stuart Blackton was pioneering.

Our heroine betook herself to Vitagraph and asked for a job. There was no job for a schoolgirl with a *retroussé* nose and the appearance of a sub-deb. But she did manage to get hold of a script. She took the script home and studied it carefully. She got the hang of how the thing was done. Then she took pen in hand and wrote an original story. She called it "Tried for His Own Murder." She put it into script form and—*she sold it to Vitagraph for Maurice Costello.*

She admits that to sell your first original story is a wow. She says she nearly fainted when she got the check.

She again went to Vitagraph and applied for a job in the scenario department. Despite the success she had had, there was no job in the script department. But she did get a job—typing. She didn't know how to type—but what of it? She used two fingers and managed to keep pace with the accomplished stenographers. Meanwhile she waited and watched and wrote. Every now and again she sold another original story. And she came at last to the attention of Commodore Blackton who was, she says, always interested in beginners.

Thus began the career of Agnes Christine Johnston who is today under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, their "best bet" and at a starry salary.

Between the days of two-finger typing and the brilliantly contractual Now there is a sturdy record of such screen successes as "Daddy Long Legs" with Mary Pickford, "The Tower of Lies" with Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer, "Beverly of Graustark" with Marion Davies, "The Female," "Barbara Frietchie," "Confessions of a Queen," "The Denial," "Forbidden Paradise" and many others. At present Miss Johnston is at work on "Mary of Vassar" for Marion Davies.

One thing has led to another . . . and she says of her own career, "It's been marvelous . . . it seems too good to be true. . . ."

* * *

AGNES CHRISTINE JOHNSTON is the woman with "three kingdoms,"

The story of Agnes Christine Johnstone told here is a human story. She is a woman with three kingdoms—motherhood, wifehood and a career

for hand in hand with this vigorous and victorious career there have gone, too, the careers of wifehood and motherhood. Agnes Christine is Mrs. Frank Dazey in private life, the mother of two little Dazey children and the expectant mother of a third. A woman of three kingdoms indeed! A woman to emulate. A woman to be encouraged by, for she has done what many say cannot be done and she has done it all gallantly and gaily and—*successfully*. She is happy in her home. She is happy in her children. She is happy in her work. She has her problems, needless to say, but she meets them sanely and intelligently and they become solvable. She has gone out to meet life from every fundamental angle and Life, like a good sport, has "come across."

* * *

HERE is Agnes Christine's advice to other girls (or boys) faced by the spur of necessity, the ambition to create or any one of the numerous goads to a career.

"Necessity is most important" she said, "that is one of the many reasons why I feel that children do not hamper

(*Continued on page* 94)

In Spite of the Fact That He Looks Like Wally Reid

Kent Meade Hopes to Succeed

By WILLIAM K. GIBBS

NATURE is said never to duplicate, but sometimes an example of her handiwork is so nearly identical with other achievements as to be almost parallel—so near alike, in fact, that a deft touch of human skill removes all dissimilarity. Hollywood has an example that typifies both the foregoing statements and that example is human, a motion picture actor, if you please, whose name is destined to shine in electric lights if prognostications of the "wise uns" may be credited.

He is Kent Meade. Nature's part in this instance lies in the fact that she fashioned Meade almost identically as she did that much loved and sadly lamented star who held such a lure for picture fans a few years ago—the late Wallace Reid. The skill of a noted plastic surgeon is the "third dimension" so to speak, of this narrative.

Kent Meade—brought to Hollywood a little experience in things theatrical gained with a stock repertoire company in Salt Lake City and way points of Utah, and an ambition to climb the cinema ladder. The experience counted for little, but the ambition—well—it took him consistently to studio casting offices where rebuffs are common and where each one usually deflates, little or much depending on the will of the rebuffed, that "toy balloon of desire" we are wont to call our goal, or ideal. But Meade's ambition just wouldn't deflate; it rode high and he kept his eyes fixed on his goal without wavering.

(*Continued on page* 94)

Above is a photograph of Wally—on the left and right are two photographs of Kent Meade. Could you tell them apart?

When these pictures were taken to Dorothy Davenport Reid, widow of Wally, she looked them over and said: "This must be a set of photographs Wally never showed me. And I dont recall the clothes as any he ever wore"

Photograph above by Evans. Photographs, left and right, by Hartsook

Love in the Movies

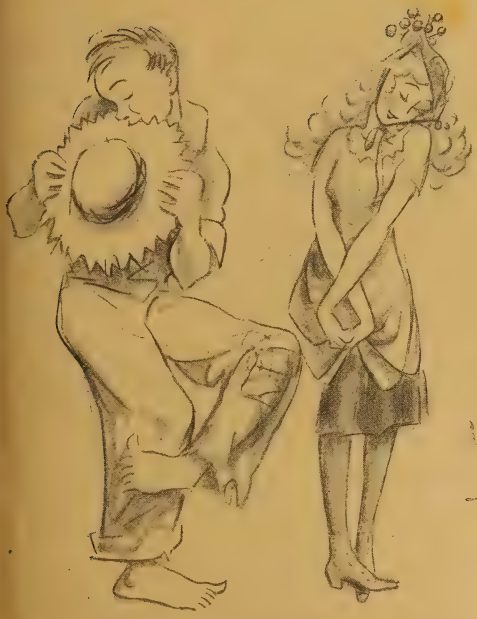
Caveman love—Wallace Beery

Intense love—Richard Barthelmess

Showing how some of our popular leading men portray the great emotion on the screen.

By
CHAMBERLAIN

Impetuous love—John Gilbert



Bashful boy love—Charlie Ray

Sophisticated love—Adolphe Menjou

Do the Women of the

"The movies have many pretty girls . . . but strictly speaking, there is not a real beauty among them"

Mr. Schattenstein considers Greta Nissen an amusing type because she is as exotic as an Oriental in spite of her Scandinavian blondeness. He feels that Nazimova has a claim to beauty . . . in a tragic way

Goldberg

W. F. Seely

Pola Negri qualifies in an almost barbarian way. Mr. Schattenstein considers her a vivid, gorgeous woman with a face that is capable of expressing the great variety of her moods

Spurr

He thinks Mary Philbin beautiful because emotions sweep across her face like a song over harp-strings

THE correct, the proper way to begin an article on beautiful women would be to give an explicit definition of that much press-agented, much misunderstood quality. For quality it is, something so intangible, so elusive that one cannot say, "This is it." One senses it somehow and says instead, "I feel that it is here," apologetically, for in the presence of absolute beauty, one becomes humble. Definitions are unavailable; as well try to capture a star, or imprison a breath of perfume.

Beauty may lurk in the lacy spread of wrinkles on an aged face. Beauty may be the line of a girl's slender throat. Beauty may be a trick of personality, a charming play of expression, graceful movement or tenderness. Beauty is not a matter of perfection in features or complexion. It bears no relation to prettiness. Beauty, to go further, would probably not win a beauty prize. All of which is by way of preamble to the disclosure that the movies are noticeably poor in really beautiful women.

Nikol Schattenstein, the noted portrait painter, who is as much devoted to the moving picture as he is to the painted one, is authority for the statement. Anyone who has dealt as much in beauty as this gifted artist has can qualify as an expert on the subject, but Mr. Schattenstein prefers to speak only for himself. "This is merely my opinion, you understand," he explains. "We all have our conceptions of beauty and it is an exceedingly wise or exceedingly stupid man who attempts to choose for the world. Your choice is as good as mine and mine is no better than the next person's. It is banal but true to say that beauty is a relative quality, that it varies with geography, with environment, with experience, with any of the influences that help to shape human character.

Screen Lack Beauty?

Nikol Schattenstein, the noted portrait painter who makes this startling statement regarding the famous stars of the screen

E. R. Richee

He ranks both Alice Joyce and Florence Vidor high . . . He attributes a patrician quality to Miss Vidor . . . And he feels that there is a rich, haunting beauty about Alice Joyce

E. R. Richee

Alexander

According to artistic standards, Pauline Starke is beautiful, but she does not belong wholly in this century. She has that beauty that is found in a Botticelli painting

C. S. Bull

"Marion Davies has a radiance that puts her well to the front among women of animation. Her coloring is part of the live, glowing quality of her beauty"

The Turk considers avoirdupois essential to beauty. The American considers it a tremendous handicap.

"Absolute beauty is as rare as genuine genius—tho one hears of a person with extraordinary talent being called a 'genius,' or one of exceptional good looks labeled a 'beauty.' Strictly speaking, there is not a real beauty in the movies, but perhaps it would be better in this interview to limit ourselves to the more common definition of beauty.

"To me beauty cannot exist without animation. Nothing makes a woman more beautiful than that sparkle which shows itself in her eyes, her smile, her mouth, her gait, her whole bearing. I dont mean that a woman must dance about like a dragon-fly. No, animation manifests even in repose. I suppose that what I call animation someone else would call variety, nuances in mood that give an ever-changing interest to a familiar thing."

The motion pictures are filled with pretty faces, sated with them, cluttered with them. They are like so many dolls, each with its own particular expression as firmly fixed as if it had been painted on in a toy-shop. Nikol Schattenstein speaks of expressions as "masks" and the majority of movie stars are blessed with but a single mask, he believes.

Of all the hundreds of pretty girls who take part in the vast parade of pictures there is only a small percentage who can qualify as real beauty. But the fact that this minority is being honored by stardom and that it is constantly expanding is an encouraging sign that the so-called infant industry is kicking off its pink wool booties and growing up.

Mr. Shattenstein declined at first to name the beauties

(*Continued on page* 102)

Have You Enough Color

The home that is cheerful and colorful and charming is the home where you will find happiness

THE average home has the same difficulty that the average individual has, in at least one particular—the home and individual both far too frequently lack color. And lacking color, they lack charm and graciousness and beauty as well. The color that you introduce into your home is as definitely a part of the personality of the home as the color of an individual, whether that color is happiness, charm, gaiety or beauty of soul.

Most people are afraid of color in the home. They hear, mysteriously, of color schemes, but they do not know quite what color schemes mean. They hear of colors that blend or complement each other, and that seems even more mysterious. The result is that because they are afraid to introduce brilliancy into their homes because they might make a mistake, they put, instead, drab things together and it is not surprising when the whole effect becomes most uninteresting and dull.

Recently I visited the homes of two newly wedded couples. The first bride had far more money to spend than the second, but either she was afraid of color, did not understand color, or did not care for brilliant colorful things around her. She bought changeable silk curtains in dull tans and blues for her living-room—and the effect was brown. Her two bedrooms were both done in dull, mousey silks, too. The walls were gray, her floor coverings a dull taupe, and her davenport and cushions were just as colorless. The result was an austere room. It was correct enough, to be sure. The shapes of the pieces of furniture were not bad. If reproduced in a black-and-white photograph, the whole effect would have been good, but seeing it for the first time as it was in its real colors, I realized that the whole thing was drab. There was no real beauty anywhere. It was toneless and cheerless and spelled neither hospitality nor charm.

The second home was far simpler—and what a difference here! There was a bright breakfast set in colored enamel and a bowl of jonquils at the window. A little nest of red lacquer tables was placed next to a taupe armchair and the curtains were soft green chintz deliciously sprigged in white, vermilion and yellow. There were gay cushions and a chair that reflected the green of the curtains. The lamps of inexpensive parchment were a soft cream yellow and they were light and cheerful too. The whole room seemed to say, "What good times we have here! Isn't this a cheerful place in which to live!" Life became immediately more worth while because of this pleasant little home.

You must, of course, decorate your home according to its size and proportion, but from the simplest little cottage to the most dignified mansion, color judiciously applied

In this room which we used in a recent picture we kept a simplicity, but there was cheerful color. A neutral rug covered the floor . . . but there was bright color in the curtains . . . the upholstered chairs . . . the scatter rug and the lamp-shade

In Your Home?

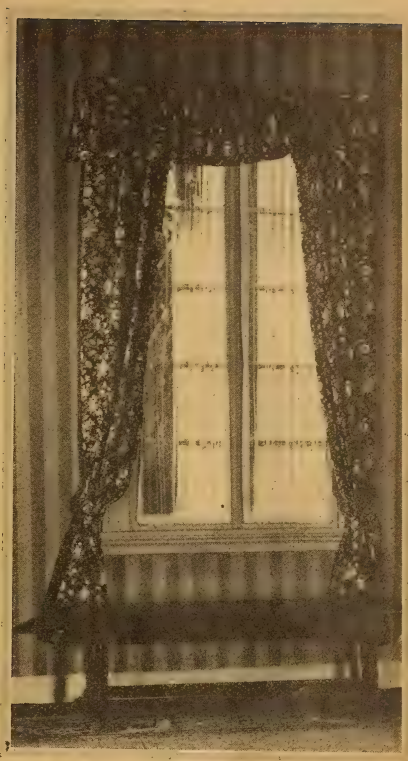
By Stephen Gooson

Motion Picture Magazine Offers a Valuable Service

Stephen Gooson furnishes all sets used in First National productions. For years he has worked out his theories and is acknowledged as one of the greatest experts on interior decorating in America.

Every month he will offer a simple article on decoration in the home and his readers will unquestionably be benefited by his practical suggestions and explanations.

THE EDITOR.



will add a value that can be achieved in no other way.

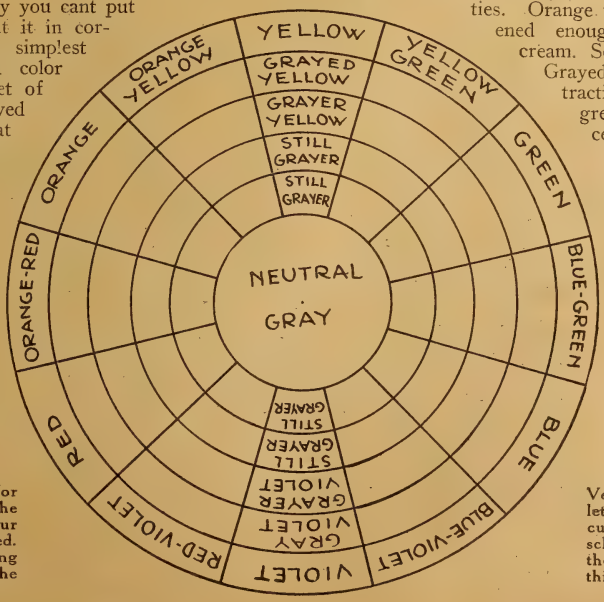
"I'd use color," exclaims the young bride, or even the more experienced matron, "if I knew what colors to use and where to put them." So the average woman wanders around in the shops, doesn't know what to buy and ends by buying something that is serviceable even if not attractive. You cant do your shopping carelessly and without a definite plan and hope to achieve a room or a home that is satisfactory as a whole. If you were buying a hat, you would buy it to harmonize with the rest of your costume. In buying things for your home, you must think of harmony, too.

There is no reason why you cant put color in a room and put it in correctly if you learn the simplest things about color and color combinations. The secret of using color is to use grayed colors—that is, colors that are neutralized by the addition of gray—in large quantities and use pure color — that is, color that is brilliant—in smaller quantities. No one would want a bright red davenport or a huge, brilliantly colored chair unless he was quite sure how and when these were to be introduced. This same orange and this same green in brilliant but smaller splashes would be far more appropriate in the average home. Soft orange—that is grayed orange—can be used in large quantities. Orange that is grayed and lightened enough might even become cream. Sometimes it becomes buff. Grayed red becomes soft and attractive-looking. Light grayed green, too, may be used successfully as a background color. All right then—grayed colors in large quantities and brilliant colors in small patches.

What colors to use? That's simple enough, I am sure. To make a correct color scheme all you have to do is to choose one color—and then choose the complement of that color. Use one color

(Continued on page 117)

COLOR CHART



Keep this color chart for reference. If you use the colors it recommends, your color problem will be solved. The simple way of reading this chart is explained in the text

Very often it is practical to let your chintz or cretonne curtains suggest the color scheme of the room in which they hang. The designs of this material are supplied by splendid artists

Home, Sweet Home of the D'Arcys

The Roy D'Arcys went up into the foot-hills to build their home. They wanted to capture the sunsets in their own back yard. Romantic! You know how it is with newly weds . . .

The living-room is walled with book-shelves . . . and shaded lamps complement the easy chairs . . .

There is a wide hearth . . . and bowls of fragrant flowers from the all-year-round garden brighten the rooms . . .

Turn to Page 88 for the Other Side of the Story

HE DIDN'T LIKE EUROPE

Buck Jones Gives an Original Travelogue

By CATHARINE BRODY

Drawings by Eldon Kelley

In Paris, Buck says, they dont send a porter for your baggage until just before train time. Then, when your bill is full of items you never heard of, you cannot stop to argue

IT *does* take courage—to say what you think when you are thinking differently from most people you know. The movie folks had been treking to Europe for years. And Mr. and Mrs. Buck Jones had listened to their enthusiastic descriptions when they came back and gave dinner parties so they could talk about their travels.

Then Buck and Mrs. Buck crossed the pond, as some say. . . .

And to think, forgetting that Fox had crowned him humorist with the title-rôle in "Lazybones," we once thought Buck Jones was just a broncho-busting cowboy star, merely another he-man from the wide open spaces! And to think that we thought this up to the exact moment (even a few minutes after) Mr. Jones appeared for lunch. He wore a sad expression and a light overcoat, checked in a cross between purple and old rose. He said that he had a headache and had been to Philadelphia.

"And you've also been to Europe, haven't you?" gently suggested the enterprising publicity man.

"Yes, to Europe," admitted Mr. Jones with a sigh. "Just got back."

"Listen," says Buck, "any time I see any of these birds looking over boat sailings, getting their baggage and their tweed overcoats and caps all swelled up, I feel like laughing right out in their faces"

There wasn't anything else to say, so, we said it, with a sigh, too. "And what do you think of Europe, Mr. Jones.

Buck Jones turned his handsome manly countenance full-square upon us. He began to laugh. "Ha-ha-ha!" he laughed. "Ha. Ha? Ha." Just like that.

"Listen," he said confidentially, as it were, "Any time I see one of these birds lookin' over boat sailings, gettin' their baggage and their tweed overcoats 'n' their caps for the boat together, all swelled up, yes, sir, we're off to Europe, I feel like going up to them and laughing right out in their faces!"

"How long were you in Europe?" we gasped.

"Well," said Buck Jones, "lessee. Two days in London coming and two days going back, that's four, and a week in Paris, that's eleven, and two days around the battlefields, and a day here and there, well, I reckon about fifteen days, in all."

So then it all came out. It seems that the Joneses, Mr. and Mrs., who was a trick rider herself once under the name of Odille Osborne, set out for Europe, "all swelled up" and the recipients of a great deal of valuable advice, such as, for instance, not to go up to one of the London bobbies who wear helmets and coats to their ankles and ask where one could find a policeman, for London bobbies have no sense of humor to speak of, at least, so Buck Jones says. All went well for several hours in London, until Mr. Jones set out to give King George's stables

(*Continued on page* 104)

THE SCREEN HALL OF FAME

JOHN GILBERT

" 'The Big Parade'—absolutely. All of us lived thru the war, and the glory and terror of it stay with us. I felt that I grew with my part. It was not just a two-dimensioned drama. It was life and worth while"

RAMON NOVARRO

" 'Scaramouche' is my favorite. A picture that has had the long runs this one has had must have something real behind it. I like costume stuff, and I enjoyed doing this one most"

JOHN BARRYMORE

"I like elemental stuff, so 'The Sea Beast' is the picture I like best. There is no more pioneering in three-masted schooners. I love the sea and always hoped to do 'Moby Dick' on the screen. Now here it is"

NORMA TALMADGE

" 'Smilin' Thru' is my choice. It is the picture which more nearly approached my vision of the thing it was going to be. I feel, too, that it is the most artistic thing I have ever done, and I should like to be remembered in this rôle"

Donald Biddle Keyes

MILTON SILLS

"Anybody could select my favorite rôle and be right the first time—'The Sea Hawk.' It was a man's part in a man-sized picture . . . a part you could get your teeth in"

POLA NEGRI

"*Carmen* — oh, yes, *Carmen.* I understood her. I loved her. I was her. It was like playing on an organ with innumerable stops. Every emotion could be touched upon. And the première in Berlin . . . on the last day of the reign of Kaiser Wilhelm II"

A Dozen Stars Name Their Favorite Rôle

MAE MURRAY

"I believe in happiness, and I would rather be remembered for brilliance and joy than for bitterness and power. My passion is beauty, and I feel that 'The Merry Widow' is the most beautiful thing I have done"

LEATRICE JOY

" 'Manslaughter' . . . because my part called for the comedy touches I love—yet gave me a chance at tragedy and unlimited scope for what I call 'human drama.' That is the sort of thing I adore"

COLLEEN MOORE

"That's easy! 'So Big,' of course. A great story by a great author with a part for me in which I broke out of flappers and stopped being a 'type.' God bless it!"

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

" 'The Four Horsemen' has an epic sweep. It deals with the greatest event of modern times—the war—and it deals with it gloriously. *Julio* won me my first friends and so is very close to my heart"

CORINNE GRIFFITH

" 'Black Oxen,' that romance of lavender-scented youth, held the combination of mystery and tears and love-barred-out that I am always looking for and seldom find. I want to be remembered for this unless I do something better"

HAROLD LLOYD

"I choose 'The Freshman.' It has the spirit of youth, which is a lot more elusive than people think . . . and there is a sympathetic appeal about it that I like. I enjoy a character with plenty of work in it, and this was marvelous from that angle"

Gilda Gray Tells How

By
Dunham Thorp

Drawing by
De Pauw

"One, Two, Three . . . One, Two, Three! That's Not Dancing!" According to Gilda

WHAT is dancing?

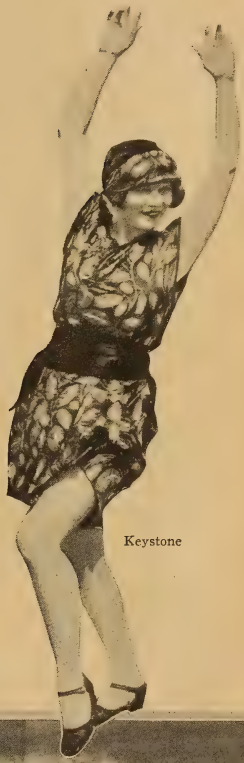
"One, two, three, kick"—and the ballet-master's rod flung across the floor? "One, two, three, get set"—and a jump in the air, with the legs spread apart? "One, two, three"

—Or is dancing something else again than merely the product of a long, arduous, *and often deadening*, training—something done to express the emotions surging within oneself?

She Does Her Stuff

Ira D. Hill

"I never took a dancing lesson in my life," she says. "Nor have I ever attended a recital by a Pavlowa or Fokina"



Keystone

Gilda does not want to be labeled merely as a South Sea dancer. And she laughs at the fact that a "blonde Polack" should have been made a Samoan princess as she has been in her first motion picture, "Aloma of the South Seas"

Abbé

These, and other, thoughts danced vague and hazily thru my mind as I wended my not so weary way to meet the perfectly chosen person from whom to find their answer: Maryanne Michalska—now Mrs. Gil Boag, but better known as Gilda Gray—whose South Sea Island dance is said by Samoans themselves to have caught "the essential spirit of our race."

I arrived and met this lady, who laughs at the fact that a "blonde Polack" has been made a Samoan princess. For, be it known that she who plays *Aloma* in this picture ("Aloma of the South Seas") is also the Samoan princess Fetuoa (the morning star, the evening star, the only star that shines), a title conferred upon her by the royal Samoan house because:

"They say I've done more thru my dancing to advertise Samoa than any other person. That, when the South Seas are mentioned, one naturally couples them with me—same as pork-'n'-beans."

And she told me of the ceremony within the walls of the old Moro castle: of the governor's declaration of half-holiday; of the children's parade; of the ancient Polynesian ritual. . . .

All of which happened in Porto Rico; and all

(*Continued on page* 88)

Harold Dean Carsey

Back in the old Kalem days Anna Q. Nilsson and Alice Joyce had dressing-rooms next door to each other.

Now they rarely see each other—unless Anna comes to New York to shop or Alice goes to California to make a picture.

This photograph was made while they visited together at Anna Q's ranch the last time Alice was in California.

Hollywood Notes

Paragraphs of Social Importance from the Most Famous Suburbia in the World

By Eugene V. Brewster

PERHAPS you picture Charles Ray as a thin, raw-boned, gawky country boy. Well, you're wrong. The first impression he gives you when you meet him on the street, at a reception or on the tennis-court, is that he is about six feet tall, gracefully built, pleasant face, good-looking and very smartly dressed. I have read sob stories about the tragic career of Charles Ray, but to see him and talk to him is to dispel all thoughts of any lasting unhappiness in his life.

* * *

"THE nose is formed for spectacles; therefore we wear spectacles," Voltaire makes the professor say in "Candide." When I first looked upon Jack Duffy, who was doing a two-reel comedy over on the Christie lot, I thought he was at least sixty and that his spectacles seemed to grow on his nose. And he was very, very funny, altho I observed that he was extremely spry for an old man. Later on I saw the real Jack Duffy (who, by the way, is Kate Price's brother) and I could hardly believe that he *was* the aforesaid old man. In fact, he is a regular fellow in every respect and a good one, and he cant be much over thirty.

* * *

"IF monsieur will be so gracious——" he said, as he mounted the stool beside me and nearly pushed me off. I turned from my sandwich and "Eastside" and saw a strange-looking specimen of humanity: "To what fortunate circumstance do I owe the honor of this intrusion? Prithee, who art thou, my lord?" I asked. He then smiled sweetly under and around his walrus mustache and replied: "Charlie's Aunt." I couldn't see the slightest resemblance to Syd Chaplin, but it was indeed he, in his "Better 'Ole" make-up.

* * *

GERTRUDE ASTOR seems to be coming to the front lately, having been quite successful in a line of parts that are quite similar —the chorus-girl-actress type—that has brought her into prominence. She is excellent in this type of thing.

Sunday afternoons in Hollywood are identically the same as Sunday afternoons in less famous suburbs. There are tennis tournaments . . . golf engagements at the country club . . . impromptu suppers because the servants go out . . .
Gardner James, Patsy Ruth Miller, Theodore von Eltz and Eugene V. Brewster were among the players entered in the Blackton Tennis Tournament

Antonio Moreno seems to be in greater demand than ever since "Beverly of Graustark." Several companies are bidding for his services on a contract basis, but he told me that he preferred to free-lance, as he is now doing, because then he can pick his own plays and parts. Wise Tony! *N'est-ce pas?*

* * *

JOHN BARRYMORE must be a sort of recluse. He is here, of course, somewhere, but nobody seems to know where. I haven't met him or met anybody who has met him. Ditto Rod La Rocque. And it seems to me that the people who are talked about and seen around here the most are the ones we see the least of on the screen and in the magazines.

* * *

GARDNER JAMES seems to have taken Richard Barthelmess' place with Inspiration Pictures. I am told that the two ran a sort of race in "A Certain Gentleman" and that the former won out. But perhaps Dick is more than satisfied because he has signed up with First National. His last picture, "Ranson's Folly," was a rather sad affair when I saw the preview, and Gardner made quite an impression in Blackton's "Hell-Bent fer Heaven." By the way, Warner has a rather unique handbill out. On the front in large red letters is "Go to Hell," but as you unfold it the words "Bent fer Heaven" follow.

* * *

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is one of the finest impromptu entertainers in Hollywood. Whatever the game, whether dancing, reciting, singing, imitating, acting, acrobating or nonsense, Charlie does his bit with remarkable cleverness. The other night I saw him do a burlesque imitation of John Barrymore as *Hamlet* and he kept us in roars of laughter. A Russian was present and he was induced to do a scene from *Romeo* and *Juliet* in Russian, and Charlie played *Juliet*. I could not tell what either of them were talking

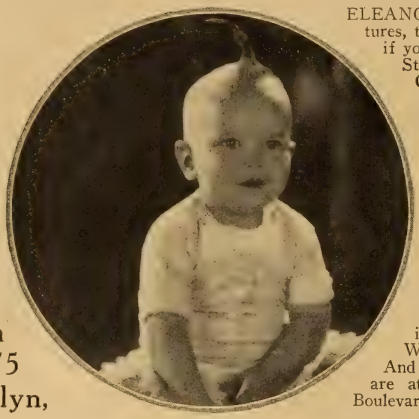
(*Continued on page* 112)

Motion Picture Junior

Vol. II. No. 3 September, 1926

The Junior Answer Man

Joe Frank Cobb Answers the Questions Sent to Him in Care of Movie, Jr., 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York



Snookums is in the movies, you know . . .

JUANITA.—That was little Billy Kent Schaffer in "The Homemaker." His next picture will be "Lost at Sea," in which Jane Novak and Huntly Gordon are featured.

MAY.—You can write to Thomas Meighan at the Famous Players' Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, Long Island, where he is playing in "Tin Gods."

ELEANOR DIETT.—I like Rin-Tin-Tin's pictures, too. Lee Duncan is his owner. I'm sure if you write to Mr. Duncan at Warner Bros.' Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, he will be glad to send you a picture of Rin-Tin-Tin.

AUGUSTA.—Gee, wasn't "The Bat" a "creepy" picture? That was Louise Fazenda who played *Lizzie Allen.* Sally O'Neil's next picture will be "A Certain Young Man" with Ramon Novarro. Our latest comedy is "Thundering Fleas." I hope you like it.

PATSIE L.—Richard Headrick and Virginia Marshall have been appearing in Fox pictures. You can write to them in care of Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. And Jackie Huff and Muriel Frances Dana are at Warner Bros.' Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

MARY H.—Carol Dempster, Esther Ralston and Florence Vidor are all at the Famous Players' Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, New York. Mary and Doug are vacationing in Europe at the present time. Anna Q. Nilsson is at First National Studios, Burbank, California. Bessie Love's next picture will be "Lovey Mary."

MARY.—You can write to Richard Barthelmess at the Clune Studios, 5360 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California. Ramon Novarro is at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

A Talk With the Holt Children

Seely

Tim and Jack Holt and Betty

I WAS being interviewed by young Jack Holt, Jr., known in his Laurel Canyon neighborhood as Tim. I had come to the Holt back yard with the express idea of getting Tim's views on the picture situation, but instead he put me on the defensive immediately after our introduction.

"Do actors eat?" he asked.

I replied that I had never known his father to go without food, and the neighbors, Mr. Ernest Torrence and Miss Florence Vidor, appeared well fed.

"I didn't know," said Tim, poking a chubby fist in his right eye, "until I saw in a picture that actors didn't eat."

Because of this astounding bit of information which young Tim had just gleaned, he refused to state whether he would become a picture actor or not. He seemed to think the greatest accomplishment in his life would be to ride a horse like "Daddy."

"Imogene can ride, too," said Tim, pointing to his elder sister, who was sitting in the shade of a tree reading, "but Daddy says I ride better."

Elizabeth Marshall Holt, Tim's younger sister, was rather aloof. When asked about her prospective career, she shyly put one hand up to her ear and bowed her head and whispered something. Tim walked over to his sister and took her hand in an understanding manner. She jerked away from him.

"Betty says no," said Tim. "Let's go look at the goldfish."

There is little doubt but what Charles John Holt, Jr., will grow up to be a regular two-fisted American boy. He is principally concerned with horses. As he remarked to his mother the other day

(*Continued on page* 103)

When We Were Very Young in the Movies

Verses for all photographs on this page are done with apologies to A. A. Milne, who wrote "When We Were Very Young"

Ernest Registers Objection

WHAT is the matter with Mike, the mule?
His ears are back, and he's kicking too.
There's nothing that anybody can do—
What *is* the matter with Mike. the mule?

Jerry in the Movies

JERRY asked
His mother,
His mother asked
The Movie Man:
"Couldn't you make some comedies
With Jerry in the Zoo?"
His mother asked
The Movie Man,
The Movie Man
Said: "Certainly!
I'll go and tell the animals
And see what we can do."

Puppy and I

I MET a Puppy as I went walking,
We got talking,
Puppy and I.
"Where are you going this nice, fine day?"
(I said to the Puppy as he went by).
"Up to the Fox lot to work in a play."
"I'll come with you, Puppy," said I.

Kenneth Alexander

The Movies' Sub-deb

Lois Moran comes from Pennsylvania, where her father was a prominent physician. It was after his death that she studied dancing and entered the ballet of the Paris Opera. She has just signed a new contract which will keep her in the studios for some time to come. And her next appearance upon the screen will be framed in "God Gave Me Twenty Cents." Her mother is with her here

Are you going to be one of the lucky passengers on The Limerick Liner? We have $50.00 to divide among five writers of clever lines. Remember that the line you submit to complete a limerick must rhyme with the first two. Send as many as you like before August 20th. Address: Limerick Contest 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tho they say to be seen while in tears
Is a thing every pretty girl fears,
Florence Vidor refused
To look gay or amused

The new Swedish beauty, La Garbo,
Has radical notions of garb-O.
All her modesty needs
Is a few strings of beads

If Mae were a Japanese miss
She would have to wear costumes like this.
As her legs and her arms
Are her principal charms,

Pauline Starke thought, "I'm far too demure.
Without sex appeal—fame cant endure."
So she proved she had "It"
And at once made a hit

With the price of Bebe's bouquet
Most girls a month's rent could pay
And still have enough
For a coat and a muff

All Aboard the Limerick Liner

August Prize Winning Limericks on Page 84

THIS IS NOT A PRESS-AGENT'S STORY

THEY could not find anyone who looked enough like Theodore Roosevelt to portray the famous Teddy in "The Rough Riders." So Famous Players-Lasky offered a reward of five hundred dollars to anyone who brought them a man who resembled T. R. enough to play the part.

Such an advertisement appeared in the program of Grauman's Los Angeles Theater and a woman, coming out of the theater, saw Frank Hopper passing. She asked him if he would go to the studios with her, explaining the situation.

Mr. Hopper went. And he got the part.

The first thing he had to do was reduce twenty-five pounds. But he was paid five dollars every time the scale dropped one mark.

At the time of his discovery Mr. Hopper was a book agent, but he is not without knowledge of acting, having played in a stock company in Montana.

Eugene R. Richee

Who Made Charlie Chaplin?

By Le Roy Green

It is an odd little yarn, this of the two Chaplin brothers from an English poor-farm. It is a little cruel . . . a little funny. It might have come from either Theodore Dreiser or the "American Magazine" if it had not come from life.

Above is the scene in President Freuler's office when the big Mutual contract with Charlie was signed. Reading from left to right are John R. Freuler, President of the Mutual Film Corporation, Syd Chaplin and Charles Chaplin

There was a rumor that Charlie paid Syd to keep him off the screen because of professional jealousy. Syd scoffs at this idea

UNDOUBTEDLY, the answer to "Who Made Charlie?" is: the World and his wife and his little fat boy who paid their dimes into nickelodeons and recognized genius in the illusive derby and the timid feet long before George Jean Nathan, Thomas Burke and some of the other boys got around to it. But "Who made the world make Charlie?" is another question and another story.

Anyway, it is an odd little yarn, this one of the two brothers from an English poor-farm, a little cruel, a little funny, and it might have come from Theodore Dreiser or the "American Magazine" if it hadn't come from Life.

Briefly, it is the story of an idea of Syd Chaplin's, the boy who made the trap that lead the world to beat the path to Charlie's door.

If Syd ever wanted to quit the Warner Brothers for free-lance management of young folks with talent, he would need the Armory for an anteroom. Making mighty oaks from little acorns grow is a sleight-of-hand trick with Syd. Under the bonnet of "Charley's Aunt" lies a brain that for sheer shrewdness of judgment has few equals and even fewer superiors in the industry.

Syd, some people will tell you, is merciless where money is concerned. Others say he is canny. Some call him

"a wise little guy." But there are a few who know that Syd remembers from bitter experience that ten pennies make a dime, and one dime makes a loaf, and one loaf equals three meals a day—if you've got it—and they often didn't have it, Syd and Charlie, in those bleak days of the English music-halls.

They were doing "turns" then in a London comedy, not a particularly brilliant comedy but a comedy just the same. They did flops and falls and handsprings and tumbles, and the English cabbies with mouths full of tobacco wads, and house dames with beer pails, and ladies of the morning-noon-and-night flocked to the halls to guffaw at the funny boys. They slapped their thighs and held their sides and shook the rafters until a canny little manager with a mustache, seeing the possibilities of the two, particularly the "little fellow," offered to bring Charlie to the States as the featured comedian of "A Night in a London Dance Hall." Charlie who was flattered to be the featured anything in anything at all, agreed. Syd stayed behind.

America loves to laugh and pays well for the privilege. She was good to Charlie. Taxi drivers with chewing-gum, housewives with shopping bags, and "kids" flocked to the cheaper vaudevilles to laugh at the droll boy who oddly enough could be quite funny and look quite sad. They slapped their thighs and held their sides and shook the rafters until it penetrated to the comedy lot of a Mr. Mack Sennett, who was starting out in "pitchurs" and was in the market for bathing girls and first-rate comedians.

Mack heard Charlie was funny, so he wired him. He said in effect "I'll take you on at a salary of $175 per week if that is satisfactory to you." It was so satisfactory to Charlie that he swooned and was ill for two days from the sheer munificence of the thing. When he was fully recuperated but on a light diet in order to avoid a setback, Charlie did a little wiring himself. He sent word to Syd that there was a gold-mine in the picture business—then known as the movies. But Syd, who had run into a gold-mine of his own in the form of a good weekly salary, couldn't see the movies—YET.

Charlie went to work for Sennett. He found a derby in the prop room that was later to become a symbol. He found shoes, too big for him, and baggy trousers and a cane and a temperament that were one day to inspire the praise and critical attention of the loftiest brows of two continents. He founded an international character—a pathetic little tramp who had a talent for doing the wrong thing at the right time to do the wrong thing. Charlie was a figurante from the Sahara Desert to Walla Walla, Washington, and points East. He was more than an actor or a comedian. He was a personality. His moods and his whims were diligently recorded. His opinions respected.

Syd, in England, read about it. He read in a movie magazine that a man named Charlie Chaplin was making America resound with laughter, and for a man who was making America resound with laughter a paltry $175 per week didn't look so big to Syd.

It looked like an insult when he arrived in New York and saw the lines that flocked to the places showing Charlie's pictures. It looked even more so when he found out that stage favorites of the New York theaters were drawing thousands of dollars a week.

So Syd stood on a street corner and put two and two together and got plenty out of it. He reasoned that if Charlie could draw audiences to theaters all over the country, he was a hundred times more valuable than a legitimate star who could fill only one house. Therefore the managers of the picture houses could be made to pay more to the producers who could be made to pay more to the stars—and Charlie in particular. Which was what might be called a bright idea considering that film at that time was being sold like string sausage, so much the foot, no matter who the star or what the story.

He took his idea out to Hollywood and Charlie and Sennett. It was jake with Charlie but Sennett couldn't see it. Syd asked what Sennett could do for Charlie and Sennett said he didn't think he could do much more than he was doing in the money line, so Syd said "Thank you" and took his plan and Charlie over to Essanay at ten thousand a week. (Ten pennies make a dime, one dime makes a loaf, one loaf makes three meals if you've got it. They had it now.)

With Charlie sitting pretty for the duration of that contract, time weighed heavily on Syd's hands. He got an offer to make a picture called "The Submarine Pirate" and accepted. He seemed satisfied.

But genius such as Charlie's needed constant attention

(*Continued on page* 85)

Below is Syd in "Gussle's Adventures," one of a series of old Keystones he made . . . it was after this that he retired to look after his brother's financial interests

It was the publicity resulting from the deal that Syd made with Mutual for Charlie that raised salaries to the exorbitant sums now received by Swanson

Now Syd has branched out pretty well for himself. He's funny too. And he has a nice contract with Warner Brothers. Everything sitting pretty. Above is Syd as he appears next in "The Better 'Ole"

The sons of Buster and Natalie Keaton are two of the loveliest children in the film colony

The eldest is Joseph—after his famous Aunt Norma's husband, Joseph Schenck. The other is Robert

Both bear the middle name of Talmadge

All photos by Spurr

THE KEATON CHILDREN

Morning, Afternoon and

There is an air about this gown of which the Princess Mary might approve . . . yet it is decidedly *à la mode*. Fashioned of white chiffon, over a foundation of white satin, it has godets of old ivory silk lace which give the fashionable circular motion in both front and back. All the other inserts, including the waistband, are of the same lace. The neck line is round in the back and higher than it is in the front

THE same subtlety of tone and suavity of manner that characterize Corinne Griffith characterize her wardrobe.

She favors soft reds, greens, wood browns, and much beige for her town clothes and pastel shades for evening wear and sports.

Because she is neither a decided blonde nor brunette, having green eyes, fair skin and brown hair, she may wear almost any color. But whatever the color she favors, it is certain to be of a subdued tone.

The coat below is a masterpiece in leather . . . of Venetian red, with summer ermine of beige color. It is lined with a silk crêpe of the same color which shows on the revers when the collar is open. The belt is drawn thru two brass rings at the left side. A circular godet at either side of the front gives the slightest flare

An interesting new material has been used in this two-piece, semi-sports dress. It is a kind of wool alpaca in yellow, with collar and pockets stitched with silver and yellow thread. The borders are almond green. In the back are two groups of pin tucks which give the blouse a slightly fitted appearance. And the pattern of the soft silk tie is printed in soft pastel colors

Very, very nautical in spirit is this navy blue twill frock that has a white flannel collar with a naval emblem embroidered in red and gold in each corner. Then there is gold braid at the cuffs and on the suède belt. Even the brass buttons that fasten the white flannel cuffs have anchors on them

Evening à la Mode

Cerline Boll Presents Corinne Griffith's New Wardrobe

To the left is a one-piece frock of orchid satin-back crêpe. There is an underskirt over which is worn a tunic, box-plaited, which opens in the front. The back, however, is quite flat. The scalloping around the bottom of the simulated jumper extends up the sides to the pockets . . . and the triple collar and cuffs and the ties are of a pastel-green chiffon

The coat of the very swagger walking costume shown below is made of moleskin dyed a navy blue . . . the latest experiment in fur. With this Miss Griffith usually wears a dark-blue crêpe-satin dress with lingerie collar and cuffs

The coat above is of a beige silk serge with a long wide scarf attached. The front is made rather circular by strips sewn together, which widen at the bottom and are scalloped. This is worn on informal summer occasions, over a gown of the same material which is trimmed with coral satin and coral beads

The gown above is a flat crêpe, with wine-colored tulips in three shades printed on its white ground. There are five circular godets across the front and the string belt, attached at the sides, is tied in back. A wine-colored chiffon scarf is part of the gown . . . and a coat of the same color in velvet and made like the other wrap on this page beautifully complements this costume

It's a GIRL!

Photographs by G. Maillard Kesslere

You cannot be sure these days . . . Who would believe that the striking head above was Leatrice Joy. Her extreme and modish bob so delighted Manhattan photographers that they beseeched her for sittings . . . There is a far hail between this ultra-modern effect and the crinolined study . . .

Alice Joyce Suggests This Luncheon

Luncheon Menu

Honeydew Melon

Iced Consommé

Lamb Chops

Fresh Peas **Potatoes Sauté**

Cold Asparagus, Vinaigrette

Bavarian Cream

Demi-Tasse

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead he could look at Alice and think of bread . . . !

The above does not even deserve the apology of poetic license. It came to us spontaneously and we couldn't help it.

Moreover, it will not interfere with the menu at all, for while a man might well forget mundane bread in gazing upon Alice, the ladies, God bless 'em, can always "nibble," even when they are dieting their best.

And since all of us have to plan breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners for our families and for guests, it does rather help to know what the stars plan when we get down to our more earthly recipes.

We asked Alice Joyce what her favorite luncheon menu is, or one of them. She confided in us that, quite frequently, when she eats at home, alone, it is crackers and milk, but she admitted that this would not look so well in print as a luncheon menu.

"When you have the girls in for luncheon . . ." we urged.

Then she told us.

"There is one luncheon menu," she said, "that I very often order for myself or for chance guests. Taking it in all, I think it is about my favorite."

We publish this menu *verbatim.*

(*Continued on page* 107)

Photograph of Alice Joyce (Mrs. James Regan) taken in her city home especially for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE by Russell Ball

"Fine Manners" is the last picture that Gloria Swanson will make for Paramount. Months were spent filming this tale of an actor who loves a girl with atrocious manners and endeavors to reform her. Eugene O'Brien is the actor in the case . . .

Another type of rôle for Norma Shearer! There seems no boundary to this actress' versatility. In "The Weaker Sex" she portrays a lawyer. She is shown here pleading in defense of her client. If we know anything about men, she wins the case . . .

Judging from the oval photograph above, "The Temptress" is well named. Altho Greta Garbo has only been on the American screen for a short time, she enjoys quite a vogue. The admiring trio is composed of Tony Moreno, Armand Kaliz and H. B. Warner

"So This Is Paris" has considerable to recommend it. Monte Blue for one thing. Patsy Ruth Miller for another. And the sparkle and ultra-sophistication of Lubitsch direction for another

There Is an Infinite Variety to the Motion

Marion Davies has always been seen to best advantage in human rôles. And "The Red Mill" offers her just the sort of thing in which she excels. She should make an enchanting *Tina*. George Seigmann plays her cross *Uncle William*

"You Never Know Women" is the profound title of the picture in which Lowell Sherman, Joe Bonomo and Florence Vidor are shown above. Joe Bonomo is a strong man, insanely jealous of his flirtatious wife . . . and a source of amusement to the other characters

Who else but Adolphe Menjou for *Satan* in "The Sorrows of Satan"? D. W. Griffith is reported well pleased with the finished version of the Marie Corelli novel. Carol Dempster is the girl and Ricardo Cortez is the boy . . . and Lya de Putti is also in the cast

"Variety" comes to us from the German studios. It finds its interest in the triangle idea, but the treatment of the theme is intelligent and original and results in a compelling story. Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti are the featured players

Pictures That Come to the Screen This Autumn

Ball

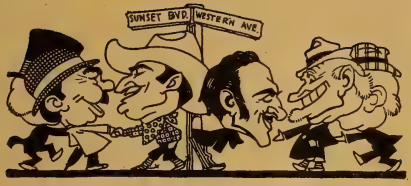
THE GREAT GATSBY

. . . has been a successful character. He was a best seller when he made his first public appearance between the covers of the F. Scott Fitzgerald novel. Then he made his stage début and there was a continual line at the Broadway box-office. And now he is to try his fortune on the screen. Warner Baxter, judging from this photograph, will do well by Gatsby.

THAT'S OUT

The Funny Side of Serious Things

By Tamar Lane



They All Fall for Hollywood

THE Motion Picture Theater Owners of America have just finished holding their big annual convention. It was held in Hollywood this year and the exhibitors gathered with the avowed purpose of finding some way to combat the trust and save themselves from being wiped out of the film business.

During their stay in Hollywood, however, most of the theater owners were so busy shaking hands with Tom Mix and rubbing elbows with John Gilbert, Raymond Griffith, Monte Blue and other film celebrities that they forgot all about the trust and its so-called menace to their theaters.

Not much was accomplished at the convention, but the theater owners had a good time. When they get back to their home towns, some of them may be lucky enough to find that they still own their theaters.

* * *

The moral of the above note is: Motion picture exhibitors are human. They came into Hollywood like lions, but they went out like lambs.

THE next time that Michael Arlen visits Hollywood, he will, no doubt, be presented with a brown derby instead of a green hat.

Arlen's literary reputation made him quite the man of the hour on his recent trip to the film colony. Hollywood film moguls, whose estimate of high-grade literature is based upon reading weekly copies of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the Sunday cartoon supplement of their favorite daily newspaper, expected Arlen to revolutionize scenario writing with a few original stories.

In view of the fact that Arlen had failed to include any original matter in the literary work on which he based his reputation, it is not quite clear how producers calculated he might inject originality into the silent drama.

Nevertheless, they were willing to pay him fancy prices to teach Hollywood a few new tricks. Film fans get their chance to see some of Arlen's scenario work in "The Dancer of Paris." Now that they have viewed it, they will understand why Hollywood no longer looks upon Arlen as the Moses who will lead them out of the wilderness.

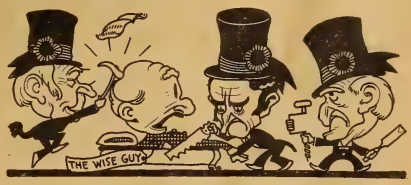
Why Not Be Consistent?

I SEE where the club women are at it again. At their recent convention in Atlantic City they sent forth the announcement and advice that American women should refuse to view any picture which they did not consider proper for their children to see.

That's fine. Now let the club women apply the same sort of sound common sense to all other matters of daily routine.

In future, all mothers should confine their reading matter to nursery rhymes, their diet to malted milk and paregoric, their wearing apparel to rompers, and their conversations to marbles and mumbly-pegs.

So long as we are going to have censorship, why not make a good job of it and censor everything?



WHILE we are on the subject of censorship, it may please some of our readers to know that "The Wise Guy," one of the cleverest pictures turned out of Hollywood in recent months, has been rejected by the censors.

If the producers spend about a hundred thousand dollars to remake the picture, and cut out all the sense in it, the censors say that they will allow the picture to be shown in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Ain't Life Terrible?

HOLLYWOOD is getting all excited. Somebody has started the rumor that the big film moguls are forming a combine with the intention of cutting down star salaries.

It will be a terrible blow when that day arrives.

It will be a pitiful sight to see some of our poor screen

(*Continued on page* 105)

The Picture Parade

DON JUAN—Romantic Drama—90%

THIS production is a far hail from "The Sea Beast." It presents the romantic, profiled John Barrymore. And it places him in the years to which he so utterly belongs. The story is laid in the days of the Borgias and one intrigue after another builds a plot mighty with suspense.

Of course, Barrymore in the titular rôle has many amorous adventures. And not the least of these is with *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Nothing flavored with high romance is omitted. There is a two-sword duel which Barrymore fights with the daring and enchantment for which we have always adored him. He is thruout all that we have come to expect him to be.

Praise should be given Estelle Taylor who plays *Lucrezia Borgia*. She is a fascinating actress. Mary Astor is a fragile and beautiful heroine. Willard Louis offers delicious comedy. And Montague Love is also excellent.

Alan Crosland has done splendidly with the direction.

SAY IT AGAIN—Comedy—80%

THE good old Graustark pattern comes to light as a merry burlesque here. While the director, Gregory La Cava, does not trespass too far away from the mythical kingdom boundaries —he sees to it that it goes on a bright holiday most of the while. He becomes romantic at the start in establishing the plot, swings into burlesque in introducing the crown prince as a Detroit sausage manufacturer—together with his royal entry into Spezonia—and finishes with a battle royal and the inevitable romantic clinch.

A good time should be enjoyed by all at this picture. Patrons will laugh over Chester Conklin trying to look like a prince—and *not* getting away with it.

It is set to a fast pace—the scenes being well timed—and carrying a kick or two all the way. The subtitles are provocative of laughter, tho with the Spezonian language represented by spelling English backwards they become somewhat monotonous. The burlesque far outshines the romance. Richard Dix plays the American hero who doubles as the prince with fine abandon—and "Gunboat" Smith shows a bag of comedy tricks as his aide-de-hokum. Alyce Mills, the new leading woman, does her bit charmingly.—*Paramount.*

VARIETY—Drama—95%

EMIL JANNINGS again demonstrates that he is supreme as a pantomimist in this simple, but powerfully dramatic triangle —which is enacted against the background of a Berlin music-hall. As in "The Last Laugh," he submerges his personality so that one sees beyond the environment of the character portrayed —and discovers the soul of the man.

The same invisible forces which guide a man's conduct take him in charge and wreck him. Boisterous, playful, cunning, proud, a big mastiff, sure of himself and his strength—he plays upon his emotions and becomes so much animated stuffing in the hands of the wily temptress—whose passion is men.

The story builds in typical Teutonic fashion—marching inexorably to its pre-destined tragic climax. The director hasn't missed a single point in fashioning the story as an impressive study of realism and his figures stalk life-like across the screen.

The brutish cavalier of the carnival renounces his marital vows. A woman, soft and sensuous, with big, limpid eyes comes into his life. She is the Eve who destroys his Eden. The slattern he calls his wife bows down with grief and humiliation. And her man runs away with his new mistress—runs away to reap the age-old insults of his careless friends who have knowledge of his degradation. There is your triangle—shot with varied shadings of true character building. It is told in the flash-back style with Jannings facing the Court as the bitter memories unfold.

Here is a picture which paints human wreckage in its natural color of gray. Thru it all Jannings stalks as a human being. And not far behind him in the conception of what she represents is Lya de Putti.—*Ufa-Paramount.*

A GUIDE TO THE GOOD PICTURES

WE will publish our reviews in a uniform size so that they may be filed for future reference. They are written by critics whose viewpoints are unbiased. The ratings should be of special assistance.

Ratings: Excellent, 95%; Good, 80%; Fair, 70%; Poor, 50%

THE SON OF THE SHEIK—*Drama—80%*

IN "The Sheik," that romantic drama played on hot desert sands, Rudolph Valentino did much to add a new word to our vernacular. Youths who pull a heavy line are still classified as sheiks by the feminine contingent. But if this word was becoming passé, we prophesy that Valentino in "The Son of the Sheik" will do something to revive it. Which is one way of saying that this will be a popular production.

E. M. Hull, author of both these sheik novels, might be said to know her stuff. And the samé might be said of Valentino . . . the director, George Fitzmaurice, and Vilma Banky.

Again Valentino wears the robes of the Arabians . . . again he dashes over desert sands on a full-blooded steed. And again there is a fair lady in distress. Else, why a sheik?

There is a beauty to the entire production. And if it adds nothing of unadulterated art to the screen, it certainly adds an entertainment value. Surely Valentino need have no doubt of the appeal of his most famous character. Zorro's son made screen history for Douglas Fairbanks—and the sheik's son should carry on Rudolph's popularity.—*United Artists.*

ELLA CINDERS—*Romantic Comedy—70%*

THIS picture is right up the street where Colleen Moore lives. With her sense of the ridiculous she makes this rustic *Cinderella* a real character study. The first impression of the famous cartoon strip was that it couldn't be done in the movies—that it didn't have enough stuff in it. But translated into celluloid, it more than holds up—and makes good.

We see *Ella* winning the beauty prize—we see her making off to Hollywood—we see her getting sick on the train as a heap big Injun orders her to smoke one of his cigars—we see her crashing the studio gate successfully—and actually getting a contract for feature rôles.

Call it hokum if you will—but it is the kind of hokum that registers with nine persons out of ten who do not pose as hard-boiled. There is pathos in *Ella's* every move and the humor is well-distributed in the studio scenes. Here was a chance for the director to overdo it. But he keeps his balance.

Colleen makes *Ella* the eccentric "step-child" she is in the comic strip—and Lloyd Hughes, playing a movie counterpart of "Red" Grange, makes a competent foil for the star. You should enjoy the picture—not only for its appealing characterization, but also for its homey incident which is most colorfully presented. The frail idea might have been spoiled, but, thanks to sympathetic treatment, it takes on real value.—*First National.*

GOOD AND NAUGHTY—*Romantic Comedy—80%*

EVERY other director on the Lasky lot has been assigned to direct Pola Negri—so it was quite to be expected that Mal St. Clair would have his opportunity of trying to make a worthy picture for her. He has succeeded where others have failed. Whatever magic he used is not known, but he has directed her as if in sympathy with her moods. The result is a brisk little hodge-podge of comedy and fine manners.

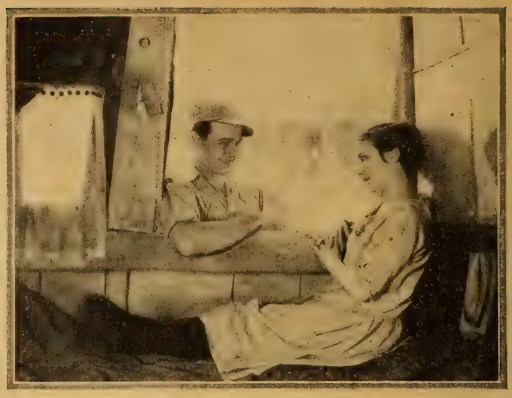
Now the idea is not so new. It is nothing else but the dowdy secretary yarn dressed up with novel trimmings. The girl, looked upon as a hopeless old maid by her alert employer, becomes piqued over his partner's wise-cracks anent her ugliness. So she makes herself over in a jiffy—too much of a jiffy to ring true—and follows the boys to Florida—in order to save the more acceptable from a wily vampire or three.

What transpires in the boom state is what makes up the "kick" to the picture. It is all done to the tune of fast and breezy action—with Ford Sterling nearly stealing the honors with his assortment of gags. Leave it to him—a graduate of the Sennett school—to know what to do with a scene when he sees it. But St. Clair has brought forth Pola as a comédienne, and that is the big achievement of the picture. The public has almost despaired of seeing the star in a story that fits her histrionic stature. "Good and Naughty" is Pola's best American film.—*Paramount.*

MISS NOBODY—*Romantic Comedy—50%*

THE excuse for this picture is in giving Anna Q. Nilsson the chance to masquerade in masculine clothes. Otherwise it is a frail little piece—which tugs at its romantic strings and very nearly breaks them. That's how brittle is the plotting of the idea—which concerns a spirited society girl, made penniless by her father, assuming a masculine make-up in order to get on in the world.

Attired in makeshift clothing, she meets a party of tramps and the following scenes are devoted to enlivening it with gags and snappy subtitles. Miss Nilsson has a lot of fun in her disguise. While the romance is having its innings, there are interludes given up to the slap-stick of the other tramps. Mr. Hero proves to be in disguise, too. The film isn't substantial enough for five reels. What few moments it has belong to Miss Nilsson. Walter Pidgeon is competent enough as the youth who rides the brake-rods with her.—*First National.*



LOVEY MARY—*Heart-Interest Drama—80%*

ALICE HEGAN RICE'S beloved character becomes humanized on the screen—the result of a sympathetic treatment of the story and the able acting of a well-balanced cast. There is much sentiment here, but it isn't the kind that becomes mawkish. Indeed, it becomes almost lifelike and so well are the humanities distributed that the spectator will feel as if he is an actual inhabitant of the Cabbage Patch.

Bessie Love plays the title rôle—and extracts a lot of color and feeling from it. She is a bit kittenish at the start, but later gets right into the characterization. It is our opinion that without competent players the story would not have much to carry it. But it is so finely acted that the obvious high marks are eliminated. Mary, an orphan girl, adopts her wayward sister's little boy—and the interest is found in her troubles in rearing him. Patrons will enjoy Bessie Love, Vivia Ogden, Mary Alden and William Haines.—*Metro-Goldwyn.*

THE FLAME OF THE YUKON—*Melodrama—50%*

SHADES of Dorothy Dalton and her original flame! Here comes the old melodrama of the Alaskan honky-tonk—all dressed up in new trimmings—and with Seena Owen in the title rôle. But the modern version does not place its ancestor under an eclipse. There have been too many similar ideas ground thru the movie mill. However, the title is magnetic. It suggests quick trigger-fingers—and mad passion. Which doubtless inspired the sponsors to employ it again.

The anticipated fireworks do not go off. Indeed, the action is rather mild compared to the original. If you know your Alaskan melodrama at all, it is easy for you to guess that the girl repents and reforms—guided as she is by the elevating influence of romance. The punch scene introduces one of those knock-'em-down and drag-'em-out fights. There is a young trouper in the picture who will bear watching. His name is Arnold Gray.—*Producers Distributing Corp.*

THE MARRIAGE CLAUSE—*Drama—80%*

MANY pictures have been plotted around the life behind the footlights, but "The Marriage Clause" comes closer to realities than any celluloid work we've ever seen. The story is not the usual excursion into the life of some chorine who has to fight constantly to keep the bestial manager in his place. It is motivated around a bigger idea than that.

Everyone knows that some managers, to keep their stars, stipulate that they must not marry. Upon this premise the star signs on the dotted line. She has made good because of the constant sympathy and friendly advice offered her by the stage manager. They fall in love, but must wait three years.

The drama soars and touches real humanities.

It brings Lois Weber, the only woman director, back to the megaphone—and she demonstrates that her art has broadened during her absence. Billie Dove, as the star, gives a most sympathetic performance.—*Universal.*

FOOTLOOSE WIDOWS—*Comedy-Romance—50%*

THE main title is about the most commendable feature of this picture. True, some of the players try to catch something of the spirit of the plot, but their work is wasted upon a story which has barely enough substance to carry thru three reels.

The idea involves a couple of gold-diggers who work in a modiste shop in New York. The owner, being in love with the more personable of the girls, permits both of them to borrow sufficient finery to make a hit at his little party. These fair *hombres* then proceed to place New York and their boss far from their immediate presence. They hop to Palm Beach for the express purpose of trapping a millionaire.

What results is a time-worn treatment of hackneyed situations. The film is burdened with a set of weak titles—which do not furnish any humor to the commonplace scenes. Louise Fazenda succeeds in being colorful.—*Warner Brothers.*

THE PALM BEACH GIRL—*Comedy—70%*

ABOUT everything happens here that could possibly happen in a picture built upon a racing finish. The director is forced to rush it thru to the tune of frenzied action until the girl from the Corn Belt speeds her boy friend's motor-boat past the wire a winner. The idea is based upon the lively plan of keeping it in perpetual motion. Yet despite its speed, it manages to lag in its pace.

The irrepressible imp from Ioway comes to visit her relatives and is introduced by one of the oldest gags that ever was ground thru celluloid. Poking her head of the train window, a passing tugboat blackens her face. And so it goes from one gag to another thru six dizzy reels.

Bebe Daniels and Lawrence Gray have their hands full in obeying the laws of gravity. Miss Bebe and her leading man succeed in making it interesting. But the idea is nothing to make a great fuss over.—*Paramount.*

PARIS—*Romantic Melodrama—70%*

THE story of the Paris underworld is given another celluloid treatment. Which is that of the apache and the *gamine* who loves him for his cruelty. This theme, seemingly, never grows old. It furnishes Charles Ray with a different characterization—and his study is the only novel twist in the picture. He plays a young giddy American who falls hard for the girl of Montmartre and succeeds in establishing her in his house until her lover gets out of jail.

As mentioned above, this surprise finish adds a novel touch in a story which doesn't get off the beaten track. True it carries interest here and there—what with its fights, its atmosphere—and its character sketches—but these hardly compensate for the lack of originality and humanity in the treatment of the plot. Joan Crawford adds spirit to the rôle of the girl—and Douglas Gilmore is as much in character as any apache who stalks our stage and screen.—*Metro-Goldwyn.*

ROLLING HOME—*Romantic Comedy—70%*

THE homely and thoroly tried-and-true story of the son whose mother thinks him a millionaire—and who returns to the native hearth with the guilty conscience that he is broke, is lugged forth again here. It is rather creaky stuff for this star who has climbed into popularity—not only for his personality, but for the high calibre of stories which have been his allotment.

The action introduces plenty of complications for the central figure. Speeches are made from platforms—draped with the flag—and when it appears likely that he will be exposed as a big fraud, oil is discovered in the village square. He is given credit for giving the town its boom—and he stays to fall in love and win the girl. Naturally, with such a story Denny cannot employ his usual pace. But at that it remains a pretty fair sort of picture. The star and Marion Nixon see to that.—*Universal.*

It All Began When Charlie Caught La Meller's Violets

By
Milton Howe

CELEBRITIES of the motion picture world applauded with enthusiasm for fifteen minutes after the final curtain had been lowered on the first-night performance of Raquel Meller, the Spanish song-bird. A greater reception has never been accorded anyone by the stars of the motion picture world. Señorita Meller at first gave but two performances and at both of them the house was sold out at ten dollars a seat. Later in the week she appeared under the auspices of Charles Chaplin and other motion picture folk in a special performance at El Capitan Theater in Hollywood.

The first night the famous Spanish artist played, all the stars of filmdom were present. Of course, Antonio Moreno was there to greet the Señorita from his native land. Pola Negri made a couple of entrances, but she caused no more comment than if she were entering her own front door.

Rudolph Valentino sat in a box the first night and the

(*Continued on page* 115)

It was uncertain whether or not Raquel Meller would sign a motion picture contract when she went to California. And the news that her first appearance on the American screen will be under Charlie's direction is excellent news indeed

International Newsreel

The Editor Gossips

Once again Ramon Novarro comes to New York *incognito* . . . and he tells of a girl he used to meet at twilight in a Mexican plaza . . .

Ruth Harriet Louise

. . . with Ramon Novarro . . . Corinne Griffith . . . Paul Bern

"IN the parked plazas it was pleasant after school. The girls would walk about the curving paths. And they sometimes seemed like butterflies in their pale dresses when dusk came. Their mothers or duennas would sit embroidering or talking on benches among the twilight flowers.

"We boys would walk around and around, each one of us hoping to meet one girl. Always in every boy's heart there was the image of one girl.

"Sometimes when you passed her she would smile. That meant great happiness. You would hurry your steps so that you might pass her soon again. But if she did not smile at you but was so interested in talking with her friend that she seemed not to see you, why then you were very sad.

"The girls and boys still have those romantic evenings in Mexico."

It was Ramon Novarro talking. He had come to New York *incognito*. He had not wanted his telephone to ring constantly with requests for interviews or photographic sittings. He had traveled three thousand odd miles to get away from motion pictures and being a star. He wanted to see a few of the new plays and to hear some music.

And while he had talked, the traffic of Park Avenue had groaned and honked and slithered on fifteen stories below.

We think that life today is what it is in spite of people. We of this century have created a *Frankenstein* monster in the modern pace. We are in such a nervous state that we constantly fear that we will miss something. We have taken even romance by the heels. And, of course, to misquote the immortal words of Fannie Hurst, "the dust has dropped off the butterfly's wings and the dew has dropped off the rose."

"What would happen, do you suppose," Ramon asked us humorously, "if we presumed to make the gestures made years ago . . . if we resurrected old graces?"

It would have been difficult to say.

However, in a comparative degree, Ramon Novarro has stepped back and permitted the mad modern pace to pass him. Hollywood calls him a recluse. He does not attend countless dinner-parties and tennis tournaments and dances. But he is not a recluse. He has merely not entered the social life of what might be called his group.

Away from the studios he looks for recreation in his own way. He has a few friends and evening after evening drifts into midnight as they sit talking of an odd variety of things. He reads . . . not what is being read but what interests him. It may be an adventure of old whaling days . . . or a semiscientific book about the professors who went down into the tropics to fight a plague . . . or the autobiography of some musician. And he almost always goes to the Hollywood Bowl because there is good music to be heard there.

How few of us actually do the things we want to do. It takes a courage to seek your individual interest regardless of what everyone else is doing . . . to eschew any social group so that you find it unnecessary to maintain any standard or group interests.

(*Continued on page* 89)

Theda Bara is trying to come back in comedies. This old picture finds her as *Cleopatra*. Remember what a great success that was?

Spurr

Henry B. Walthall is still the fine actor he was as the memorable *Little Colonel* in "The Birth of a Nation." Today he is a featured player

Galea

Florence Turner is playing rôles of slight importance. She was one of the greatest old-time favorites known as "The Girl with the Big Eyes"

How Long Are They Stars?

By NORMAN L. SPER

STARS that are clustered in the motion picture firmament today are shining far more brilliantly and are enduring in public favor much longer than those who shone so resplendently in the pioneer days of the misty past.

The stars of today are having an average run of from six to seven years as stellar lights in the comparatively new heaven of entertainment, while in the earlier days the luster of the leaders dimmed in a fraction of more than four years.

This does not mean that these stars become totally obscured in the film firmament but rather that their brilliance was dimmed by the radiance of the new arrivals and that they become secondary planets to the new constellations the producer-astronomers had discovered.

There are exceptions, of course, a few of the stars of today appeared on the horizon from ten to fifteen years ago and are still shining brilliantly, but these can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Relentless time and the fickle fancy and the short memory of the public have led the others—or rather most of them—down into the depths of oblivion.

Stardom is at best short-lived in motion pictures. In some cases it is like the flitting cloud that dissolves after passing over the surface of the cinema world. Stardom with others is more tangible, more durable, more impressive. It adds to its brilliance after it appears on the horizon, grows in splendor following the orbit to its zenith and then fades gloriously into a sunset of golden memory as it sinks beyond the western border of time.

Apeda

Most people in motion picture circles believe that Mabel Normand has a good opportunity to regain the place she lost thru a series of unfortunate circumstances

Tho the world has seemed to believe otherwise, the stars of the cinema heaven are eclipsed and fade into virtual obscurity quicker than do those of its nearest rival in American favor—baseball.

The average length of stardom today, as already stated, is between six and seven years. The average life of the great stars of the diamond is between ten and twelve years. In the case of the famous Ty Cobb, it has extended beyond twenty. The great Cy Young pitched marvelous baseball nearly twenty years. Zack Wheat is still a .300 hitter and a glowing star of the diamond after eighteen years' service. The lamented Christy Mathewson and Adrian Anson, Joe McGinnity, Larry Doyle, Mike Donlin, who is now in Hollywood and very successful as a motion picture actor, and others enjoyed stardom on the dia-

Mae Marsh failed to come back and is living peacefully in retirement

There are not more than five people on the screen who have been able to hold their stardom for more than ten years

mond that extended over a period of more than twelve years.

But the cinema stars with long records of public favor are few—Mary Pickford, Harry Carey, Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge and perhaps a few others. These have enjoyed stardom for ten years or more. How many others can claim to have remained stars for so great a period of time? Few indeed.

A distinction must be noted here. There are at least thirty-five actors and actresses who have been in public favor ten years or more. Some of these have been stars. But their period of stardom was comparatively short-lived, they were eclipsed by the brilliance of newly discovered constellations and retrogressed back into the ranks of featured players. Many of these are still great favorites today, but their light has been receding and is still receding rapidly and soon they too will be just a memory.

But all the while, as these other stars rose brilliantly and then faded slowly into minor parts or obscurity, the greater satellites remained fixed in their positions and several at least are as brilliant today as ever and perhaps, in one or two instances more so.

As we turn back the pages of cinema history, we find that the stardom period of the other favorites ran from two to seven years, except in the instances already noted. There is an element of the tragic and pathetic in comparing the lives of these stars in the old days with their existence now. The lovable Mabel Normand, who starred for seven years, is seeking re-establishment in public favor. She is attempting a comeback in two-reel comedies. Henry Walthall is now a featured player. Mae Marsh has failed to come back. William and Dustin Farnum occasionally play. Marguerita Fisher takes parts now.

Florence Turner, one of the greatest of old-time favorites, is playing rôles of more or less importance. Maurice Costello, the matinée idol so greatly beloved by the girl fans, is playing minor parts. Antonio Moreno holds his own to a certain extent by being featured. Francis X. Bushman, who left the screen for a time, is still being featured in big casts. Theda Bara is in comedies. Florence Lawrence failed in a comeback. Charles Ray is fighting desperately to regain his old place in the sun. Bryant Washburn appears in an occasional picture. Pearl White could not

(*Continued on page 97*)

This is the twelfth year of Norma Talmadge's stardom. She was first successful on the old Vitagraph lot. And today she appears younger and more beautiful than in this old still from "The Battle Cry of Peace"

Charlie Chaplin has had eleven years of success. And he is greater today than he ever was

Mary Pickford has retained her high place longer than anyone else on the screen. For fifteen years now she has been an idol

Lindstedt

Douglas Fairbanks is just ending his tenth year of stardom. But the way things look now, Doug has many years of even more brilliant achievement ahead of him

Remember the old A. B. (American Biograph)? It was then that Harry Carey came into prominence. Today, thirteen years later, he is still a drawing-card

Now Helene Costello has done it. But she was not a willing victim to the shears. She loathed having her hair bobbed and would not have thought of it if it had not been for her rôle in "The Honeymoon Express" which demanded short tresses

CHARLIE CHAPLIN—without his cane, his hat, his classic shoes and baggy trousers. Without any of those funny, pathetic symbols which to the public have been the very essence of Chaplin, but from which Chaplin has always longed to escape. This is what next winter will bring to the screen. Everyone has always known of Charlie's ambition to play in serious drama, to create the rôle of Napoleon on the screen, to act the tragedy which his spirit knows so well.

Raquel Meller has inspired Charlie to make his dream an actuality. The Spanish singer captivated Hollywood as she did New York, and was offered incredible sums by various moving-picture companies, to make one picture. Attracted by the genius of Chaplin and the fact that his offer of $120,000 for twelve weeks' work was just a little larger than any other, Meller signed a contract to make a picture under his direction next winter. It will be a story of the Napoleonic régime, with Mlle. Meller as *Josephine,* and Chaplin, at last, in the rôle of *Napoleon.*

He is greatly daring, and we await the outcome with some misgiving. It is hard, even for a great artist, to live down a cane and a hat and such very large shoes, and it may be the old story of the man who finds, in the attainment of his ambition, only defeat. But whatever the results, this will bring together two of the greatest personalities of the modern world.

News of the

By ELIZABETH GREER

ANOTHER of those mythical kingdom romances was perpetrated in Hollywood. Mae Murray took unto herself a fourth husband, a native of the Republic of Georgia, who calls himself David Divani. David is just twenty-seven, and until now has been quite guiltless of any marriages. He is, of course, a film-actor now, but they say that back in the old country he was a Prince. Which should make Mae a Princess. The ceremony was performed under the auspices of that perennially romantic couple, Rudy and Pola, at a church in Hollywood whose name is withheld from the curious public. The Prince is reputed to be wealthy, but that can make little difference to Mae, who has just bought a nice little ten-room bungalow in Beverly Hills and is able to support anyone in what might well be luxury to which they are unaccustomed.

THE filming of "Old Ironsides" is going forward with a little more realism than the director intended. While a battle scene was being shot off the coast of Catalina, a cannon exploded on board the old frigate *Constitution* and caused the death of one man and the serious injury of two others. Six men were in the rigging of the ship when the blast occurred. It blew down two huge masts, and the men were sent hurtling to the deck many feet below. Three of them were only slightly injured. The man who was killed is unidentified.

ERICH VON STROHEIM has picked another! When his next picture, "The Wedding March," is released, you will hear much of a new discovery, Fay Wray. She has been selected by the famous little Austrian director to play the important feminine rôle in this picture. She is very young and in her mannerisms bears a striking resemblance to Mary Philbin. Previous to the von Stroheim engagement, Fay Wray had been playing small parts and bits in Universal pictures.

Eleanor Boardman has actually had an opportunity to enjoy her new home. She had a few weeks' holiday when she completed "Bardelys the Magnificent" before she began "Tell It to the Marines"

Down at the Santa Monica Swimming Club, Shirley Mason and Viola Dana amused the week-enders by their impersonation of "The Volga Boatman"

Camera Coasts

and MILTON HOWE

SYD CHAPLIN tells this one on "Chuck" Reisner's young son. "Chuck" had just finished directing Chaplin in "Oh, What a Nurse." One evening at home he was complaining because he had been unable to get a theater in which to preview the picture. His young son who attends a school devoted exclusively to the children of Christian Scientists asked his father the name of the picture.

"'Oh, What a Nurse' is the title, sonny," replied "Chuck."

"Well, I was just thinking you might preview the picture at our school," said junior, "but the title's all wrong."

THERE was one murder in Hollywood this month. Peter the Great, the dog star, was killed when he was shot thru the neck by a man who entered into an argument with his master.

The dog's owner and trainer was paying a visit to another man who is a dog-fancier. An altercation took place between the two men and, according to reports, as Peter's master started to drive away in his machine, the other man pulled a revolver and began firing at the departing car. One of the shots struck the dog in the neck and he died shortly after.

"THE KING OF KINGS" is the title of Cecil B. De Mille's next picture. It is to be a story surrounding the life of Christ. De Mille plans to present the human side of Christ, depicting him as a human being without allusion to the spiritual symbols such as the halo and the long white robes.

De Mille also announced that he would not film "The Deluge," after paying a handsome price for the suggestion to a Long Beach schoolteacher who won the idea contest which he sponsored in a local newspaper. The fact that Warner Brothers announced that they would film a picture called "Noah" may have had something to do with De Mille's decision to cancel the production.

WHEN last I saw Patsy Ruth Miller, she had just undergone one of those operations where the surgeon cuts out the tonsils and carves a few frescoes on the roof of the mouth.

However, the operation seemed to have no effect on Pat's ability to yell, for when I saw her she was screaming bloody murder and whacking a villain over the head with a couple of fists. She is playing in "Broken Hearts of Hollywood," and when I crashed onto the set at Warner Brothers she must have been enacting the scene where the hearts are broken. The young man who was playing the villain suffered an awful pummeling at the hands of Pat. In fact, the hair pulling was so apparent that I believe the poor young actor will have to play bald-headed rôles for a while.

POLA NEGRI is to have a new director, Maurice Stiller, who was relieved at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios by Fred Niblo after he had started work on "The Temptress." Stiller has suffered the fate that overcomes most foreign directors when they come to Hollywood. He was unable to grasp an understanding of the business and technical end of making a motion picture in an American studio.

RAYMOND HATTON had about decided to give up his picture work and become an animal trainer when the animal died. Ray captured a baby sea-lion on the rocks

Photograph by The Gilliams Service

Everywhere Mary and Doug go they are met with ovations and other manifestations of their universal popularity. A great reception was accorded them when their train got into Berlin

near his beach house at Mussel Rock. The animal evidently had been in a fight with another sea monster, for it was badly scarred and wounded. Ray nursed it along on fresh fish and had it catching a ball on its nose when it developed the hiccoughs and died. He had planned to use the sea-lion in the next picture he is to make with Wallace Beery, "We're in the Navy Now."

Ray and Wally haven't started on their navy comedy. Some director is always shouting for their services in other pictures. At present Hatton is working with Jack Holt in "Forlorn River," and Beery is playing a featured rôle in "Old Ironsides."

If nothing else, Corinne Griffith strives for contrast in her film productions. She never wearies us with the same type of picture. Having completed "Into Her Kingdom," a tale of Russian court life, she will make "Tin Pan Alley." Following this story, which is suggestive of the jazz-music realm, she will make the screen version of that lovely operetta, "The Lady in Ermine." Svend Gade, who directed her in "Into Her Kingdom," will be czar of the megaphone on the latter production.

There is a general stampede on the part of producers to make sequels to their successful pictures. Douglas Fairbanks must have been the instigator of this practice when he filmed "The Son of Zorro" as a sequel to "The Mark of Zorro." Valentino followed with "The Son of the Sheik." Harry Carey is making a sequel to one of his pictures. If Paramount will only film "The Son of the Covered Wagon" and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer make "The Brother of the Big Parade," the sequel will be complete.

If any of these pictures have a soul, it must be very embarrassing to them. I have been playing a sequel rôle ever since my big brother decided to write magazine stories. I have been "The Kid Brother of Herb Howe" for so long that I have ordered the following epitaph engraved on my headstone: "Here lies the sequel to Herb Howe. May he get an early release from the place he is going."

John Gilbert is about to don the togs for another big rôle. He will play the stellar part in "Flesh and The Devil" which Clarence Brown will direct. Brown was recently signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer after he had turned out several big successes for Joseph Schenck. He is an able successor to King Vidor, who has directed Gilbert in practically all the star's big hits.

What is wrong with this picture? A first guess might be the electric lights which William K. Howard is using as a supplement to the California sunlight. (Wait until the Chamber of Commerce hears of this.)
The scene being filmed is for "Gigolo" in which Rod La Rocque and Jobyna Ralston will hold the screen

"What Price Glory" promises to be another great war picture. Raoul Walsh is directing Sammy Cohen, Ted McNamara and Dolores Del Rio in this episode. This was the stage-play that brought Lawrence Stallings his first fame, you know . . . long before he wrote "The Big Parade"

Barnum must have included actors when he said that we all love to be bamfoozled. Monte Banks fell for one of his own gags in a Hollywood restaurant.

Monte had just swallowed the last bit of dessert when the waitress said, "Pardon me, but you look just like Monte Banks. That's a compliment because I think he's a great actor."

Monte smiled but said nothing and left a dollar tip.

As the actor was going out the door, the waitress walked up to the table, pushed the plate away, picked up the dollar and nonchalantly dropped it into her apron pocket.

"Actors are awful saps," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "That's the fifty-first time I've pulled that gag."

What I call a very, very feline remark was made by a prominent actress when she observed another equally prominent actress tripping across the floor at the Montmartre. "Yes, she's all right, but the only thing I have seen her do well, is wear her shoes."

Word received from Mary Pickford and Doug state that they are getting tremendous receptions from the foreigners. In Rome, says Mary, the crowds surged about them making it necessary for her and Doug to do their old acrobatic stunt. Doug put her on his shoulder and made a bee-line for the post-office which was near by. The postmaster did not recognize them and slammed the doors, which I dont think was much of a compliment to our American idols, because postmasters only close their doors that way when they think bandits are coming.

Mary said that Doug's picture, "The Son of Zorro," was very popular in Italy. One reason for the picture's appeal is that Doug wears a black shirt, which is the symbol of the Fascisti, and he champions the cause of right. One of Mary's pictures was awarded a (*Continued on page* 114)

YES and NO

SAY IT WITH LETTERS

Have you a kick against the movies? Then dont suffer in silence. Write us a letter about it. Have you a favorite that you want to tell the world about? Then remember that it isn't fair to keep the good news to yourself. This department is devoted to your opinions and you are the boss of this page

Defending the Foreigners

I WOULD be gratified if this letter were printed merely to contradict the impression R. H., of Minneapolis, created against foreign talent.

I wonder what impulse actuated R. H. to write such a letter. Well, yes, it was a "kick" against the movies, but the writer certainly was bashful about signing her or his full name under such an article.

Does she or he know that competition merely adds a zest to the game, and if foreign actors and actresses are the chief cause for such an upheaval, I would say, let 'em in by all means! And if foreign talent is superior to the home-sweet-home product—tough luck—this is a battle of the survival of the fittest, and if a person who cant read or write English is capable of pushing a native of "my country 'tis of thee" to the side in order to reach the heights of stardom, that's person we should pay to see—she or he has that IT, Madame Glyn's well-known saying.

As for R. H. having seen sixty-five pictures within the last three months, I've seen more than that amount in the funny papers.

Still speaking about the home *vs.* foreign talent——

Say, if you had the chance to buy a Ford or a Rolls-Royce at the price of the Ford, which would you buy?

So would I.

MIKE BERNARD,
Akron, Ohio.

They *Know* the Public Likes It

I WITNESSED the portrayal of "The Sea Beast" this evening and was disgusted at the exaggerated passion displayed in the love scene in the garden at Mauritius. Who is responsible for this? Actor or director? If directors think the public like to witness such passionate osculation instead of dignified love scenes, such directors have a very poor sense of their responsibility.

JOHN NUDING,
Woodhaven, New York.

Dick Steals Mae's Stuff

GLORIA SWANSON used to be my favorite actress. I suppose she still is, but she wont be if she doesn't have a good picture soon. "Stage Struck" was good, but I cant say that for "The Untamed Lady," and I am sure "Fine Manners" wont be very good with Eugene O'Brien as her leading man.

Richard Barthelmess was my favorite actor, but "Just Suppose" changed my mind somewhat. In "Just Suppose" he was just like Mae Murray, always posing.

As a matter of fact, I think that all of the pictures this year are punk, with the exception of "The Big Parade," "Ben-Hur," "The Merry Widow," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and a few others.

GEORGE WILLIAMS, JR.,
Shelter Island, New York.

Page Arthur Rankin

HERE'S boosting an unknown! The blond boy in "The Volga Boatman," who saves *Feodor's* life by sacrificing his own. Congratulations. I have seen the above three times for the express purpose of watching your acting and am delighted with the naturalness of it. Not only when you were the center figure, but in every detail your expression was excellent and wholly unaffected in that you didn't look as tho a director were shouting instructions at you continually as so very many minors do. I do not know how to identify you other than as "The Blond Boatman," but at any rate here's to your success! I'm all for you.

J. H.,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

An Art Collector

FOR nearly a year I have been a subscriber to MOTION PICTURE, and I have saved all the portraits on the covers. On the wall in my room there is a blanket to which I have pinned these pictures, and it really looks very attractive—the colors are so cheerful. In fact, they are a permanent institution in our home and the family would be lonesome without them. I am myself greatly interested in art, and I think that the portraits by Marland Stone are worthy of special mention. He not only paints very well, but his color schemes are magnificent, and MOTION PICTURE is very fortunate to have his work on its cover. I sincerely hope that Mr. Stone will be the one to paint Pola Negri's likeness for the cover of the September issue, because she deserves the best portrait in the whole world.

JESSIE KAHLES,
Spring Valley, N. Y.

Try Again

FANS, dont give up if you dont get an answer to the letters you write to your favorite stars.

About two months ago I wrote to my favorite actress, Lois Wilson, but received no answer. About two or three weeks ago I tried again, and this time I received not only a letter, but also her autographed picture. I was very much surprised when I received the picture, for in my letter I had not asked for one.

Even if your favorites dont reply, remember that they are too busy to attend to their correspondence, especially when they get so much, but they appreciate your letters just the same.

R. O.,
Adel, Iowa.

A Directory of Directors

I HAVE read MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for many years and have enjoyed each number. In a recent number I read where directors are coming into their own more and more. This is very true, and the public is becoming interested in the directors more every day. No doubt many would like to know what picture such and such a director is working on.

Of course, in different parts of the magazine, that can be learned, sometimes, not always. Now you have a department called "What the Stars Are Doing," in which, by the way, the name of William Haines should be included. Couldn't you also have a similar department for directors. It would be very convenient and I'm sure it would be appreciated by many.

JOHN T. CUFF,
New York City.

Questionnaire

WILL somebody please answer the following questions:

Why do the critics persist in knocking Colleen Moore's acting? Because most of her vehicles are comedies does not prove that she cant act. For she can.

(*Continued on page* 121)

YOUR opinions on subjects relating to the movies and their players may be worth actual money to you, if you can express them clearly in a snappy letter of one to three hundred words. A five-dollar prize is awarded for the best letter of the month, which will be printed at the head of this department. One dollar is paid for the excerpts printed from others. Write us an interesting letter, giving reasons for your likes and dislikes. Sign your full name and give your address. We will use initials only if requested.

Send to YES AND NO, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

International Newsreel

Little—But, Oh My!

Snapshots Taken on a Californian Beach

Mary Hay Barthelmess has been spending these months with her father. And needless to state, she is always the most admired little girl on the sands. She is pretty enough . . . but that is not the reason . . .

Richard Barthelmess, père, and his side partner, Ronald Colman, are usually with her. The feminine contingent at the shore find Mary a perfect excuse for starting a conversation . . .

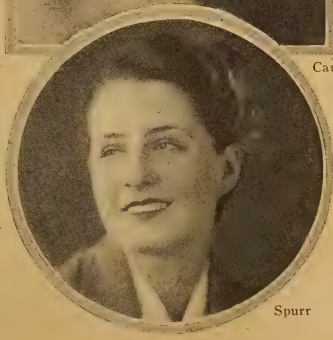
International Newsreel

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

Let Marion Morgan Drew cast your horoscope and tell you if the stars forecast success for you on the screen

R. H. Louise

Carsey



Spurr

EDITOR'S NOTE: **All comments made in this department are based on Astrological rules but neither the writer of this department nor this publication can assume responsibility for statements made therein, because inaccurate data is sometimes furnished, even tho the sender believes it to be correct.**

You must send: your date of birth . . . your year of birth . . . city or nearest town and county of birth . . . your sex and the hour and minute of the day or night when you were born.

Mrs. J. M., Son born December 12:

Your son should make a first-rate advertising man, editor, publisher or critic. He might become connected with the movies in one of these capacities, for the stars say that the literary side of motion picture producing will come into far greater prominence after the year 1929 than has ever been the case before. In case his tastes change about taking up some form of literary work and he decides to develop his talent for athletics, I believe he could make a success as a professional athlete if he sticks to it. One of his great troubles in whatever career he adopts will be a tendency to have too many side-lines with the resulting neglect of the main source of the bread and butter.

Fay P., August 3:

This is the most sensible letter that has come into this office in many a day. In addition to your determination to have money enough to support yourself for a time in Hollywood and a thoro training in some sort of work which is valuable in screen presentation, let me urge you also to consider the proper introduction to the studio managers. Dont join the mob that storm the outer offices, but think up some plan whereby you can meet higher officials or bring yourself directly to their attention. I am going on the conviction that you ARE suited for the screen, as shown by the positions of the Sun and Moon in your horoscope. You have brains enough to make you successful in business life, but whoever told you that you were cut out to be the busy little bee in somebody's office must have had his or her introduction to astrology about ten minutes before meeting you.

T. F. E., November 21:

I hesitate to offer suggestions as to how a physician might work up a connection with the movies in which his physical education would be useful. A lot of movies do need a doctor, to be sure, but of a somewhat different type. You have some wonderfully good configuration in your nativity, but I could hardly advise you to change your profession at this stage of the game. The year beginning with your next birthday will be a hectic one for you. Wait until that is over before taking any chances at new occupations.

Catherine D., April 25:

Things look pretty good for you where you are just now, and I would not advise you to force changes. Your chart for the coming year indicates travel, but let this seek you out, as it will do. Your natal positions are such that you would have difficulty when you leave one good position or favorable connection for a new field. Make a reputation in your fashion work, then move to New York. It's less of a jump from New York to Hollywood than from Philadelphia to New York, just as

(*Continued on page* 108)

Eleanor Boardman was born August 19, 1898. Colleen Moore on August 12, 1902, and Hobart Bosworth on August 11, 1867

Clara Bow was born on August 8, 1905, and Norma Shearer on August 10, 1904

The Illinois Thunder-bolt Strikes Hollywood

Photos by International Newsreel

No one so spectacular as Harold "Red" Grange could possibly elude the motion picture producers. And, considering the contracts they wave as bait, who would want to? His first picture is fittingly called "Half Back"

Ena Gregory is the girl. (You could hardly recognize her from the picture above.) And Sam Wood is the director

Miss BARBARA STREBEIGH

The Lovely Young Daughter of MRS. JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

points out that the care of the skin is an important social duty

JUST a year and a half ago, Miss Barbara Strebeigh, charming blonde debutante daughter of Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, made her bow to society.

She adored the deluge of social events that followed. But Barbara Strebeigh also loves the out-of-doors. So, after a brilliant season of dinner-dances, costume balls, charity bazaars and after-theatre-supper-parties, she bought a trunkful of smart new clothes and went West to that gorgeous winter playground that stretches along the California coast from San Diego to Santa Barbara.

Golf in crisp, yet balmy air; tennis in a salt breeze; riding in the brilliance of California sunshine; driving her car through the finest forests in the world. All this she adores even more.

But whether in the formal atmosphere of her mother's New York drawing room, on a steamer *de luxe* bound for a season in Europe, or engaging in the sports she loves so well, Barbara Strebeigh holds to the standards of her group and class. She dignifies her youth and loveliness by taking those subtle pains with her toilet that the well-born girl is brought up to know.

POND'S Two Creams, used daily, are the method she pursues, because as she says, "They keep the skin exquisite." You should

"THERE is one personal obligation that follows a girl wherever she goes—the care of her skin. With Pond's Two Creams this is easily accomplished. Swiftly and surely they work to keep the skin exquisite. That is why their use has become a habit with the girls of the younger set."

Barbara Strebeigh

use them yourself every single day as follows: *First Step: Whenever your skin needs cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously.* Leave it on a few moments so that its pure oils may penetrate every pore. With a soft cloth wipe off the Cream—and such a lot of dirt comes, too, you'll notice! Repeat the treatment, finishing with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice to close the pores. On retiring give your skin this same thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream and, if your skin is dry, leave some of the cream on until morning. When you waken, your face will be clear, fresh, and free from lines.

THE TWO CREAMS *the younger set is using*

Second Step: After every cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream except the bedtime one, smooth over your skin a wee trifle of Pond's Vanishing Cream. You will love the soft even finish it gives your skin, the velvety, glowing tone. And you will notice that your powder clings to your skin with a new smoothness, and that it *stays* on too. Used before you go out, Pond's Vanishing Cream protects your skin from hot sun and wind and from the harsh grit of soot and dust.

Begin today to follow the method pursued by the beautiful younger women of society. Pond's Cold Cream now comes in extra large jars, both creams in two smaller sizes of jars and in tubes.

Free Offer *Mail coupon for free tubes of these Two famous Creams, and folder of instructions for using.*

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. J,
143 Hudson Street, New York City.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page 22*)

had lost its liquid smoothness. It was jerky and uncertain and halting. The obvious interest that Mr. Goldstein displayed intimidated rather than emboldened her.

Again he seemed in no hurry to make his reply. He mended a broken tobacco leaf with his tongue. Judith was never to forget him as he sat there during that minute.

"So," he said finally. "You are modest for such a beautiful girl."

If Judith found his compliment impertinent, she gave no sign.

"I'll tell you," he went on. "You're not so much on the screen. But maybe I could do something for you. Maybe. Maybe not."

"Why, I am surprised that you remember my work at all," Judith became hopeful "I . . . why, I hardly had anything to do. Isn't it encouraging that you do remember me, Mr. Goldstein?"

The heavy shoulders shrugged deprecatingly.

"No. No. That's my business, remembering. Everything. The directors on this lot cant fool Marcus Goldstein. They are all scared of the way I remember."

He laughed with the pleasure of a child.

"Why I remember things I seen in film rushes for weeks and nobody can argue with me about them. When a director has worked for me a little while, he gets it into his head that I remember."

Judith thought she ought to say something complimentary but she could think of nothing to say that would top his opinion of himself. Certainly he appeared to need no reassurance about his remarkable ability.

"There are too many on the payroll now," he told her "but if I say you go on and get trained for the big parts, then you go on. It is a gamble for me to take on a girl like yourself. You may make a star and then again you may not. I always like to feel that I am getting something for my interest. Understand? I like to feel that a girl appreciates it when I groom her for a later stardom."

Judith sensed that his hand, studded with a large and flashing diamond, was reaching towards her. She withdrew her hand from where it lay on the edge of the desk and pretended to adjust her hair. But Goldstein was not at all pheased. He proceeded to take a pencil and make a variety of squares and circles on a scratch pad.

"If you did do any good at all, you'd soon need lots of money. Maid. Automobile. Clothes," he enumerated the expenses. "It would take more than we would be paying you at first. Have you got some money you could use?"

Judith for the minute did not quite understand. She had a sense of the conversation closing in upon her, cornering her.

She shook her head: "I have no money equal to such demands," she admitted. "But I would be willing to get along slowly."

Goldstein brought the conversation back to his own grounds without any parley.

"Show counts for a lot in this here business," he informed her. "I like you too. And when I like a girl I'm not going to have her in a position so as directors on the set can get fresh with her. See? Now if they know you are Marcus Goldstein's girl—then you're safe."

Judith was not afraid of him but she wished she had never come and that her anger would not fog her brain so that she could not deal with the situation.

"Do I understand that you are offering . . ."

Goldstein shook his head affirmatively and enthusiastically. She understood after all. Slick of her, trying to be so innocent. He reached over with the now obvious intention of patting her hand.

She stood up, facing him.

"If I'm not *your girl*," she emphasized his term, "what then?"

"What would be then?" he asked her. "Is it something for nothing you're asking of me now?"

He was not quite so friendly. Yet there was still a slight playfulness in his manner. He was not quite ready to make it impossible for her to change her tactics. He left a slight opening for her to reconsider.

But he might have spared himself the trouble.

It had become evident that she was silent only because she had no words with which to address him. Her eyes were as eloquent as she was inarticulate.

"Such highfalutin notions will never get you nowhere," he warned her now that he was certain that there was no reason for diplomacy. "You want something from me. You should be willing to be agreeable. What man will be such a fool as to take a chance on you for nothing. You think you're a lot, Miss Tower. Business . . ."

His hands were outstretched with a typical gesture.

"You're too silly minded for this business," he went on, buzzing for the boy to show her out.

Now Judith spoke. This last indignity. His manner indicated that he rather than she had put an end to the interview.

"You, Mr. Goldstein," Judith said and a hatred charged her voice, "you are too horrible for this or any other business. You are not as big as the position you hold. You wont be able to keep it."

Marcus Goldstein squirmed a little in his big chair.

"I will be somebody without any help from you. And someday you will be nobody."

The overgrown youth who served as an intermediary between a forever seeking world and the Excelsior Film Corporation opened the door.

Goldstein hardly raised his eyes from a contract he had picked up.

"The lady is going," he said.

"Did he get fresh with you?" the boy asked Judith as she passed him. He seemed very curious and a little hopeful. "Did he, huh?"

Judith laughed.

"No indeed, what makes you think so?" she said. "He was a perfect gentleman."

The youth saw her eyes dark with anger.

"So's your old man," he said. Judith smiled.

This seemed to make it worse. It was not that she, by some fluke of the chemicals of sex, had appealed to the man. Anyone appeared to do so. A new one every few months no doubt. She wondered if she looked as if she would entertain such a proposition.

Now she was embarrassed before the others still waiting in the anteroom. Some of them had been there when she had come in. They probably construed her immediate audience in one way and one way only.

She was glad when the door of the private suite closed behind her and she was out in the general office.

She found herself envious of the secretaries, the bookkeepers, the file clerks who were going about their duties. They had boy friends and they would eventually marry and live moderately well in some apartment or a tiny house in some suburb. They would get those things that they wanted from life.

Not that Judith would have actually changed with them, despite her momentary pangs of envy. She knew instinctively that this was not her pattern. She belonged elsewhere. The monotony of such a life would beat the desires out of her. It would wear down her spirit. She wondered if her great grandmother had something to do with her burning urge to be an actress. She thought it most likely. Judith had read that tendencies skipped generations.

She had always adored hearing stories about that grandmother. As a child, when she went to visit her mother's mother in the big brick house in the city, she had loved the canary-yellow plush album. It had the photographs of Lola Chase in it. That had been the great grandmother's name before she married great grandfather. She had been an actress and her name had known glamour in old New York.

There was one photograph that had shown the lovely Lola Chase with her pet monkey.

Another showed her bundled in soft furs in her golden sleigh. . . .

But best of all, Judith had loved the one in which she wore the darling little poke made of fresh violets.

All of the mad things her great grandmother had done before she had met her great grandfather had always thrilled Judith. After she had married she had not mattered any more. The family had always gone to great trouble to explain to Judith that it was only in her youth that Lola Chase had been so vain and foolish. She had later given up the stage and settled down into a sweet Christian wife and mother.

Judith had always thought that a great pity. Who would want to trade a bonnet of fragrant purple violets for a stiff taffeta affair . . . probably of a brown color . . . that must be immediately brushed and put up in the hat box after Sunday service? Who could bear it?

Besides the great grandmother memories and that afternoon in Marcus Goldstein's office, Judith Tower was always to remember The Funeral. That had come in between. It was not a sad memory. She thought of it as a great event. And it had been weeks after her mother's death before Judith had known a sense of loss. Death had been new . . . strange. At twelve years of age she had found it absorbing and exciting to have her house overflowing with relatives and friends and flowers. Never in all her life had she known more attention. Some uncle or aunt was forever weeping over her and giving her a penny or a nickel and calling her "a poor, motherless little chick."

(*Continued on page 86*)

Your Sheerest, Gayest Gowns

Your filmiest, daintiest things . . .

Wear them now without hesitancy or a moment's doubt

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(1) No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.

(2) Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.

(3) Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

This NEW way solves women's oldest hygienic problem as the women of constant social or business activity would have it solved . . . exquisitely, and by ending the uncertainty of makeshift methods . . . ending, too, the bother and embarrassment of disposability.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

FRESH, charming, immaculate, *all day and every day* beyond all doubt or question—this *new* way is bringing it to millions.

In your life, it will make a great and refreshing difference. It will end the doubts and uncertainties of the old-time sanitary pad. It gives back the days women used to lose.

Eight in every 10 women in the better walks of American social and business life have adopted it. Doctors urge it. Highest authorities approve it. Virtually every great hospital uses it.

These new advantages

Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. Nurses in wartime France first discovered it. It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads. Kotex also deodorizes by a new secret disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

Kotex will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind—*and in your health.* 60% of many ills, according to many medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe or unsanitary makeshift methods.

There is no bother, no expense of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would a piece of tissue—without embarrassment.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way. Obtain a package today.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

On sale everywhere

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. *Today* begin the Kotex habit. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it brings. Write today for "Personal Hygiene" booklet. Sample of Kotex will be mailed free on request. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen
Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by
West Disinfecting Co.

WHOSE HAND?

Read the Character Analyses and See If You Can Guess the Owners of These Hands

By F. Vance de Revere

This masculine hand, with its long fingers, corresponds in outline and general formation with its owner's face and figure, belonging to a man tall in stature with broad shoulders and with breadth to the central portion of his face. The squareness of his palm indicates a practical turn of mind, good judgment and splendid business sense; a person who thinks clearly and whose reasoning is logical. The second joint of his thumb also indicates a logical thinker. The thumb is long and well developed, showing a strong will and much determination. The first joint shows a very frank, outspoken nature, too honest and frank, at times, for his own good. The waistlike formation of the thumb shows one who is kind and considerate of others. The thumb bends back and is supple, indicating great love of luxury and beautiful surroundings, a generous nature and one very adaptable to people and circumstances, quickly at home in whatever society he is thrown. The conic-shaped fingers, with their smooth joints, denote a highly inspirational nature and great love of the artistic and all that is beautiful, also good conversational ability. Such shaped fingers are found on successful actors, orators and singers who follow a purely emotional life and on those who lead a public life. The owner of this hand would make an excellent director.

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F. Vance de Revere

Notice the long fingers of this hand, which denote a love of order and beauty in everything, with a fine sense of details; such a person would be appreciative and quick to notice attentions, and this, with other qualities found in the hand, would indicate a gentle manner, quiet in temper, confiding and instinctively trusting every one who is kind to her; a very emotional nature and an individual who feels deeply and is very sympathetic and understanding. The straight, firm development of the thumb denotes a conscientious nature and a person of good moral consciousness. The squareness and breadth of the palm show a practical turn of mind and much common sense. The very many lines spreading like a net over the surface of the hand denote an intensely nervous, sensitive nature, one who worries over things and frequently crosses her bridges before she comes to them. While I am not analyzing the hand from the standpoint of palmistry, I cannot help but notice the unusual markings when observing a hand. In this hand, you will notice a cross clearly defined in the center between the head and heart line. This strange mark denotes mysticism, occultism and superstition. Such people like to have their fortunes told and are interested in the unusual. The long fingers with the square palm show culture, this with the cushion finger-tips, indicate great refinement. The dominate fourth finger shows the artistic inclinations.

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F. Vance de Revere

If this hand runs true to type, it would indicate a person who is tall in stature with a broad face. This hand, with its conic-shaped fingers, represents the artistic temperament and denotes an individual who is easily influenced by color, music, tears, sorrow, joy or eloquence more than any other type, a very emotional nature, one who is readily thrown into the depths of despair or rises to the greatest heights of rapture. She is in the vocation for which she is best suited. The long finger-nails indicate an impressionable and an artistic nature, one who would be fond of poetry and music. Long-nailed persons are inclined to be visionary and shrink from looking facts in the face, especially facts which are distasteful. The square formation at the base of the thumb shows musical ability. The second finger denotes a thoughtful nature, one who is almost morbid. The third finger, being nearly as long as the second, indicates a nature which looks at life as a lottery; one who gambles with all things, life and danger, but also indicates one who is endowed with strong artistic instincts and talent. The spatulate termination of her third finger gives decided dramatic talent and sensational power to move and appeal to audiences. This hand is deeply emotional, its owner would be quick-tempered and speak her mind, but it would be a flash and soon over and quickly forgotten, for hers is a sympathetic, affectionate nature.

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Editor's Note.—*On page 84 you will find photographs of the stars whose hands were analyzed last month. And next month you will find the answers to these character readings.*

For Expert Beauty Advice —Write to me Lucille Young

WITH my beauty methods it is easy to become a radiant, alluring woman. I teach you all the secrets that make it so simple to beautify yourself at home.

Would you like to know how to correct coarse pores, blemishes or oily skin — freckles and wrinkles? Wouldn't your life be happier with a clear, *smooth,* lovely complexion—and with eyes, hair and figure to complete the picture of perfect womanhood?

All of this I can give you. I know every one of your beauty problems because I have had to face all of them myself. The expert knowledge I have gained in years of experience is yours if you will only accept it. I know I can make you happy. In fact, I actually *guarantee* results.

See How I Have Helped Others!

Let Me Help You, Too!

Here are but a few of the many enthusiastic letters received every day from others I have helped. How happy I have made them! Through my methods and my personal advice they have found the way to Beauty

Skin Smooth and Clear

Dear Miss Young: I received your wonderful Methods and sure was glad that I made up my mind to send for them. My skin is so smooth and clear already, thanks to your wonderful Methods.—Yours very truly, M. G., Stockton, Calif.

Eyelashes and Brows Improved

Dear Miss Young: I received your Methods and am very much pleased with them. My eyelashes and brows are beginning to grow very nicely, which makes me very happy as I had hardly an eyelash before using your Method. —Yours very truly, M. M. A., San Anselmo, Cal.

Complexion Like a Rose

Dear Lucille Young: I was troubled with a bad complexion, but after using your Methods for three weeks, my complexion is like a rose. Although I have used many things for bleaching the skin, I have not found anything equal to your bleaching Method.—Yours faithfully, J. P., Reading, Pa.

Finest Ever Used

Dear Miss Young: I received my order in good condition and thank you for your kindness. Your methods are the finest I have ever used. —Yours truly, L. P., Holland, Texas.

A World of Good

My dear Friend: Just a line to tell you that your Methods have done me a world of good, as my face is clearing up very readily.—Yours very truly, P. C., La Salle, Mich.

Hair Beautifying Method Fine

Dear Lucille Young: Your Hair Beautifying Method is fine. My daughters and I used it and found it is just what you said, also your other Methods. My friends tell me I look like a young girl.—Yours very truly, I. B. W., Beaver, Ohio.

So Happy, Must Tell the Secret

Dear Miss Young: I received your letter and your Methods, and am very happy and grateful to you. I was so anxious to try your Method and at last I got the results I was expecting. My friends say to me, "Rose, you look so much better. What has happened to your complexion?" That makes me so happy that I tell them the secret.—Yours very truly, R. G., Kenosha, Wis.

Methods Wonderful

Dearest Miss Young: I don't know how to express my thanks to you, but I do thank you a thousand times. I cannot see how you can almost give these grand Methods away. I think they are wonderful.—Your friend, A. T., Shippensville, Pa.

Like a Magic Wand

Dear Miss Young: I received your Methods three days ago and want you to know that I see a wonderful change already. What a relief! Everything you sent me acts like a magic wand. I am proud to have listened to your good advice. —Yours faithfully, Mrs. H. E., Jr., Yorktown Heights, N. Y.

No Equal

Dear Madam Lucille: I received your Beauty Methods and firmly believe you sent me more than my share. Everything is just as you claimed it to be—each Method finer than the other. My sisters have used all of them and they claim your Methods have no equal. I wish I could have the pleasure of meeting you to express my appreciation and thank you from the bottom of my heart.—Your friend, M. M., Elizabeth, N. J.

Pimples Have Vanished

My dear Friend: I had a real bad case of pimples and since I tried your Methods I seldom have any at all. Everyone wants to know what I have been using and I can gladly recommend Lucille Young's Methods.—Truly your friend, G. P., San Saba, Texas.

Method Book–FREE!

Just let me know you are interested and I will be very glad to send you a free copy of my book telling how you can easily solve your beauty problems at home. Of course, there is no obligation. Just mail me the coupon. But do it today. Why delay finding out about the wonderful methods that will bring you so much happiness? Mail the coupon and let me help you.

Lucille Young, Suite 12-66, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago

Lucille Young, Suite 12-66 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Young: I will be glad to have you tell me all about your Beauty Methods which I can use at home to correct all blemishes of complexion and to beautify my skin, eyes, hair and figure. I understand that I am NOT placing myself under any obligation by sending this coupon.

(Do NOT send any money with this coupon)

Name.....

Address.....

The Answer Man

WYNNE S.—Here we are on another warm day. Between the Atlantic Ocean, quarts of buttermilk and an electric fan, I am trying to keep cool. So you are voting for Ramon Novarro, not because he is a fan thriller, but because he is an artist. Claire Windsor and Conrad Nagel have the leads in "Tin Hats."

WOOD-AVENUE, LONDON.—A ripple of laughter is worth a flood of tears, so laugh at me all you like. I can see all England is for Valentino. He is playing in "The Son of the Sheik."

DIXIE MILLY.—No, George O'Brien is not married. Sorry you didn't get an answer before, but space forbids. Priscilla Dean is playing in "West of Broadway." No, we are not all perfect. Perfection is made up of trifles, but perfection is no trifle.

SEIBI K. TOKYO.—Well, the best part of beauty is that which no picture can express. It is not so easy to get in pictures, and especially when you are in Japan. You will have to write to the players direct. Leah Baird and Maurice Costello are both playing in "The False Alarm." Write me again.

WALLACE BELL.—So I am a mystery to you. I certainly am over eighty years old, and live in a hall-room. You think it's the "bunk," well it's where I retire anyway. Vera Reynolds was born in 1903.

CURIOUS GIRL.—Your toast—"The soldiers of America. Their arms our defense, our arms their reward; fall in, men, fall in." Not so bad. No, Pola Negri has never been the wife of Charlie Chaplin. It was a close call. Mary Pickford has four pictures scheduled, not including the one she is to make with Doug. One is "Cash," which deals with the experiences of a cash girl in a five-and-ten-cent store; another is a New England story by a well-known writer and two others are originals, written especially for the screen.

MISS M. T., VERSAILLES, FRANCE.—How's the little French girl today? So it's Norma Shearer you like. She is five feet three, weighs 110 pounds, has dark hair and blue eyes. No, she hasn't a cast in her eye. She has been in pictures about two years. Yours was great.

SEQUOIA.—Well, love reckons hours for months, and days for years; and every little absence is an age. No, I'm not sure Richard Dix and Lois Wilson will marry. Who can be sure! That was George O'Brien and Madge Bellamy in "The Iron Horse."

LEGI SOLF.—That may be true, but the American girls may modestly glance down all the time, but the corners of their eyes are well trained. Norma Shearer is playing in "Polly with a Past." Anna Stewart and Edmund Lowe in "The Lodge in the Wilderness" for Tiffany.

ANTHONY M., SINGAPORE.—No, I have never been in your country. I haven't traveled so much. So Fred Thomson and his horse Silver King are your favorites. You're right, a man will confess his faults, but never his follies.

HELAYNE F.—Yes, I like horse-racing, but I dont make enough money to bet on them, and what little I have, I dont want to lose. Thanks for the booklet. Dolores Costello is playing in "The College Widow." Norman Kerry and Lillian Gish in "Annie Laurie." Write me any time.

CEL JAMEO C.—No, Miss Du-Pont is not playing now, and her last picture was "Naughty but Nice." Yes, and what a man desires, he easily believes.

MISS B., NEW YORK.—Thanks for the box of Ricoros. I had many a good smoke on you. Yes, Lon Chaney is married, but his wife is not a player. No, that was make up. Arthur Edmund Carewe was *Ledoux*.

I'MA NARTIST.—It's no secret. Your drawings were very good likenesses. Harry Earles was the dwarf in "The Unholy Three" and wasn't he splendid? That picture will always stand out in my memory. Your story is like the drowned man who was sought to be identified by a marked impediment in his speech.

PEARL C., JERSEY CITY.—Here's one for you:

If you your lips would save from slips,
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

So you have just seen a revival of "Rosita" and think Mary Pickford was great. You cant understand why Mary continues to play child rôles. I can, the public want them. So you like Ray Griffith. Thanks for yours.

GIL DE B.—Your letter was mighty interesting. You remind me of the following—Never speak unless you have something to say, and always stop when you have done. So you dont think I am as old as I pretend. How can my readers doubt me? H. B. Warner was Gloria Swanson's leading man in "Zaza." Betty Bronson was born in 1906. Eleanor Boardman is playing opposite John Gilbert in "Bardelys the Magnificent." Marion Davies in "The Red Mill." See you later, Gil.

BOARDMAN'S ADMIRER.—That's all right, Initiative is the art of making the fullest use of somebody else's ideas. Eleanor Boardman was born August 19, and she has brown hair and gray eyes. No, Ben Lyon is not married.

W. R. S.—Many are called, but few get up on the first call. So you think I am a twin brother to Santa Claus. I am, except that he works only once a year while I never cease to work. Doris Kenyon was born September 5, 1898, and she never ventured on the rocky sea of matrimony. She expects to be married soon to Milton Sills.

CHARLES W. C.—That was a beautiful tribute you wrote about Barbara La Marr and you dont think it is right that detrimental articles be published about her now. I haven't read any. So you think I seem to grow older in every picture.

BANJO EYES.—That's right, the hairs of my head are all numbered. Mary Brian in "Behind the Front." Yes, E. H. Sothern played for Vitagraph pictures some ten years ago. Lloyd Hughes had had no stage experience when he went into pictures as an extra in 1917, and two years later he was starred in "Homespun Folks."

TINY B.—Allene Ray is at the Fine Arts Studio, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. She is playing in "Snowed In." After six months' search, Frank Hopper has been chosen to play the rôle of *Teddy Roosevelt in* "The Rough Riders." Mr. Hopper was representing a book concern in Los Angeles at the time he was selected and was told that if he lost twenty-five pounds he would receive $5.00 cash for each pound he lost, in addition to his regular salary. Dont tell me it doesn't pay to be a book-seller?

ROSARIO S. R. CEBU.—Write to Gloria Swanson at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MRS. W. E. G., COLUMBUS.—Yes, I like color, and the girls' gowns of today are certainly colorful. You know a grain of iodine will color seven thousand times its weight of water. William Haines is at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. He was born in 1901, six feet tall, brown hair and hazel eyes. Playing in "Tell It to the Marines."

CHUA K. H., SINGAPORE.—So

(*Continued on page* 82)

HEAR YE, HEAR YE!

All you folks who have questions to ask, come this way and you shall be heard—and answered. I have learnt a lot during the last eighty-two years, and it's all yours for the asking. Been answering ??? here for the last fifteen years and still going strong. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear here, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address, and mail to me, The Answer Man, care of* Motion Picture Magazine, *175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Anderson's Statement

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio my hair was straight, as you may see in the picture at the left. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hairdresser before keeping my other posing appointments. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved. I have proved that Maison Marcellers will save time, money and the bother of waiting to have one's hair marcelled. (Signed) Evelyn Anderson.

KAUFMANN & FABRY CO.
Commercial Photographers
CHICAGO

Maison de Beaute, Chicago, Illinois.

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Maison Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Maison Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

(Signed) Edward J. Cook.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1926.

Emma W. Stolzenbach, Notary Public.

NOTICE TO READERS

A Chicago representative of this magazine and representatives of over 100 other publishers witnessed a successful and satisfactory demonstration of these wavers.

Marvelous New Method

makes any hair naturally wavy

No more "appointments"... No more tiresome treatments ... No more "wave" expense... No hot irons to dry out your hair

Now you may have as lovely a marcel as the finest beauty parlor possibly can give—in your own home—when you want it, and at a trifling cost.

WHERE is the woman, in this busy day, who can afford from her little leisure all the time it takes to make appointments, arrange her convenience to suit someone else's schedule, go through the usual experience of waiting many minutes, and then submit to a long drawn-out process?

Women will do that, to have their hair marcelled, so insistent is the real need for loveliness.

But that exasperating method is no longer necessary. It is rapidly becoming obsolete — wherever this amazing new invention called the Maison Marcellers makes its way. *Just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcellers, once a week—in your own home—and your hair is always at its wavy loveliest and best.*

Before putting this Marcelling Outfit on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are part of some of the letters we received.

Miss M. S., Chicago: I recently had a permanent wave put in my hair and since then have had lots of trouble making my hair look right. But with your Maison Marcellers I no longer have to bother with water combs and now my hair is always beautifully marcelled.

Miss K. W., Chicago; I have had my hair marcelled so much that it was beginning to get terribly dry and scraggly. Since I have quit applying heat to my hair, it is quickly regaining its old lustre and beauty. I think your marcelling outfit is wonderful.

Mrs. A. K., Memphis; I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your Maison Marcellers came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

A $1.50 marcel any time for a few cents

Moreover, how many women really can spare the money, $1.00, $1.50 or more, for waving done the ordinary way? Isn't it a fact that even on a liberal allowance, these inroads are too heavy, with the usual result that you forego many a marcel that you know you ought to have?

Here again, the Maison Marcellers are literally one of the greatest boons ever conferred on womankind.

The woman who owns a set of Maison Marcellers may keep her hair at all times in the full glory of its beauty, at a cost of a few cents for each complete marcel.

And the menace of hot irons eliminated forever

Finally, this invention is the most protective of hair quality, texture and lustre ever introduced into modern hair culture.

It does away with the old-fashioned curlers and so-called "wavers"—with dangerous curling irons that sear the hair and dry the scalp—with all the muss and fuss of the old-fashioned water-waving combs.

In eliminating the hot iron peril alone, the Maison Marcellers are worth their weight in gold to any woman who prizes the natural health and beauty of her hair.

Your mirror will tell you this is true

Nothing that we could say about the results which thousands of women today are obtaining with the Maison Marcellers would tell so complete a story of their value as the photographs above. Note them well. Then read carefully the sworn affidavit of one of Chicago's most reputable photographers, as to the circumstances under which those photographs were taken. They could be duplicated anywhere—and are being duplicated everywhere the Maison Marcellers are in use.

Maison Marcellers will give you any kind of marcel you want—shingle bob, Ina Claire, horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part. They will do this whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short. Regardless of the kind of hair you have, they will give you the most beautiful marcel imaginable. We guarantee this absolutely, and *you are the sole judge* of your own satisfaction with them.

Our most liberal, limited-time offer to you

In order to establish this revolutionary invention in the favor of women all over America, we offer the first 10,000 sets of Maison Marcellers at a price which hardly covers the cost of making, packing and advertising—only $2.98, plus a few cents' postage!

This includes a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, and a complete set of Maison Marcellers. Nothing more to buy. Just dampen the hair with water and place the Marcellers in your hair according to directions.

Take advantage of this special offer right away, because it may be withdrawn at any time.

Send no money— just mail the coupon

Even at this special price you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit $2.98 with him (plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcels again.

After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon *today!*

Maison de Beaute
711 Quincy Street **Chicago, Illinois**

COUPON

Maison de Beaute,
711 Quincy St., Dept. 37, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including Maison Marcellers, Marcel Style Chart, and complete directions, which I agree to follow. I agree to deposit $2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If I am not delighted with results I will return the outfit within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose $3.10 with your order and the Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 80)

you liked Mary Astor in "Oh Doctor." Fred Thomson has the lead in "The Lone Hand."

KITTEN KET.—Thanks for the gum. What do you mean, I must have a birthday every other leap-year. Lois Wilson is five feet five. So you resemble Greta Garbo. Gaston Glass is in the cast of "The Romance of a Million Dollars" with Alyce Mills and Glenn Hunter. See you later.

A BILLIE DOVE FAN.—You flatter me. It was Burns who said "I pick up favorite quotations and store them in my mind as ready armor, offensive and defensive, amid the struggle of this turbulent existence." I dont know why Billie Dove calls herself Billie, but her right name is Lillian Dove. She was born in New York City, May 14, 1903.

BETTY D. AUCKLAND.—Well, by ignorance we mistake, and by mistakes we learn. Lloyd Hughes was born October 21, 1889, and is six feet tall, brown hair and gray eyes. He is married to Gloria Hope.

DIXEY FAN.—Richard Dix was born in Minneapolis. Lois Wilson was born February 24, 1895. Marie Prevost in "For Wives Only" a screen version of last year's stage success, "The Critical Year."

DOPS.—Yes, a great many of Walter Scott's works have been done. Billie Dove and Bert Lytell in "The Lone Wolf Returns." Evelyn Brent in "Flame of the Argentine" with Orville Caldwell.

LILLIAN PARTO.—Yes, in the May 1925 issue of the MAGAZINE. I think you can secure it direct from our Circulation Department.

HENRY L. R.—I dont remember your inquiry, but if you had asked the question again, I would have been glad to help you right now.

BETTY ANNE.—That was a beautiful picture of your pony, Betty. Doris Kenyon in "The Unguarded Hour." You must write to me again.

INCOMPRISE.—Sorry, but I cannot get that address for you, as I rarely retain the letters from my readers after I have answered them.

ANDEA.—Hire a hall! I am no poor fish, but you can drop me a line once in a while, but dont write a book each time. And you think Richard Dix is a symbol of American Manhood, particularly after seeing "The Vanishing American." So do I.

PELL.—How's everything out your way? Sure was glad to hear you liked the magazine.

NINETEEN.—The State of Washington was named after George Washington, and Nevada is a Spanish word meaning "snow-clad." Universal City was started by Carl Laemmle in 1912 when he bought a large tract of land in San Fernando Valley not far from Hollywood. The walled studio city was opened in 1914. Bertram Grassby was born in Lincolnshire, England, forty-six years ago. He is six feet seven and weighs 175 pounds.

HARRIE FAN.—Sweet are the uses of adversity may all be true, but I am inclined to think the uses of prosperity are sweeter. Oh, yes, in another month I'll be getting fifteen dollars per. Hoop la! Harrison Ford was married to Beatrice Prentice, but not any more. Born in Kansas City on March 16.

T. S. M., LONDON.—Cherio, old Top; Yes, you refer to "The Prince Chap."

OLD FAITHFUL.—See you are right on the dot. I certainly do drink my buttermilk regularly. Lawrence Gray is with Famous Players, you know. Just run in any time you are over this way.

VERA D. H.—Shsss! In the Pathé serial, "The Green Archer," not even the members of the cast knew who the archer who shoots the death-dealing arrows was until the picture was finished. Dont you tell anyone. John Barrymore was born in 1882.

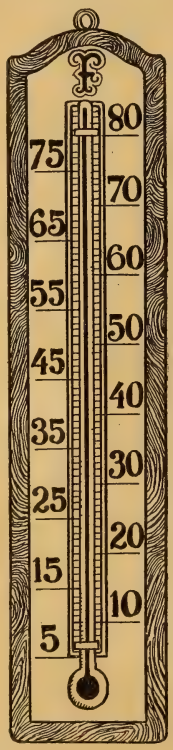
PUTCHIE T.—Yes, and on their own merits modest men are dumb. You ask a hard question, but I believe "He Who Gets Slapped" took in the most money of all pictures shown on Broadway in 1924. For the week ending November fifteenth, it grossed $70,468. Greta Nissen is only twenty, and she is well toward the top already.

GLADYS FAN.—No, child, I'm far from famous. Fame is the sweet perfume of discovered greatness. Just address them at Famous Players. Ronald Colman is playing with Alice Joyce in "Beau Geste."

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Thanks—you are so kind to me.

MARY S. HOLLYWOOD.—All right for you. I sent you a letter and it was returned. Sorry, but I cant send you my picture.

Watch Them Rise!



Once more Richard Dix and Anna Q. Nilsson came out on top. But there is the usual shifting about among the other players

WOMEN

Anna Q. Nilsson	80
Colleen Moore	60
Gloria Swanson	46
Clara Bow	43
Norma Talmadge	42
Dolores Costello	39
Bebe Daniels	38
Norma Shearer	36
Vilma Banky	31
Pola Negri	31
Mae Murray	31
Betty Bronson	30
Marion Davies	30
Mary Brian	27
Sally O'Neil	26
Esther Ralston	25
Constance Talmadge	24
Mary Pickford	23
Renée Adorée	23
Corinne Griffith	22
Lois Wilson	21
Madge Bellamy	21
Greta Garbo	20
Claire Windsor	18

MEN

Richard Dix	99
John Gilbert	73
Ramon Novarro	61
Ronald Colman	57
Rudolph Valentino	48
Ben Lyon	44
William Haines	40
Lloyd Hughes	35
William Boyd	31
Richard Barthelmess	30
John Barrymore	30
Ricardo Cortez	27
George O'Brien	23
Neil Hamilton	21
Douglas Fairbanks	20
Lon Chaney	18
Conrad Nagel	18
Harrison Ford	17
Tom Mix	17
Lawrence Gray	16
Rod La Rocque	16
Thomas Meighan	16
Jack Holt	15
Clive Brook	14
Norman Kerry	14

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GET YOUR typewriter *now.* A genuine Shipman-Ward rebuilt Underwood is the one you want —"the machine you will eventually buy!" Everyone needs it; now anyone can afford it. Don't send a cent—but do get our big special offer —our valuable book on typewriters and typewriting —*free.*

You can learn to write on this standard-keyboard machine in one day. A week after the expressman has brought it, you'd feel *lost* without it. A trial will *prove* it—and doesn't cost you a penny!

A New Plan

Our rebuilt plan gives you the *best* machine and saves you a *lot* of money.

The Underwood is so famous a make, and No. 5 so popular a model, you'll have to speak up if you want one of the lot we are just completing now!

We rebuild from top to bottom; *replace every single worn part;* each machine is in *sparkling* condition. New typewriters are commonly guaranteed for a year; we guarantee these completely rebuilt Underwoods *five years:* That's our Better-Than-New Guarantee! And we guarantee a big saving in money!

We don't ask for a cent now. Nor any money at all, unless you are completely won by the wonderful writing machine we ship you for an unrestricted 10-day free trial. When you do buy, take advantage of our very liberal scale of monthly payments. A host of our patrons have paid for their typewriters out of money made typing work for others. (One woman made *a thousand dollars* at home last year with her Underwood.)

If you know typewriters, you know the perfect work and the ease and speed of an Underwood. If you have never owned a typewriter, start with the finest! One that will last you all your life! But, the time to act is NOW. Don't miss out on this present bargain offer. Don't do longer without the convenience of a typewriter.

Act NOW If Ever!

Free Trial Offer

Our plan gives you the opportunity of *a thorough trial* before you buy. You run no risk whatever. You start to pay for your typewriter *after* you have found it the one and only machine for you! But get the facts before this lot of machines is all in use. Clip the information coupon before you turn the page. It will pay you! Note the very useful book you will receive free! Write for full particulars at once.

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Get our catalog that tells how we rebuild these wonderful Underwood typewriters in the largest factory of its kind in the world, and lowest prices and terms in existence. We will also include free, the new Type Writing Manual—it gives many examples and samples of uses for your typewriter: in business accounts, social correspondence, recipes, shopping lists, household accounts, etc.; school work; literary work, etc. Clip coupon now!

FREE!

Mail to SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. COMPANY B202 Shipman Building, *Chicago*

Please send me full offer, with Type Writing Manual FREE, prices, terms, etc., and full information about your FREE course in Touch Typewriting. All without obligation; this is NOT an order!

Name.....

St. or R. F. D......

P. O...... *State*.....

The Shadow

Perhaps it's a gray hair, a wrinkle or a trace of flabbiness. Just a little hint, but its flickering shadow across your mirror awakens a longing for youth—a longing to have and to hold its appearance over the years to come. Let us prove how simple it is for you to gratify this longing.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

renders an entrancing appearance of youthful freshness. It gives to your complexion that subtile, alluring touch of Oriental Beauty with all its mystic, seductive charm.

The highly astringent properties of Gouraud's Oriental Cream keep the skin firm and smooth, discouraging wrinkles and flabbiness. Its antiseptic action maintains a pure, clear complexion, eliminating tan, freckles, muddy skins, redness, etc. A permanent, lasting improvement to your skin and complexion awaits you. Commence its use today.

Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son
430 Lafayette St.
New York

Lucas-Kanarian Kesslere

The Answer to "Whose Hands?" in the August Issue

By F. Vance de Revere

Eugene O'Brien

The hand with great breadth of palm and unusually short, square fingers with full, thick phalanges, did not run true to type, for instead of a short, thick-set man, it belonged to a very tall, well-built man named Eugene O'Brien. In face and hand alike are shown a person who is logical in his thinking, also an impulsive, emotional, sensitive nature, a reserved person who, at times, is shy. The face shows a very inspirational nature with vivid imagination and qualities which would be useful in writing. The face and hand are so entirely opposed that it would make a complex nature.

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F. Vance de Revere

Dorothy Mackaill

The long hand, with thin fingers, belonging to a person who is tall and slim, with the muscular and osseous development, was Dorothy Mackaill's hand. Her hand corresponds accurately with her type and, in most of the details, the same characteristics are found in hand and face equally well developed. This gives added strength to the characteristics and makes a nature more readily understood. Her dominate traits are a strong will, much determination, persistence, independence, courage of her convictions, industriousness and an ambitious nature. She has won her present success thru her ability, good judgment and common sense.

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F. Vance de Revere

May Allison

The long narrow hand, with its long fingers and still longer palm, which was in direct contrast to the other two hands appearing with it, belongs to May Allison. The face is harmonic, indicating ability, vocationally, in a variety of lines. This is not indicated in the hand. However, in hand and face alike, we find indications of an active, restless nature; an individual who is very sensitive, emotional, highly intuitive, sympathetic, charitable, gentle and kind, but lacking in aggression. Strength of character, determination and persistence are shown in both face and hand. Likewise, appreciation of both color and music.

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F. Vance de Revere

The Prize Winners Are:

Bebe Daniels a wager will pay,
That she made with a señor one day,
A donkey she'll ride
Dressed up like a bride,
There'll be "kick" in the act critics say.
Sarah C. Mayo,
Atlanta, Ga.

If you're keen about men who are Spanish,
Señor Tony Moreno will banish
All thoughts—goodness knows!
Of American Beaux.
What's the use? When the reel's done he'll vanish.
Mrs. Claudia Peters,
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

Pola Negri says she'll masquerade,
As *Carmen* the bold gypsy maid;
With her gay tambourine,
She will dance for the queen,
And for hearts "castanet," the sly jade.
Mrs. J. Parker,
330 No. 14th St.,
Lincoln, Nebr.

If there's one señorita who's sweeter
Than Miss Astor, then we'd like to meet her;
Every grandee in Spain
Has wooed her in vain,
On a pedestal we'd like to seat her.
L. Foren,
New York, N. Y.

Ricardo Cortez looks much more
Like your dream of a Toreador
Than any you've seen
On the stage or the screen
But his "bull" comes in "sacks" from the store.
Milton McAllister,
San Antonio, Texas.

Last Call Before the Drop

is the prize-winning title for the picture which appeared on page 72 of the July issue. It was contributed by H. L. Crutchfield, Miami, Florida.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Who Made Charlie Chaplin?

(*Continued from page* 50)

and Syd felt his time and efforts belonged to his brother. Perhaps, too, the intrigue of the business end of the baby industry was in Syd's blood. He was an agent with genius on the market. A dealer in a rare talent. Close-ups and long shots must have seemed tame in comparison. *And that is the only reason Syd left the screen again to assume management of his brother's affairs.* He scoffs at the idea that Charlie paid him to keep out of the field because of professional jealousy.

Syd was flirting with Big Stakes and the jade gave in.

Where other managers would have been content to rest on the commission from ten thousand dollars a week, Syd figured it could be improved upon. He did as nice a little piece of bidding as you'd ever want to see with Mutual and almost before Charlie realized what was happening, negotiated the contract that was heard around the world—the terms being $750,000 for twelve two-reelers with a $150,000 cash bonus. Nice? What? The publicity resulting from that deal was the lever that raised salaries to the exorbitant sums now enjoyed by Mix, Swanson, Talmadge and the other big leaguers.

Time and the golden contract went on until it seemed to the shrewd Syd propitious to make another move. A corporation was appearing on the horizon known as First National. First National controlled a large chain of theaters and Syd, realizing the sensible plan of their distribution program, promoted a deal for Charlie involving one million seventy-five thousand dollars for eight pictures. Charlie got the money and Syd had the fun.

Charlie's moves from First National are too well known to need repeating here. His successful affiliation with United Artists, also engineered by Syd, his personal recognition as one of the outstanding artists of the age, his cultural advance are by words. Great men do him homage. Great thinkers respect his opinions. The boy from the English gutters has found castles in Beverly Hills.

Well, you hear it said that Charlie's brother Syd is branching out pretty well for himself now. He's funny, too. Nice contract with Warner Brothers. Everything sitting pretty.

Which makes a nice ending for a story about the man who made the world make Charlie.

Is It Worth While?

Fame has an intoxication . . . a glamour. It brings wealth, too, especially if you are a motion picture star.

But is it worth the price you pay for it? And do you know the full measure of the price that is paid, always?

Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher, the double interviewers, selected *Gloria Swanson* as the subject of one of their original and amusing one-act playlets . . . and she talks on this subject and many other interesting ones.

Dont miss

We Interview Gloria Swanson

In the October *Motion Picture Magazine*

On the News-stands September 1st.

FREE:

A wonderful little book that gives new beauty secrets. Free, with every jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Four Simple Ways

to improve your skin —NOW!

By FRED INGRAM Jr., Ph. C. B. Sc., (Pharm.)

I. From 16 to 30 you need from 7½ to 8 hours sleep—at least four nights out of seven. At 30 to 50, 6½ to 7 hours will do with a daily short rest after lunch or just before dinner. If you would have beauty after 30—get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compete with loss of sleep.

And you simply *must eat* each day either lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrots, spinach, oranges, white cherries, grapefruit, lemons or tomatoes. Your doctor will tell you just what combinations are good for you personally. Sleep and these foods are a sure foundation for beauty.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and hands—at least once a day, lukewarm water and any good soap (Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap is fine). *Then* use Ingram's Milkweed Cream on hands, arms, neck and shoulders. Rub it in gently. Don't rub it off. Use only at night before retiring—wear old gloves on hands. You will be astonished. Your friends will comment on the remarkable change in the appearance of your skin with this simple, common sense treatment. Under no conditions use any other cream while you are making this test.

III. For the face, give our cream two weeks' exclusive use. Write the date on the label so that you may watch results carefully. Use no other cream of any kind. Wash your face at night with lukewarm water and Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap. Rub cream in gently; don't rub it off. Use morning and night, using water only at night to cleanse face. Blotches, blemishes, blackheads, redness, tan, wind- and sunburn will go if you follow the diet suggested and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream exclusively.

Women today will tell you this simple treatment gets results. We have thousands of letters over a period of 40 years that back up our statements. And today thousands are enjoying the beauty insurance which this simple method brings.

IV. If you have a good beauty shop operator, stay with her, but insist that she use your own jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Infections are dangerous. Not one woman in a hundred has a scientific beauty operator.

We are always glad to answer questions—to help those who have been unsuccessful in their search for skin loveliness. Particularly those who want to protect their beauty over a long period of years.

If you are in doubt, take no chances. Do your own facials, arm, neck, hand and shoulder treatments at home. We will teach you how in our little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Lovely Skin

in two weeks —this easy way

See blemishes go—skin grow lovely. Here is beauty insurance!

HERE is a *simple,* NEW *method.* One that thousands of beautiful women have used for ten years or more.

Lovely skin is so important to your beauty. *Now every woman can have it*—quickly, easily. This way, every woman can appear 5 to 10 years younger. For blemishes do actually vanish—*often in two short weeks!*

Read the four common-sense beauty secrets in the column at the left. Then obtain a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream at your favorite store. Get it in the 50 cent or dollar size. The dollar size is more economical.

You and your friends will notice—**a remarkable improvement within two weeks.** And remember: **You need only one cream . . . Ingram's!**

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885

Windsor, Ont., Canada — 421 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

There's a difference worth knowing!

50¢

TRE-JUR
Face Powder
JOLI-MEMOIRE FRAGRANCE

Sample—Generous sized package in your own favorite shade sent for 10c. in stamps or coin. *The House of Tre-Jur, Inc.*, 19 West 18th Street . . . New York.

Three Trial Tubes of a New Imported Poudre Cream for 15c

A marvelous cream that softens, whitens and beautifies, combined with a powder that will not rub off—Velouty de Dixor. Imported from France in three shades, White, Ivory and Natural.

Protects and Finishes

Prepared for day and evening use, this cream imparts the softness of velvet to the skin, and a powder finish that will not rub off. Protects against sun and wind burn. On sale at better beauty parlors and department stores. Send 15c for trial tubes of three different shades.

HYMAN & OPPENHEIM
105 East 16th Street :-: NEW YORK, N. Y.

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page 76*)

She knew now that she had dramatized herself when anyone had been looking. Always dramatics. They were her life. They were frequently much realer to her than reality.

Her worst memories had followed this by about three years. Her father had married again. Judith felt it was not because he had loved her stepmother but because he had been utterly dependent. The second Mrs. Colvin Tower had been little assistance, rather a hindrance. She had completely lacked Judith's mother's gift for management. The scant family income ceased to include a luxury now and then. It often failed to cover necessities.

Debts. Because the house money was always being used to buy furbelows. Then another derbied head would climb the hill from town.

Until her dying day Judith was to have a horror of debt. Her memories of the tower room in that old mansard roof house were too humiliating ever to be forgotten.

At first the room had been her playroom. Then when she grew older, she had turned it into a study and she read there during the afternoons. The windows commanded a view of the town of Westport for almost a full mile down the hill. It was a watch tower from which Judith gave frequent warnings of approaching creditors. She came to recognize them by their inevitable derby hats. On warm summer days the derbies would be pushed back on the heads mounting the crest of the dusty hill.

Often Judith had thought and dreamed of escaping into the city. But she had never done more than this. She had no money, for one thing. And the very fact that she was about seemed to make life a little easier for her father. She managed to keep the house in order and every now and then she did something to straighten out money matters.

But when the opportunity to get away had come, she had taken it without hesitation. Her mother had left twelve-hundred dollars for her in the care of old Calvin Wiggins. He had given it to her on her birthday with a note from her mother. Judith knew a sense of unreality about it. It was as if her mother's tired hand had reached over from Eternity to help her out of a difficulty.

The letter had read:

"My dear Judy:

"At eighteen you are old enough to know what you wish to do with your life. Looking at you now, you are very much like my grandmother must have been. You are always acting when I come upon you in your playroom or in the garden. What is more, you promise to grow into a lovely woman and I am sorry that I shall not be there to see you on your eighteenth birthday.

"Westport has narrow boundaries. And even if you are to marry and spend your life here, I feel that you will be happier if you have had some opportunity to get away before you decide. Whatever it is I will have saved for you, it will not be much. But perhaps it will be enough to tide you over any decision you make. It may be enough to give you the courage to do the thing you want to do. That will be something.

"The doctor says I may live for several years. But often I feel so weary that I do not think I will survive the day. I have not told your father that it is willed that I shall not grow old with him. I wonder if he will have married again. Men are so helpless without a woman to look after them. Always love him, Judy. But remember first of all that each one of us must carve our own lives.

Your mother,

Westport, June 30th, 1914 GRACE TOWER

There had been no word of love. Perhaps Grace Tower had known what a shadowy figure she would be to her daughter when the note was delivered.

Judith wondered how her mother had saved that twelve-hundred dollars.

She never knew how it had been bleeded from the economy of mended and remended gloves . . . of cardboard innersoles in worn-out shoes . . . of little things. It had been saved almost entirely of dimes and quarters and of every penny that had come to Grace Tower in change from the day that Judith was born.

She had known the limits of the man she loved so devotedly.

Mrs. Tower had had vituperation for Judith when she left. But her harassed father had not blamed her in his heart. Nor had he blamed his wife for being incensed when the entire twelve-hundred escaped her. Like so many men, unfit to face the exigencies of life, Colvin Tower blamed himself for all that was wrong in the lives of his loved ones. And he always seemed to understand the trials to which they were subjected because of his shortcomings.

Judith would not have blamed her stepmother either had she heard the things she had said. She felt wretched about going. But she knew from the moment that she read her mother's letter that she would go. She could not remain now that this opportunity had come to her . . . and at such a cost.

CHAPTER II

It had not been Judith's background that had fitted her for the life she immediately experienced upon her arrival in New York. It had been some instinct within her that had propelled her in the right direction.

That afternoon in Marcus Goldstein's office had come after Judith had been in New York for about ten months. There was five-hundred dollars left in the bank. Despite frugal living in the hall bedroom of an old brown-stone rooming-house with sterno-cooked meals and laundry done surreptitiously in the wash bowl, there had been many inroads upon the exchequer.

There had been the problem of clothes. Judith would have gone without sufficient food in order to be smartly dressed. She had. But the skimping had never depressed her. There were no more derbied men climbing a hill into her life.

She had made a few casual friends among the other girls who posed for magazine illustrations. Unlike Judith, many of these girls had no reserve fund upon which they might fall back for clothes and other extras. She knew how many of them had strutted about in fur coats the winter before when they had been hungry. And she had seen any number of them give up drug-store luncheons so that twinkling legs might wear silk tops.

She wondered how some of them lived. She knew how others did.

Sometimes she was lonely for masculine company. The Westport boys had flocked to her house ever since she had been permitted to receive their attentions. The

(*Continued on page 93*)

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

They're Not What They Seem

(*Continued from page 26*)

types. Of course. Naturally. A spurred and booted sage-brush swashbuckler. A cactus creature. From out the Great Open Spaces. Redolent of the place where the West begins. . . Lo, Tom was tricked out in pale cream tailoring and scarlet do-das. He was ablaze and a-glitter with diamonds. He was ensconced in a padded, luxurious hotel suite. He talked about his Good Example to Little Boys. There was no sign of Tony and nothing could be less like cactus.

There is Charlie Ray . . . you have all seen Charlie as the tattered boy at the old swimmin' hole . . . overalled . . . barefooted . . . wistful, adolescent eyes . . . simple. . . . You think to yourself, "There is the real Charlie Ray. What an unaffected, down-to-the-earth person he must be." Not at all. Charlie spent many a week, many a month, many a year, "making the grade" in Californian society. He ate, slept and dreamed the Western Four Hundred. It was his goal, the end of his desire. Far from the old swimmin' hole and all that goes with it was his house, staffed with correct functionaries, his cars, his ultra-tonsorial appearances, the ends and aims of his existence. We do hear that Charlie has learned better, but certainly there was a time when, if the word perfection may be applied to anybody, it might have been to Mister Ray as "the Perfect Paradox."

Well, now you must see more or less what we mean. We could go on giving you other examples, but we haven't got the heart. Just to make you feel better, and also the better to illustrate what we mean, we will tell you that there are numerous 'eroes and 'eroines who are precisely what they seem . . . Lois Wilson. Anna Q. Nilsson. May McAvoy. Dick Barthelmess. Conrad Nagel. Pola Negri. Constance Talmadge. Colleen Moore. Richard Dix.

But the others—the others are picture paradoxes. Take it or leave it from one who knows.

$200 For Your Opinion

Why is "Crazy Quilt" a Perfect Title for This Story

About Motion Picture People?

On page twenty of this issue a fascinating story begins, called "Crazy Quilt."

If you haven't read the story, do so now . . . and see if your opinion as to why this is an appropriate title for a story of motion picture people doesn't win a prize.

THE EDITOR

Madam—please accept

a 7-day supply of this amazing new way of removing cleansing cream

A way that will double the effectiveness of your make-up
That will correct oily nose and skin conditions amazingly
That will make your skin seem shades lighter than before

The ONLY way yet discovered that removes all dirt, grime and germ-laden accumulations in gentle safety to your skin

THIS offers a test that will effect some unique results on your skin. That will make it seem shades lighter than before. That will correct oily skin and nose conditions amazingly. That will double and triple the effectiveness of your make-up.

Modern beauty science has found a new way to remove cold cream . . . a different way from any you have ever known.

It will prove that no matter how long you have used cold cream, you have never removed it, and its accumulation of dirt, entirely from your skin . . . have never removed it in gentle safety to your skin.

Just use the coupon. A 7-day supply will be given you without charge.

What it is

The name is Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—a totally new kind of material, developed in consultation with leading authorities on skin care, solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

It banishes the soiled towel method that all women detest. It contrasts the harshness of fibre and paper substitutes with a softness that you'll love.

Exquisitely dainty, immaculate and inviting; you use it, then discard it. White as snow and soft as down, it is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary towel; 24 times as any fibre or paper makeshift!

Stops oily skins . . . Combats imperfections . . . Lightens the skin

On the advice of skin specialists, women today are flocking to this new way.

By removing *all* dirt and grime, it will give your skin a tone three or more shades whiter than before.

That's because old methods failed in absorbency. They removed but part of the cream and grime. The rest they rubbed back in.

* * *

It will correct skin and nose oiliness. For an oily skin indicates cold cream left in the skin. The pores exude it constantly. That's why you must powder now so frequently. That's why, too, imperfections often come.

This new way corrects those failures of old ways. One day's use will prove its case beyond doubt.

Send the coupon

Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent you without charge.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs — absorbent — come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes:
Boudoir size, sheets 6 x 7 inches . . . 35c
Professional, sheets 9 x 10 inches . . . 65c

KLEENEX
ABSORBENT
'KERCHIEFS
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

7-Day Supply—FREE (M-9)

KLEENEX CO.,
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs —*absorbent*—as offered.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

You can't hide a poor complexion

COSMETICS were never intended to conceal facial blemishes, and the woman who tries to cover up blotches, blackheads, redness, roughness, etc., with a coating of rouge and powder, will find the last state of her skin worse than the first.

A dull, splotched, or otherwise unattractive complexion is frequently due to the wrong method of cleansing. The pores have become clogged and they are unable to function properly. Such a skin needs to be stimulated by the pore-searching lather of a pure soap and warm water.

You will like Resinol Soap for this purpose—because it is different. The first time you use it, the distinctive, refreshing Resinol fragrance it gives out will convince you that it contains unusual properties. Its soft lather almost caresses the skin as it sinks into the pores and gently rids them of their impurities. Then it rinses so easily, too—leaving your skin soothed, refreshed and soft and pink as a baby's.

Resinol Ointment is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes. Ask your druggist about these products.

Free—Trial size package Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. Write to Dept. F-8, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

Gilda Gray Tells How She Does Her Stuff

(*Continued from page* 41)

of which is very fine, but—"On with the dance."

"You are self-taught?"

"Ab-so-lutely! Never took a lesson in my life!"

No polite manœuvering to avoid taking a definite stand in this! In fact, Miss Gray is most plain-spoken in the voicing of her abysmal scorn of the usual and "approved" method of teaching the dance—the time-honored "one, two, three, kick."

"I just get up and dance what I feel—that's all. I dance in the way that comes most natural—and that's what the people I dance for—the masses, not the classes—want. They dont want a stilted and unnatural thing like the toe-dance.

"And if you dont believe me, compare my salary with that of a good classical dancer. And the box-office *does* tell what the people want.

"People aren't 'classical'; they're *alive*, and I give them their feelings—feelings as alive as they are."

If she did anything but "just dance," this would not be so, and she realized this early in her life, when she first danced in a barroom cabaret.

Realizing it, she has been careful that she should not dance anything that is not natural to herself. She has never attended a recital by a Pavlowa or Fokina to see if she could learn more of the technique of her art—for the emotions of life, not an isolated "technique," are to her the true spirit of the dance.

"It wasn't that I just stayed away—I'd have *fought* if anyone had tried to make me!

"And even if it wasn't for that, I wouldn't give ten cents to see the best classical dance going. 'One, two, three; one, two, three'—and they call *that* dancing!"

It is natural that a lady who never studied the dances of the South Seas until *after* she had created her own version of them; a lady who never dances the same steps twice because her feelings are never twice the same, should see red when told that dancing consists of learning certain steps and formulæ by heart.

But how about that "imp of the perverse," artistic temperament? If she dances what she feels, what does she dance when she doesn't feel like dancing?

"Well, it's usually only when I'm sick that I dont feel like dancing. Then, I grouch about and curse everything—until the moment I appear upon the stage. Then it all leaves me, and the music takes its place—and I have only emotions reacting to the music and the audience. There is nothing left in the world but the music and the audience."

This taking of oneself from out the every-day world into a world of emotions and the spirit worked very well for the nymphs who danced thru the groves and across the hillsides of early Greece; and it even works upon the stage—but what about such earthly considerations as the proper placing of lights and the camera? For, after all, dancing in a picture is not of much use unless caught by ol' eagle eye.

"Technical difficulties? But I dont use 'technique.'"

"Not of your dance—I mean the placing of cameras, and so on."

"I just danced and didn't worry about that. There are plenty of scenes where you cant see my face—and I dance in and

(*Continued on page* 101)

Home, Sweet Home of the D'Arcys

(*Continued from page* 36)

BUT——

The first of the month comes around every few weeks. You know how it is!

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page 65*)

We have always said that Ramon Novarro did not belong to this generation. But he has adjusted to it . . . even if he does some day take the gold he has earned and saved and go off to a villa many kilometers out of some European city. Italy perhaps . . . or Spain. . . .

The intervening years have not taken from him that simplicity of spirit he knew as a schoolboy who walked at twilight in the plazas.

* * * *

"The trouble with Corinne," Alice Joyce complains and we agree with her, "is that she never gives you an opportunity to simply sit and watch her. She always embarrasses me by turning swiftly and finding my eyes glued on her."

That is generous of Alice. But really she has small grounds for complaint. When you look like Alice Joyce, all you need to satisfy your æsthetic and sensuous sense is a large mirror.

But we understand how she feels about Corinne Griffith. In our opinion she and Corinne are the two most beautiful women on the screen.

Which reminds us of Corinne's embarrassment when *Liberty Magazine* recently advertised "The Most Beautiful Woman in the World," on the cover and inside went into a eulogistic description of her.

She was in New York at the time and when we asked her if she had seen *Liberty* she was obviously confused . . . and a little doubtful as to whether we were making fun of her.

"I laid the magazine down on the table yesterday when a friend came in for tea," she said with that amused little laugh. "She picked it up and, after glancing at the cover, began to turn the pages.

"I made some excuse and went into the other room. She never did read the story but several times she picked up the magazine and glanced thru it and several times I made an excuse and an exit."

Also, altho Alice did not mention it, it is a rare treat to observe Corinne engaged in a business conference. It puts to ridiculous route all your images of square-jawed, tailored business women. She is never so agitated as the average person gets over bridge. Always she is wholly social and charming. But in the end it is quite likely that she has gained her points.

* * * *

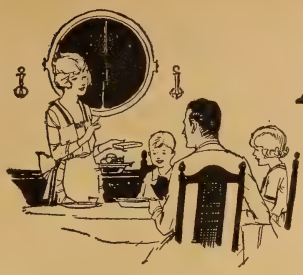
Paul Bern quarrels with the things Racquel Meller said in our last issue about Pola Negri's *Carmen*. La Meller insisted that Pola erred in wearing lace. "The gypsy steals lace but never wears it," she explained.

We mentioned this comment to Paul Bern when we met him at a week-end party at Thyra Samter Winslow's.

"I disagree in that criticism of Pola's *Carmen*," he said very definitely. "An artist must create a character that is universally understandable. Most of us understood Pola's gypsy better because she did wear lace. Only a few found that her lacy finery robbed her of realism."

We are always interested in the differences of opinion between sincere artists. No minute detail is too unimportant to evoke intense interest.

Perhaps this is why they are artists.



After every meal

A great factor in health is good digestion—getting the most benefit possible from our food.

Doctors tell us chewing gum, used after meals, helps the stomach in its work and has a great effect in overcoming digestive troubles.

Dentists say chewing gum keeps the teeth clean and prevents decay by removing food particles that linger in the mouth.

The result is a sweet breath that is evidence of care for one's self and consideration for others—the final touch of refinement.

WRIGLEY'S is the other word for "chewing Gum"—only the best of ingredients go into it.

The joy of the lasting sweet and the flavor of WRIGLEY'S after every meal are additional reasons why you should get its benefit and pleasure.

This sanitary wax package —sealed tight—

G63

delivers all of the original goodness of WRIGLEY'S to you.

What the Stars Are Doing

And where you may write to them

Conducted by Gertrude Driscoll

Adorée, Renée—playing in *The Flaming Forest*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Allison, May—playing in *Mismates*—Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St., New York City, N. Y.

Arthur, George K.—playing in *Bardelys The Magnificent*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *Forever After*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Banky, Vilma—playing in *The Winning of Barbara Worth*—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *The Amateur Gentleman*—Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Barrymore, John—playing in *Manon Lescaut*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *The Great Gatsby*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Beery, Noah—playing in *Paradise*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *Old Ironsides*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Belle—playing in *The Fifth Commandment*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Blue, Monte—playing in *Across the Pacific*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Boardman, Eleanor—playing in *Tell It to the Marines*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bow, Clara—playing in *You'd Be Surprised*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *Duke of Ladies*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Bronson, Betty—playing in *Paradise*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *For Alimony Only*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Carey, Harry—playing in *Burning Bridges*—Pathé Exchange, 35 W. 45th St., New York City, N. Y.

Chaney, Lon—playing in *Tell It to the Marines*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Chaplin, Charles—playing in *The Circus*—1412 La Brea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chaplin, Sydney—playing in *The Better Ole*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Cody, Lew—playing in *The Gray Hat*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Collier, William Jr.—playing in *Glorifying the American Girl*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Colman, Ronald—playing in *The Winning of Barbara Worth*—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *The Sorrows of Satan*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Costello, Dolores—playing in *The Heart of Maryland*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Dana, Viola—playing in *Kosher Kitty Kelly*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *The Campus Flirt*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Davies, Marion—playing in *The Red Mill*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *What Price Glory?*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dempster, Carol—playing in *The Sorrows of Satan*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Denny, Reginald—playing in *Take It From Me*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Desore, Dorothy—playing in *Sewer Daredevil*—United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *The Quarterback*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Dove, Billie—playing in *Kid Boots*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dressler, Louise—Playing in *Broken Hearts of Hollywood*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas—latest release, *The Black Pirate*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Fazenda, Louise—playing in *The Red Mill*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Fields, W. C.—playing in *So's Your Old Man*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Ford, Harrison—playing in *The Nervous Wreck*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing in *The Flesh and the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gibson, Hoot—playing in *The Texas Streak*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Gilbert, John—playing in *The Flesh and the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gish, Dorothy—playing in *London*—Herbert Wilcox Prod., London, England.

Gish, Lillian—playing in *Annie Laurie*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Goudal, Jetta—playing in *Her Man O' War*—Cecil De Mille Prod., Culver City, Cal.

Gray, Gilda—latest release, *Aloma of the South Seas*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Gray, Lawrence—playing in *Kid Boots*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Griffith, Corinne—playing in *Tin Pan Ally*—1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Griffith, Raymond—playing in *You'd Be Surprised*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Haines, William—playing in *Tell It to the Marines*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *The Great Gatsby*—Famous Players Studios, 6th and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Hines, Johnny—playing in *The Dancing Mayor*—C. C. Burr Prod., 135 W. 44th St., New York City, N. Y.

Holt, Jack—playing in *Forlorn River*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hughes, Lloyd—playing in *Forever After*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Joy, Leatrice—playing in *For Alimony Only*—Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Joyce, Alice—playing in *The Ace of Cads*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Keaton, Buster—playing in *The General*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kenyon, Doris—playing in *The Blonde Saint*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kerry, Norman—playing in *Annie Laurie*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kirkwood, James—playing in *Butterflies in the Rain*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Langdon, Harry—playing in *The Yes Man*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

La Plante, Laura—playing in *Butterflies in the Rain*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lloyd, Harold—playing in *The Mountain Lad*—1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Louis, Willard—playing in *The Door Mat*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Love, Bessie—playing in *Young April*—Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *What Price Glory?*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—playing in *Duke of Ladies*—Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St., New York City, N. Y.

Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *The Charleston Kid*—Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St., New York City, N. Y.

MacLean, Douglas—playing in *Ladies First*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mason, Shirley—playing in *Upstream*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

McAvoy, May—playing in *The Fire Brigade*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Meighan, Thomas—playing in *Tin Gods*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *The Ace of Cads*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Miller, Patsy Ruth—completed *So This Is Paris*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Mix, Tom—playing in *The Arizona Wildcat*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Moore, Mat—playing in *Diplomacy*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Moreno, Antonio—playing in *The Temptress*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Murray, Mae—playing in *Altars of Desire*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *Tin Hats*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Negri, Pola—playing in *The Hotel Imperial*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Nilsson, Anna Q.—playing in *The Masked Woman*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Nissen, Greta—completed *The Love Thief*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in *The Great Galeoto*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Brien, Eugene—playing in *Fine Manners*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

O'Brien, George—playing in *The Devil's Master*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Hara, George—playing in *Cook's Tours*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Neil, Sally—playing in *The Waning Sex*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Philbin, Mary—playing in *The Man Who Laughs*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—playing in *Sparrows*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Pitts, Zasu—playing in *The Wedding March*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Prevost, Marie—playing in *Almost a Lady*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Ralston, Esther—playing in *Glorifying the American Girl*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Ray, Charles—playing in *The Fire Brigade*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Rich, Irene—playing in *His Official Wife*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—playing in *Up-stage*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sherman, Lowell—playing in *You Never Know Women*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Sills, Milton—playing in *Paradise*—Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St., New York City, N. Y.

Starke, Pauline—playing in *The Mysterious Island*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *Midnight Lovers*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Swanson, Gloria—completed *Fine Manners*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Sweet, Blanche—playing in *Diplomacy*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Talmadge, Constance—playing in *The Duchess of Buffalo*—7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Talmadge, Norma—playing in *A Son of Montmartre*—7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Tearle, Conway—playing in *Altars of Desire*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Terry, Alice—latest release, *Mare Nostrum*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Torrence, Ernest—completed *Mantrap*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Valentino, Rudolph—playing in *Son of the Sheik*—7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Vidor, Florence—completed *You Never Know Women*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wilson, Lois—playing in *The Great Gatsby*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Windsor, Claire—playing in *Tin Hats*—Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.

Worthing, Helen Lee—playing in *Lew Tyler's Wives*—Tech-Art Studios, 44th St., New York City, N. Y.

When vacation time has come again—and you're off in your car for the land of carefree outdoors
—have a Camel!

Camels are sold wherever civilization has its stores. If going into the deep woods or far back in the mountains where trade and people have not come, better take several cartons of Camels with you. You'll find "Have a Camel" the password to friendliness, everywhere.

WHEN glad vacation time again is here. Ah, then—when straight ahead lie the great woods and sparkling waters of your own outdoors—*have a Camel!*

For each happy day is more satisfying, more restful for the companionship of Camels. Camels have never been known to tire the taste—they are made of such choice tobaccos. Camels are so perfectly blended that they never leave a cigaretty after-taste. Rolled into Camels is the utmost in cigarette goodness and enjoyment.

So as you start away for a deserved vacation. As the long road calls you on to unexplored land. When each day you feel more joyously rested—taste then the perfect contentment. When it's your right to be happy, have the best cigarette made, regardless of price.

Have a Camel!

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

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Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 86)

men she met at the studios were commercial photographers and property boys. Several times when she had taken a 'bus ride up Fifth Avenue, attractive men had watched her with evident interest. But Judith had no place to entertain them. And during her days she was either posing or hurrying about trying to get something to do the next day. Nights she was exhausted.

On the afternoon after her encounter with Marcus Goldstein, Judith took the 'bus up-town. It was extravagant. The trolley or the subway would have cost only five cents. She wanted fresh air because her head ached and because little fresh air found its way into her tiny bedroom.

A man opposite her picked up her handkerchief for her eagerly when it dropped from her purse. But she thanked him absently. Her mind was focused on the future. If other men in authority were going to be like Marcus Goldstein, it would not be simple. There was barely a living to be eked out of modeling. Her bank balance was dwindling. And there were hundreds of pretty girls who applied for every extra girl ever needed in the movies. She realized also that there would always be directors and assistant directors ready to take advantage of their ability to help girls.

Against this she weighed other things. Goldstein had remembered her work. That proved to her that she had screened as well as she had thought. The profession was large and there were still others to whom she might apply for work even if some of the men in power were of the Goldstein ilk. Other girls had gotten ahead without pandering to obnoxious old men. She had the same chance.

The scales seemed to balance.

Judith went to bed almost immediately upon her return home. She wanted to be fresh the following day. And the next morning at seven o'clock she felt able to face the world again. She had her regular breakfast of milk with an egg beaten up in it and began to dress.

The gray suit was carefully brushed. A white blouse was ironed. And the shape of the gray felt hat was bent a little differently by her expert fingers. Beneath the hat's tilt her young face with the painted mouth seemed lovelier than ever. She had a breadth to her cheeks and an insouciance to the tilt of her chin. Her eyes, sea-green, were grave. And if she brushed her long hair long enough, copper gleamed in the brown.

Of course, she might not get past the door-man. That was always a possibility. Walking thru Fifty-ninth street on her way to the subway, she prayed that the "No Casting Today" sign would not be out.

The day was chilly for late May. Only the pastel hyacinths in the window-boxes of the Hotel Plaza and the coats of the cabbies parked outside which appeared slightly green in the sunshine corroborated the calendar and convinced New Yorkers that it was really Spring.

The subway was crowded at first. Judith pushed her way in and swung from one of the straps with hundreds of other swinging bodies. The air was thick and heavy. It made you yawn. But finally the cars thinned out and Judith sank gratefully into a vacated seat.

She watched the faces across the aisle. Young Old. A girl scarcely adolescent with a wedding-ring and holding a tiny baby wrapped in a blue blanket with white bunnies on it.

There was a fat darky with three children, evidentally off on a holiday. Their group was a colorful spot in the car. Pink hats. And red. And three bright blue coats with black and white shoes. Such broad grins every time Judith caught their eyes. And such nudges and savage squeaks of embarrassment when she waved good-by to them as the train ground into her station and she started for the door.

Near the subway station she stopped at a little flower stand and bought a white gardenia which she pinned on her coat lapel. It was a touch. And it made her feel better. She adored the creamy white petals and the heavy intoxicating odor. Roses and daisies and violets and those flowers belonged to the country. But gardenias and orchids were of New York. Hot-house blooms. Fifty cents was not to be thrown away but every now and then Judith found herself doing something like this as if to make up to her spirit for all the economy and pinching that had gone on for weeks beforehand.

The studios were a block farther. She quickened her steps. If they were casting, she wanted to be there as early as possible. She wondered how some of the extras ever managed to get to the studios so early. No matter how early she arrived, there were always some before her. She was beginning to recognize their faces.

On the Excelsior lot she knew several girls who had been making the rounds of the studios for years. Two of them had given up any hope of ever gaining any reputation and now took anything that came along. The other day they had been playing character bits.

From the outside the studios might have been a loft and office building. Judith knew from experience at these and other studios the motley group that would be waiting inside.

There would be a terrible woman with a little girl whose head would be heavy with Mary Pickford curls. She would have a smile too and she would turn it on and off with about as much spontaneity as a water faucet. She would do all her little tricks every time a director passed. There would be no misty childhood about her. She would walk with little mincing and affected steps. She would talk with an affected naïveté and simplicity that would mock the naïveté and simplicity that should belong to a slim five years.

Her mother would reach after her and twist a curl about her finger or whisper something in her ear or pull down a ruffle of her lace dress every few minutes.

There would be old men with white mustaches, in case a banker was needed. Some of them would wear cut-away coats and striped trousers. They found these more necessary than practical sack suits. Their stock in trade.

Judith was sure the usual types would be there before she passed thru the door.

"They're shooting a country-club sequence today. The McAllister company. Uland's the star."

The girl next to whom Judith sat offered this information. Judith was encouraged.

"They'll need some of us then, I suppose," she said, noticing that the girl was pretty in an undistinguished way.

"God, I thought this was real looking

(*Continued on page* 99)

FREE—10-Day Tube

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It's Film

that makes your teeth look "off color" and invites decay and gum troubles

IN a few days you can work a transformation in your mouth this new way. Dazzling whiteness will supplant that "off-color" look of your teeth. Your gums will become firm and take on the healthy coral tint you envy.

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Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film, a viscous coat. That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy, "off-color" look. It is the basis of tartar. Germs by millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and gum disorders.

New methods remove it.
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Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it. Gums become firm and of healthy coral color.

Mail the coupon. A ten-day tube will be sent you free.

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Cleans where brushes cannot reach

THE toilet bowl should be kept especially clean in hot weather. Use Sani-Flush! Even the trap, unreachable to any brush, is cleared of all sediment and foul odors.

Just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl. Follow directions on the can. Then flush. That is all you have to do. All marks, stains, incrustations vanish. Sani-Flush leaves white, gleaming porcelain clean as new.

Sani-Flush cannot harm the plumbing connections. Keep it handy in the bathroom always.

Buy Sani-Flush in new convenient punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

REMOVES DANDRUFF
STOPS HAIR FALLING

Has been used with success for more than 40 years

RESTORES COLOR AND BEAUTY TO GRAY AND FADED HAIR

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HISCOX CHEMICAL WORKS
PATCHOGUE, N.Y.

When washing hair always use Floreston Shampoo

Have You an Idea for a Movie?

(*Continued from page* 29)

a woman's career. They may hold her back for a time, but they also create the strongest desire a woman can have—*to get things for her children.* Advantages. New frocks.

"If the career is to write for the screen, the best way to get a story across is to write an original one if possible. Send in two versions of it. A brief résumé of it. An 'ad,' so to speak. A selling angle. With this send a treatment, which is a detailed synopsis. The 'ad' always gets to the producer. If you have sold your idea he will read your treatment. And there you are.

"Be sure to write in picture form and not in fiction form. It is a good stunt to write the sentence, 'I can see,' before every paragraph; then you will have some certainty that you are writing stuff that can be photographed. It will help you to learn to write picturable material.

"If you cant write an original story, you can take a good magazine story or a book that appeals to you for picture production. It may be that the company to which you send this story or book may have purchased it already. That needn't matter. It is your *angle* that matters.

"Write your treatment of this story or book just as you would write it for your original story. Write your brief 'ad,' too. Give your angle on the story. It may be the one angle that will most appeal to them. Always remember that it is *the angle that counts.*

"It is always good to be well read. Frequently, and for all the zeal of the reading departments, stories and books are overlooked or certain picturable angles of them are overlooked. My sister recently recommended a novel by one of the Russian novelists. She recommended it for Valentino. Mr. Schenck paid her well for the suggestion. The book was not copyrighted, and Mr. Schenck got it for what he paid my sister.

"There are, then, these things to do:

"Select your story. Write your detailed treatment, putting the material into picturable form. Write your brief ad of your story. Send it to the company most in the market or with a star best suited for the story you have done."

After all, it is performance that counts. Agnes Christine Johnston has "performed." Such being the case, her advice is bona-fide stuff. 14-karat. A-1.

In Spite of the Fact That He Looks Like Wally Reid

(*Continued from page* 29)

One day when Kent had reached a film set requiring a group of "extras," a director singled him out for a "bit." That director admits he couldn't tell exactly why he chose Meade at the moment, but before the day was over he confided that his esteem for Wally Reid, whom he had many times directed, prompted him to select Meade. The more he watched Meade, the more apparent did the marked resemblance become—not only physically, in stature, but in personality as well.

Who cannot recall the famous Wally Reid brow, that could wrinkle in frowns so fiercely, yet seem to smile humorously even while so doing? Meade was called upon to "strut his stuff," as it were, for this director, yet he never admitted to the megaphone wielder at the time that he knew why he was being so tried out. For Kent Meade, be it known, has no desire to be considered a "double" for the late star. He hadn't then; he hasn't now.

This director finally burst forth: "Do you know you are enough like Wally Reid to be him—a-a-ah—with one exception—your nose! That isn't exactly right!"

"I know it," replied Meade, "but I've never said anything publicly about it. I'd rather anyone interested would find it out for themselves."

The news soon spread. Meade was unconcerned, but that was hardly true of anyone else. In fact, his appearance not only was a sensation to others on the set, but almost a shock—a shock because this player so much resembled the late Wallace Reid that his appearance confounded the senses of many who saw him. To some the late lamented star verily seemed to have returned to earth—the same face, the same smile, the same frown, the same personality generally.

Photographs of Meade were taken casually to Dorothy Davenport Reid, widow of the dead film star. She looked them over and remarked:

"This must be a set of photos Wally never showed me. I dont recall the clothes as any he ever wore."

That convinced the producers that Meade's resemblance to Wally Reid was not hallucination, but fact. But the humped nose! That stood in the way of a complete resemblance—a Wally Reid reincarnate.

They determined that a Meade brow was not a Reid brow, a Meade smile was not a Reid smile, unless the nose was to lose the bridge bulge. At their suggestion, Kent Meade became a patient of the nationally known plastic surgeon who gave Jack Dempsey his new "beezer" to take the place of the once-ugly, bashed-in nose.

Thus, the one little discrepancy with which Nature endowed Kent Meade and withheld from Wally Reid was remedied. Today the resemblance is flawless.

In "Hearts and Fists," Meade has one of the principal rôles, supporting John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte. Critics have commended Meade's portrayal, especially for the wonderful fight he puts up against a hulking villain—and wins. This fight has been acclaimed as being worthy of comparison with the famous fight in "The Spoilers," which attests Meade's prowess as an athlete.

New contracts have just been signed by Meade and he will be featured in a series of productions. He declares he is going to win whatever renown comes his way, not because he looks like Wally Reid, but in spite of it. However, fame is crowding closer, and when Kent Meade has climbed to the top rungs of the cinema ladder known as success, it goes without saying that the fans and the critics and the wags and all the others too, will adopt race-track parlance and voice statements, the substance of which will be:

"He won by a nose!"

He IS a Man!

There is so much talk nowadays about men not being all they used to be. . . . Reginald Denny impressed the sophisticated, modern interviewers when he was in New York. Read Faith Service's appraisal of him.

In the October MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
On the news-stands September first

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The Fake Princess

(*Continued from page* 19)

purest. But what of that? Even a Princess may lapse into the vernacular. Do not our best sub-debs say "So's your old man"?

And after all, who are the proletariat to pick flaws in the daughter of a hundred kings?

The proletariat may not, but to the lordly and skeptical persons known as Consuls blue blood is blue only when it is verified and charted by such cold things as credentials, *et cetera.*

There began to stir in Hollywood the ugly tongues of Rumor and Suspicion, those two Ogres who have demolished so many lovely Princesses and laid waste so many phantoms of delight.

It was rumored that the Spanish Consul was seeking admission to the Princess de Braganza and that he, or is it "they," was being, to employ a vulgarism, "stalled." The Duenna of the Princess was explaining that Her Highness was much fatigued from her long trip, from the entertaining that was being done in her behalf, that Her Highness would see the consul "tomorrow." That sad *Mañana.* Tomorrow didn't seem to want to come. . . .

The rumors persisted, gathered strength . . . the little facts of the frail frock . . . the one trunk . . . the faulty accent. . . .

What was it all about? Was this girl under the spell of some enchantment? Was she in disguise? Was there a mystery, a hoax? Well, what . . . *who* was she?

Then, one ominous day, the truth broke. The revelation was made. The Princess Beatrix de Braganza of Spain was plain Helen Otero, a stenographer from San Francisco.

Hollywood gasped, sputtered, reeled, staggered, condemned, shrugged, laughed, gossiped. Hollywood didn't know quite how to take the exposé. The joke was on . . . well, who? Hollywood or the Princess Beatrix de Braganza?

One woman in Hollywood knew how to "take it," as she knows how to take every situation that arises—like a thorobred. One woman said "She needs me more now, as a friend, than ever she needed me as a hostess." This woman was Mrs. Antonio Moreno.

* * *

SUCH is the surface story of the Poor Little Princess Pretend. But we ask you now to do a thing never required of you in the usual fairy-story of ladies fair and gallant knights. We ask you to peep behind the painted arras and tell us what you see. . . . We'll tell you what *we* see. . . . We see a poor little girl who staked her All on a glittering dream. We see a girl who made a gallant stand, a magnificent gesture, who played an Ace card—and lost.

We see Helen Otero, stenographer, sitting in her room at the Biltmore Hotel, shivering with fear in her garment of Illusion, wondering, dreading, fearing the time when the flimsy veil would be torn from her and she would stand revealed and exposed. We see her at the gorgeous dinner-tables of Hollywood, making her brave, bright stand, laughing to cover her shudders, accepting the kindnesses showered upon her with inward spasms of repentance and terror. How many, many times she must have felt like crying out to Mrs. Moreno, "Oh, dont be so kind to

24 Great Columbia Pictures

If it's a Columbia Picture—*it's a Gem*

COLUMBIA Pictures guarantee the kind of entertainment you seek by offering worth-while stories of the best authors, the most intriguing stage plays, enacted by popular picture artists.

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"Shame on women who are always weak and ailing"

—*Annette Kellermann*

WHEN I was a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces. No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure, the champion woman swimmer of the world, starred in great feature films. Yet that is exactly what has happened. My experience certainly shows that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is, tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight, or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only 15 minutes a day, through the same methods as I myself used. These startling, yet simple methods can now be used in your own home. Is it any wonder that I say "shame on women who are always weak and ailing"?

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly prove to you—and by only a ten-day trial—that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful; how to make your complexion rosy from the inside instead of from the outside; how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow face; how to stand and walk gracefully; how to add or remove weight at any part of the body: hips, busts, neck, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from the many ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

Just mail the coupon below or write a letter and I will send you at once and without charge my interesting, illustrated new book, "The Body Beautiful." I will also explain about my special Demonstration Offer. Just tear off the coupon now, and mail it, before my present supply of free books is exhausted. Address Annette Kellermann, Suite No. 389, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Annette Kellermann, Suite 389
225 West 39th St., New York

Dear Miss Kellermann: Please send me, entirely free of cost, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in

☐ Reducing Weight ☐ Body Building

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(Kindly print name and address)

Address.....

City.....State.....
If outside U. S. send 10c to help pay postage.

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if you don't like it, and have a beautiful new skin.
Youth-Ami Liquid Skin Peel
A Scientific Discovery, harmlessly and painlessly peels off the old skin and removes surface blemishes: tan, discoloration, sunburn, blackheads, whiteheads, large pores, pimples, freckles, etc. Not a clay or cream but a liquid free from acids and mercury. Booklet, "The Magic of a New Skin" sent free in plain sealed envelope.
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Buescher Band Instrument Co. (9)
1684 Buescher Block Elkhart, Ind.

me . . . I am an impostor . . . a faker. . . . !"

We see her in her room at the Biltmore counting over her scanty sum of money, wondering whether she could dare to buy an orchid for her one gown, wondering whether she could manage a pair of scarlet slippers as, surely, a Princess of Spain should. Wondering whether, or rather when, the dread Spanish Consul was going to obtain final proof of her identity and tear from her shrinking figure the thin little veils of glamour she had drawn about her.

It must have been a shining dream. It was a daring one. We take off our hats and make a deep salaam to the girl who had the courage so greatly to dare. There is in all of us a well-spring of response to the spirit of Adventure. The spirit of Adventure raised glittering spears in the spirit of Helen Otero.

The dream, the plot, the plan must have slowly formed and slowly matured in the brain of the girl who tapped keys for the Western Union Telegraph Company in San Francisco.

To go to Hollywood . . . to get in the movies . . . to make vast sums of money . . . to return to Spain where, at any rate, she was born. . . . Yes, but so many girls go to Hollywood . . . more beautiful girls . . . more experienced girls . . . what had she to go with? What hostages could she give to Fortune? And then the Great Idea . . . back of her, vaguely, there was Royal Blood . . . she had always thought so . . . when her mother had died back in 1920 there had been letters of condolence from notables of Spain . . . she had always thought that she was a Princess . . . she had always believed that the blue blood of Spain flowed in her veins. . . . Very well, she would take the blue blood of Spain to Hollywood . . . a Princess would gain ingress to the studios of Valentino, Antonio Moreno and Novarro where little Helen Otero might never be admitted. Thus the purple plan. . . .

This was the dream of Helen Otero as she tapped the stenographic keys. This, no doubt, is the dream of hundreds of girls living in little hall bedrooms, eking out a scanty existence on twenty dollars a week. Few of them have the courage to do what Helen Otero did. Few of them could have reigned a Princess even for so short a space of time.

This is the story of Poor Little Princess Pretend. The dream she dared—and lost.

A portrait of the little stenographer who fooled the social and professional circles of Los Angeles

Wally Reid's Double

Did you see the photographs of Kent Meade on page 29? If not, turn to this page now . . . even Dorothy Davenport Reid thought his photographs were pictures of Wally that she had never seen.

Nature seldom duplicates her handiwork so perfectly!

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

How Long Are They Stars?

(*Continued from page 67*)

continue to shine, so she retired and is now promenading the Paris boulevards. Betty Blythe is playing in pictures abroad. Miriam Cooper is working for the smaller companies. Dorothy Phillips proved successful in her return to the screen, she is now a featured player with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Alice Joyce seems to have made a fairly strong comeback. And so the list could go on.

Irrespective of these there are other stars who occupy a unique position in the cinema world, Pauline Frederick, H. B. Warner, Blanche Sweet and a few others who for various reasons were off the screen for a while and then returned, to resume again the high position that they enjoyed before. These three in particular are conceded great, with marvelous powers of adaptability and personalities that insure them long success.

The accompanying table discloses that seven years was indeed a long period to remain a star in the other days. But the records of the stars of today and their popularity indicate that they will remain in that exalted position indefinitely and that the span of stardom is increasing.

Gloria Swanson has enjoyed five years of stardom to date with but little diminishing of her popularity and drawing power. Betty Compson is in her sixth year. Bebe Daniels her fifth. Harold Lloyd has increased his popularity in his six years of laugh producing. Mae Murray has been shining seven years and is still brilliant. Richard Barthelmess, Lewis Stone, Colleen Moore, Bessie Love, George Walsh, Buster Keaton, Priscilla Dean, Milton Sills, Pola Negri and others have already exceeded the years of stardom achieved by many of the great favorites of the past and give every indication of continuing their success for years to come.

There have recently appeared above the meridian several new stars whose ability and popularity tend to the belief that several of them at least will occupy stellar positions for years to come. Norma Shearer perhaps heads this list. Laura La Plante gives promise for many years of brilliance.

Producers admit the life of stardom is lengthening, that it will continue to grow but that only those with the consuming soul and fire of genius will in the future be able to retain their stellar position. Beauty has relinquished first place to ability in stardom today. But the girl who possesses both beauty and charm and ability will in the long run outshine the one with just the ability unless, of course, that ability be of the type that characterized Duse and Bernhardt on the legitimate stage.

So today the cinema universe continues to revolve with constant changes in the star constellation and nobody is able to agree upon who is the center—the sun—of the firmament. Some say Mary Pickford. Others Swanson. Others Norma Talmadge and Charles Chaplin. But irrespective of these discussions and disputes, the salient fact remains that the stars of today are lasting longer than their predecessors with few exceptions and that ability and ability alone will elevate girls and youths to the dizzy heights where fame and fortune abound.

"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten—"

"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand," mourned guilty Lady Macbeth.

A pitiful plaint, full of tragic meaning for her . . . And is there not, perhaps, a meaning in it for the modern woman, too—in quite another sense? . . .

Perfumes—so subtle, so compelling in their place! Yet the rarest fragrance of the perfumer's art cannot sweeten what is not by nature sweet.

Soap and water itself cannot counteract the unpleasantness of one condition that is common to everyone. *Bromidrosis!*

It is hard to believe that you can offend with underarm odor. Yet how many refined, attractive women *do* have about them this unmistakable odor!

As for excessive moisture—Hyperidrosis—imagine trying to look neat, chic, well-groomed, with horrid half-moons of stain under the arms! Even the best dry cleaning can never take them out.

Underarm moisture and odor are not easy to combat. The perspiration glands here are stimulated to unusual activity by heat, excitement, nervousness. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm prevent normal evaporation of moisture.

It is a physiological condition which physicians say can and should be corrected by local application. The Journal of the American Medical Association says, "No harm comes from stopping the perspiration under the arms."

There's just one sure effective way to get the best of old enemy Perspiration. Not perfumes, not creams and powders, not even scrupulous cleanliness. A scientific corrective of the condition that causes it is needed. *Odorono!*

Odorono is an antiseptic, astringent liquid originated by a physician. Doctors and nurses use it in their work in hospitals.

It's just like a lovely toilet water and twice a week is all you need to use it. You'll never have a trace of trouble either with moisture or odor again. And you'll have no need of any other protection for your clothing.

Think of the joy of complete freedom from any danger of perspiration stain or odor! Always sweet and dainty, always neat and trim! Start the twice-a-week Odorono habit today. You can get it at any toilet counter, 35c, 60c and $1, or sent by mail prepaid.

THE ODORONO COMPANY, 129 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, O.
Canadian address, 468 King Street, West, Toronto, Canada

RUTH MILLER
129 Blair Avenue,
Cincinnati, O.

NOTE: *If you would also like to try Creme Odorono, a delightful new creme which corrects odor only, send 5c additional.*

Please send me sample of Odorono and booklet for which I enclose 5c.

Name.....

Address.....

"It's the Biggest Raise You Ever Had"

"OH, TOM! You don't know how proud it makes me feel. I knew you could earn more money if you really tried.

"Now we can put a little money aside each week and buy some of the things we need so badly.

"And to think that only a few months ago you were worried for fear you would lose your position!

"Remember how you came home that night and said you were tired of being a failure? Remember how you determined to get out of the rut by taking up a course with the I. C. S.?

"I knew it would help you and the firm would soon notice the difference in your work. But I didn't think you would get such a big raise so soon! Oh, Tom! You seem like a new man since you started studying at home through the I. C. S."

Every day, in office, shop and factory, you will find men who are being given better positions and larger salaries because they are studying at home in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools.

An I. C. S. Course helped Jesse G. Vincent to rise from tool-maker to Vice-president of the Packard Motor Company. It helped George Grieble to rise from a stone-mason to the owner of a business paying $12,000 a year. It helped Bert S. Remaley to increase his salary **ten times!** And it will help you too, if you will only make the start.

Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6575-B, Scranton, Penna.
Oldest and largest correspondence schools in the world

Without cost, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

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Occupation .....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian Limited, Montreal

KEEP YOUR BOB *Lovely* $2.49 COMPLETE

Keep your pretty bob looking its best with this personal hair cutting outfit. Trims hair for the entire family. No experience required—easy as combing your hair. Set includes close cutting, tempered steel clippers (neck shaver), flexible gauge comb and best quality steel shears.

Safe—sanitary; quickly saves its cost. Thousands of satisfied users. Order your set now. **Send No Money**—just pay postman $2.49 and few cents postage on delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

GOOD SERVICE COMPANY
Dept. A-4 2 Jersey St. Buffalo, N.Y.

Stars of Today

NAME	YEARS STARRED	NOW
Gloria Swanson	5	still starring at top of list
Richard Barthelmess	7	still growing in popularity
Monte Blue	3	semi-star—great feature player
Laura La Plante	2	just reaching her heights
Lon Chaney	4	going strong for M-G-M
Lew Cody	5	featured player
Betty Compson	6	still starring
Viola Dana	4	featured player
Bebe Daniels	5	co-star—and stars in productions
Priscilla Dean	8	still a star for P. D. C.
Richard Dix	6	starring with Famous
Pauline Frederick	7	on and off screen—still in demand
Hoot Gibson	4	star of Western Features
Corinne Griffith	7	at the top—very popular
Johnnie Hines	4	starring—First National
Jack Holt	5	name still heads casts
Leatrice Joy	3	starring with De Mille
Norman Kerry	4	co-star and heading casts
Buster Keaton	5	star comedian
Shirley Mason	5	featured player
Douglas MacLean	4	starring at head of own company
Conway Tearle	9	starring and being featured
Alice Terry	4	all star casts abroad
Rudolph Valentino	6	still on top
Florence Vidor	4	heading casts and featured rôles
George Walsh	7	coming back strong as star
Thomas Meighan	8	star—now co-starring with Norma
Raymond Griffith	2	starring with Lasky
Adolphe Menjou	3	starring and big featured rôles
Harold Lloyd	6	one of the leading comedians
Bessie Love	3	now playing featured rôles
Bert Lytell	4	featured player
Colleen Moore	7	going strong—big star
Mae Murray	7	star and co-star with M-G-M
Carmel Myers	4	featured rôles with M-G-M
Conrad Nagel	4	featured player—heading casts
Ramon Novarro	4	star of big productions M-G-M
Pola Negri	7	star Lasky—3 years abroad, 4 here
Anna Q. Nilsson	3	featured player
Mary Philbin	2	new star still climbing
Marie Prevost	4	starring and heading casts
Irene Rich	2	just recently attained stardom
Edith Roberts	3	featured player
Milton Sills	7	featured with First National
Lew Stone	6	featured player
Blanche Sweet	7	came back featured—now star
Lillian Gish	8	star and co-star
Dorothy Gish	6	featured player
John Gilbert	3	star with M-G-M
Ronald Colman	1	new star
H. B. Warner	3	returned from stage—now at top
Richard Talmadge	2	heading own company—climbing
Seena Owen	3	starring now for P. D. C.
Norma Shearer	1	climbing very strong
Marion Davies	6	starring with M-G-M
Tom Mix	7	Fox's best star
Mary Pickford	15	heading own company—Europe
Harry Carey	13	still a star—going strong
Norma Talmadge	12	star—United Artists
Charles Chaplin	11	heading own company
Douglas Fairbanks	10	heading own company—Europe

Stars of Yesterday

NAME	YEARS STARRED	NOW
Clara K. Young	7	retired screen—on stage
Arthur Johnson	4	deceased
Henry Walthall	5	featured player
Mae Marsh	5	occasionally plays
Bobby Harron	4	deceased

(*Continued on page* 100)

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page 93*)

until you came in," she said frankly, noticing Judith's fresh gardenia in contrast to the somewhat dusty, artificial one pinned on her dress. "A real gardenia, no less. Some class. That's country-club stuff, all right. . . ."

Judith smiled. "Yours will look as good as mine if we get in," she said moving over on the bench built around the wall. A young man, evidentally a Gentleman of the Ensemble, had come in and seated himself now.

"Country-club stuff today, I understand . . ." he said.

Judith smiled affirmatively. There was an informality here. There was an eagerness and hopefulness that bound the ill-assorted types together.

A very smartly gowned girl of about eighteen came in and walked assuredly to the old doorman.

"Mr. McAllister?" she queried.

"Appointment?" the doorman wanted to know.

The girl said that she had.

"I am to work in the country-club scenes," she explained. "Mr. McAllister asked me to come over."

"Are you Miss Estabrook?" the doorman asked.

She was.

The man's manner altered.

"Here, Boy," he called. "Show Miss Estabrook the dressing-room McAllister reserved for her. He will show you the way, Miss."

When she had followed the boy thru the door into the studio, there was a whisper of disapproval among the waiting extras.

"Wouldn't that jar you?" the girl next to Judith asked. "Some society dame McAllister met. She gets the job for a lark and we need the money and may lose out. That's life all right."

Judith found herself agreeing with the girl. It probably did mean that one less extra would be chosen. She smiled sympathetically.

"Several of us still have a chance," she said consolingly.

At this juncture the casting director . . . a spare, stoop-shouldered man with spectacles . . . pushed back the door of his window and looked over the assembled company. By this time there were many standing. The bench had ceased to accommodate them all.

Judith tried to look composed. She would have loathed appearing as nervously eager and anxious to please as some of the others seemed. Immediately, when that window had opened, a tremor had run thru the crowd.

Several bolder extras went up to the window and asked if there was anything for them. He hardly seemed to see them as he shook his head negatively.

After a few minutes he said:

"The ones I pick out go to the extras' dressing-rooms for scenes with the McAllister company. Country-club stuff."

He choose two or three men. Judith knew a sense of suffocation. He might not select her. He had not seemed to see her at all. She looked up. He selected her and five other women. Judith's companion was not one of them.

"I knew he would tell you to go in," she said as Judith started for the door.

"Maybe, he'll pick you yet," Judith suggested but the girl shook her head.

She was right. After selecting one of the white mustached men, the casting director hung out the fatal "No Casting today" sign and slammed the window.

(*Continued on page 109*)

Now I'm Ready for 800 Men who can Earn $150 a Week

C. E. COMER, President of the Comer Manufacturing Company, wearing a Comer suit. Look at the style! Notice the fit! And the amazing low price! Think how easily you can sell hundreds of these suits. Mail the coupon AT ONCE for full details.

This Suit Only $9.95

NOTICE

The Comer Manufacturing Co. is one of the most successful businesses of its kind in the world, with 12 years of experience back of it. It owns and occupies a modern concrete steel building with 65,000 sq. ft. of floor space where it manufactures all of its merchandise. The business has been built on the policy of giving exceptional values to customers, and fair, square treatment to its representatives.

If you are looking for the big chance—your real opportunity to make money—this is it. If you have the ambition and the vision to go after $500 to $1,000 a month profit for yourself, then you will realize that this is the one opportunity you have been looking for.

Stylish, Long Wearing Suit

Now read this carefully. Get it! On the left is a picture of a suit of clothes. It's a good suit of clothes—stylish—good looking. It fits. It holds its shape. The pattern is excellent. Thousands of men in your locality need this new, modern, sensible, low priced suit.

Wears Like Iron!

Listen! The treatment this suit will stand is almost unbelievable. It is made entirely of a special cloth that is amazingly strong, durable, tough and long-wearing. It is unaffected by treatment that would ruin an ordinary suit.

Tremendous Demand

And now we're making this wonder suit in tremendous quantities—not one at a time—but by the thousands. All that modern machinery and efficient methods can do to produce big value at small cost is applied in making the new Comer suit.

And finally, we are using the same modern efficiency in selling it—direct from factory to wearer through our local representatives. The result is amazing. It brings this suit to the wearer at a price that is revolutionary—a price that every one can afford to pay—a price that makes it the greatest clothing value in years.

An Amazing Suit for Only $9.95

Think. $9.95 for a good suit of clothes. You can see immediately that every man is a prospect. Every community in America is swarming with opportunities for sales. And now if you are interested in making money we want to show you how you can make it. We are appointing men in every locality to represent us—to take orders. That's all. We furnish all instructions. We deliver and collect. But we must have local representatives everywhere, through whom our customers can send us their orders.

Experience is not necessary. We want men who are ambitious—industrious and honest. Men who can earn $30 or $40 a day without getting lazy—men who can make $1,000 a month and still stay on the job. If you are the right type—you may be a bookkeeper, a clerk, a factory worker, a mechanic, a salesman, a farmer, a preacher, or a teacher, that makes no difference—the opportunity is here and we offer it to you.

A Few Hours' Spare Time Will Convince You

If you feel you want to devote only spare time to the work, that is satisfactory to us. You can earn $10 to $20 a day in a few hours. You will find in a few days that it will pay you to give this work more time—for your earnings will depend entirely on how many men you see.

Write Today Territories will be filled rapidly. Orders are now coming in a flood. Men are making money faster and easier than they even hoped. So don't delay. Write today for complete descriptions, samples of cloth and full information. Do it now. Don't send any money. Capital is not required. Just fill out the coupon and mail it for all the facts.

C. E. Comer, Pres., THE COMER MFG. CO.
Dept. V-318, Dayton, Ohio

MAIL NOW FOR FULL DETAILS

C. E. COMER, Pres., The Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. V-318, Dayton, O.

Please send at once complete details of your new $9.95 suit proposition that offers opportunity for a man without experience or capital to earn as much as $1,000 a month. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

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For unruly hair—

more people use this dressing than any other . . .

Pleasant to use—beneficial

No matter how unruly your hair is, you need not be discouraged. You *can* keep it in place without making it look sticky or greasy.

You need not, *should* not wet it with water—that only robs the hair of its natural oils, drying out the scalp and leaving it a prey to dandruff.

Stop experimenting with your hair—you can do it irreparable injury!

Begin today to use the hair dressing more people rely on than any other. This dressing is *Stacomb.*

Just a touch of Stacomb in the morning or after a shampoo and your hair will really stay in place, *all day long.*

Stacomb comes in two forms, which makes it the only dressing that suits all types of hair. As a delicate cream—in jars and tubes—and also in the delightful, new liquid form. Both are totally invisible on the hair.

You may prefer the cream, or perhaps the liquid. But you will find Stacomb in both forms equally effective, pleasant to use, *beneficial.* It helps to prevent dandruff. And it keeps your nair smooth, *in place*—but never sticky or greasy. At all drug and department stores.

FREE OFFER—*Stacomb*

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. O-33, 113 W. 18th Street, New York

Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:
Original, cream form ☐ New liquid form ☐

Name.....

Address.....

Watch Your ENGLISH

"I aint"
"Can't hardly"
"It's him"

New Way To End Mistakes

You may make errors in English and never know it. Mistakes in spelling, grammar, punctuation, pronunciation make others think you uneducated, lack culture, unfit for responsible positions. Unconscious errors may be handicapping your success.

FREE Book on English. Correct your bad habits in English, through Sherwin Cody's remarkable new method. No rules to memorize. No drudgery. Only 15 minutes a day required. Over 40,000 already helped. Fascinating as a game. Get free booklet about this simple, time-saving, home-study method. Write today.

SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL of ENGLISH, 403 Searle Bldg, Rochester, N.Y.

SEE WITHOUT GLASSES!

NEW INVENTION and NEW KNOWLEDGE of the EYE MAKE IT POSSIBLE

THE BARRETT EYE NORMALIZER is the new invention which makes it practicable for you to use the NEW KNOWLEDGE in your own home and thereby restore or retain normal eyesight.

The beautiful illustrated booklet on "Better Eyesight—Unassisted by Glasses" will be mailed FREE upon request. It may answer your question, "What Shall I Do For My Eyes?" Send for it today.

THE BARRETT INSTITUTE
1306 Pershing Square Building Los Angeles, California

Stars of Yesterday

(*Continued from page* 98)

NAME	YEARS STARRED	NOW
Fred Mace	4	deceased
Mabel Normand	7	coming back, Hal Roach comedies
Dustin Farnum	6	retired—occasionally plays
William Farnum	6	occasionally plays
Frank Keenan	3	on stage
Agnes Ayres	4	plays in casts
Marguerita Fisher	3	trying to come back
Mary Miles Minter	6	retired
James Kirkwood	8	stage
Vivian Prescott	3	not known
Bryant Washburn	6	plays in casts
Marion Leonard	4	not known
Florence Lawrence	4	tried to come back—does anything
Francelia Billington	3	casts—minor rôles
Owen Moore	8	featured player—M-G-M contract
Tom Moore	7	featured player under contract
Mat Moore	7	featured player under contract
Alice Hollister	3	retired—but coming back—casts
Marguerite Snow	4	came back but retired—married again
Pearl White	6	promenading Paris Blvds—retired
Ruth Roland	7	in business world—real estate
Antonio Moreno	5	coming back, prominently featured
Maurice Costello	6	now playing minor parts
Max Linder	5	deceased
Billy Quirk	3	occasionally plays stage, screen
Charles Ray	7	co-star—trying to come back
Francis X. Bushman	6	featured player in big casts
Theda Bara	5	retired—returns in comedies
Wesley Barry	5	outgrew child parts, still playing
Ben Alexander	2	breaking into juvenile parts
Jackie Coogan	4	growing up—cant find parts
Betty Blythe	4	now in Europe—stage and screen
Herbert Rawlinson	4	playing in casts
Wallace Reid	7	deceased
Alice Brady	3	occasional picture—stars on stage
Miriam Cooper	3	occasionally in pictures
Ethel Clayton	4	comedies—off and on, vaudeville
Dorothy Dalton	6	married and retired
William Desmond	6	plays featured rôles
Eddie Polo	6	playing minor pictures—Europe
Elliot Dexter	3	vaudeville
Ella Hall	4	small parts—small companies
Elaine Hammerstein	4	featured player—small companies
Wanda Hawley	4	leads for independents
J. Warren Kerrigan	7	featured player—occasionally
Cleo Madison	4	character rôles
Katherine McDonald	1	cosmetic business, Hollywood
Mary McLaren	2	plays supporting parts occasionally
Alice Joyce	5	retired—returned—now with Lasky
Eugene O'Brien	3	playing in support of stars
Ann Forrest	3	making pictures abroad
Tom Santschi	4	now in two-reel Westerns—casts
Baby Peggy	1	outgrew child rôles
Dorothy Phillips	6	now featured player with M-G-M
Kathlyn Williams	7	abroad—pictures now and then
Mary Anderson	3	not known
Ann Schaffer	2	character parts
Mary Charleston	3	Mrs. Henry Walthall
Florence Turner	5	character rôles and small parts
Beverly Bayne	6	casts and good parts
May Allison	5	trying come back—getting good parts
Anita Stewart	7	stars and featured player
Harold Lockwood	5	deceased

Who Is the Best Dressed Woman on the Screen?

Gloria Swanson? Norma Talmadge? Alice Joyce? Corinne Griffith?

The leading modistes of New York give their opinion on this question in the October MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE . . . and the reasons for their choi

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Gilda Gray Tells How She Does Her Stuff

(*Continued from page* 88)

out of shadow as one naturally would, camera or no camera."

"How about close-ups?"

"There are *very* few."

!!!, (My only comment.)

"And retakes? Dont you become a bit tired and mechanical after the hundred-and-first time?"

She laughed.

"Yes, they tried that. But I refused to do anything more than twice."

Again:—!!!

Havelock Ellis, perhaps the greatest anthropologist now living, has said the dance is the original source from which the art of acting flows.

Tho she probably did not analyze or reason it—for she is not an "intellectual"—Miss Gray was quite quick to *feel* the relationship between these sister arts.

And perhaps this relationship—that each is the expression of emotions thru the physical person—is the explanation of a rather intriguing fact: that, tho she has *acted for the first time* in this picture (all her stage appearances have been dancing), one is aware of no amateurishness at all, she is most obviously "competent."

Her expression of the reason may seem elementary; but it is in just such elemental things that so many of the camera-fodder brethren and sistren are woefully lacking. They erect an edifice of the most gorgeous elaboration—but its foundations would not pass the most casual glance of the laxest city building inspector.

"I think I found a secret; or, rather, I took over the secret of my dancing to the screen. It is this: think, or *feel*, the part you are playing.

"If you're a mother, *be* a mother; if you're a savage, be a *savage*—but I suppose it'll be said I'm 'wild' enough without having to play a part.

"If you're thinking about how the lights affect your appearance, the camera shows it—ab-so-lutely!"

She mused a moment.

"Lots of stars have been 'made' by the success of one picture like this—and it's ruined them!

"Dont misunderstand me. What I mean is this: we have a star named Smith, and he plays in three pictures. In the first, we have a Smith lumberjack; in the second, a Smith prize-fighter; in the third, a Smith policeman—and there is really not the slightest difference between them. It's always *Smith* playing.

"I've got to watch my own step, too. I'm not a 'South Sea' dancer; I'm a 'dancer'—and, I hope, an actress. I dance South Sea dances; but also Polish, Charleston, Spanish—I'll give you any old kind you name. And I intend to do the same on the screen. Any story that seems good; whether it's South Sea or an American drawing-room comedy.

"Any good story—even if there is no dance in it!"

Grace Corson

Fashion Expert Extraordinary—begins her contributions to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE with the October issue.

The Telephone and the Farm

THERE was not a farmer in the world fifty years ago who could talk even to his nearest neighbor by telephone. Not one who could telephone to the doctor in case of sickness or accident. Not one who could telephone for the weather report or call the city for the latest quotations on his crops. Not one who could sell what he raised or buy what he needed by telephone. A neighborly chat over the wire was an impossibility for the farmer's wife or children.

In this country the telephone has transformed the life of the farm.

It has banished the loneliness which in the past so discouraged the rural population and drove many from the large and solitary areas of farms and ranches.

It is a farm hand who stays on the job and is ready to work twenty-four hours every day.

The telephone has become the farmer's watchman in times of emergency.

It outruns the fastest forest or prairie fires and warns of their approach. It has saved rural communities from untold loss of lives and property by giving ample notice of devastating floods. Three million telephones are now in service on the farms, ranches and plantations of the United States.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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SYSTEM

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Delica-Brow

is the original Waterproof Liquid Dressing for the lashes and brows. Your first application will make your lashes seem long, dark and heavy, and your eyes very large and bright.

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You will never know what beautiful eyes you really have until you use *Delica-Brow*. Send for a free trial bottle today. Kindly enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

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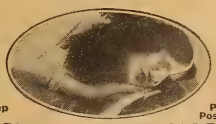
3012 Clybourne Ave. Chicago, Ill.



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Users Praise it as a Priceless Possession

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FREE BOOKLET points way to facial beauty and happiness. *Write for it today.*

Gold Medal Won 1923

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Send for a package, read the directions carefully before using, and try it as long as you like. If you are not delighted with the quick improvement in your complexion, return what's left of the package, and we will immediately refund your money. Use this coupon.

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2975 Michigan Avenue Chicago

Dr. C. H. Berry Co.,
2975 Michigan Ave.,
Chicago.

Please send me prepaid a package of Kremola under the terms of your trial offer. If I am not perfectly satisfied, I will return what's left in the package within thirty days, and receive my money back. Enclosed find $1.25.

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V. VESTOFF ACADÉMIE DE DANSE
100-(42) West 72nd St., New York City

Do the Women of the Screen Lack Beauty?

(Continued from page 33)

of the screen. "Criticism that does no good is best kept to oneself," he said. "Surely it is kindest not to remind women that they are not beautiful, especially since telling them cannot make them lovelier. But if you promise to write nothing about those who are not so fortunate as to possess beauty——?"

I promised.

"Well, before I say anything about beautiful motion picture actresses, I must pay a tribute not to a woman, but to a man, whom I consider the most striking-looking of all actors, Douglas Fairbanks," Mr. Schattenstein said. "To me he is the type that Goya loved to paint, bold, swarthy, dashing, glowing with life. There is something richly colorful about him, whether he appears in the boots of a pirate or the tailored camel's hair coat of the modern sportsman. Chaplin, too, in character or as himself, manifests an inner beauty.

"Among the women, I should place Florence Vidor high on the list. She has a patrician quality—class, if you prefer to call it that, sweet dignity. I should not hesitate to call her a real beauty. Pola Negri also qualifies as a beauty, but of a vital, almost barbarian sort. Her wide, Slavic cheek-bones, her dark eyes, and the wild, tempestuous personality make her an actress of many masks. In Europe, several years ago, when I saw Miss Negri's pictures, I did not care much for her; she seemed flatter then, less interesting. But she has developed into a vivid, gorgeous woman with a great variety of moods and a face capable of expressing them.

"Pauline Starke, tho not so versatile, has the same sort of beauty that is in a Botticelli painting. She does not seem to belong wholly in this century. Greta Nissen is an amusing type of beauty, for despite her Scandinavian blondeness and the anticipation of coldness that one is led to expect of her, she is as exotic as an Oriental; she has an exquisite figure, too, besides her attractive face. Mary Philbin I consider a real beauty, because she is an actress of many masks. Her face is sensitive and intelligent, and emotions sweep across it like a song over harp-strings.

"Marion Davies has a radiance that puts her well to the front among women of animation. It is a pity that Miss Davies' coloring can not be reproduced upon the screen, for it is all part of the live, glowing quality of her beauty. I have painted her portrait nine times, and she has never looked twice the same. Nazimova, quite the opposite type, is beautiful in a tragic way. Her head, with its strong features and mop of black hair, is leonine, almost massive. She is dynamic, forceful, keenly intelligent and appreciative of fine things. Bebe Daniels has an interesting face of the Spanish type and really beautiful eyes. Could any woman ask more?

"Actresses like Dolores Costello, Betty Bronson, and Clara Bow, I would call promising rather than actually beautiful. After life has had a hand in determining their appearance, they may be beautiful. Little Miss Bronson is very pretty, very charming, but at present I can hardly say much more. It would be interesting to see her ten years from now, however.

"Another woman of haunting, rich beauty is Alice Joyce. There is an undercurrent of fineness in her. She has the quality that Florence Vidor has, but in a more somber mood. Miss Vidor is light, facile, smartly sophisticated. Miss Joyce is thoughtful, deep and sympathetic. You could not call either of these women pretty; taken feature for feature, they probably would not measure up to any prescribed standard of good looks, and yet they have without any doubt what is known as beauty."

It takes such little things to mar beauty, Nikol Schattenstein declared. There is one blonde actress he mentioned whose face was spoiled for him because of its hardness. He laughed when I told him he had guessed correctly. Other faces have a streak of coarseness that betrays itself in a looseness about the mouth. Some show the signs of dissipation about the eyes—only a touch is enough to destroy the illusion of youthful beauty. Some are ostentatious and assume a rôle in life that they were never meant to play.

"I suppose that no woman can be beautiful if she is affected," I suggested.

Mr. Schattenstein shook his head.

"Not necessarily. It depends on the woman and on the affectation. Some affectation can be as quaint as the powdered wigs and sandalwood fans of two centuries ago. Intelligent affectation is merely assuming little graces that act as a sort of decoration. But lumbering, stupid affectation—maturity trying to masquerade as short-skirted youth, youth trying to be blasé, worldliness, arrogance, assumed society manners—that is the kind that robs a woman of charm. Many stars are guilty of such breaches of good taste and it has the effect of making what would otherwise be beauty be merely tawdry prettiness."

The real, the essential part of beauty, Mr. Schattenstein discovered while he groped for words to define the quality, is individuality. That is why he prefers the fascinating irregularities of Clare Eames' profile (which he saw when she played *Queen Elizabeth* in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall") to a dozen animated cameos, and the sparkle of Doug to all the pallid preening of human peacocks.

Of Douglas Fairbanks, Nikol Schattenstein says: "He is the most striking-looking of all actors. To me, he is the type that Goya loved to paint . . . bold, swarthy, dashing and glowing with life"

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Motion Picture Junior

A Talk with the Holt Children

(*Continued from page* 44)

remarked to his mother the other day when they were riding past a ranch where hundreds of horses were grazing on the hillside, "Gosh, isn't it a shame all those ponies are going to waste, mother?"

By this time Tim had introduced me to the goldfish pond. "Do you like goldfish?" he queried, as he lay flat on his stomach and made a dive with one hand in an effort to capture one of the silvery creatures from the pool.

"I told mother I wanted a Pierce-Arrow when I grow up." Tim made another industrious dive for a fish. "She says I wont get one, tho . . . unless I go to work."

At this juncture Betty came running across the lawn, pursued by one of Jack Holt's Great Danes. The dog looked as if he could swallow Betty with one mouthful. Tim sprang to his feet and rushed to rescue his little sister. He gave the dog a violent kick in the ribs, driving it away, then turned to caress Betty, who was on the point of tears.

When he discovered that sister would survive, he turned to me. "That's our new dog," he said proudly. "Daddy brought him home yesterday. Have you a dog?"

I replied that unfortunately I was deprived of the pleasure. "You oughta have a dog," said Tim. "Betty's afraid of him, but he wont hurt ya. Dogs are all right if you dont let 'em run around and tear up the neighbor's flower gardens.

"Didja see my picture in the magazine, didja? It didn't look like me, tho, did it?" And Tim shook his head in the negative. Thruout the interview this is the only time Tim revealed himself as having possible talent as a motion-picture actor.

"Say, where do you live? You should come over and see us some time." Tim wiped the wet hand, which he had used to spear the goldfish, and shook hands. Betty did a little courtesy, with one finger in the corner of a broad smile.

I hastened to the boulevard where the gossip on every screen celebrity runs hot. I inquired about Betty and Tim, thinking they might have been posing during my interview.

"They're the cutest youngsters in all Hollywood," is the only answer I received to my nefarious queries.

The Holt children are a great spiritual tonic. I arrived home, experiencing the same reaction as when Betty Bronson as *Peter Pan* asked me if I believed in fairies. A talk with Tim and Betty is better than any 99 44/100 per cent. cleansing . . . they leave you feeling that maybe the world is not such a rotten planet after all.

Tell the Children!

The children in the family will be delighted with the prizes offered next month. Full details will appear in Motion Picture Junior.

Setting the Pace!

It's a difficult matter to set the pace and keep it. Yet that is just what THE CLASSIC has marked out for itself ever since it entered the publication field. It is the one de luxe magazine of the film world. As everyone is interested in motion pictures, THE CLASSIC is the one publication to supply the demand—for brilliantly written articles. It is dedicated to the idea of furnishing its readers with *live* topics and *live* pictures. Its contributions are free of bunk but, on the other hand, treat of films and the people associated with films in an authoritative and fearless manner. THE CLASSIC is not only the most beautiful publication of the screen, but it is also the most original.

When you glance over its list of contributors, you will recognize the foremost writers of the screen—writers who know every angle of picture production—and who give you first-hand knowledge of what's going on in the celluloid world. There are Eugene V. Brewster, the founder of the Brewster Publications, Adele Whitely Fletcher, Gladys Hall, Milton Howe, Harry Carr, Tamar Lane, H. W. Hanemann, Don Ryan, Don Eddy—and a host of others. These all write for THE CLASSIC—most of them exclusively.

There will be several fine scintillating articles in the September issue—as well as a complete assortment of beautiful pictures. Don Ryan will tell you about the Foreign Directors. The article places the cards right on the table in regard to the foreign invasion.

The September CLASSIC will also continue Henry Albert Phillips' interviews with famous European writers, in which they talk about their impressions of the screen.

There will also be interesting articles about W. C. Fields, the new comedy star, Reginald Denny, and Lewis Milestone, the director.

And dont fail to read about Hollywood's Pet Extravagances and The Great Athletes of the Screen.

Read the CLASSIC. It supplies you with accurate and interesting information of all the varied activities of the film world.

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Formulated by a physician, it is simple, safe and rapid. And your skin will take on a beautiful complexion. Thousands of women are using it. Your money back if it does not do all that is claimed.

Enclose only one dollar in an envelope, add your name and address and you will receive your complete package by return mail. (Or send $1.50 for NU-ART Hair Destroyer, Special Lotion, and a large jar of NU-ART Massage Cream.)

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The Notox principle differs from that of the old-fashioned restorer that merely paints over the gray. Notox is a scientific coloring. It places pigment in the thread of hair, within the hair's lustrous covering—right where natural color used to grow. Notox has to look natural because its method is natural.

Notox is specifically guaranteed to impart color to gray, streaked or faded hair and guard all its former harmonious beauty of lustre and of silken texture. It is guaranteed permanent; its color withstands any condition or treatment that Nature's will—bathing, shampooing, sunshine, salt water, perspiration, Turkish baths, permanent waving, marcelling. It is safe, it cannot injure texture or growth. The ease of application enables anyone to apply it with invariable success in the privacy of her own home.

FREE TRIAL SAMPLE

If you are dissatisfied with your hair, send in the coupon with a few trial strands well hanging on a piece of paper together with the NOTOX BEAUTY ANALYSIS CHART. We, a few strands of needle cut hair to the coupon to enable us to provide you with the right shade of NOTOX.

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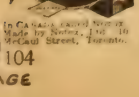
Gentlemen—Attached are a few newly cut strands of my hair. Enclosed is 10 cents in stamps. Send me a trial sample of Notox of the proper shade. L-31



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He Didn't Like Europe

(*Continued from page 37*)

and all the King's horses the once-over.

"Thought I'd see a wonderful sight," explained Mr. Jones. "Well, we came to the first stable and the first troop of horses, what they call a troop. Back here when we say a troop we mean around fifty to sixty horses. They get ten horses and it's a troop. I took one look at these here horses—no wonder they cover them up with fancy blankets and ribbons and such. The groom said to me, right proud, 'Here is a young horse.' 'How young?' I said. 'Oh, thirteen years old!' Judgin' by that horse's teeth, he might have been anywheres from thirteen to thirty."

So Mr. Jones gave up looking at the King's horses. He went on to see the chariots, instead, chariots in which kings of the old days had ridden, hundreds of years ago.

"One tourist, he was from Ioway," said Buck Jones, "He says to the guide, 'Where's the horses that used to draw these chariots?' The guide jest walked off, very dignified. Man from Ioway was right sore, too, because he wouldn't answer a straight question."

However, that was the only laugh the Joneses could get out of London. London was really nothing to them, so they went on to Paris, but there isn't anyone can tell Buck Jones that Paris is "devine."

"They've forgotten they had a war over there," he says vigorously, "and that they begged for our help. They look at you as if you didn't belong. They spend their time working out gags to get your money away from you. You get off the boat and you see all the porters lined up looking for the soft ones. Minute I came off they had me spotted. The whole line turned to me, as one man—there! So I picked out a porter. He hadn't walked a couple of steps when he sets down the bags and makes motions. Dil and I cant talk the language, but I get what he wanted all right. I handed him twenty francs. That's his cue. He sets down the bags, walks away, and then you must find yourself another porter. That's the relay gag.

"Another good gag they got in Paris is when you leave a hotel. They dont send a porter for your baggage till fifteen minutes to train time. Your bill's full of items you've never heard of before, but you cant stop to argue, because you've got to catch your train, and they know it. You get down to the train—whew! just made it! All of a sudden a bird from the hotel comes rushing up with a bill for excess baggage, maybe five dollars or so. You cant stop to figure, there's your train about to leave, so you pay it, and when you come to look the bill over, it's a pound of excess baggage at around twenty-five cents.

"Met a man in Paris. Lived there a year, talks French like a native. Fine! That's what we certainly needed, Dil and I. I know now how these immigrants feel when they come over here, not knowing the language—you stand around, not knowing how to ask which way to go, people push you, holler things at you, you lookin' pleasant at them, not knowin' what kind of things they're saying about you. This bird who knows French and I we go to see the Eiffel Tower. Comin' home in a taxi, the guy says, 'You let me pay the bill. You'll tip the chauffeur too much.' So I stood along and watched how a man that knew the language managed these things.

"Maybe it was French he talked, but the chauffeur looked at him just the way he looked at me when I talked English. He starts giving the man an argument. Not enough! This guy who talks French like a native gave him back an argument. The gendarme comes up and gives them both an argument for blocking the traffic. They kept it up that way for half an hour. That was the best laugh I had in Paris."

But the battle-fields were the worst. Taking the advice of their friend who spoke French, the Buck Joneses went to one of the battle-field towns without making a reservation at a hotel. They landed finally in a second-rate inn, at dinner-time, weary and famished. But neither of them spoke French and no one in the hotel spoke English. Buck looked at the menu card and said to Dil, "You order first." Dil said, "No, you order first." Finally, by using the eeny-meeny-meiny-mo system they stuck their fingers at some item on the card. The waiter brought a very juicy, red beefsteak. But! Buck Jones had been warned that some places in France served horse-meat. He had looked at this horse-meat and remembered it as very juicy, very red. No dinner was eaten by Mr. and Mrs. Jones that night.

They rose early to see that battle-field.

"All we had to eat," related Buck, "was a cup of coffee apiece. We had that because I saw a guy drinking coffee in the dining-room and I pointed to him. Dil was pretty tired, she said she'd sit in the car. I was having a good time, loping over the battle-field, inspecting trenches; then I picked up a jaw-bone of some bird they forgot to bury. I come loping back to the car. Look, Dil, see what I found! She keels over. 'Let's go back to Paris,' she said."

So they went back to Paris. And by that time things were so bad that on the slightest provocation Buck would throw things out of the window. He began by throwing his hat out of the window. Wandering into one of the shops, he had been induced to buy a French hat. He wore it back to the hotel a little tentatively and, taking Dil by surprise, asked her what she thought of it.

She said, "Hmmmmmm," according to Buck, and he was so infuriated at the advantage the French salesman had taken of him that he snatched it off his head, as he stood by the window, and first thing you know, why, the hat was out of sight below.

"But Dil said it had a band on it that she liked. She wanted that band. So I went down to the man at the desk and told him the wind blew my hat out. He looked at me. I dont think that guy believed me. Anyway, I had the whole staff lookin' for that hat—found it, too, worse luck."

The habit of throwing things out of the window culminated in this fashion. Buck Jones and Dil had had enough of Paris, after a week; they were going on to Berlin. Buck went down to buy his tickets.

"They cost two thousand francs. I had my pockets stuffed so full of their darn money, there wasn't room for more. I unloaded the bunch of paper onto the desk; it was short about twenty francs. I said, 'Take the money, send the tickets around to the hotel, and I'll give you the twenty francs!' The man never answered. Just stuck the tickets back. That got me—their sarcastic way of doing things. I went back to the hotel, and changed everything I had into francs. Came back, plumped it all down on the counter and got the tickets. As I was leaving, good

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If used night and morning, *Murine* will soon promote a clear, bright, healthly condition of the EYES. Contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

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Put one on—the pain is gone

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BLACKHEADS

cannot be hidden. Get rid of them now by regular treatments with

Resinol

and sore, I happened to see a folder on this chap's desk—sailings. I looked at it —the *Berengaria* leaves in two days—psst! I threw the tickets out the window. 'We sail on the *Berengaria*,' I said to Dil. We did."

And was Buck Jones glad to see the Statue of Liberty again? He was. And was he glad to drop into the circus at Madison Square Garden and talk over old times with the pals who had once been fellow cowboys? He was. And will he be tickled to death to see his own stable of horses, that dont have to be tricked out in fancy blankets, as every moviegoer who has seen Silver, *et al.* on the screen, knows? He will. However, the European trip was not quite wasted, for Buck took occasion to find out why the Prince of Wales falls off his horse so much.

"I met a man who watched him ride," he explained. "He says the Prince flaps his legs against the sides of the horse, kicks the horse. No wonder he has no grip."

That's Out

(*Continued from page* 59)

celebrities struggling along on only twenty-five hundred dollars a week, and reduced to only eight servants in a big, Beverly Hills mansion.

Carey's Twelve-Year Limit

The exhibitors themselves supplied a good many laughs during their stay in the film colony, but Harry Carey was probably responsible for one of the most humorous quips.

Carey proved himself to be somewhat of a Will Rogers when it came to making witty remarks.

Upon being introduced to the exhibitors, Carey said:

"There now stands before you the only motion picture star whom you have all heard about but never seen. The producers who handle my pictures state that no one over twelve years of age ever looks at them. And I can see that you have all passed that age limit, so you had better take a good look at me while you have a chance."

Wanted: New Vaudeville Faces

It begins to look as tho the Paramount School for young players is going to develop into a footlight institution, instead of an incubator for future screen stars.

After spending many months preparing them for a career upon the screen, Paramount cast its school graduates into one film and then proceeded to give them lengthy bookings thruout the country as vaudeville actors.

Now, if someone will only start a good school for vaudeville artists, perhaps we can find a way of unearthing a few new screen faces.

Where Art Thou, Romeo?

What's the matter with the film industry this month? No one has announced that they are going to make an all-star version of "Romeo and Juliet."

Now Is the Time to Start

reading "Crazy Quilt," the greatest novel ever written about motion pictures. It begins on Page 20 of this issue

Doris Kenyon

A White Skin Easy

—Says Star

No More Freckles, Blackheads or Skin Blemishes!

Today it is remarkably easy to acquire a clear, white skin, free from all blemishes, freckles and blackheads. A wonderful new scientific discovery removes these blemishes with amazing quickness. Almost overnight you can clear your skin of freckles, roughness, tan, or a "muddy" complexion. These imperfections vanish as if by magic—and your skin takes on that delicate smooth beauty that everyone admires.

The strong lights used in making our pictures exaggerate all skin imperfections, so that I have to keep my skin always free from even the tiniest blemish. I have found that Golden Peacock Bleach Creme does this work admirably, correcting every defect.
—Doris Kenyon.

Make This 3 Minute Test!

Three minutes before bedtime smooth this cool fragrant creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme—on your skin. The very next morning look in your mirror. Notice how muddiness and sallowness have already started to give way to an unblemished, milky whiteness. So wonderful, so quick are the results of this new scientific creme that we absolutely guarantee it! Get a jar now—today—at all good drug and department stores. Use it five nights. Then if you are not delighted and amazed your money will be gladly refunded.

FREE—If your dealer cannot supply you with Golden Peacock Bleach Creme mail the coupon below. Send no money. When package arrives pay postman $1. If you give us your dealer's name with your order we will send you a lovely gift absolutely FREE with our compliments.

PARIS TOILET COMPANY, 49 Oak St., Paris, Tenn.

Golden Peacock Bleach Creme

PARIS TOILET COMPANY
49 Oak St., Paris, Tenn.

Please send me a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. When package arrives I will pay postman $1. If not delighted my money will be refunded.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Dealer's Name.....

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and $1.

Stillman's Freckle Cream *Double Action*
REMOVES FRECKLES
WHITENS THE SKIN

The Stillman Co., 33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet, "Beauty Parlor Secrets."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

A FULL YEAR TO PAY

Charge it!

Wear While Paying

PA3—Lady's wrist watch latest style solid 14 Kt gold highest grade 17 ruby and sapphire jewel movement, lifetime guarantee Featured at **$22**

PA4—Fiery blue white diamond—best quality 18 Kt white gold—artistically carved, hand pierced, lady's mounting Featured at **$49.50**

PA7—Three large perfectly matched genuine blue white diamonds, two French blue sapphires, 18Kt white gold dinner ring, exquisite design Price **$42.50**

PA5—Three perfectly matched blue white diamonds set in a beautifully hand pierced mounting—18Kt white gold—latest creation Featured at **$36.75**

A full year to pay

All transactions strictly confidential

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Pin only $1 to your order, and your choice comes to you parcel-post prepaid on **10 Days Free Trial.** Then pay postman only $1 more on delivery, and after free trial pay balance in 12 equal monthly payments. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. **FREE**

"Royal Book of Gems"

Thousands of special values in genuine diamonds, watches and jewelry illustrated Your copy sent immediately on request

No red tape. No delay

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH Co.
ESTABLISHED 1895
ADDRESS DEPT. 1057 170 BROADWAY, N.Y.

Grease-Paint Surgery

Pearsall

These two pictures might well be entitled "Before and After." Above is Rod La Rocque as the handsome soldier in "Gigolo." And below is Rod again . . . supposedly upon his return from the war with his face made over by plastic surgery. Grease-paint surgery, we'll say!

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

New! A Shampoo for Blondes Only

Blonde hair always darkens with age. But Blondex, the new blonde hair shampoo, keeps light hair from darkening—and brings back true golden beauty to even the dullest or most faded hair! Fine for hair and scalp. Makes hair soft, silky, fluffy. Over half a million users. No dyes or harmful chemicals. Highly recommended for children's hair. On sale at all good drug and department stores.

BLONDEX

The Blonde Hair Shampoo

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Law-trained men earn

$5,000 to $10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. conferred. LaSalle students found among practicing attorneys of every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 108-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 978-L, Chicago

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Art Corner Your Pictures—in an Album

where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

Engel 5 Styles "Art Corners" 9 Colors

are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and samples to try. Write

ENGEL MFG. CO.

Dept. 23J, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

10¢ Buys 100

Enlarged Nosepores, Pimples, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and other miserable local skin affections will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilety's A. B. A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz. bottle sent on receipt of 75 cents. Address M. Trilety, 73 W. U. Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

You can have SHAPELY ANKLES

Be admired for your slim, graceful limbs

REDUX ANKLE REDUCERS

quickly perfects the shape of both ankle and calf by a new scientific, comfortable and sanitary method—amazingly simple—just slip them on like a sock. Nothing else to do. May be worn day or night and under sheer stockings without showing. Mailed in plain wrapper. Used by many Film Stars.

$3.49

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

A limited quantity at special introductory price of

Send money order and size of ankle and calf to

REDUX MFG. CO.

303 Fifth Avenue, New York Suite 2014

Alice Joyce Suggests This Luncheon

(*Continued from page* 55)

And now for the recipes—

Honeydew Melon

This needs no recipe. It is attractive when served in balls in a sherbet glass . . . but the main thing is to have it very cold. Little scoops may be purchased in any department store for achieving the ball effect.

Iced Consommé

The simplest consommé to prepare is quite as delicious as the more difficult recipes. Take one pound of a round of beef and cut in one-inch cubes and brown one half of this in some marrow from the marrow bone. Then put the other half of the beef in a kettle with one quart cold water and add one pound of veal cut in pieces, the browned meat and about one quarter of a pound of marrow bones.

Let this stand for about a half-hour and then heat slowly to the boiling point. Then let it simmer for about three hours, being careful to remove any scum that forms on top of the kettle.

Now add one quarter of a quart of the liquor in which a fowl has been cooked and let this simmer two hours.

Cook about two thirds of a cup of diced carrot, turnip, celery and onion in butter for five minutes. Then add this to soup, adding: speck of bay leaf, cloves, thyme, marjoram and parsley.

Cook the entire mixture about an hour and a half . . . strain . . . cool quickly . . . remove remaining fat and clear.

This will jell slightly when it is sufficiently iced and it will make a delicious summer soup.

Lamb Chops

Rib chops, frenched are daintiest. And they are always best if broiled with a little drawn butter, pepper and salt.

Peas

The secret of cooking fresh peas is to use as little water as possible. Just enough to cover them. There are now modern utensils which cook vegetables directly over the flame without any water and the difference in the taste is surprising. Most of us know that peas can be made greener and more inviting to the eye if a pinch of ordinary cow-brand soda is put into the water, and the lid left off the pot while cooking.

Sautéed Potatoes

These are, of course, potatoes warmed over. In other words, cold boiled potatoes cut in one-third-inch slices, sprinkled with salt and pepper and a little onion juice, if desired, and then put into a hot and well-greased frying pan and browned, first on one side and then on the other.

Cold Asparagus, Vinaigrette

This is asparagus boiled and chilled and served with the vinaigrette sauce. Cooks differ in the proportions used in this sauce but a very pleasant concoction is 6 tablespoonfuls olive-oil, 1 tablespoonful of cider or Taragon vinegar, 1 tablespoonful chopped pickle, 1 teaspoonful chopped

(*Continued on page* 115)

WURLITZER

Girl of 13 Makes $75.00 a Week!

Alice Higgie, a 13-year old Chicago girl, made $75.00 a week in vaudeville last summer. Her musical act is constantly in demand for clubs, lodges, hotels, radio studios and private entertainments. For a 15 minute act she receives $15.00—*a dollar a minute!* Read what she says—"Playing a musical instrument is lots of fun. I wish everybody knew how easy it is and how quickly you can learn, specially with Wurlitzer instruments—they are so easy to play."—Alice Higgie.

New Offer

Learning to Play Made Easy Free

We now furnish free with every Wurlitzer instrument a Special Scholarship in a nationally famous school of music. This school has taught thousands to play by a special home study method. Many of its graduates are successful professional musicians. Whether you want to play for pleasure or for profit, choose your favorite instrument and send for this New Offer now! Use the coupon below.

Free Trial in your own home on any Wurlitzer instrument. Easy payments if desired.

Send for Free Book

Illustrates and describes every known musical instrument—more than 3000 articles, many of them shown in full colors. All genuine Wurlitzer instruments—buy direct from Wurlitzer and save money. Special offers on complete outfits.

We also give you our Free Trial, Easy Payment plan and special Free Scholarship Offer. No obligation.

Send Coupon Today

Send this Coupon

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1526

117 E. 4th St. Cincinnati 329 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago
120 W. 42nd St. New York 250 Stockton St. San Francisco

Send me your Free Book on musical instruments. Also your Free Trial Easy Payment plan and special Free Scholarship Offer. No obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Instrument _____

WURLITZER

Copyright 1926, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

Make Amazing Gray Hair Test

In 10 minutes natural shade begins to return. This test is free. New, colorless, water-like liquid makes this way safe and simple.

GRAY hair is proved unnecessary. A new safe way, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, has been found to bring back natural shade—to remove the faded streaks and restore graying parts.

Over 10,000,000 women have used it as the sure way to avoid detection. They urge it because it's safe. Those who know will warn you not to use the crude, messy old-time dyes. This is clean and colorless. Will not wash nor rub off. You simply comb it through the hair.

Gray hair lacks color pigment. This way takes its place, and gives the natural effect. If hair is auburn it will revert to auburn. If black, black it will be.

Test it free if you wish. Simply write for special outfit. Or go to nearest druggist. A few cents' worth restores color perfectly. Money returned if not amazed and delighted.

Test Free

Mary T. Goldman, 947-L Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black...dark brown...medium brown... auburn (dark red) .....light brown .....light auburn (light red)....blonde....

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

—Please print your name and address—

Quick Easy Way to Learn CARTOONING

You can now quickly learn to make comics, sport cartoons, animated and serious cartoons, etc. Cartooning is lots of fun—and fun that pays **big money!** Learn cartooning at home in spare time this amazingly easy way.

Send for Free Book

Mail postcard or letter today for Free Book on Cartooning. It tells all about this easy method perfected by successful cartooning instructors—also is filled with interesting facts about cartooning. Mail card TODAY! *Give Age if under 16 years.*

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
Room 189-D, 1113-15th St., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Reduce and Shape Your Limbs with Dr. Walter's Medicated Rubber Stockings and Anklets

Light or dark rubber. For over 20 years they have reduced swelling, varicose veins and rheumatism promptly. Worn next to the skin they induce natural heat, stimulate the circulation and give a neat and trim appearance. They give wonderful support and are a protection against cold and dampness. **Anklets** $7, extra high $9. **Stockings** $12. Send check or money order—no cash. Write for Booklet.

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

(*Continued from page 73*)

some cynical Frenchman once said that it was easier to rise from the slums than from the suburbs. You ought to make money this year regardless of your address.

Norma Z., May 26:

YES, I believe you have talent. Personally, I would prefer writing for you or some connection with publicity, but there is also some dramatic talent shown in your horoscope. This present year does not seem the most favorable time imaginable for you to make changes, and yet changes are there for you, together with some lack of money and a good deal of worry. I would advise you to tackle the stage rather than the movies, and to wait one year before doing even that.

Ethel F., July 27:

BY all means, stay on the stage and go on with your dancing. You have ten chances of success there to one in the movies, simply because of the strong positions in the part of your chart which govern personal appearances. About the first of next August things will change for you and during that month and the two immediately following it you will have some very active weeks. Do not incur any more expense than you can help during the next twelve months, for your tendency is toward great extravagance at this time. If you stick to work and avoid acting upon impulse just now, you will progress by leaps and bounds—both literally and figuratively.

Harold S., January 1:

YOU are young enough to change your mind, thank goodness, for you are another who is carried away by a temporary admiration for the life of the stage and screen as you think it to exist, and in later years would feel very keenly that you had missed your true vocation if you were to persist in this work. You have one of the best charts I have ever seen for the practice of medicine, natural healing power, a talent for chemistry which would enable you to prescribe accurately, and much genuine professional "feeling," impossible to describe in other terms but characteristic of every natural-born doctor, lawyer or minister. Retrace your steps and get into a medical school, and thank your stars that you caught yourself in time.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Barry

Mrs. Barry, *née* Julia Wood, first met Wesley when they played together on the same vaudeville bill. We wonder if she ever dreamed that she would marry Wesley when she first saw him a little freckled-face kid on the screen?

International Newsreel

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

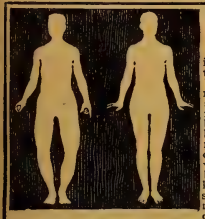
FRECKLES

OTHINE
Removes This Ugly Mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.



PERSONAL Appearance

is now more than ever the key note of success, both in social and business life. **Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women,** both young and old, will be glad to hear that my new appliance will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will soon save you from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old-fashioned splints or braces, with bothersome straps, hard to adjust, but a scientific, modern device of proven merit, used and recommended for the last 4 years by physicians everywhere.)

Write today for particulars, testimonials and my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST
1385 L, W. U. Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

PIMPLES

Cleared Up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. **CLEAR-TONE** tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. WRITE TODAY.

E. S. GIVENS, 422 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BUST DEVELOPED

My Big Three Part Treatment is the ONLY ONE that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without exercises, pumps or other dangerous nonsense. I send you a VERY GENEROUS **DEMONSTRATION TREATMENT FREE** if you send a dime toward expenses. A Big Aluminum Box of my Wonder Cream included. In sealed wrapper. IS IT WORTH 10c TO YOU? If not, your dime back *quick*. This extraordinary offer may not be repeated, so send NOW with 10c only.

MADAME WILLIAMS, Dk. 59, Buffalo, N. Y.

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 99)

Judith's heart ached for those who had not been included. But she did not turn to see the philosophical acceptance of the inevitable that she knew would settle over their faces as they straggled out.

The girls selected hurried to one large dressing-room. The men to another. A costume mistress in the girls' room with a varied assortment of summer dresses, sweaters and skirts, eyed the girls shrewdly. She handed out garments of appropriate sizes.

Judith was given a sport dress of beige color and a small hat. Suitable shoes. She changed rapidly and seated herself at the long community dressing-table to apply her make-up. There was the smell of stale greasepaint and powder in the room. Judith loved that smell. She knew that the room was too permeated with it ever to be aired out.

She loved to mascaro her eyebrows and eyelashes. She loved to smooth the pale, pale yellow paint over her warm skin and to trace faithfully the outline of her mouth with the scarlet lip-salve. She did it expertly, with more aptitude than other girls who had been doing it for years. She never smudged her make-up. There was a cunning in her long fingers.

"Gee, but you get it on smooth," the girl next to her said. "I always take years and then dont get it on the way you do."

Judith hesitated. She had learned that these girls were sometimes frank in admitting their lack until you gave advice.

"I find it works better if I put on only a little at a time . . . just a thin coating," Judith finally explained. "I haven't much color in my cheeks, you see, so it does not take much greasepaint to cover it."

She walked over to the lockers and placed her own clothes in one of the partitions. Then she put the key in her make-up box. All studios did not make such adequate provision for the extras' clothes.

She found her way to Stage six where the McAllister company was to work. The cast was not yet on hand.

The director was suggesting a slight rearrangement of the lounge furniture. It was an interior scene with a vista of the veranda outside of the French windows. Pleasant.

The studio's interior decorator was standing with the director. He ordered the chintz curtains drawn back.

"We want a sweep of the veranda. Fix up a tree or something outside there . . . just to the left of that wicker chair . . . so it can be seen thru the windows." he ordered a property man.

A minute later the man came back with a great branch of a tree which was efficiently nailed to a post so that it might be seen from the lounge window.

The extras stood about. The director looked them over and indicated who was to come on swinging a tennis racket . . . who was to come on followed by an attendant with golf clubs.

He went over to his chair beside the camera. The cameraman was loading.

"All right, take your places," he said. And to the assistant director: "Grady, show them what I want. Come on now. Act like ladies and gentlemen. Dont be afraid of the furniture. I want a couple to be dancing to the radio. See if that tall blond fellow and that girl in beige can dance well together."

Judith knew no other girl wore beige.

"I'm sure I can dance all right," she told the assistant director.

"Try it out," he advised as the tall

Everywhere there is a big demand for artists—newspapers, magazines, advertising agencies, department stores, everyone who advertises is glad to pay big money for artists who can produce pictures and illustrations with commercial value.

Learn At Home This Quick Easy Way

Our wonderful method makes it possible for anyone to learn Illustrating, Cartooning, or Commercial Art. Most of our students never touched a drawing pencil before they studied with us, yet hundreds of them are now making splendid incomes. You can do the same. The simplicity of this amazingly simple way will astonish you. No matter what your present ability—no matter whether you think you have "talent" or not—we can teach you to draw—and draw well.

Simple Way Makes Success Easy

Our easy way simplifies everything. You start drawing with straight lines, then you begin using curves, and before you realize it you are drawing pictures with shading, action and perspective. And you are taught all the "inside secrets"—the "tricks of the trade" that would otherwise take you years to learn. Our Art Director has had years of experience in commercial art. He knows the kind of pictures that sell and he teaches you how to make them—in the least possible time.

Write for FREE BOOK

An interesting and handsomely illustrated booklet, "Quick Easy Way to Become an Artist," will be sent you without cost.

Mail this coupon for it. Learn how you can easily become an artist in a few hours a week spare time. Get also full particulars about our "Artist's Outfit" offer to new students. Send the coupon NOW!

The Washington School of Art, Inc.
Room 189-D, 1115-15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

THE WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, INC.
Room 189-D, 1115-15th St., N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Please send me without cost or obligation on my part your free book, "Quick Easy Way to Become an Artist." Print name plainly.

Name.....
(Mr. Mrs. Miss)

Address.....

City.....State.....

FREE!
7 Day Supply

New Method
~of keeping your skin "Always Young"

Send today for a 7-day supply of Sem-Pray (a *cake* of imported cosmetic oils and beautifiers) and follow the method used by most leading actresses in keeping the complexion "always young."

Use Sem-Pray before retiring. You'll be surprised how easily, quickly, thoroughly it *cleanses* the pores of all powders, rouge, dirt.

Use upon arising. You'll find it a *marvelous base for powder and rouge*, making perfect blending possible and enhancing the naturalness of your make-up.

Use regularly. You'll be amazed how it reduces pores, feeds tissues, clears and softens your skin. Guaranteed not to grow hair. Comes in a new-style metal container or in original cake form, (on market 30 years) 60c. Send for 7-day supply without delay.

FREE

The Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay Company,
656 Sem-Pray Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Send me a 7-Day Supply of Sem-Pray and sample of your powder. Enclosed find 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____

Address _____

Just Say SEM-PRAY

The Old Reliable Credit Jewelers

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. 1858

Dept. D-615, 108 N. State Street Chicago, Ill.

DIAMONDS—Cash or Credit

New importations from Europe, brilliant blue white Diamonds of selected quality—all amazing bargains. Specially priced for a short time only.

Terms—Pay 10 per cent down—we deliver goods immediately. Balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly as convenient.

New Diamond Book FREE Write for It!

No. 49—"Wing" design, beautifully engraved. Solid 18-k white gold. 17 jewels, $35.00. Delivered on first payment of $3.50, then . $100 a week

17-Jewel Elgin
No. 15—Green gold, 17-Jewel Elgin Watch; 25-Year Quality Case; 12 Size; Gilt Dial; $30. $3 down and . . $100 a week

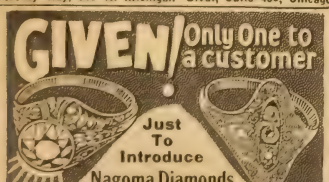
Wedding Rings
No. 624—The "Elite" 18-k white gold. . . . $750
All Platinum, $25 up. With 3 Diamonds, $50; 5 Diamonds, $70; 7 Diamonds, $80; 9 Diamonds, $100; surrounded by Diamonds, $200.

Beautiful Complexion IN 15 DAYS

Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft rosy, clear velvety beyond your fondest dream. *As I do it in a few days.* My method is different. No cosmetics, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. *Send for my Free Booklet.* You are not obliged. *Send no money.* Just get the facts.

Dorothy Ray, 646 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 496, Chicago

GIVEN! Only One to a customer



Just To Introduce
Nagoma Diamonds

The only perfect substitute for real diamonds known to science! Nagoma Diamonds are worn by Fashionable Society and no one is the wiser! This Sterling Silver Ring (real value) is from our regular line. You may have one for only $1 if you act now. Sent postpaid on receipt of remittance and string measure. Write Dealer Solitaire (Men's or Dinner Ring) $1 ALL YOU PAY!—promptly refunded if you are not satisfied.

NAGOMA SPECIALTY COMPANY
309 Sixth Avenue

Department B-8
New York City

blond man came over. He turned on a phonograph.

"O. K.," called McAllister. "Dance around a few turns. The camera will pick you up dancing. Understand. Then you, with the racquet. You come in."

Inez Uland, the star, came on the set. A maid followed her. McAllister arose and greeted her. Judith admired the soft rose chiffon gown and the large black lace hat she was wearing.

"Is Miss Estabrook anywhere about?" McAllister asked and the girl who had been the source of speculation in the outer office came up. He introduced her and Miss Uland, and another chair was brought.

Then he showed Miss Estabrook how to come on the scene with Miss Uland. They were to order tea at a side table near the fireplace.

"We'll rehearse it once," he agreed. "Everybody know their business? All right. Go ahead."

Another man came on the set. He was rather attractive, Judith noted as she waited for the rehearsal to begin. Miss Uland was brushing fresh powder over her make-up while her maid held the large make-up box with the mirror back.

"Who is he?" she asked her partner.

"Harvey Dunn," he told her. "He is assistant publicity director. Clever fellow, I understand. Writes very well."

Judith looked at him again. She decided that he had bearing. He had a well-built frame, curly black hair and big brown eyes. His chin was small and pointed. "Too bad," Judith thought, "still he *is* attractive."

"All right. Rehearse it now," McAllister called and the stagehands cleared the set as Miss Uland and Miss Estabrook came on and the extras proceeded to go thru their motions.

Judith danced with her partner. They danced well together.

"All right," shouted McAllister. "We'll take it.

"You with the golf clubs, dont come in quite so soon after that pair with the tennis racquets. It will look like a sporting outfit display if you follow on each other's heels.

"Talk a little more vivaciously when you enter and pass the camera. It may be a hard day's work to you people but it's got to look like fun on the screen. Get me?"

Everyone laughed. Laughing at the director's good lines was part of the game.

"Quiet," he called now. "Lights. Ready?" he turned to the cameraman as the scene was flooded with a greenish glare and there was a sputtering and a sizzling overhead.

"ACTION!"

The camera began to grind. The assistant director put on a record off-stage as Judith's partner appeared to tune in on the radio. Then they started their dance. The couple with the tennis racquets came

A Camera With Sea Legs

Such a camera was a necessity when they filmed the deck scenes for "Old Ironsides" on the famous frigate "Constitution." They wanted to record the rolling of the ship but the camera had to remain stationary. Finally they fixed the camera by means of a swivel and a counterbalance of weights

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Be Slender

No effort is required

Don't you realize that countless people have found an easy way to fight fat?

Look about you. Note how slenderness reigns today. Excess fat is not one-tenth as common as it was. Millions of people have learned how to fight that blight to beauty and to health.

Some still rely on abnormal exercise and diet. But more and more employ the easy, pleasant, scientific way—Marmola Prescription Tablets.

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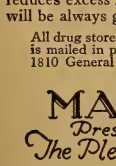

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in, talking vivaciously enough to please even McAllister.

"All right now . . . come on, Miss Uland and Miss Estabrook." His voice rose above the phonograph music . . . above the grinding of the camera . . . above the hammering on the next stage. "Now dodge the dancers. Laugh. Now, walk over to that table in the recess by the fireplace . . .

"Hey, you with the golf clubs, are you dead. Come on for God's sake. Film costs money. That's right.

"Now you dancers stop. Go over to that other table. Fine. Play up to him a little more there. You like him.

"Waiter, hurry up and take one of the orders . . .

"Cut. Lights out!"

The lights sizzled out and the camera stopped grinding.

Judith was elated.

"They cant cut us out because I looked at the 'script and the scene where Miss Uland brings that girl here to tea is important to the story. Lucky break for both of us."

Judith admitted that it was.

They took the scene again. The foreign negative. After that they moved the camera up for close-ups of Miss Uland and Miss Estabrook at the tea-table.

Judith walked over to the sideline, adjusting the gardenia on her shoulder. She tried to find an advantageous position where she might watch. Inez Uland was not a bad actress and Judith wanted to take advantage of watching her at work.

"Are you in the cast?" someone asked and Judith, turning, saw Harvey Dunn standing beside her.

She shook her head. "Thanks anyway," she said, laughing.

He made no motion to go.

"The man who started this vogue for artificial gardenias is a criminal," he said looking at the flower on her shoulder.

Judith responded quickly to his humor. She had always felt that way about artificial gardenias herself.

"If I ever do attain the height and affluence of being in the cast," she said a little whimsically, "I shall have a standing order at my florist for a fresh gardenia every day. Even when they are a dollar apiece."

She pronounced this last sentence with a rather awed importance and Harvey Dunn laughed sympathetically.

"You'll be in the cast, I have no doubt," he said.

Judith felt a little uncomfortable. She liked Harvey Dunn immensely. She wanted to talk to him. But she knew that the extras were watching her suspiciously. No one was ever given credit for a natural action in the studios. Everything you did was immediately accredited with an ulterior motive. She could imagine what they were saying.

Mr. Dunn snapped his fingers. "You can help me, I'll bet," he said enthusiastically. And Judith looked puzzled. She wondered how she could help anyone . . . certainly how she had it in her power to do anything for this very contained young person.

"I have an idea for a little sketch for one of the motion picture magazines," he went on to explain. "It deals with an extra girl. Perhaps you could help me with the copy . . . give me one or two impressions."

"Why, if you think I could I would be happy to," Judith said. She did not dare hope he would use her name in his sketch. Publicity. Already she knew the magic of that word. It had built fortunes just

(*Continued on page* 118)

Make Your Skin *Ivory-white* in 3 Days!

I have the honor to announce the most important beauty discovery of the age . . . a wonderful new-type lotion that clears the skin of every blemish and makes it as smooth and white as ivory. Every woman who wants a glorious complexion can now have it in three to six days.

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All trace of freckles, tan, blackheads, roughness and redness disappear almost as if you had wished them away. Never before have women had such a preparation! Mild, gentle and guaranteed safe and harmless! Apply it in just three minutes at bedtime. Every woman should have it. There is not one complexion in a thousand that will not be clearer, smoother, more radiant through its use.

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Test this preparation on your arm, hands, or on your neck where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. See what an amazing improvement three days make. Use my Lotion Face Bleach any way you like for six days. Then, if you are not simply delighted, I ask you to let me refund your money.

Large Bottle...Low Price...Guaranteed!

Send no money—simply mail coupon. When package arrives pay postman only $1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic six days. Then, if not delighted, return it, and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon at once to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

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Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only $1.50. If not delighted after six days' use I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

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Address.....

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Helena Rubinstein tells how to rid your skin of these blemishes

BLACKHEADS, the most common of all blemishes, should never be pressed out forcibly. Doing so not only leaves the pores wide open—exposed to dust and infection—but bruises them so that they cannot function naturally, consequently they are more than ever liable to become permanently enlarged.

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Studio 12-65 1924 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Hollywood Notes

(*Continued from page* 43)

about and I know Charlie does not speak a word of Russian, but his Russian sounded just as good as the other fellow's, only it was funny.

* * *

SAM GOLDWYN is building a regular city as called for in "The Winning of Barbara Worth" and it will be a permanent one after the picture is finished. It will cost only the mere trifle of $100,000. Now's the time to buy lots there. A little buys a lot.

* * *

WHILE they were filming "Old Ironsides" the other day and the frigate *Constitution* had just gone into action, they tell me that a huge American eagle appeared and circled over the ship from which James Cruze was directing. Draw your own conclusions.

* * *

I WAS over in Culver City the other day making a brief tour of three studios there, the first being Cecil De Mille's, when a pretty young lady stopped me and said: "Dont you remember me?" I had to admit that I did not, whereupon she said, "I was in your Fame and Fortune Contest a few years ago, and you photographed me several times—but I didn't quite win the contest." I then remembered her, altho I photographed about a thousand other girls that year. She has a nice De Mille contract and I think you will hear from her—Mabel Coleman. Not an hour later on the M. G. M. lot a tall, dark, handsome young man said, "Hello, Mr. Brewster." I said, "Hello," and made believe I knew him well, but for the life of me I couldn't just place him. He saw that I was puzzled and said, "Dont you remember Maurice Kains, who was the only man on your final honor roll in the last Fame and Fortune Contest?" Then it all came back to me and I shook his hand warmly, and then again when he informed me that he had a five-year contract with M. G. M. He looks even better today than he did when he made his first appearance before my cameraman—and that's saying something.

* * *

THIS is apparently to be a year of super special pictures. The only ones in sight to match "Ben-Hur," "Stella Dallas" and "The Big Parade" are "Old Ironsides," "What Price Glory" and "Beau Geste." But here are a few that have not been taken yet—please dont all speak at once:

Les Misérables
Helen of Troy and Paris
Ivanhoe
Paradise Lost
Paul and Virginia
Frankenstein
Hiawatha
Anthony and Cleopatra
Hamlet
The Boston Tea Party
Pocahontas and Captain John Smith
George Washington
Faust
Aucassin and Nicolette
The Merchant of Venice
The Houseboat on the Styx
Il Trovatore

And why not a series of The World's Great Love Stories, beginning with the

The First Photograph of Robert Leonard and Mrs. Robert Leonard the Second

This photograph was taken immediately after the summer wedding of Gertrude Olmstead and Bob Leonard. From l. to r. are Mrs. Mary Leonard, mother of the groom, Robert Z. Leonard; Mrs. Robert Leonard and Mrs. Minna Olmstead, the mother of the bride

International Newsreel

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Bible story of Ruth—about ten in all? And all the grand operas and Shakespearian plays.

* * *

THE Fox Company pays Tom Mix fifteen or twenty thousand dollars every week, and good salaries to a few hundred other players and directors, yet their statement to the Government shows a surplus of $12,029,239. Not so bad!

* * *

LLOYD HUGHES is the most unassuming, democratic, good-natured, natural fellow I have met out here. Of course, he is very fine-looking and dresses well, but there is something remarkably frank, wholesome and easy about him that places him in a class by himself. While he is not at all effeminate, he strikes one as being a one-hundred-per-cent. young man, with no bad habits and perfectly trustworthy and honest. I cant imagine him lying, or posing, or putting on. He is just what he looks to be on the screen, apparently an ideal young man.

* * *

THERE are about 20,000 people here engaged in the movie industry. And every actor and actress, I think, believes that sooner or later the lightning will strike him or her and make a new star, just as it struck Belle Bennett in "Stella Dallas."

* * *

AT the Blackton Tennis Tournament last Sunday I noticed among the good players Lionel Belmore, who is, as you know, fat, gray and sixty. Yet he gets around almost as lively as the young fellows. And as for Richard Neill, well, he plays like a champion and has all the strokes. So has Ralph Ince the director. Patsy Ruth Miller is quick on her feet and graceful, but she plays only a fair game. Charles Ray and Montague Love are about in the same class, both playing a good fast game. As for me, well I beat Belmore, anyway.

* * *

EVERYWHERE Charlie Chaplin goes he is the life of the party. So is Syd Chaplin, but they never seem to go to the same parties together, altho they are the best of friends. I attended a party at Kathleen Clifford's and you should have seen the stunts Syd and Larry Semon pulled off. They were making coins disappear in mid-air and then they would discover them in queer places—such as in the mouths or slippers of some of the guests. These two when together are a whole show in themselves. You may not see much of Kathleen Clifford on the screen just now but she is very much in evidence in Hollywood all the time.

* * *

THERE is an atmosphere of inspiration and confidence over on the De Mille lots these days, owing no doubt to the tie-up with the Keith-Albee people whereby they are to have a large number of first-run houses and plenty of money besides. They have abandoned the plan of doing "The Deluge" (Noah's Ark) because the Bible is not copyrighted, and the patents on the ark must have expired by this time. Anyway, the great success of "The Ten Commandments" seems to make the producers think that the GOOD OLD BOOK has more than one good story left in it, and we will probably have sooner or later, Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Daniel in the Lion's Den, Ruth's Romance, The Star of Bethlehem, The Lord's Supper, The Sermon on the Mount, and so on.

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Men, women, 18 up. Get U. S. Government jobs. $95 to $250 month. Steady. Common education sufficient. Full particulars and sample coaching lessons FREE. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. A-87, Rochester, N. Y.

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INVENTORS—Write for our free guide books and "Record of Invention Blank" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of the invention for our Inspection and Instructions Free. Terms reasonable. Victor J. Evans Co., 833 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

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Photoplays, short stories, poems sold, criticized, revised. Photoplay instructions. Short-story course. FREE booklet explains our business. Established 1911. Advance Publishing Company, Box 496, San Francisco.

Authors! Scenarists! Photoplays published, copyrighted, marketed. Novels, short stories revised, marketed. Booklet free. Hollywood Scenario & Pub'g Co., Markham Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

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THE DELATONE COMPANY

Dept. 79, 721 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Are You Reading

"CRAZY QUILT"?

It Begins on Page 20

News of the Camera Coasts

(*Continued from page* 70)

big silver loving-cup, being judged the best film of the year.

In view of the tremendous ovations accorded Mary and Doug in the foreign countries, I suggest that if ever we need a king and queen in America they be given first chance at the golden seats, for they know how to act in a crowd and dont need an expensive bodyguard.

ARLETTE MARCHAL, the famous French beauty, is playing her first leading rôle in an American-made picture. She is working opposite Jack Holt in "Forlorn River."

Mlle. Marchal came to this country at the suggestion of Gloria Swanson. She worked with Gloria in "Madame Sans-Gêne," and the star thought her one of the most promising actresses she had seen, so she forthwith suggested to Paramount that they sign her. After seeing her work in "Madame Sans-Gêne," the Paramount officials obtained her signature and are now grooming her for stardom. To date, she has had little to do but acquaint herself with American methods of film production. She played a small rôle in "The Cat's Pajamas" and "Born to the West." She was then assigned the difficult rôle of *Zicka* in "Diplomacy" and did so well that it was decided she should play the lead in Jack Holt's picture. Altho she captured the Aix LeBain beauty contest in France, being judged the most beautiful French girl out of a list of three hundred entrants, she is considered a typical American type.

HARRY CAREY is credited with the following line which he used during a speech made before a group of exhibitors.

"Gentlemen prefer blondes," said Harry, "but blondes are not so particular."

YOU'VE heard of the plumber's helper who spent two days hunting for a left-handed monkey-wrench. That story has its parallel in the picture business.

Jack Holt and Raymond Hatton were just starting work in a new Western picture when Ray spied a Broadway cowboy trying to put his chaps on backwards.

Jack and Ray approached the youngster. "Are you all fitted up, son?" inquired Jack.

"Oh, yes, yes, Mr. Holt."

"Everything fit?" asked Ray.

"Oh, yes, yes, Mr. Hatton."

"And have you had your saddle fitted?" continued Ray.

The startled young extra gasped, "No, No. Where?"

"Go down and see the blacksmith," Ray advised.

The blacksmith sent the young aspiring actor to the carpenter and the carpenter sent him to the painter, and by this time he is probably in a glass factory trying to get someone to blow him a saddle.

JACK HOLT took his young son, Tim, on location with him to Utah where exterior scenes will be filmed for "Forlorn River." It is Tim's first experience on a location trip. According to reports, Tim may play a small part in the picture with his father.

HOLLYWOOD may have its queer individuals but some of the boys coming from the provinces of Iowa and New York have a few unusual dents in their heads.

Clara Bow's troubles with Robert Savage have provided the moving picture world with lots of fun. In fact, I have quit reading *Andy Gump* since Clara and her gentleman friend started acting up.

A jury declared young Savage sane after he had cut his wrists with a razor and let the blood drop on Clara's picture. Savage blamed his actions on the "soft, Southern California moon," but I dont believe it was the moon that was soft. As a matter of fact, us Californians are more readily affected by the sun if you will note the advertising we send out. Then he added that "In the spring the young man's sappy." So take it all in all, it is really the wonderful California weather that makes saps and geniuses.

I remember a man who suffered the same kind of moon stroke. He used to write poems to Claire Windsor when I was handling her publicity. He used to tuck them under the front door. I saw Claire last week and the conversation related to this young Yale student who was writing poems to Clara Bow. Claire said that if she was Clara she would be thankful that they didn't teach the art of making bombs at Yale.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO plans to make another trip abroad when he completes his next picture. He is at present working on "The Son of the Sheik." When he finishes this opus he will take a short vacation touring about California waters in his new boat.

The last time Rudy went frolicking over the water in his boat the valves of the motor stuck, the waves leaped higher and Rudy and his party barely escaped a salt bath. It is said his next picture will be the screen version of a new Ibañez novel.

IT looks as if Samuel Goldwyn will become one of these "by permission" producers. Of late Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky have appeared in pictures which carry the line that the players are performing "by permission of Samuel Goldwyn."

Sammy stepped out and discovered two worthwhile stars. He had no sooner landed them than all the rest of the producers wanted to borrow them. His intentions were to keep Colman and Banky together in a series of big features, but his brother film makers have been paying big money for the use of them. It is no more than justice that Goldwyn should be credited when these stars are used.

ADOLPHE MENJOU and his director, Mal St. Clair, who have really become quite a famous little team, have decided to get along without each other for a while. Perfectly friendly, and all that—only they both thought they needed a little change. And I can quite understand that, after viewing their latest and feeblest drama, "A Social Celebrity." St. Clair, for many months, has been slated to direct "The Ace of Cads," Michael Arlen's story in which Menjou is to be starred. But his name has now been erased, and Luther Reed, erstwhile scenario-writer for Paramount, is the substitute. This change was made at the instigation of Mr. Menjou, who has not only a sublime faith in brand-new directors, but also quite a gift for detecting the talented ones.

This leaves Mal St. Clair free to help Thomas Meighan make a good picture, if

(*Continued on page* 116)

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Start with.....issue.

Alice Joyce Suggests This Luncheon

(*Continued from page* 107)

chives, ½ tablespoonful chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoonful parsley and a dash of salt and pepper.

Bavarian Cream

For a quick Bavarian cream use one lemon, grated rind and juice, one cup of white wine (orange juice may be substituted), two thirds of a cup of sugar, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls granulated gelatine and two tablespoonfuls cold water.

This is a large quantity and if the recipe is halved it will serve an ordinary luncheon.

First mix the lemon, wine, sugar and yolks of eggs together. Then stir vigorously over a fire until the mixture thickens. After this add gelatine, which has been soaked in cold water. Then pour this over the whites of the eggs which have been beaten stiff. Set in a pan of ice-water and beat until it is thick enough to hold its shape. Now turn into a mould lined with lady-fingers. Chill.

"All told, this is a very well-rounded luncheon and one of which I am extremely fond." Miss Joyce explained.

It All Began When Charlie Caught La Meller's Violets

(*Continued from page* 64)

Señorita, during one of her songs, tossed a gay bunch of violets up to Rudy. The sheik missed the easy throw and was credited with an error by the sport editors in the audience. The actress crossed herself when she saw that Rudy had fumbled. The next night, however, there was a different gentleman sitting in the box. It was Charles Spencer Chaplin who was on the receiving end for the violets. When she cast a nosegay in his direction, the famous Charlie almost fell out of his box, making a marvelous left-hand stop of the Señorita's throw. And now he has signed her at $120,000 for twelve weeks. He will direct her and it is likely that they will film the life of Emperor Napoleon in which Charlie will co-star.

Raquel Meller's conquest of Hollywood is complete. She is now the toast of the boulevard. Altho she is not a great vocal artist, Señorita Meller possesses such a quantity and quality of charming feminine personality that she wins the heart of any audience the moment she steps on the stage. By a mere nod of the head and a twitch of the hand she conveys a character that it would take pages of writing to describe.

There is little doubt of her being a successful movie favorite, for she has all the requisites necessary to stardom.

Are You Married?

If so, how do you and your husband arrange the family finances? More divorces start in little squabbles over the wife's allowance.

The wives of several prominent motion picture stars have solved this problem . . . and it *is* a problem . . . in several different and satisfactory ways.

Read *WAGES FOR WIVES,* by Catharine Brody in the

October MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
On the news-stands September 1st

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Gentlemen: For the enclosed $2.50, please send me a copy of "BEHIND THE SCREEN."

Name.....

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Underwood & Underwood

Lois Wilson has bobbed her hair! Everyone in film circles is very much surprised because Lois always said she would not bob her tresses if she was the one woman in the world with long hair. However, Lois did not submit to the shears because she changed her mind . . . but because she hankered after the rôle offered her in "The Great Gatsby." And this rôle demanded a bobbed head

News of the Camera Coasts

(*Continued from page* 114)

possible. They are working now on the story, which is an adaptation of Maugham's "The Land of Promise," and has been tentatively titled, "The Canadian."

"RAIN," that glorious play of Jeanne Eagels and the missionary, which needs no introduction since its long tour of the United States, has been more or less forgotten by movie producers in the last few years. Because it was banned from the screen by Will Hays, and after the first few screams of protest everyone settled back and said "Well, that's that." But now the producers of "Rain" are making a bid to Mr. Hays for leniency. The play has arrived in a Los Angeles playhouse, minus all its cuss and other objectionable words, apparently in the hope that Papa Hays will see it and cry, "Come back, all is forgiven!" And if he does, I nominate Dolores Costello for the rôle of *Sadie Thompson.*

BEATRICE LILLIE, the English comédienne who finally fell for the movies, is going to have the very best of everything for her début. Her director will be no less a person than Sam Taylor, who has directed the Harold Lloyd comedies for many years—including "The Freshman." And an original story has been written for her by Marc Connelly, who looks like an egg, in the best sense of the word, and is one of our really amusing humorists. Mr. Connelly, you remember, is one of the authors of "Beggar on Horseback," and is now even better known as the author of "The Wisdom Tooth." The Lillie script will be the first product of his trip to Hollywood.

Gloria Swanson has packed up her woes and left the Paramount studio for good, after finishing "Fine Manners," which cost the company a number of thousand dollars more than they had bargained for. Gloria contends that the delay was due to ill health, and that she is now on the verge of a nervous collapse brought on by too much work and too much cruel criticism. She has not even had the strength to drive around to the United Studios and inspect the surroundings in which she will work when her new contract starts. I hope Gloria will take a nice long rest and be in good form to act in, direct, and supervise her first picture as a United Artist.

THE Rosson brothers, by the way, have both gotten their chance as directors recently. Richard was called in to finish "Fine Manners" and was pronounced the most satisfactory of the several directors engaged on that picture. And Arthur Rosson is handling the megaphone for Ray Griffith in his new mystery comedy, "You'd Be Surprised." Dorothy Sebastian, by the way, seems to be replacing Clara Bow as Ray's leading woman. Clara was so busy with engagements and suicides.

PARAMOUNT has bought the screen rights to "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," the Lonsdale comedy in which Ina Claire has been delighting New York this winter. Now everyone is waiting for Jesse Lasky to make up his mind whether he will adapt it to the uses of a male or a female star. For, strange to say, this amusing story is equally suitable for either. Roland Young's part in the stage version was subordinated to Ina Claire's, but the man could easily be made the dominant figure.

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Have You Enough Color in Your Home?

(*Continued from page 35*)

and its close relatives in fairly large quantities and use the complementary color in smaller and more brilliant bits.

How to find which colors to use? Oh, that's easier still. Here is a color-scheme finder for you. Simple enough, isn't it? It's just a color circle from which you can make your own color plans. The color directly opposite another color is its complement—and that's all there is to it. Choose a color! Choose its complement! There you are! There are other ways of making color schemes—one more subtle way which introduces a triangle of colors—but using one color and its complement is more than satisfactory for making a color scheme to fit in the average home.

Now let's see how we'll go about choosing a color scheme. Shall we say that orange and blue are your favorite colors? They are the favorites of many, I know. You will choose orange, then for your main color because blue is too cold a color to be used in large quantities. Orange when it is grayed and lightened a lot becomes a soft rich ivory. This can be used for your wall color. For furniture you will use mahogany, which is red-orange. For a davenport you may use tan or brown or a figured linen showing orange and red. Your curtains may be chintz with a cream background and flowers of orange red or yellow and bits of blue and green. Or you may put your complementary color in curtains and have straight hanging curtains of blue silk or you may bind your curtains with blue. Your lamp-shades should be orange or cream. By introducing a pair of bright blue cushions, a chair covered in blue or in blue and tan stripe, and pieces of blue pottery, your room will have color and beauty, and the colors will be perfectly selected and well blended, too.

If you are taking green for your color scheme, you will find that red is the complementary color. If you want your walls red, they should be a very pale reddish buff. If you take green for your main color, your walls should be a very pale green slightly grayed and with more blue than yellow in it. Your curtains may be yellow or soft henna or a red and white print. Your chair coverings may be tan, henna, dull red or orange and figured or striped, introducing blue-green, yellow-green and yellow. A brilliant red lacquer table, a red glass candy jar, one chair covered in red either in striped figure or plain material and cushions of blue, red violet, orange yellow and blue violet, orange red and blue green—all of these may be worked out the same way. And remember, too, that no matter what color scheme you have selected, you may put bits of all other colors into your room. *Every* color in small quantities may nearly always be introduced into *every* room without altering the color effect. How else would it be possible to bring in flowers and books and gay frocks. The old-fashioned, two-color scheme, such as rose and gray, has gone clear out of style.

In picking out a color scheme, be sure that you choose a very light soft color for your background. Your ceilings should be an even lighter tone of this same color, your floors should be much darker. The rule of light walls, lighter ceilings and darker floors is an old rule in decoration and one that can never be ignored if you want satisfactory results.

Your rugs need not be colorful, for neutral rugs are good, but they should not be too dark. Usually one-piece rugs of

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Mint Licorice — Wintergreen Cinnamon

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She doesn't know *how* you do it!

You feel a little embarrassed and sorry for her. She looks so admiring and helpless, so envious, and so—so—*ineffective!*

Her clothes are always so bad, poor little thing. And she pays too much for them. Her home is furnished with all the wrong things. She seems to have a genius for wasting money. When she goes out to buy anything, soap or silverware, or lingerie or lamps, she's sure to turn up with something nobody ever heard of before and doesn't want to hear of again.

She is that eager, but not very bright, little woman who, "my *dear,* doesn't *ever* read advertisements." Who doesn't know what to buy, or where to find it, or what to pay for it. Who doesn't know values and cant compare them. Who doesn't know that when a new style, or a new convenience, or a new *anything* arrives, one sees it first in the advertisements.

One really gets a little vexed with her—

But let's not waste too much time on her. It's about time for *you,* dear lady, to have your look thru the advertisements.

Tell your friends not to overlook the advertisements

taupe, wet sand, tan or soft green, make the most satisfactory floor coverings, for by keeping them neutral you can put all sorts of colors with them to achieve harmonious results. If your floors and walls are neutral, you may introduce more brilliancy in the furnishings than would be possible otherwise.

You might keep your davenport—or your largest piece of furniture—fairly neutral, too, but these need not be so colorless nor so dull as your floor covering. Tan, soft green, a dulled orange and a pleasant shade of blue are all good for davenports, as are blocked-printed linen in tans, oranges and greens in any harmonious colorings.

One of your chairs might be covered in the brilliant color that you are using as your complementary color. This could be a solid color or could be a stripe containing also the other colors that you are using in your scheme.

Be sure that your sofa cushions are brilliant. Pillows of plain colors in satin or taffeta are far smarter than cushions made of figured or changeable or flowered material. They should be quite plain and the less ornaments they have on them the better. Plain boxings and perhaps a contrasting piping are all the ornaments that your pillows will need. The old-fashioned puffed and ruffled cushion, which was neither comfortable nor good-looking, is not being used in the smarter modern homes. Have enough pillows so that your guests may be quite comfortable and even extra ones can be in readiness for an overflow of guests where some may have to sit on the floor. It is quite smart these days to have pillows in pairs and by choosing three colors from your color schemes you may achieve six cushions that will blend together and will give the keynote to the color scheme in your home.

Painted furniture is one of the best ways to introduce color. Some painted furniture should be used in every home. It is inexpensive and attractive and often gives the home just the needed touch of brilliancy. A breakfast set done in green and blue, a gate-leg table in blue, mustard or lacquer red, a nest of tables, a secretary, as well as small occasional table, all these when lacquered in brilliant colors—when the right colors are used—help the home remarkably.

For the main bedroom in your home you might prefer mahogany to enamel and if this is so, you may bring color in the room by draperies, bed-covering and rug. For the other bedrooms, I can think of nothing nicer than enamel. Blue-green enamel with an orange stripe is charming. So is soft blue enamel striped in black. A putty-colored bedroom with green curtains and with a simple design in green on the furniture is delightful both in summer and in winter. By using your color scheme you can plan a dozen painted bedrooms.

Some decorators get their color scheme from a bit of chintz combining the colors in the room as they find them in the material that they admire. This is a very good way to get a color scheme, for there is little chance to make an error. However, you must remember to keep your large areas dull and neutral and your small areas brilliant. Other color schemes may be obtained from flowers, butterflies or autumn leaves—and I know one decorator who achieved a charming living-room by following the colorings on a caterpillar. It was pale cream, green and black and had spots of brilliant red—a lovely combination for either a caterpillar or a room.

So, now you know about color and I am sure you will no longer be afraid of it. Cretonnes are most inexpensive and you can find most charming ones these days with lovely fresh warm colors in them. Printed linens, glazed chintz, soft silks, all these come in the most charming colors imaginable. Even the heavier stuffs—brocades, taffetas, velours, come in good colorings after you know what to choose. These, together with any painted furniture, will enable you to introduce color most effectively.

One thing more—an important one thing—and that is *flowers.* The home with a low bowl of blossoms or a graceful vase full of flowers is always homelike and attractive. You needn't spend a great amount of money for flowers. Carefully nurtured buds that you buy at a florist shop are not a bit more charming than the flowers you can find by taking a half-hour's stroll thru the woods. If you have your own garden to choose from, you are indeed enviable. In winter when it is difficult to get fresh flowers, you may get sprays of leaves and berries and even fantastically shaped branches. These simple decorations are far more effective and far more beautiful than more expensive ornaments.

We are living in a colorful age. The year 1926 is alive, vital, amusing and interesting. We can reflect this activity in a very fine way by introducing color into our homes. By bringing in color we bring in life and cheerfulness and the joy of living and we express a hospitality that we can express by no other method. The home that is colorful and charming is the home where you will find happiness.

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 111)

as the kindred notoriety had squandered them.

"Attention everybody," McAllister called and Judith had to go back to the set.

"I'll tell you what. Have luncheon with me. I'll be back here when the company quits. All right?"

Judith said that it was. She walked on the set with a feeling of interest and adventure. This was luck. She thought how valuable any contact inside a studio would be. She knew how everyone on the lot sought favor with the members of the publicity and advertising departments.

But she found herself less interested in what Harvey Dunn could do for her than in Harvey Dunn himself.

He was a person she could talk to. She felt that she had known him for a long time. He made her think of interesting things to say. It was not often that anyone interested Judith so much. And he liked her too. That was quite evident.

In the next scene she had nothing to do. She sat at a card table and acted gay. It was not difficult. She felt gay . . . and young . . . and optimistic.

The company stopped for luncheon at twelve-thirty. Harvey Dunn was waiting when Judith came off the set and they went down to the cafeteria together. Today, however, Judith did not eat at the bar. Dunn led her to a table over in a corner and a waitress took their order. This in itself was a boon. Judith ordered a vegetable luncheon and decided that it had enough nutriment to save her the cost of a dinner that night.

She liked Mr. Dunn more than ever.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Before the luncheon was over she had told him about the modeling she had done for magazine illustrations . . . about her determination to get on . . . and of how encouraged she had been about the rushes in the Excelsior projection-room.

"That Goldstein is a fine mess," Dunn said. "There are some extra girls who will not work on his lot. It is a crime that a man like that should have it in his power to help girls get ahead. His pictures are cheap. But he makes lots of money."

Judith said nothing. . . .

McAllister came over to their table to speak to Dunn about a story on Miss Estabrook working in the picture and he introduced Judith.

"Miss Tower is working in your company today," he explained.

McAllister nodded. "You did that dancing bit this morning," he said, placing her.

"That mean anything?" Dunn wanted to know. "Miss Tower has been helping me out with a few extra-girl impressions for a story I am doing. I might be able to mention her name in it somewhere and to say she worked under you."

McAllister beamed.

"Great. I guess we can fix Miss Tower up with a little something extra. That bit warrants it. I'll see Grady about it.

"And I'll tell Miss Estabrook to stop in and see you before she goes. She is somebody in Long Island society, you know. Story in it for the local papers anyhow."

"Fine," agreed Dunn. "Dont forget about Miss Tower."

Judith turned to thank him after McAllister had gone.

"Glad to do it," he said. "You deserve something extra for that bit but you probably wouldn't have gotten it if you had not asked for it."

Their conversation reverted to the impulse that made people of every description in every walk of life eager to go on the screen.

"I wish you could see some of the pictures submitted in motion picture beauty contests," Dunn said. "There must be something wrong with me. I have never had the slightest desire to do anything of that sort. I'm not the type, I know. But as I just said, that doesn't seem to matter if you get the fever. Some pictures submitted have been unbelievable. The people have had no claim to good looks at all.

"I suppose I work out my desires in trying to do scenarios. They have promised me another 'script this year. That work *is* fascinating . . ."

Mother Hall came over from her table to speak to Mr. Dunn. Judith was interested in meeting her. She had often seen her on the screen and in the studios.

"Well, how is our mother today?" Dunn asked.

"Very well. Very well. And how is my boy?" Mother Hall wanted to know.

"Fine," he said. "And Mother Hall do you know Miss Tower? She works on this lot. She is in Mr. McAllister's company today. You know Mother Hall, of course, Miss Tower."

Judith who had instinctively arisen when she was presented to the older woman said that of course she knew her, and Mother Hall beamed.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hall," Judith smiled graciously.

"Hear the child. Mrs. Hall. Why the idea. Call me Mother Hall. Everyone does. I call all the people on this lot my children and indeed I feel that they are. Isn't that true, Harvey?"

"It is indeed," Harvey Dunn replied and Judith caught an amused twinkle in his brown eyes. "Your mother heart has room for all of us. That has been said before if I'm not mistaken."

She went away and Judith asked if she really was a motherly sort of person.

He did not answer for a minute. Then he said. "She thinks she is."

"How cryptic?" Judith told him.

He laughed at her but with kindness. "You're going to have a great many disillusions, young woman," he warned her. "When I see you sitting there so impressed by all of this, I want to stand between you and life."

Judith smiled. She hoped she was not showing how much she liked this man.

She knew she was due back on the set.

"It is one twenty-five," she told him. "I must not keep them waiting or I wont get any pay check at all. Thank you again . . ."

Harvey Dunn consulted his wrist-watch and then arose for her to take her departure. "Mine says one thirty," he seemed surprised that it was so late. "But say, I want to see you again. I must see you. I have to stand between you and life, you know. I'll be up on the stage before you leave. You go along. I'll see you later."

Judith went upstairs to the set with happiness beating in her heart. She thought she had never seen a nicer person.

And Harvey Dunn calling for his check was thinking something of the same thing. He wondered what her background was. She had a patrician quality . . .

The cafeteria had cleared out. Most of the companies were on the sets again by this time.

But a couple still sat at a table behind Harvey Dunn. He caught a fragment or two of their conversation when the waitress went for his change.

"Tower is her name," he heard one girl say. "Goldstein of Excelsior thinks she is pretty too. Surest thing you know. She gets into his private office before you can say Jack Robinson. You know what that means! And if you could have seen her face when she came out of there yesterday . . . Well, . . ."

Harvey Dunn felt as if someone had slapped him across the face.

He felt a fool. He remembered that she had been strangely non-committal when he had knocked Goldstein. That accounted for it then. She certainly didn't look the part. But there couldn't be any mistake. The girl knew her name and everything. Goldstein . . . that pig, of all people in the world.

He hated the girl who had been talking.

And when the waitress returned with his change, he couldn't get out quick enough.

He laughed bitterly. For he remembered that he had told her he wanted to stand between her and life.

"God, what a fool I am," he thought making his way across the studio yard. "Just let a pretty face come my way and my reason deserts me . . ."

Idle gossip often shatters lives! Does Harvey Dunn let this fragment of gossip he overhears outweigh his own opinion of Judith Tower?

And what happens when Judith returns to the set?

The next instalment is particularly dramatic—and shows how the wheels go around behind the scenes in motion pictures.

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The real secret *of beautiful skin!*

The most important clue to true skin-beauty lies in the fact that no "ring" of dirt is left around either wash bowl or bath tub when Bathasweet is used.

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Beauty specialists agree that blackheads and most other skin blemishes are due to pores that have become clogged, often by their own secretions. The remedy is a more perfect cleansing method, and Bathasweet offers the best method that has yet been devised. Its softening action enables water to dissolve dirt more freely and hold it in solution, as evidenced by the absence of the "ring." When you use Bathasweet even the tiniest recesses of the pores are quickly cleansed. And the dirt is not washed back. As a consequence skin blemishes disappear and soon your skin takes on a clear, healthful loveliness such as it never knew before.

The Luxury of the Perfumed Bath!

No other road to skin-beauty is so sure, so easy, or so pleasant as this. The soft, limpid water feels so good! And then the delight of washing and bathing in water sweet-scented as a flower garden—that leaves about you a subtle, almost scentless, personal fragrance that is the very height of daintiness! What luxury can vie with this?

Yet Bathasweet costs so little! 25c, 50c, $1, and $1.50 at Drug and Department Stores. It has been used by gentlewomen for over 20 years. Will you, too, try it?

FREE A can sent free if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. MI., New York.

The Secret of a Good Magazine

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Is Released on News-stands the First of Every Month

In this magazine you will find the latest news . . . the most beautiful photographs . . . unbiased reviews of pictures . . . excellent fiction . . . invaluable information on fashions, beauty and interior decorating . . . and human interest features.

If you go to the movies, you will want this magazine in your home.

There are features in it to interest every member of the family

CLASSIC

Is Released on News-stands the Fifteenth of Every Month

Because it is printed entirely in rotogravure it is possible for the CLASSIC to offer a surpassing beauty in its pages.

It is a unique and smart publication. And a sophisticated angle on everything of interest that occurs in either professional or social motion picture circles will be found between its covers

E. R. Richee

. . . . is no secret at all. A publication is as great as its staff.

In recognition of this fact, the Brewster Publications have signed the greatest editors and writers in the motion picture field under exclusive contracts.

EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Mr. Brewster is the world's first motion picture editor and one of the greatest authorities on motion pictures. He will continue to give the Brewster Publications the same personal supervision that has placed them foremost in their field

Kenneth Alexander

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Miss Fletcher (left) enjoys great prestige both as an editor and writer. She returns to her post as supervising editor of the Brewster Publications and as editor of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Russell Ball

GLADYS HALL

Miss Hall (above) is probably the greatest motion picture writer. Her feature stories . . . her interviews . . . and her fiction are unexcelled

Russell Ball

LAURENCE REID

Mr. Reid (right), formerly editor of *Movie Monthly*, is now editor of the *Classic*. Before his association with the Brewster Publications he was editor of the review department of the *Motion Picture News*. He brings years of experience and success to his work

Nickolas Muray

GRACE CORSON

Miss Corson is one of the most distinguished artists in the world of fashion. For years she was associated with *Harper's Bazar*. She will conduct fashion pages monthly in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

DORIS DENBO

Miss Denbo (below) knows the motion picture studios as you know your country club. And the things she writes of motion pictures and motion picture people are peppered with sophisticated enthusiasm

Witzel

DWINELLE BENTHALL

Miss Benthall (above) is one of the Brewster Publications representatives in Hollywood, where she has entree to all of the studios. Her perspective on things cinematic is refreshing and original

Gene Korman

Ruth Harriet Louise

DOROTHY MANNERS

Miss Manners (left) is recognized as one of the finest journalists in motion picture circles. She has both the ability to find the hidden story and to present it in its most attractive form

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Yes and No

(*Continued from page* 71)

Why doesn't Jack Gilbert shave his mustache? A mustachioed actor looks more like a villain than a hero.

Why does Gloria Swanson receive so much publicity?

Why dont they star Lloyd Hughes? Many far less popular actors have been starred.

Where did they get that stuff about Jetta Goudal's romantic life during her childhood? Not that I do not like the Goudal, for I do. She is altogether fascinating and charming.

Where has Rosemary Theby disappeared to? Someone tell her to come back, right away.

Why didn't somebody think of putting Madge Bellamy in a flapper rôle before "Sandy" came along?

What is there interesting in Adolphe Menjou's acting?

Why wasn't Charles Farrell discovered sooner? The boy is some actor, I'll tell the world. Keep it up, Charlie, we're for you!

These are but the questions that come to an interested fan's mind—a fan who would like to see them answered in his favorite magazine—MOTION PICTURE.

DAN ROHRIG,
Harmony, Indiana.

The No's Have It!

IF I wanted to tell of all the actors and actresses I like, I should need reams of paper, so I'll just mention that Ian Keith is first of them all, William Haines next, and then a batch of about a score.

Now for some to whom I say "NO" very emphatically. Firstly Norma Talmadge. Perhaps it's wrong to judge by one film—I have seen her only in "Graustark" and I never want to see her again! She did nothing but loll up against doorways and wait for the photographer.

Next, your equally advertised Gloria. Why in heaven doesn't someone teach her how to make up naturally? Her face invariably looks like a caricature—dead white with black splodges for features—I never see her but I feel desperately anxious to scrub her. And she minces so and purses up her mouth.

Next Corinne Griffith, or as we call her —she's never happy but when she's sad. Also Mae Murray, whom I have avoided seeing, because her photographs alone annoy me in the extreme with her eternal pout.

Blanche Sweet is another. I have seen her only in "His Supreme Moment," a picture that was sheer piffle anyway, and she did nothing but pose; and one day I'll send her a slide to keep her hair back.

Now to object to items in actual production. In "My Son," Nazimova came from her sitting-room dressed in a plain dress, thru a single doorway to her shop, and behold! She wore a flowered dress. Similarly, in "The Sea Beast," a very fine picture. Dolores Costello left her house in a flowered dress and reached the quay in a plain one. And Dolores likewise was in advance of her age in gazing at a photo of Barrymore taken on his perch up the mast—marvelous for outdoor photography in those early days!

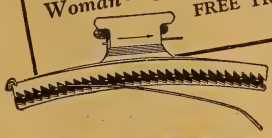
I did hear of eucalyptus-trees in Sherwood Forest (Robin Hood), and very few films seem to get English atmosphere into so-called English interiors. They are generally so terribly obviously American film sets, and very elaborate.

I could say a lot more, as there are about thirty people I like to each one I dont!

BESS DEFRIES, London England.

WAVY HAIR FOREVER!

This Marvelous Invention, The Secret of Success of New York's Most Exclusive Hairdresser, Now Offered to Every Woman — ON FIVE DAYS' FREE TRIAL!



Now every woman may have the same beautiful wavy hair as have New York's élite. R. Louis, in his famous salon across from the Hotel Plaza, long guarded the secret of his wonderful system for water-waving the hair. Now he has released this invention, through us, to everyone who desires the highest artistic beauty known to the coiffeur.

THIS is not a makeshift. It is not one of these "fads" that come and go. Hundreds upon hundreds of leading hairdressers throughout the country have purchased it for use in their shops. They know it is the greatest hair waving invention of the century. Yet it is so very simple that you, in your own home, can win the same beauty for your hair that you could acquire in the R. Louis Salon. The method is remarkably quick and easy. Read the details in full.

What Experts Say

Experts tell you not to marcel the hair. They know the danger of heat to its delicate structure. So they state that the best as well as most beautiful way is the water-wave. They also tell you that this is the *only* correct way to keep your permanent wave in condition. And now, for the first time, real water-waving is made practical in the home.

Waves Set Automatically

Like the trained fingers of an expert, Waveasy Clips automatically direct and shape each wave. Then the waves set quickly and firmly. You get large, loose waves or narrow tight waves, as you wish. And each one is perfect. So lovely that your friends will marvel.

Any Style of Coiffure for Any Kind of Hair

Here at last is your chance to have any of the glorious coiffures you have dreamed of. Whether your hair is long or short, coarse or fine, dry or oily—these clips will give it the splendor of a finished hairdresser's wave. And the wonderful part of it is that they work automatically. No effort or practice required.

Make This Test At Our Risk

We guarantee that Waveasy Clips will give you the most beautiful wave you have ever put in your hair. Not only were they the sensation of the big hairdressers' convention in New York, but they will be equally desired by all women who see you.

So do this. Fill out and mail the coupon below. When the clips arrive, try them. Notice that they are both scientific and simple. Observe their feather-light weight, their automatic action and their perfect comfort. Then, with waves set, look in your mirror. You will now see why even great hairdressers exclaim with delight.

Then, if you do not agree that this is the most wonderful, safest, easiest and best method of hair-waving you have ever known, return the clips to us and your money will be instantly refunded in full.

WAVEASY
MADE MARK REG
AUTOMATIC WATER WAVING
CLIPS

RUFFIO ET FILS,
683 Fifth Avenue, Dept. D
New York, N. Y.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Send me at once a complete set of Waveasy Automatic Water Waving Clips with full directions. I will deposit $4.90 with the postman on receipt. If, after five days' trial, I am not completely satisfied, you will return my money in full.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

It's Easy to Make Money This Way

Here is your chance to earn lots of pocket money. You can do it in spare time or part time, as you choose. The work is pleasant and dignified. We pay you a fine commission and big bonus money.

We are going to pay our subscription agents $300,000.00 during the next year in commissions and prize money for securing subscriptions to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC—and we want you to earn some of it, too.

This is your opportunity. The job is an easy one. You'll like it. Just write to us and say that you are interested—and we will tell you all about our plan.

Write Today!

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc. 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Aviation Brings Quick Success

TO young men of daring no other field of work offers such a fascination, such high pay, nor such opportunities for quick success as the field of Aviation. As yet, aviation is practically in its infancy. But now is the time to get in.

Amazing Opportunities in Airplane Industries

In the automobile industry and in the moving picture business hundreds of men got rich by getting in at the start. They made their success before others woke up. Today, these lines offer no greater opportunities than a hundred and one others. BUT AVIATION IS NEW. Get in while the opportunities are big. All over the country there will be a clamor for trained men. It will not be a question of pay but of getting capable men.

Become an Aviation Expert $50 to $100 per Week

The study of aviation is almost as fascinating as the actual work. Every lesson is full of interest. That is why it is easy to learn aviation. You do not have to make yourself study—it is like reading an interesting book that tells you things you have always wanted to know. Only one hour each evening will give you the basic training in a surprisingly short time.

One student, S. F. McNaughton, Chicago, says: "Your lessons are like a romance, and what is more, after one reading, the student gets a thorough understanding. One never tires of reading them." James Powers, Pa., another student, says, "I am indeed surprised that such a valuable course can be had from such practical men for so little cost."

Fascinating —Daring— Big Paying

Prepare Now for One of These Positions

Aeronautical Instructor $60 to $150 per week
Aeronautical Engineer $100 to $300 per week
Aeronautical Contractor Enormous profits
Aeroplane Repairman $60 to $75 per week
Aeroplane Mechanician $40 to $60 per week
Aeroplane Inspector $50 to $75 per week
Aeroplane Salesman $5000 per year and up
Aeroplane Assembler $40 to $65 per week
Aeroplane Builder $75 to $200 per week

Personal Instruction

by Experienced Men

Men who have had actual experience give you personal attention. They select the lessons, lectures, blueprints and bulletins. They tell you things that are essential in everyday practice. Each lesson is easy to read and understand.

Get Big FREE Book—Now

Send for New Book, just out, "Opportunities in the Airplane Industry." It is interesting and instructive. It will show you many things you never knew before about aviation. We have but a limited supply of these books—write now before they are all gone.

American School of Aviation

3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 831A Chicago, Ill.

$200 in Prizes

We Will Pay for the Best Compositions on Why "Crazy Quilt" Is a Fitting Title for a Story About Motion Pictures and Motion Picture People

ON page twenty of this issue a new novel begins. It is called "Crazy Quilt" and it finds its human drama in motion picture people. We are offering two hundred dollars in prizes for the best compositions of not more than three hundred words which express opinions as to why "Crazy Quilt" is a perfect title for this story.

The rules are simple, but we urge you to read them carefully.

Rules of Contest

1. No person may submit more than one composition.
2. This contest is open to all people except employees of Brewster Publications and their relatives.
3. No composition must run over three hundred words.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. List your name and address at the head of every sheet of paper used.
6. Address compositions to Crazy Quilt Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
7. No communications about the contest will be answered.
8. No compositions will be returned.
9. Compositions may be sent any time up to February 1, 1927. But we suggest that you read the entire serial before submitting your composition. It will run for six months, concluding in the February issue, so you will receive hints about the title from time to time.
10. In the event of two or more letters being of equal merit, equal prizes will be given the writers.
11. The two hundred dollars will be divided as follows:

Prizes

$100	First Prize
50	Second Prize
25	Third Prize
10	Fourth Prize
5	Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Prize

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

WHO IS THE BEST DRESSED WOMAN ON THE SCREEN?

Three Famous Dressmakers Make Amazing Statements and Give Their Ideas on Dress

Madame Frances—Harry Collins—Maybelle Manning—

Those are names to reckon with in the world of fashion. A gown from their ateliers costs hundreds of dollars. They dress prominent women in stage, screen and society circles.

Whom do they name as the best dressed women on the screen?

Whom do they criticise?

What do they say about autumn styles?

And what do they advise?

Do not miss this remarkable and frank feature next month.

We Interview Gloria Swanson

By

GLADYS HALL and ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

The double-interviewers, famous for their delightful one-act playlets in which they co-star with the star, talked with Gloria Swanson. They asked her all the questions you would like to ask her.

This is unquestionably the finest interview with Miss Swanson ever published—and the most interesting double interview on which G. H. and A. W. F. ever collaborated.

For Married Women Only

An amusing and at the same time interesting story on the way in which the wives of movie stars manage their finances.

Does your husband turn over his entire salary to you?

Do you pay the bills and keep the remainder of the weekly income for yourself?

Or does your husband pay the bills and give you an allowance?

Divorces frequently begin when there are family disputes about money. Read this story in which several wives explain their several arrangements regarding money matters and the reason why they believe their plan is best.

There Are Features in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for the Whole Family

The October Number Reaches the News-stands September First

Reserve Your Copy Now!

"It's a Real Thrill!"

"To receive a letter from the *Answer Man.* His answers in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE are so witty—and he knows everything and everybody in pictures. I write to him often—and always receive a wonderful letter from him." Thousands of people know this dear old fellow, and his department is one of the finest in any magazine.

For over fifteen years MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, the pioneer and the oldest magazine of its kind, has fearlessly, accurately and authoritatively presented the news of the great motion picture industry to the millions. Under the experienced and able leadership of Eugene V. Brewster, its Editor-in-Chief, it has become a powerful influence for all that is good and progressive on the screen. The editorial staff are the leaders in their profession.

A clean, wholesome magazine for the entire family

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

SEND THIS IN TODAY

Brewster Publications, Inc.
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:
Please enter my subscription to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for the next twelve issues. I enclose $2.50 (Canada, $3.00; Foreign, $3.50).

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Begin with.....issue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

For MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, $2.50 per year in U. S. A., Cuba, Mexico and Philippine Islands; Canada, $3.00; Foreign, $3.50.

(Subscription Rates for MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC are the same as for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.)

Subscribe now and be sure to receive every issue.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

There is the Caress of soothing Almond in Princess Pat complexion Powder!

NOT ONLY DOES THIS NEW INGREDIENT GIVE A SOFTER, MORE CLINGING POWDER BUT ONE THAT GUARDS AGAINST COARSE PORES, BLACKHEADS AND DRYNESS

PRINCESS PAT Face Powder is a *departure*, something different. Every woman will want to try it because of newness alone. This natural curiosity can be gratified by sending for free sample. One of the things you will discover is that Princess Pat stays on as never a powder did before.

Now as to the New Ingredient which *accounts* for Princess Pat being so different. It is Almond, and it replaces the rice or corn starch of familiar use in face powder. It has been possible with Almond to produce an entirely new degree of *fineness*. This, in turn, gives greater smoothness. This outward evidence of a delightful powder is noticeable immediately.

But of immensely greater importance, is the *beneficial* effect of Princess Pat. Heretofore women have not expected powder to *improve* the skin. It was not definitely made with that result in view.

How Princess Pat Powder Benefits the Skin

Here you have the idea which identifies Princess Pat—the idea of abandoning the starch formulas, handed down from grandmother's days, and finding in Nature's storehouse a *new powder base*. Almond suggested itself above all things else. It is good for the skin, in lotions and creams. Its many virtues are known to every woman. And now the difficult problem of using Almond for Princess Pat Powder is an accomplished fact. The new process is exclusive with Princess Pat. You will not find the Almond Base in any other powder.

A frequent cause of coarse pores and blackheads is eliminated by Princess Pat Powder. The greatest medical authorities have found that starchy substances in face powder swell in the pores under the influence of the skin's combined heat and moisture. Physicians prefer *other* than starchy powders for dusting skin surfaces when all possibility of irritation must be prevented. Thus Princess Pat Face Powder—containing no starch—fulfills the latest requirements of science. It cannot, through fermentation, cause blackheads or roughened skin texture. The most tender skin gratefully accepts Princess Pat, no matter how often or freely it is used.

Thus Princess Pat Powder is to be preferred for two reasons. Its inimitable fineness and soft, velvety texture are a revelation as powder is *ordinarily* judged. And the presence of Almond aids materially in keeping the skin soft, pliant and flawless. Often, coarse pores and blackheads are corrected with no more effort than a few weeks' use of Princess Pat Powder.

Ask for PRINCESS PAT Face Powder today—at your favorite toilette goods counter.

Free *We shall take pleasure in sending you free a generous sample of this new Almond Base Face Powder in a purse-size enameled box. Just mail coupon to*

PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. 1269, Chicago
Check shade you prefer
☐ Flesh ☐ White ☐ Brunette
Olde Ivory (The "Naturelle" for that "Peaches and Cream Complexion.")

Name (Print) _____

Street _____

City and State _____

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat perfect beauty aids include: PRINCESS PAT CREAM SKINFOOD AND ICE ASTRINGENT (THE FAMOUS TWIN CREAM TREATMENT), PRINCESS PAT SKIN CLEANSER, ALMOND BASE FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIPSTICK, TWO-PURPOSE TALC, PERFUME, TOILET WATER.

© THE R. L. W. CO.

Your Whole Appearance Depends upon Your Hair

Without beautiful, well-kept hair, you can never be really attractive. Soft, silky hair is the most ALLURING CHARM any woman can possess.
It makes the plainest features appear soft and sweet. Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck. You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

PROPER shampooing is what makes your hair soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color, and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

More than a Shampoo, it's "BEAUTY INSURANCE"

Mail This *Coupon and* Try it FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 26M-33
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid. Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

Name.....

Address.....*State*.....

Canadian address: 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ontario

MOTION PICTURE

OCTOBER—25 CTS

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

The Secret of Personality

See Page 19

5 BIG FEATURES

Who Are The Best Dressed Women On The Screen —— And Why?

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER WEEK SEPT. 12TH TO SEPT. 18TH

BUSTER KEATON in BATTLING BUTLER

BUSTER Keaton
THAT great giggle getter
LANDS the biggest knockout
OF his frozen-faced career
IN Battling Butler!
FROM the opening gong
TO the final flop
EVERY round's a riot!
AND Sally O'Neil falls too—
FALLS *hard* for Buster Keaton!
DO you know why?
YOU ought to!
READ on the right . . . .

Presented by
JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
From the play produced by
George Choos with Selwyn & Co.
Book by Stanley Brightman
and Austin Melford
Lyrics by Douglas Furber
Music by Philip Braham
American Music by
Walter L. Rosemont
Adapted by
Ballard MacDonald
Screen Adaptation by
Paul Gerard Smith
Albert Boasberg
Charles Smith
Directed by
BUSTER KEATON
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

You can win one of these Valuable Prizes

Can you answer Norma Shearer's questions?

Do you "glance" or Do you really see?

EVERY Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer fan has a chance to win one of the valuable prizes I am offering this month. All you have to do is to keep your eyes open and your mind alert when you go to see a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Don't be a "glimpser"—be a "seeker". You may be one of the winners.

To the person who writes the best answers to all the questions in this column, I will present—if it be one of the fair sex—the hand bag I use in "The Waning Sex" and a cash prize of $50. If a man is the lucky one, Buster Keaton will present and sign the boxing gloves he uses in "Battling Butler" together with a cash prize of $50.

To the next fifty lucky ones, I will send my personally autographed photograph finished in a sepia style suitable for framing.

Go to it and best of luck.

Yours cordially,

Norma Shearer

Norma's six questions

1 In what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture does a Mollusk play a prominent part? Who is the director?

2 Who plays Musette in La Boheme?

3 In what picture does Sally O'Neil fall for Buster Keaton and why?

4 In what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture does Lon Chaney play the part of Singapore Joe? Describe his "make-up" in not more than fifty words.

5 Where are the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios?

6 What animal is the King of Beasts and where is he most often seen?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York.** All answers must reach us by October 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in value with that tied for.

First—the Story!

It is of prime importance in all

FOX PICTURES

So here, in a new group just arriving at the theatres, we find two stage successes, one of the present and one of past years, a novel by a "best-selling" author and an original story by a "top-notch" popular fiction writer

"The Pelican will pluck her breast to feed her young"—says the old legend. This theme—a young mother's choice between her true happiness and her son's self-centered demands—inspired the title, The Pelican, for the stage play by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood from which is drawn the Fox picture

"MARRIAGE LICENSE?"

Do you note the question mark? Alma Rubens, the mother; Walter Pidgeon, a lover; Walter McGrail, the husband, and Richard Walling, the son, are all exquisitely molded into the fabric of the photoplay staged by Frank Borzage, one of the screen's most dependable directors. A poignant and absorbing recital!

Consider The Lily! Not the flower of the field—but one of the flowers of stage perfection. Adapted and presented by David Belasco from the drama by Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux, a few years ago this play was the sensation of the American stage. As a Fox picture

THE LILY

has been given a fine production. Belle Bennett, who so distinguished herself in Stella Dallas, plays the title role—in France a "lily" is a girl who passes through life without the realization of her love. Victor Schertzinger directed this picture; Ian Keith and Reata Hoyt are in the supporting cast.

Gerald Beaumont, one of the aces of short fiction, composed a story of manhood, courage, faith, steadfastness; its inspiration—the vision of a pure and tender young girl. In the Fox Picture

THE BLUE EAGLE

John Ford (who directed "The Iron Horse") has set this story on the screen so as to quicken your heart and grip your emotions. George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, Margaret Livingston, William Russell, Robert Edeson—the distinguished cast tells its own tale! You should see George O'Brien and "Big Bill" Russell in action!

"Harold MacGrath has everything!" So the critics say of this author of more than a dozen actual best-sellers, and in this photoplay which we have called

WOMANPOWER

We find MacGrath at his best. Harry Beaumont, who directed "Sandy," has used Ralph Graves, Kathryn Perry, Margaret Livingston, Ralph Sipperly and others in a thrill-plus-laughter picture you will keenly enjoy. The title tells the story—some power this!

WILLIAM FOX PICTURES

You Must Surely See!

"What Price Glory"
"7th Heaven"
"The Music Master"
"3 Bad Men"
"One Increasing Purpose"

". . . to see oursels as others see us!"—ROBERT BURNS

Suppose you could follow yourself up the street . . . . . .

COULD you come home behind yourself from the bridge club some afternoon, what would you see? . . . A lady (a little larger than you thought you were) in the dress you gave so much time and effort to choosing. . . . But hardly the dress you expected you were wearing. This one rises up where it shouldn't, pulls in where it ought not to. Instead of being effective, its lines are—bad. Instead of curves, you can actually see ridges where your corsets end!

If this could happen to you, don't blame your dress or your figure. But do see that you have a foundation garment that fits you perfectly before you wear the dress again.

The new Bon Ton Foundation Garments are perfectly designed, perfectly cut, perfectly finished. They fit your figure and make certain that your clothes will fit. Absolutely smart and in the mode, they are planned each season to suit each season's fashions. Among the girdles and bandeaux, the Brassiere Cor-Sets and the Step-Ins; the Back-lace and Front-lace Models and the special styles is a type of garment for every type of figure.

You will be charmed with the appearance of the garments themselves, as well as their fit and comfort. And in keeping with the tradition of this famous old concern, prices are reasonable for highest quality merchandise. Royal Worcester Corset Company, Worcester, Mass.

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ROYAL WORCESTER

A new Bon Ton Brassiere Cor-Set . . . with the uplift top of rayon tricot. Elastic gore in the skirt front and elastic side panels. For all figures.

A new Bon Ton Girdle of Paisley effect brocade in a combination of peach and burnt orange, with knit silk elastic side panels. For the larger figure.

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Motion Picture Magazine

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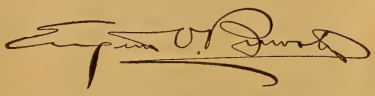
Vol. XXXII OCTOBER, 1926 Number 3

Adele Whitely Fletcher
Editor

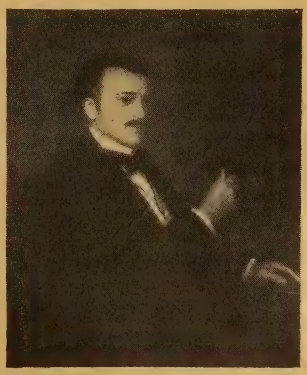
Colin J. Cruikshank, *Art Director*

Building a City to Make a Movie

An Editorial by



Editor-in-Chief of the Brewster Publications



WHEN a man invites you to visit him for a few days out on the great desert of Nevada, you naturally wonder if there is not some ulterior motive. Is the man lonesome, or is he trying to punish you for some alleged offense real or imagined? The desert is about eighty miles long by twenty miles wide and without a vestige of foliage, with no water on or in the ground, and no sign of life—not even a vulture or a snake, and with the nearest human habitation twenty miles distant. When I received such an invitation from my old friend Samuel Goldwyn in the middle of summer, I tried to recall some unintentional injury I had done this good person; but found none. I looked up the matter and found that the temperature on this desert averages twenty degrees below zero in winter and one hundred and fifteen above in the shade—if there is any—in the summer. Furthermore, I discovered that blinding sand-storms were a frequent occurrence—at least one a day—and that it takes a good two days to get there from Hollywood and requires changing cars in the middle of the night. A lovely place to spend a vacation, thought I! But when Sam told me his program and what was going on out there, I decided to take a chance, for I had not forgotten that this man Goldwyn had a faculty for doing marvelous and unexpected things, and that only recently he had startled the world with the greatest emotional drama ever shown on the screen—"Stella Dallas." I went! And I shall never regret it.

I ARRIVED at 1.30 A. M., with nothing to be discerned but sky and sand, and a dust-covered auto in the dark. The road was deep with dust, yet—hope springs eternal in the human breast. Soon we arrived at a small city in the middle of the desert—a city that had been built in a night, as it were, just for a movie. I was heartlessly informed that the rising siren would blow at five, breakfast at five-thirty. Cheerful news! My tent, however, was large, comfortable and cool, and I lost no time in embracing Morpheus. When that siren awakened me, the sun was well up and it was already getting very warm. After breakfast I looked around. Activity everywhere. On every side were hundreds of tents, and just around the corner a city street, with stores, banks, saloons and dwellings, representing the city of Kingston, conceived, founded and builded by Samuel Goldwyn just for the making of "The Winning of Barbara Worth," from Harold Bell Wright's novel. About a mile distant was another similar city called Barba, which was a necessary part of the story because Kingston is destroyed by a flood and the inhabitants promptly build a new city called Barba. I marveled at it all and asked hundreds of questions about the difficulties of getting food, water and other supplies daily to this army of workers in the center of Nowhere in No Man's Land. Then I was introduced to the mayor, who turned out to be Henry King, the director of "Stella Dallas," then to the beautiful Vilma Banky, next to handsome Ronald Colman, and eventually to about six hundred other "citizens." That day I watched them make a few scenes under the broiling sun on that vast expanse of desert sand. At night they gave us a real picture show and all the citizens were present. And such citizens! Most of them were natives of the surrounding country, all carefully selected

(*Continued on page* 87)

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Motion Picture Magazine

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Discovered!

The Secret of Caruso's Amazing Vocal Power

"The Songbird of the ages," Enrico Caruso. The richness, the fullness, the beauty and the astounding power of his voice was due to the exceptional development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle.

Eugene Feuchtinger, musician-scientist, who discovered the function of Hyo-Glossus in voice production, and whose famous "Perfect Voice" system has developed thousands of voices.

Diagram of the Normal Throat showing the Complete Vocal Mechanism. Your throat looks like this. So did the throat of the great Caruso. Professor Feuchtinger's system of silent, scientific exercises will develop your vocal organ to its full strength.

THIS IS AN AGE OF MARVELS. Wonderful scientific discoveries have changed our mode of living and our mode of thinking.

One discovery of tremendous benefit to all humanity is the discovery of *the principle of voice control* by Eugene Feuchtinger, A. M.

His resulting system of voice development revolutionized old methods, and changes voice development from a little understood art to an exact science.

More than that, it brings a Perfect Voice within the reach of every man and every woman who desires a stronger, richer voice for either singing or speaking.

Prof. Feuchtinger's method is founded on the discovery that the Hyo-Glossus muscle controls the voice; that a strong, beautiful voice, with great range, is due to a well developed Hyo-Glossus—while a weak or a rasping voice is due to underdevelopment of this vital vocal muscle. A post-mortem examination of Caruso's throat showed a superb development of his Hyo-Glossi muscles. But it required years of training under the old method to produce this development.

You can develop your Hyo-Glossus in a much shorter time by Prof. Feuchtinger's wonderful scientific method. You can take this training under the direction of the Professor himself, wherever you may live. And the cost is so low that it is within the reach of every ambitious man or woman.

100% Improvement in Your Voice—*Guaranteed*

Professor Feuchtinger's method is far simpler, far more rapid, far more certain in results than the tedious, hap hazard methods of ordinary vocal instructors. His unqualified success with thousands of pupils proves the infallibility of his method.

Under his direction, your voice will be made rich, full and vibrant. Its overtones will be greatly multiplied. You will add many notes to its range and have them clear, limpid and alluring. You will have a voice that is rolling and compelling and so strong and magnetic that it will be the marvel of your associates.

Professor Feuchtinger ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEES an improvement of 100 per cent—a REDOUBLEMENT of your voice! If you are not absolutely satisfied that your voice is doubled in volume and quality, your money will be refunded. You are the only judge.

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Dear Prof. Feuchtinger; Will you please send me a copy of your new free book "Physical Voice Culture". I understand that this book is free and there is no obligation on my part. I am interested in

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking ☐ Stammering ☐ Weak Voice

Name.....

Address.....

The Bulletin Board

RUDOLPH VALENTINO backed everyone else off the movie pages when he challenged a Chicago newspaper editorial writer to a duel. When Rudy was on his way East for the opening of "Son of the Sheik," the Chicago paper took the opportunity to publish an editorial called "Pink Powder Puffs," in which Rudy was blamed for various styles and customs which the writer thought unbecoming to he-men. Rudy offered to prove by combat that he was the better man, proclaiming that the wrist under a slave bracelet can deliver as wicked a punch as an undecorated one. Great was the publicity which followed, but almost everyone agreed that Rudy could back up his statements, and so far the identity of the newspaper writer remains a mystery.

Rudy received an overwhelming ovation at the opening of his new sheik picture, proving that a man isn't out just because a few dismal prophets say he is.

HOPE HAMPTON, she of the flame-colored hair, returned from Europe not long ago with the announcement that she will temporarily forsake the screen. Hope has an idea that opera is her forte, and has arranged to appear in a Shubert operetta called "The Proud Princess." To get in training for her début as a singer she gave several concerts aboard the *Leviathan* on her way home, and the reception she got doesn't seem to have discouraged her. The Italian Government has just decorated Hope for the technical execution of her latest picture, "Marionettes," which is done in color.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, who retired from the screen a few months ago when she married Phil Plant, is beginning to tire of a quiet home life. When she married she insisted that she would never return to the screen, but now she has begun to wonder who will give her her next part.

This was to be expected.

MILDRED DAVIS LLOYD has again begun to talk about returning to the screen. Her last attempt petered out because no one could find a story to suit Mildred, but now "An Old Fashioned Girl," by Louisa M. Alcott, has been bought for her. She will release thru Famous Players-Lasky, and—lest the public has forgotten Mildred Davis during these years of retirement—she will be billed as Mrs. Harold Lloyd.

COMIC strips are having their day in moving-pictures, now that the musical comedies have been just about exhausted. Colleen Moore did "Ella Cinders," Marion Davies is busy on "Tillie the Toiler," and George McManus, who is most famous as the creator of "Bringing Up Father," has gone to Hollywood to watch the filming of two of his strips. They are "The Newlyweds and Their Baby" and "Let George Do It," both being produced by Stern Brothers.

"PERSONALITY" will not be Gloria Swanson's first picture for United Artists, after all. She has decided to remake "The Eyes of Youth," in which Clara Kimball Young appeared a number of years ago.

ESTELLE TAYLOR is under contract to Feature Productions, and will play leads in the pictures which this company releases thru United Artists. It is very probable that she will play with Rudolph Valentino in his story of Benvenuto Cellini. Estelle gave an impressive performance with John Barrymore in "Don Juan."

FLORENCE VIDOR is on her way East to star in "The Popular Sin," an original story by Monta Bell. Mal St. Claire is directing. St. Clair and Florence Vidor are a happy combination, as was demonstrated in "Are Parents People?" and "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter." "The Popular Sin" deals with divorce.

$10.00 for the Best Title to this Picture

You may send as many titles to this picture as you like—not more than ten words long. All answers must be mailed by October 20 and no titles will be returned. Address them: Title Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

(Courtesy Christie Sport Girls Series)

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If your baby is to thrive, the needs of his little body must be met. He must have food for the growth of his muscles and tissues, the development of his bones and teeth, the maintenance of bodily heat.

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Mellin's Food and milk makes good, healthy muscle and tissue, sound bones and teeth, and maintains bodily heat.

Write to us today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food

Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.

"LOVELY STRAINS OF NEWEST, MOST SEDUCTIVE JAZZ . . . THRILL . . ."

102

New York and Boston Debutantes –

"like this soap better than any other" . . . "find it marvelous for the skin"

LOVELY TINGLING STRAINS of newest, most seductive jazz—if they might never end!

Thrill of the ballroom floor, so glimmering, so enticing—if one might dance on and on forever! To be grown-up at last—a debutante—the recipient of bouquets, bonbons, sophisticated compliments, delicious invitations all day long . . .

A breathless—a dazzling existence.

Never again will it seem so important to look well, to be at one's best, to enter on each new engagement alert, starry-eyed, with a skin smooth as a shell, radiant and fresh as morning.

How do they do it? How do these engaging young creatures take care of their skin, to keep it always soft and clear in spite of late hours, a feverish social regime?

We asked 224 New York and Boston debutantes what soap they use for the care of their skin—and why.

Nearly half answered, *"Woodbury's Facial Soap!"*

"It's life-giving," they said. *"It makes my skin clear and soft" . . . "I like it better than any other . . ." "It's a marvelous soap for the skin."*

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. The formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped the booklet of famous skin treatments.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today!

Your WOODBURY TREATMENT *for ten days*

NOW—THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
1310 Spring Grove Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1310 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

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Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

Russell Ball

LOIS WILSON
and
DIANA KANE

Diana was careful to change her name so no one would suspect her of trading on the reputation of her sister, Lois. But now that she has become a success in her own right in "The Brown Derby," they can do a sister act for the photographers. Tho Lois decided to bob her hair and be gay and modern, she just couldn't change her character, so they have cast her as the good sister in "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em"

Spurr

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

The younger Schildkraut is not above playing a villain now and then, when the leading rôle isn't within his grasp. So he will appear as *Judas Iscariot* in Cecil De Mille's ambitious picturization of the life of Christ, to be called "The King of Kings"

Nicholas Haz

GILDA GRAY

Gilda Gray has in a few short years spanned the gap from Polish immigrant to Samoan Princess—which is an honorary title South Sea Islanders have bestowed on her because of her tropical shimmy. In the interim she has been the toast of New York's theaters and night clubs, and now threatens to extend her triumph to moving pictures. She is touring the country with her first film, "Aloma of the South Seas," which broke records on Broadway

Harry Lachman

ALICE TERRY

Alice recently said good-bye to Rex Ingram and their two villas in Nice, and turned her languorous eyes toward Hollywood. She will stay only for the duration of one picture, but that will be long enough, we hope, to bring romance back to the screen. For she is to play again with Ramon Novarro, in "The Great Galeoto"

Seely

CONWAY TEARLE

Conway is one of a little group of *Peter Pans* who now invigorate our screen. The years may roll by, but these youngsters dont turn a hair as they continue to play sheiks, juveniles and collegians. And the fans love it! Try to guess who the others are. You will next see the plaintive Mr. Tearle in "Altars of Desire"

Seely

PHYLLIS HAVER

Odd that it should have taken producers so long to appreciate Phyllis, when only a glance would seem to suffice. She and Marie Prevost were bathing girls together, and Marie has been a star these many years. But not until this summer did Metropolitan pictures give Phyllis a dotted line to sign, and the lead in "The Nervous Wreck." It may be just one more of the far-reaching results of Anita Loos's ultimatum about blondes

Ruth Harriet Louise

GRETA GARBO

In the midst of numberless complaints about the foreign invasion of Hollywood, there is not one voice to deny Greta a welcome. Even the most confirmed Americans acclaim her. We are feverishly awaiting her performance opposite John Gilbert in "The Flesh and the Devil"

Seely

ADOLPHE MENJOU

This is a portrait of Mr. Menjou trying to look like the Devil. Adolphe rejoices with the rest of us that, with the completion of "Sorrows of Satan," he is returning to his accustomed type of rôle. In "The Ace of Cads" he will be a hero in disguise

Is Personality *IT*?

Elinor Glyn, who discovered IT

By

B. F.

Wilson

Underwood & Underwood

George Jean Nathan, who discovered the secret of personality

WHAT is this personality stuff they all seem to be talking about?

"He's got the most wonderful personality," you will hear some one say. Or, "She's not a bit pretty, homely, in fact, but my lord, what a personality!"

I looked the word up. My thesaurus ignores it. Webster passes over it lightly with the cryptic definition: "Distinction of person: individuality." But with it the annals of history are written; it unlocks all doors, it sways kingdoms and rules legions. Its reach is boundless, and its influence is high and wide as the horizon. The winds rush across bare, limitless oceans to carry tales of it; the earth seems to absorb into its depths the vibrant message of its force; and the very trees bow their heads before its omnipotence.

Has the secret of personality been discovered? If you consider modern celebrities, you will agree with George Jean Nathan that personality is nothing in the world but Elinor Glyn's famous IT

This may sound somewhat lyrical for a prosy, every-day world, but few can grasp the full significance of this unseen, elusive, not-to-be-labeled, peculiar gift which providence has seen fit to bestow on her favorites.

Recently, a young Spanish music-hall singer came over for her first visit to America. Her manager decided that even the newspaper reporters would have

THREE GREAT PERSONALITIES

John Gilbert

Raquel Meller

The Prince of Wales

International Newsreel

The Indescribable Something Is At Last Described

Charlie Chaplin seems to know instinctively how to attract women. He is seen above with the Charlot Revue girls

The charm and appeal of Lowell Sherman's fascination make audiences believe in the feeble-mindedness of the unwilling heroine

to pay the full admission price of twenty-five dollars to see her. In spite of this public challenge to local feeble-mindedness (he might as well have come right out and said he knew there was one born every minute), the house was packed at the première performance. Viewed thru the diminishing mirror of the price per seat, every member of the audience saw a pretty young woman with no particular voice, who sang a number of songs in an alien tongue. There was no elaborate scenery, or any gorgeous costumes. But—what a personality!

Raquel Meller is the epitome of personality. Both on the stage and on the screen, she possesses a peculiar force; a terrific appeal, which makes all who see her helpless before her charm.

On the morning after her first appearance, the critics raved about this newcomer. As a man, they proclaimed her a "Second Duse," "greater than Bernhardt," the greatest artist Europe has today; and in each panegyric outburst the word personality was so over-worked that it must have laid down and died from sheer exhaustion.

But as usual, it took our famous dramatic *Peck's Bad Boy,* George Jean Nathan, to hit the nail smack on the head with his little hammer. "The answer to all this hullabalooing about Meller; all the caterwauling and yelping that my esteemed *confrères* have been indulging in, is nothing in the world but *sex appeal.* She has IT, as Madame Glyn would say, to the *n*th degree. She

(*Continued on page* 106)

THREE MORE PERSONALITIES TO RECKON WITH

Adolphe Menjou · Dick Barthelmess · John Barrymore

Genthe

Bangs

When Good Fellows Get Together

A Snapshot of Constance MacIntosh's Beach Party

It was Sunday. A group dropped in at Dick Barthelmess'. Another group dropped in at Constance Talmadge MacIntosh's. Dick called up Connie and asked her to come over. She said she couldn't, but for Dick to bring his party over to her beach house at Santa Monica. He did. Count the stars. . . . Reading from left to right on the fence are Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, Mae Murray, Ward Crane, Virginia Valli, Ronald Colman, Bessie Love, Jack Pickford, Rudolph Valentino and Pola Negri. (The last two *would be* together.) Scattered thru the middle row are Louella O. Parsons, Carmel Myers, Alan Forrest, Bert Lytell, Claire Windsor, Dick Barthelmess, Constance Talmadge, Beatrice Lillie, Josephine Lovett, Julanne Johnstone, Agnes Ayres, John S. Robertson and Marshall Neilan. And scattered thru the bottom row are Antonio Moreno, Prince David Divani (Mae Murray's husband), Charles Lane, Alf Goulding, Marcel de Sano, Manuel Reachi (Agnes Ayres's husband), H. D'Abadie D'Arrast, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, Captain Alastair MacIntosh (Connie's husband), Mrs. Antonio Moreno and Blanche Sweet

Who Are the Best-Dressed

Ira Hill

Maybelle Manning

"No one person is so limited that only one style becomes them. But every one has a general type of thing that most becomes them"

Pach

Harry Collins

"It is advisable for a woman to study the tone of her skin, the color of her hair and her eyes, and then select a few becoming colors and *stick to them*"

Madame Frances

"Line is everything. An eighth of an inch may make a frock all right . . . or all wrong"

The Makers of the Modes lift the veil of Vanity Fair and a few carefully guarded secrets escape

GREAT dressmakers are like great doctors—they frequently disagree. We ought to know, for we have spent the last few envious days in the gilded salons of Madame Frances, Harry Collins and Maybelle Manning.

They are the three great surgeons of Style.

We have seen creations the like of which would turn any Ugly Duckling ever born into a Ziegfeld Follies girl overnight.

We have gleaned and garnered the pearls beyond price that have dropped from the lips of these creators of beauty, these arbiters of fashion, these Last Words in the costuming of the female form divine.

Each one of them agreed in one particular! If you ever happen to have a few thousand dollars to spend on a couple of simple, but chic little frocks, you may care to know what is expected of you and what is not expected of you when you enter the portals of Vanity Fair.

Well, you are NOT expected to say what you want. It is "the thing" for you to abandon all personal notions, tastes and tendencies when ye enter there. For instance, if you cherish the fond illusion that you look particularly fetching in a straight-line gown of Chinese red, put the thought firmly behind you. Your cue is to say, not "I want so-and-so" but *"What do I want?"*

It was Irene Castle whom Harry Collins selected as an outstandingly well-dressed woman

Photograph courtesy Corticelli Fashions

Of Alice Joyce, Madame Frances says: "She dresses with charm and always in the right thing for the right time and place. She can wear any color"

Women On the Screen—*and why?*

Maybelle Manning says of Norma Talmadge: "Norma dresses very badly in the daytime and at night she is lovely, usually wearing filmy, shivery white or flittering white and silver"

By

Faith

Service

Kesslere

"If I were asked to select a highly individualized type, I would certainly select Miss Swanson," said Harry Collins, "but not as the best-dressed woman of the screen"

If you do not go with the plastic idea of placing yourself in their hands, you had better stay at home or do your shopping in department stores or go to dressmakers who have not achieved international fame. They know what you want and what is best for you better than you know yourself. That is the alpha and omega of the knowledge you need to have if hubby ever blows you to a Frances, a Harry Collins, or a Maybelle Manning.

* * *

We paid our first visit to Mr. Harry Collins. Gentlemen First is our slogan.

We were received via the portals of a charming old house in the east fifties. Of course, in none of these places

Madame Frances says that Corinne Griffith dresses extremely well . . . and that she has a dignity, a certain pomp and circumstance

"Carol Dempster knows her type and sticks to it," said Maybelle Manning. "Quaint, olden things . . . ivory and old lace . . . tight bodices and full skirts are Carol's things"

Miss Manning thinks that Bebe Daniels is beginning to dress extremely well. She says that Bebe, tending towards the Oriental in type, wears ivory beautifully

"Being well dressed does not depend upon money—it depends upon the way a woman puts on her clothes"

is there any sign or token of the lowly vocation known as dressmaking. No, indeed. You would never know that you were at a dressmaker's unless you were told and then you wouldn't be sure. You would think that you had dropped in to an exclusive tea, minus the tea.

Mr. Collins, dark, compact, brisk and businesslike, escorted us to his private office by means of a self-operating elevator.

We faced him across a flat-topped desk as we might have faced one of the gentlemen on Wall Street, an editor or an attorney. The pretty ladies and the atmosphere of social dalliance were left behind on the ground floor. Here was the workshop whence emanate the creations.

He said, "You want to know about the women of the screen; whether or not they are well dressed; *why* they are well dressed.

"Well, motion picture people *should* be well dressed. Of all the people in the world they have the least excuse for being anything else. There is no *possible* excuse for them being anything but well dressed.

"It is our belief that any woman can be well dressed if she looks at herself often enough in a mirror. That is the first secret of good dressing.

"It comes down, of course, to seeing ourselves as others see us. And that is precisely what the screen people can do, times innumerable.

"A girl on the screen will be cast as an ingénue, let us say. She will find that the bouffant or ingénue type of dressing suits her excellently or does not suit her at all. Thereafter she will either adhere to that type of dressing with modifications or she will forever eschew it.

"One of the main tests of a gown is that gown *in motion*. There, too, the girl on the screen has the advantage, for she sees herself in motion as well as static and can judge from every angle and posture.

"There is a particular *essence* about being well dressed. It does not depend upon money. It depends upon the way a woman *puts on her clothes*.

"How many times in the Ritz or elsewhere do we look up instinctively as some woman enters the room. We do not know why our eyes follow her, but they do. It may not be because she has striking beauty. It will probably be because of some certain air with which she wears her clothes, which, again, may be of the simplest.

"Every woman should *compromise* with style. If the normal waistline, for instance, does not become you and the normal waistline happens to be the vogue, the clever woman can *suggest* the normal waistline and yet preserve the line that is most becoming to her.

"There are no laws of fashion.

"There are principles of good taste and the first of these is to adapt fashion to your own particular type and requirement. The woman who wears a style because it is in the mode is stupid and doesn't know the first elements of good dressing and what is more, she wont look in the style.

"Learn what becomes you and then wear it—you can always compromise with fashion.

"Many people take a type, a definite type, and proclaim her the best-dressed woman of the screen, the season at Newport, or wherever it may happen to be.

(*Continued on page* 111)

Diana Kane used to dress very badly, according to Miss Manning. She had a faculty for getting the wrong hats. But now they have persuaded her to wear simple things

Alfred Cheney Johnston

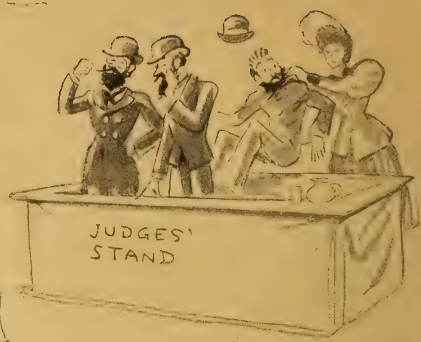
Madame Frances says: "If you are as individual as tiny Anita Loos, you have to be more than ordinarily careful to preserve that individuality"

Nickolas Muray

The South Seas on the Subway

Ray Rockett built a native hut on the studio lot . . . planted a few palm-trees and tropical shrubs . . . sent out a call for a few dark-skinned girls and boys—and presto! the Polynesian setting for "Paradise" was ready. No wonder traffic was congested on the bridge seen below. New Yorkers never expected to find the South Sea tropics sprouting right over their own subway

It is nothing short of miraculous what a few palm-trees will do. The shore scene above was taken on the very civilized City Island



There is a chance for Mack Sennett to make a historical film. The first bathing gal parade held in Pawtucket, July, 1894, or thereabouts

HISTORICAL FILMS

By KEN CHAMBERLAIN

Some High Points in American History that the Producers Have Overlooked

Ernest Torrence and Dick Barthelmess could repeat their "Tol'able David" triumph in a film depicting the first successful counterfeiting of the Gordon Gin label in the American moonshine industry

And the blasé young lady who first publicly smoked a cigaret might be shown on the screen by Mae Murray

Raymond Hatton would be the ideal actor to portray the dare-devil who first ate an oyster

D. W. Griffith might use Charley Murray in another New England historical film, to immortalize the hero who first played golf on Sunday

We Interview Gloria Swanson

The Cast

Madame la Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye ..... Gloria Swanson

We ..... { Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher

Guide ..... { A studio office-boy—probably a potential Valentino

Others ..... { Stage-hands . . . stars . . . directors . . . cameramen . . . taxi-cab driver . . . gate-keeper, *et cetera*

SCENE I.—*The Entrance to Famous Players-Lasky Long Island Studios.*

A taxi-cab rattles suicidally up to the imposing white marble portals. Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher, clinging to the running-board in an accustomed fashion, alight, consulting wrist watches that have never gone and never will go, but if you should take such portents of Time seriously, it is about four o'clock of a balmy afternoon.

As they reluctantly dole out the taxi-driver's fare, W. C. Fields hurries past. A girl who would be commonly described as "cute" stops him in the doorway and calls her identity to his mind. He remembers her . . . they talk. . . .

Two or three hopeful Thespians stand about waiting for the office-boy to come back and tell them "He's in conference." They have heard this every day for years but dont seem to mind. Hope springs eternal in the movie breast. . . .

The studio's St. Peter looks up resignedly as the interviewers breathlessly approach his dictatorial desk. He is so used to breathless approaches.

ST. PETER (*alias the gatekeeper*): Whojawantasee?

G. H. AND A. W. F. (*conversant with such cold water and answering firmly and in harmonic unison*): Miss Swanson—*by appointment.*

ST. PETER (*still unimpressed . . . still superior*): You're late, ladies. We expected you at three. Well . . . Here, boy, take these ladies to Miss Swanson's set. Maybe she hasn't gone yet. . . .

The interviewers exeunt after the disappearing youth.

SCENE II.—*The Big Stage.*

A bird's-eye view of this stage would show many companies at work. Perhaps there were interesting things to see . . . there usually are . . . but the guide appointed to the interviewers appears to be an emulator of Nurmi and what with keeping from falling over cables, crashing into lights and colliding with stars and near-stars, the interviewers find some slight difficulty in navigation. It may be their age.

There does come to them the mad tattoo of hammers and the shifting of scenes . . . the dull grinding of the cameras . . . voices speaking lines which never will be heard . . . directors calling instructions . . . the tinkle of pianos . . . the wail of violins . . . now and

Kesslere

There is something about Gloria Swanson—*éclat* or distinction or whatever you wish to term it—that makes you feel silly in a big hat and curled hair. She is simple in her clothes and her manner of wearing them. It is Eugene O'Brien who is with Gloria below in a scene from "Fine Manners"

An Interview Playlet in One Act and Five Scenes

Drawing by John Decker

She says she will not mind old age. It is the intermediary stage she dreads, the growing old

G. H.

The Playlet Interviews

"Motion Picture Magazine" announces that the interview playlets will once more appear exclusively in its pages where they first won their popularity.

A. W. F.

then the command "Silence!" . . . now and then an extra girl proclaiming, "but I just said to him, I said, I'm cert'nly the type and then. . . ."

The boy goes on. . . .

Turning one of innumerable futuristic corners, the interviewers come upon Lois Wilson sitting outside the camera lines garbed trimly in a pale gray suit with smart felt hat. . . . Aileen Pringle is glimpsed in a scene, resplendent as only Aileen can be in a gown of shimmering silver sequins . . . a dinner table is laid with the pale lavender cloth common to studios. . . . Thomas Meighan's latest "Tin Gods" is being filmed. . . .

The boy goes on . . . no time to call greetings . . . no vestige of time for so much as the traditional Hail and Farewell . . .

THE BOY (*briefly*): Look out for the paint.

This injunction was evidently intended for Gladys Hall, who has run on with head pivoted backward in a weak attempt to locate Thomas Meighan, who MIGHT be tin-godding in the vicinity.

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER *(her efficiency keeping*

(*Continued on page* 94)

Photograph by Abbe

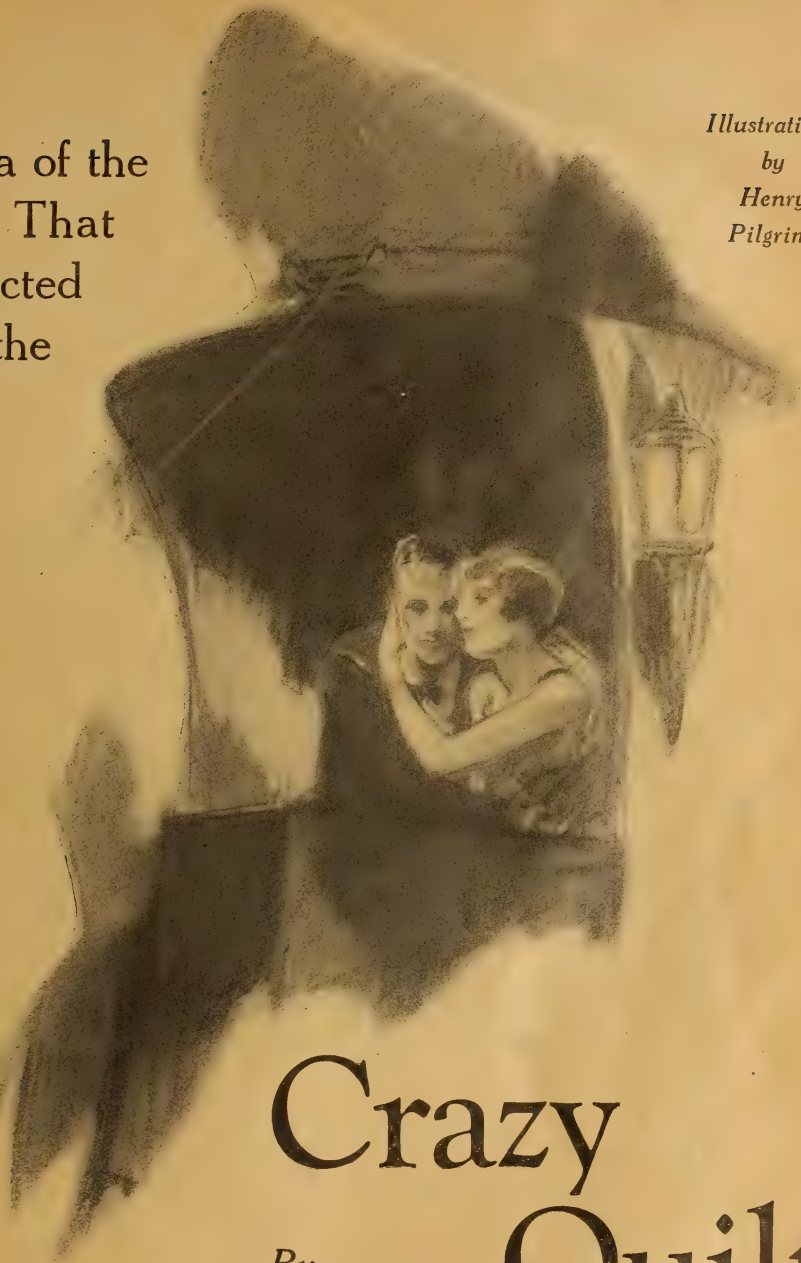
Paul Whiteman is a movie actor now. And a very good one, too, according to our latest advices from England, where he played in "London" with Dorothy Gish. The lady on his left is Mrs. Whiteman, who is lovely enough to consider a career in the movies herself

In a London Studio

This is another Limehouse story by Thomas Burke. Let us hope that it brings Dorothy some portion of the fame which Mr. Burke's "Broken Blossoms" brought to her sister, Lillian

A Drama of the Studios That Was Enacted *Behind* the Cameras

Illustrations by Henry Pilgrim



They drove home thru Central Park in an old hansom cab. It was Elysian. Judith marveled that life could be so gloriously perfect

Crazy Quilt

By ADELE ORMISTON

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters on Page 84

JUDITH reached the stage just in time to dust some powder over her make-up before McAllister called the company for the first scene. And once on the set she worked steadily. As the afternoon progressed, she felt that both McAllister and Grady were showing her a marked attention. Twice she was definitely selected for forward positions and once again she was given a bit of business.

Every atom of her mind and body was gloriously alive. The fascinating chaos of the studio all about her . . . grease-paint . . . a camera grinding . . . and Harvey Dunn's lounging figure about to appear on the side-lines

$200 in Prizes

Why do you think "Crazy Quilt" is an altogether fitting and proper title for this story of the motion picture studios? Write us your opinion. Two hundred dollars in prizes is offered for the best letters. See page 72 for further details.

The Editor.

any moment. Judith's heart knew the weight of a bubble.

At five o'clock she began to watch the entrance thru which Mr. Dunn had appeared that morning. At five-thirty she began to grow apprehensive. She wondered when the offices closed. She wondered when the company would stop work. She was angry with herself for letting the appearance or the non-appearance of one Harvey Dunn matter to her so tremendously, but it continued to be important.

When McAllister was rehearsing Miss Uland for a closeup, Judith managed to have a word with Grady. She knew that it was impolitic to seem anxious to get away. Too many were willing to stay until all hours.

But she felt that she must know how long they were to work. Perhaps Mr. Dunn knew they would be late. Instinctively she made her voice casual when she asked: "Are we going to complete this sequence tonight?"

"Bet your life," Grady informed her. "God, they're stingy around here lately."

The other men had not seen the note fall. She felt confident of that. And if she pretended to drop her handkerchief . . .

Then he remembered that this girl was friendly with Dunn. He modified his remark. "You cant blame them, of course," he said. "So many directors loaf on the job. It is business. Now their economy wave is at a peak. McAllister will finish with this set tonight. You can count on that. Then they can strike it and build the yacht cabin while we are on location tomorrow.

"No time is lost when a director gets a bonus for finishing his productions in record time."

He went off to see about some detail and Judith was again called to the set.

Six o'clock. . . . She was almost too nervous to grasp the situation as McAllister explained it. She wondered why Harvey Dunn had not come up on the stage as he had said he would. She knew he had not been around all afternoon. For she had been watching, eagerly.

For the first time since her arrival in New York, Judith found herself more concerned in an outside interest than in her career. At six-thirty McAllister stopped work.

Almost immediately the set cleared of people. The extras hurriedly collected their pay checks from Grady and disappeared. Judith deliberately waited until the others had gone before she asked for her check. She saw that it paid her fifteen dollars for the day's work but this seemed inconsequential. Yesterday it would have been momentous. But that was yesterday . . . and today Harvey Dunn had said he would come up on the stage to see her and he had not done so. Judith was miserable.

She could not linger in the studio any longer Grady was gathering up the thumbed directorial 'script, a sheaf of notes and a small megaphone.

The stage otherwise was deserted. Late afternoon shadows had crept thru the windows as the great lights had sputtered out.

Judith wondered if she could have misunderstood Mr. Dunn. Or had he said he would see her later in a careless moment and proceeded to forget all about her.

She started down the stairs to the dressing-room.

Suddenly she was very tired. The tautness of nerves and spirit which she always knew when a camera began to grind had wearied her. And her disappointment had been more important than she admitted to herself.

She smeared her face with the cold-cream and kneaded it in her skin. Around and around. Her fingers circled her face with a slow monotony. She wiped off the mascaro slowly.

The wardrobe mistress was waiting impatiently for her to finish with her dressing. She must remain until every girl left, so that she could lock the room.

She asked Judith to hurry. Judith obliged. She was surprised to notice how slowly she had been making her preparations. It was now almost seven o'clock. There seemed no longer any reason to dally. He had gone home without even attempting to see her again. She took a perverse pleasure in forcing this fact upon her consciousness.

Nevertheless, as she walked down the corridor that led past the offices, she hoped that she would hear her name called. And all the way to the subway she imagined that she heard hurrying steps behind her and planned just what attitude she would assume if he should overtake her.

She was mystified as well as hurt. She supposed this was what they called a "stand-up." It was unpleasant, whatever else it was. Judith was unaccustomed to having men fail her. It had never happened before. And never before would it have concerned her one hundredth so much.

She stopped at the little delicatessen store around the corner from her house.

"A combination sandwich, a pint of milk and one fresh egg."

The large German woman knew Judith and, as she turned heavily to fill the order, she asked "Been working in the movies today?"

Judith briefly said that she had. Usually she was eager to talk about her experiences and Mrs. Schmalz was disappointed. It was pleasant to hear about that unbelievable world.

"You look kind of peaked," she said. "Hard work, I suppose. But I dont ever remember seeing you look so sort of all in before."

"We were late tonight." Judith explained. "We had

(*Continued on page 72*)

Corned Beef and Cabbage

Illustration by MacGregor

It Would Be Difficult for the Screen Stars to Live Up to All That Is Written About Them. And They Do Not Try

By

ELIZABETH PETERSEN

IN a darkened little Picture House, Alma Rubens was fading into the usual happy ending in the arms of a handsome leading man. Exotic in her dark-eyed loveliness, she seemed some legendary princess far removed from the audience yearning towards her.

The girl in the row behind me sighed dreamily.

"Isn't she just too gorgeous for words," she whispered to the prosaic young man beside her, "could you imagine her ever having to cook or wash dishes or—or anything," she concluded vaguely.

The young man could not. Who could associate the lovely Alma with every-day happenings?

The evening before I had been her guest for dinner in one of those exclusive and expensive hotels facing Central Park. Her mother was cooking it as an especial treat and certain familiar odors were wafted from behind the exquisite Ming screen which I knew concealed the famous Ruben electric grill. And what do you suppose we had for dinner—corned beef and cabbage!

Corned beef and cabbage and the jade of old Cathay—the magical beauty of a screen fashioned for some ancient emperor and behind it an electric grill, modern, efficient, prosaic—the humdrum order of every-day and the lure of the centuries.

Somehow it accentuated the fact that there isn't so much difference between generations and things and people, and that kings and queens and movie stars aren't so different from us mortals after all. For in spite of the fabulous tales that drift to us from the studios, the stars are very human.

Jackie Coogan may be the idol of every child's dream and yet he has to learn his spelling and fractions and go to bed at eight just like any other little boy or girl of his age.

Conrad Nagel is an usher in a Christian Science Church and Mabel Ballin does her own upholstering most of the time and occasionally sews shirts for her husband, Hugo Ballin, the director.

You may think Gloria Swanson too decorative a person to have anything in common with a woman of the slums and yet the tie that binds them is the strongest in the world. They are both mothers.

The sophisticated, dazzling Gloria counts her happiest moments those devoted to her babies and takes a sensible and active part in their care. She has the true mother heart and it isn't alone her own baby Gloria

Behind a Ming Screen

Anna Q. Nilsson insists that she was less attractive to John Gunnerson when he discovered that she was not an enigmatic and bewildering person from another world

Spurr

Many a good old-fashioned dinner of corned beef and cabbage has been cooked on an electric grill behind a Ming screen in the Rubens apartment

or Joseph, the little boy she adopted, who inspires her tenderness.

One hot day Gloria Swanson was going thru an important scene when a baby on a nearby set, fretful from the heat and the glare of the Kleigs, wailed its discomfort and unhappiness to the studio at large. Gloria was visibly affected. She tried to go on but couldn't. The spark was gone. She was nervous, tense, upset.

Suddenly she stopped short and before anybody realized what was happening, she had taken the baby from the arms of its distracted mother and was crooning a little melody such as only mothers know, to the tiny mite. Gradually the crying stopped, the little fingers clutching at her dress relaxed, and a tiny golden head rested blissfully on her shoulder.

Somehow it was like looking deep into Gloria's soul.

Years before Estelle Taylor became Mrs. Jack Dempsey she was buying fine linen and satiny damask for her hope chest just as millions of girls are doing all over the world. Many of her fellow actors smiled to see the fascinating Estelle embroidering initials on guest towels and napkins between scenes at the studio but she kept right on doing it, for her hope chest meant just as much to her as it would to you or me.

Before Jack Barrymore arrived in Hollywood he was classified as "High Hat" and temperamental. Rumor had preceded him and his caustic wit, his erotic impulses and temperamental outbursts were the talk of Hollywood. Then he came and everybody was astonished to find him both simple and unassuming. Given old comfortable clothes and a fishing rod, he was absolutely content. His cronies at the studio were counted among the stage hands, the electricians and the cameramen. Some of them had worked with him on Broadway and with these there was remi-

(*Continued on page* 104)

International Newsreel

Jack Barrymore has a reputation for being temperamental. But given comfortable old clothes and a fishing rod, he is absolutely content. On the left is John on the bowsprit of his schooner *Mariner*, which he captained in a race from California to Honolulu. He had a crew of fourteen gentlemen adventurers

Charlie Goes Under the Big Top

Charlie Chaplin planned to go to the Paris boulevards for the locale of his next picture. It was to be called "The Boulevardier." He thought a lot could happen to a man out walking in Paris . . .

. . . but he changed the Chaplin mind and took Mr. Barnum's famous tanbark for his stage. He must have decided that even more could happen to a man in a circus. At any rate, knowing Charlie, we feel confident that "The Circus" is well named

In a way, Charlie used his first idea, for the protagonist of this new story is a man-about-town. He becomes mixed up with pink lemonade, peanuts, popcorn and other circus accoutrements because of a girl. And the girl in the case is Merna Kennedy

The Unpardonable Sin

A little nonsense about the pet aversion of Hollywood

By

Doris

Denbo

JACK
"It's fatal! That's what it is!"

RUDY
"It is a horrible, slimy thing!"

RAMON
"I would never live thru it if it ever did hit me"

RONALD
"Anyone that has that thing attached to him and his career is SUNK!"

"IT'S fatal! That's what it is!" says John Gilbert, with angry emphasis.

"It's Hollywood's cruelest curse!" says Valentino between closely pressed lips.

"It's a KILLER!" says Ramon Novarro, with a solemn shake of his head.

"They tried to fasten the beastly thing to me!" says Ronald Colman with an ominous shake of his head. "IF they had succeeded—I would have surely been a goner!"

One by one I asked them in surprise—"WHY?"

John Gilbert Answered:

"Because when the report begins going around that you are one of THOSE! It's just FATAL! That's *all!* Men avoid you like poison and turn their noses up at you as tho you were something distasteful. Women go crazy and forget that it may be a false report and that you are NOT what that horrible thing represents!"

Valentino Answered:

"Because it's a horrible, slimy thing that gives one out! It fastens itself to you like a vapor and saps all the originality and spirit out of one's being. One can never prove he is a real artist while he is reported to have that malady."

(*Continued on page* 108)

Buck Jones, seen on the right with his family, suggests wages for husbands

Wages for

By CATHARINE

THE question of whether a wife shall or shall not receive a regular and separate compensation for her services, just as her husband receives a wage from his employers, has been a burning one lately. Highbrow publications have printed articles. Doris Stevens has called a mass meeting. Arthur Garfield Hays has argued against it. Various modern young married women have argued for it.

But Hollywood has found the answer.

As Buck Jones, the merry cowboy star, says, out there where he lives, wages for wives is too old-fashioned a slogan for anything. The right-up-to-the-minute-one is wages for husbands. Buck Jones knows. He turns all his own salary over to his wife, for a good reason. She doubles it for him.

A census of some of the better halves of the best-known and happiest movie couples, where the wives are non-professionals and what you might call dependent, if you didn't know better, shows that they have each worked out their own method of dealing with

Above are the Ernst Lubitsches under their own tree, registering suburban felicity. On the right are the Tom Mixes, who look to a manager for their weekly allowances

A census of some of the better halves of the happiest movie couples where the wives are dependent and have worked out their own method of family finances

On the left are the Warner Baxters. She was Winifred Bryson, you know

Wives

Brody

wages for wives. They dont worry about it any longer, no more than they do about whether or not they shall bob their hair.

The Conrad Nagels, that model young couple, have as ever worked out a model way of handling their affairs.

"I have never thought of a wage for myself," says the pretty and practical Mrs. Nagel, "because it isn't necessary. I have whatever Conrad has. We have worked out our handling of our joint money together.

"We divide Mr. Nagel's salary into four parts. Three-fourths of this goes into the savings account and into investments and under no circumstances is this touched. We live on the other one-fourth. This is put into a joint checking account and we both draw against this for the things we need, both for our household expenses and for our personal ones.

"If we want to buy something that costs more than we can afford from

(*Continued on page* 100)

The question of whether a wife shall or shall not receive a regular compensation for her services, just as her husband does, has been a burning one lately. Here are several solutions

The Conrad Nagels are a model young couple who divide Conrad's salary into sections, one section of which is saved, no matter what circumstances arise. Mrs. Charlie Ray, pictured on the left with Friend Husband, thinks it absurd for a wife to have to go to her husband every time she needs money

Extreme scarfs will be the mode. Norma Shearer wears one of yellow and black with a long tailored coat. And a tam of black felt!

Every wardrobe demands a utility frock. Pauline Starke's is a Kasha plaid in red, gray and blue. Her soft gray felt hat with one of the new two-toned bands of red and blue complements this frock perfectly

Dorothy Mackaill's coat of a hand-woven fabric with the pointed fox collar and cuffs is very striking

Fashion's Trend for Autumn

As Others See Us

By GRACE CORSON

Grace Corson is a fashion artist of great prestige. She was previously associated with Harper's Bazaar and her entrée to the Fifth Avenue shops and ateliers, together with her motion picture contacts, makes her the ideal fashion editor of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

High crowns . . . very high. And with this smart silk felt and new sloping crown Leatrice Joy wears diamond initials

"Anna Q.'s" latest boy-cut is long, with the hair brushed straight back over the ears

Perhaps it is our ego that so favors our names and initials embroidered and begemmed on everything. On this two-toned scarf "Mae B" is embroidered in silver on black

An Open Letter to a Country Cousin

New York—on a very warm day.

ON your head be it, my darling! You've begged for "brutally frank" advice about your appearance and clothes and you shall certainly have it, but next time—for I've just a half hour before I leave to see Florence Vidor off for the Coast, and trains wont wait.

Norma Shearer appeared the other day in a long semi-fitted coat and tiny felt beret and wearing the best looking scarf I've seen, of heavy black and yellow silk. Four of us have sworn to copy it in some terrific material. We could, you know, simply by having it hemstitched with picot edges.

And *Polly Starke's* brief little frock of novelty wool plaid is much like one I *lived* in until exasperated friends took up a collection for a new one, fearing it would drop off. Why dont you have one like it for school? I wore mine for walking, shopping, lunching, etc., almost constantly.

Dorothy Mackaill's coat is, of course, too grown-up for you, dear, but would be very smart for Joyce, our high hat cousin, she is so graceful and superior!

You might tell her, by the way, that hats here are very tall and narrow at the top these days, but have much broader brims—

(*Continued on page* 101)

Gloria's bracelet is superlatively smart. It is a deep cuff of diamonds. These large cuffs have become far more popular in Paris than the numerous narrow bands

Gloria Swanson has bags in sets. They are of fine green lizard with square-cut emeralds for initials and "catch." The bracelet is of large square diamonds and onyx

Florence Vidor is wearing an odd set of dull-gold carven earrings and necklace. *Not* for the younger girl

Pajamas, as everyone knows, have displaced the negligée. Pauline Starke's pajamas are of printed silk and brilliant with their Chinese design

The short cape promises to be a feature of the coming season. Aileen Pringle's evening wrap is of crushed red-gold lamé with the fur a dyed fox of the softest apricot shade

Personal Advice

If you have a personal problem, do not hesitate to write Miss Corson about it. Address all letters to Miss Grace Corson, Motion Picture Magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for the reply. Be sure to give a description of your height, weight and coloring. And, if possible, send a full-length photograph.

The Editor.

Murillo

A Surburban Gentleman

Harold Lloyd has none of the flamboyance of the actor. He is for all the world like a suburban gentleman. When his day's work is done, he hurries home to Mildred and Gloria. And the most difficult thing a motion picture editor has to do is prevail upon him to sit for new portraits. This is from the biennial sitting. His next picture is laid in the mountain country, but it is not a feud story . . . rather a yarn based on an inferiority complex like "Grandma's Boy"

Gloria's imitation of Mary's childlike pout and tossing curls was one of the finest bits of burlesque ever seen on the screen. For the moment the piquant Swanson face looked exactly like the angelic Pickford one

Famous Tricks

You never can tell about mannerisms. Sometimes they are delightful and charming. But beware! A little of them goes a long way

By SELMA ROBINSON

AT a tea recently, I met Mr. So and So, the noted cartoonist, who invited me to look over the caricatures he had made of some famous movie stars. His walls were hung with autographed sketches of Menjou, Barrymore, Gloria Swanson, and other famous personages. What impressed me was the way he grasped the essential characteristics of these actors in a few strokes; Gloria, for instance, was represented by a slanting eye, a sharp tilted nose and a sweep of hair, but she was unmistakable. John Barrymore's portrait was a long line for forehead and nose and a curved line for his hands; the suave Adolphe was there in a neat mustache, elevated brows and a sneering mouth.

"It's easy to caricature them, isn't it?" I asked. "They have such distinctive faces."

"I dont catch their faces. It is their tricks that make the caricatures," he said. Then as I looked a little bewildered, he explained: "Their tricks of expression, I mean. All the good stars have tricks."

"You mean tricks? The stars are guilty of tricks?" I asked. He nodded, surprised that I should be surprised. "Watch for them yourself."

I did, and discovered that he was right. The stars have tricks, some of which they know about, others which are as unconscious a part of themselves as breathing. The little tricks they employ are perhaps their most fascinating assets and at the same time among their most annoying. They have helped many actors on to stardom and they have been responsible for ousting many old stars from their pinnacles.

As a rule tho, the stars dont know they use any tricks. The movement of a hand, the toss of a head, the side-wise glance, and other

Melbourne Spurr

The next time you see Claire Windsor, watch that slow, drowsy drop of her eyelids . . . as if the weight of her lashes was too much to bear. It's a lovely gesture

Russell Ball

Tommy Meighan uses a trick motion with his right hand. But Tommy himself is not aware of it. Herbert Brenon, his director, called it to attention

Von Stroheim tempered Mae's tricks when he directed her in "The Merry Widow." He had many unkind things to say about the well-known pout Ruth Harriet Louise

gestures are what I mean by tricks; perhaps mannerisms would be more accurate. For the most part the "trick" is natural. I met Thomas Meighan and asked him whether he had any tricks. He thought for a while and then shook his head. Couldn't think of a single one. A little later I put the question to Herbert Brenon, the director, and asked him whether Mr. Meighan used any tricks. Mr. Brenon thought a while and answered affirmatively.

"Tommy uses a trick motion with his right hand. I cant quite explain it, but fans all over the world know it." And the great director tried to imitate the short choppy motion. "Of course, he wouldn't know it. It's too intimate a part of him. I could tell you about many tricks that stars dont even suspect they possess, and many they must perpetually guard against. They, and we, too. That's one of the problems that beset a director's life, watching for a too frequent outcropping of mannerisms. As I say, they are such a personal part of the star's make-up that we must be continually on the alert to spot them.

"Now, there's Betty Bronson, who has an altogether delightful trick of clapping her hands when she is pleased with something. It is a charming mannerism, and when she uses it in real life, it is as pretty a gesture as you would like to see. But in pictures it would be disastrous to let her clap her hands thru six reels of film. Betty has another trick that is so winning and so characteristically her own that I let her use it. I hope she wont read what I have to say about it, for if she should deliberately use it, it would lose half its charm. She has a way of tucking her tongue against her teeth that is inimitable, and gives her that wistful, mischievous look. Anna Q. Nilsson has what you might call a trick of throwing her head forward and up; very charming."

Norman Trevor, whom Mr. Brenon was directing just then in "The Song and Dance Man," has a trick that his fans never see—a habit of wetting his lips with his tongue. "That's one I must watch," Mr. Brenon pointed out, "and also his way of cupping his chin in his hand."

There are tricks and tricks, some as appealing as a baby's little ways, and others absolutely maddening in their cheap and obvious imitation of some other actor's or actress's natural gesture. When is a trick charming? "When it is natural," Mr. Brenon thinks, "or rather when it is natural and appropriate. Some actors are simply full of tricks, but happily in some cases the audience loves them and wouldn't do without them. Take Richard Dix. He abounds in what you call tricks. This gesture of craning his neck as if his collar were too tight, and the comical way of thrusting his chin forward and popping his eyes. But they are tricks that the audience demands and without which Richard Dix couldn't possibly be himself.

"Ernest Torrence is another actor with mannerisms, but he is such an excellent artist that he curbs them when he loses himself in a part. Mr. Torrence has an amused trick of expression which you have often seen in his pictures, a popping twinkle in his eye and a one-sided, screwed-up smile. Percy Marmont, another superlative artist, has tricks that never reach the screen because he forgets himself in the character he is to portray. Neil Hamilton has a trick posture that must be guarded against, altho it is extremely graceful."

It would never do for a director to brush all the tricks from an actor, any more than it would do for a mother to brush out a particularly whimsical curl from her child's hair. They both have a peculiar charm, but while a head full of curls is by no means objectionable, an actor with nothing but tricks is, especially bad ones. Mr. Brenon illustrated (*Con. on page* 82)

Ray Griffith was in danger of twisting his mustache, leaning on his cane and showing all his teeth too much for a time. But he has overcome this difficulty Richee

Betty Bronson has an altogether delightful trick of clapping her hands. But if she did this thruout six reels of film it would be disastrous Nace

Reginald Denny says his present status seems like a dream. He is sure he will awaken some Blue Monday to find that he has been the victim of a delusion of grandeur. Below are Mr. and Mrs. Denny as they appeared at a recent Hollywood First Night

By Janet Reid

HE *IS* A MAN!

There used to be a boarding house in New York kept by a Mrs. Bond. Adolphe Menjou, Tony Moreno, Reginald Denny, Ernest and David Torrence and Eulalie Jensen lived there. They seldom had the weekly board money. But there were poker games and Mrs. Bond. . . . Reginald Denny tells of the days in this old boarding house in this story

WE found Reginald Denny in his suite at the Hotel Plaza surrounded by some half-dozen admiring newspaper women, each one with pad and pencil in hand, each one hanging upon the words that dropped casually, nonchalantly, from the Denny lips.

There were some half-dozen men about, too, each one there, apparently, to gaze upon the Denny person and to imbibe each syllable and gesture.

A test for a strong man—but Denny met it.

He was bronzed and laughing and diffident and trying not to be shy. He has amazingly blue eyes, girls, with that whimsical expression in them, a humorous quirk to his mouth, and he wore a double-breasted dark blue suit and looked like the Great Outdoors.

His manner seemed to say, "Oh, come, now, this is awfully nice of you . . . but really, dont you know, let's be ourselves. . . ."

There were tall glasses of iced drinks about, a ton box of Sherry's, cartons of cigarets. When embarrassed, Reginald would pass the Sherry's, light someone's cigaret and lapse back into his chair, or on the edge of his chair, really, with a "Bring on the next" expression. Questions were fired at him like shrapnel and he met them as he met the shrapnel during the World War.

What is more, Reginald has come to *stay*. We'll tell you why. . . .

He is of the new era of screen stars, his head is not among the clouds, his well-shod feet do not disdain the humble earth, he knows what he is about and why he is about it, he estimates people and things for what they are worth, including himself.

(*Continued on page* 109)

Motion Picture Junior

Vol. II. No. 4 October, 1926

The Junior Answer Man

DAN V. F.—Mickey McBan and Dorothy Brock have been added to the cast of "Risky Business," in which Vera Reynolds is starred.

HELEN M. K.—Colleen Moore is one of my favorites, too. How did you like "Ella Cinders"? Now she is working on "It Must Be Love," with Malcolm McGregor. You can write to her at First National Studios, Burbank, California.

THE MAN IN THE BROWN DERBY.—I'm sure Mickey Daniels and Mary Kornman will send you their pictures if you write to them at Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California. May McAvoy is playing in "The Fire Brigade," with Charlie Ray. Write to them at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

MARY ELLEN.—William Haines was born in Staunton, Virginia., January 1, 1900. He is playing in "Tell it to the Marines," with Eleanor Boardman and Lon Chaney.

ELIZABETH L.—Buddy Roosevelt is with Artclass Pictures, 1540 Broadway, New York City, New York. Universal Pictures have their studio at Universal City, California. Their executive offices are located at 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City, New York.

DOT.—Lawrence Gray was born July 28, 1898. Gloria Swanson was born March 27, 1898. Gloria's next picture will be "Fine Manners." Douglas Fairbanks' birthday is May 23, too.

LILLUMS.—You can write to Colleen Moore at First National Studios, Burbank, California. Betty Bronson, Mary Brian and Esther Ralston are at Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, New York. Vera Reynolds, Leatrice Joy and Edmund Burns are at the Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, California. Constance Talmadge is honeymooning in Europe at just the present time. Her latest picture is "The Duchess of Buffalo."

JERRY.—I'm glad you like the "Our Gang" comedies. Of course, we are going to miss Mickey Daniels, but he promises to come around to the studios to see us when he is not busy working on a picture. Baby Peggy's next picture is "April Fool." Perhaps you can get a picture of her at the Chadwick Studios, Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street, Hollywood, California. You can write to Mary and Doug at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California. Farina is at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California. Esther Ralston, Betty Bronson, Thomas Meighan, Alice Joyce and Lya de Putti are at the Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, Long Island.

KITTY F.—I am sorry I do not know Virginia Marshall's birthday. You can write to her at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

MRS. H. V. C.—You can secure the information you desire by writing to the Publicity Department of Warner Brothers at 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

It will be very trying for Joan Duncan's friends when she returns to Chicago . . . the fact that she played with Jack Coogan during her visit to Hollywood will give her importance

Joe Frank Cobb Answers the Questions Sent to Him in Care of Movie, Jr., 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York

The Gang's reward for good work in the summertime is a trip to the beach, where they have races along the water's edge

DRAW FELIX And Win a Prize

Make Your Drawing Here

Sharpen Your Pencils! Every Young Artist May Enter This Contest

List of Prizes

For Girls

First Prize: A dressed Felix doll (standing about one foot high).

Second Prize: A large wooden Felix with jointed limbs (standing about eight inches high).

Third Prize: A walking Felix made of metal.

Fourth Prize: A Felix scooter (Mechanical toy on wheels).

For Boys

The boys' prizes will be the same as the girls', except that the first prize will be an undressed Felix known as the Carnival Felix.

Also twelve Felix Junior dolls will be given to the twelve next best artists.

And in addition to all of these prizes, the Pat Sullivan Studios will award a signed original drawing of Felix the Cat to each of the prize winners and also to the next twenty-five contestants whose drawings are worthy of honorable mention.

List of Rules

1. Any boy or girl fourteen years old or younger may enter this contest.
2. All drawings must be mailed by the fifteenth of September.
3. Address your drawings to Felix Contest Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.
4. Pen or pencil may be used.
5. Make your drawing in the space provided on this page or on another sheet of paper of the same size.
6. Mr. Pat Sullivan, the artist who draws Felix, will be the judge.
7. In the event of two drawings being of equal merit, two prizes will be given.
8. Neatness will count, but the deciding factor will be the clever idea back of the drawing.
9. It is not necessary to draw Felix as he appears on this page. You may draw him in any position you wish . . . and give him any expression you desire. You may find it helpful to see Felix on the screen at your neighborhood theater. Also there are other drawings of Felix in the back of this magazine.
10. No drawings will be returned.

Contest arranged thru courtesy of Pat Sullivan Studios, George Borgfeldt Company and the Educational Film Exchanges, Inc.

Ruth Harriet Louise

It Happened Very Suddenly

Mon Dieu! More marriage news! It must be the earthquakes. Mae Busch said, "It happened very suddenly," which may sound like someone recounting the events of an automobile accident . . . but Mae was referring to her marriage to John Earl Cassell, a civil engineer, at Riverside, California

Go into your living-room and try to look at it with the eyes of a stranger. It may be shabbier than you had supposed it

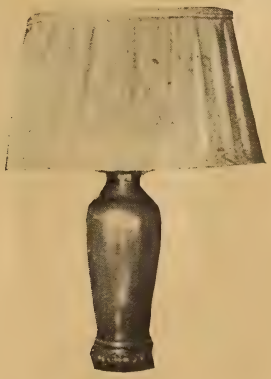
Group complementary pieces of furniture if the size of your room permits it . . . as in this scene from a recent production . . .

Making the Living-Room Livable

By

Stephen Gooson

Mr. Gooson is an interior decorator of prestige with years of experience behind him. He is responsible for the charm of the sets used in First National productions. Every month he will offer a practical article on decoration in the home.



Lamps, if carefully chosen, are most important adjuncts to a room. But they may be unbecoming and absolutely useless

Each comfortable armchair should have an occasional table near it. And these tables should be strong

THE living-room is the most important center of the home. Every housewife I know pays some attention to the appearance of her living-room—but not enough attention and often not the right kind of attention, at that.

It's so easy to furnish the living-room with a few necessary pieces of furniture, to add a lamp or two and toss a few cushions on the couch—and think that the living-room is finished. The result may be a room that is fairly comfortable, but when furnished in such a haphazard way it is quite likely to be lacking in both charm and beauty.

The hostess should remember that her living-room

There is a peaceful charm to this corner of Cecil B. De Mille's living-room. And notice how the draperies follow the lines of the window

Too many people neglect comfortable pillows and cushions

Donald Biddle Keyes

"Every Hostess Should Remember That Her Living-Room Represents Her"

says Stephen Gooson

Books convenient on open shelves are a lovely part of a room's furnishings. Stiff rows of books behind glass doors may be neat, but they do not spell hospitality and charm

represents her. She is judged more by her living-room than by any room in the house. A living-room means hospitality—and it must speak for itself and represent the charm and culture of the family. The days have passed when any old sort of living-room will do. We all have learned too much about decoration to accept a room that is without beauty. It's so easy, however, to get into the habit of neglecting the home, that is, of taking it for granted, because the living-room has passed muster in the past is no reason why it may not need to be done over now.

Go into your living-room and try to look at it with the eyes of a stranger. What do you see? Are the cushions shabbier than you supposed them to be? Are the furniture coverings duller and less interesting? Are the walls a bit dingy? I am sure you will notice half a dozen things that can be changed and without a great expenditure of money. A living-room to be really livable should be comfortable and beautiful, too, and reflect the family that lives in it. It should be charming and hospitable.

If I had only a small amount of money to spend on a living-room—and alas, these days so many of us are pressed for money because there are so many things to do with whatever money happens to be available—I should put my money into two things—walls and slip covers. I do not say that these are the most important things in a living-room, but I do say that these can, with the least amount of money, transform a living-room and make it far more lovely.

Walls are backgrounds. If you realize how important a background is in a picture, you must of necessity realize that it is just as important in a home, for the walls of a home form the background for everyone who comes into it. If I wanted my living-room to be attractive, I would be sure first of all, then, that my background was correct and good-looking.

It doesn't make much difference what material you use

(*Continued on page* 114)

Russell Ball

"Rich" Steals Red Grange's Stuff

Richard Dix will pursue the pigskin in his next picture, for he plays the title rôle in "The Quarterback." It promises to be a picture faithful to the autumnal game of the gridiron in every detail, for it is from the typewriter of W. O. McGeeghan, the sporting writer on the New York *Tribune*, who should know about such things. Esther Ralston is the girl . . . and if we know anything about girls at football games, she will wave a pennant . . . and wear a large chrysanthemum . . .

GIRLS WILL

It might be well to preserve these mother the next time she waxes when she

When Isabel Vane trod the boards in New York theaters, one thing was demanded of woman's crowning glory—it must be sufficiently long and thick to cover the padding that was laboriously pinned about the head. Mary Astor is our argument in favor of the boyish bob versus this passé coiffure

Hartsook

Old Photographs by Courtesy of Harold Seton

Sarony & Co.

The younger girls did not attempt to carry the entire weight of their hair upon their head. They compromised and wound one portion in a braid that was pinned up, while the other half hung down their back. Some of these people with a flair for figuring how many nickels it would take, laid end to end, to encircle the globe, might figure how many hours Clara Bow will save during her lifetime because she does not arrange her hair as Kate Bateman did

W. & D. Downey

No wonder the ladies had a reputation for never being on time. Imagine trying to achieve this Grecian effect of Julia Neilson's, as half the feminine population of New York did when Miss Neilson was a stage favorite. Speaking of such things, Helene Costello has no cause to regret the recent clipping of her tresses

Harold Dean Carsey

BE GIRLS

pages and show them to grand-
sentimental about the fair sex
was a girl.

Gurney & Son

A. Bogardus

The Boyish Bob Versus Curls, Rats and Transformations

Spurr

Words fail us when we look at this picture of Ida Devere. Padding and curls had to be held exactly in place by a net. And this was appliquéd with jet flowers. Virginia Valli's chic bob would seem more practical if you planned to move about now and then

The fringe and coronet effect was quite the thing. But it meant that the parts in your hair had to be very correct. Judging by this old picture of Carlotta Patti, the sister of Adelina, this was no simple matter. Billie Dove's worst problem is getting the little curl in front of her ear to stay in place

Mora

Wide World

If you lean towards the bang, take your choice between the boyish bang that the piquant Louise Brooks wears and the spit curl fringe of Emma Stockman. Now we understand why they used to wear the hats on the very back of their heads. It would have been a pity to hide such artistic efforts

George P. Hommel

Bebe and Her Modern Sir Walter Raleigh

With Charlie Paddock and Bebe, on the left, is Thomas Hall

ALL the favorite bachelors of Hollywood have been running after Bebe Daniels for years. But it took a professional runner to catch up with her. You have all heard of Charlie Paddock, whose specialty is pole-vaulting but who is a crack all-round athlete. After his triumphs in the West, it was inevitable that he would be offered a part in the movies, always hospitable to celebrated figures.

His first rôle was with Bebe in "The Campus Flirt." He made the most of this and saw that Bebe got safely home from the studios every night without being waylaid by any of the aforementioned bachelors.

Then one day it rained. Charlie carried Bebe across a mud puddle to her dressing-room. That settled it. Charlie, like Sir Walter Raleigh, knows how queens feel about mud puddles. And when soon after this he asked Bebe to marry him, she said she would.

The only thing that makes us skeptical is that Bebe insists upon a twelve months' engagement. Who ever heard of anyone staying engaged for a year in Hollywood? To the same person, we mean.

And mud puddles are not to be found every day. (See the advertisements of the All-Year-Round-Club of California.)

A Carol Dempster Breakfast

For those who breakfast simply for energy's sake and do not enjoy the morning meal

CAROL DEMPSTER is one of the ever increasing majority who take their breakfasts light.

Gone are the days—gone for most of us, at any rate—when we sat down to fruit, ham and eggs, if not a minute steak with hashed brown potatoes or a couple of chops, hot breads, country sausage, several cups of coffee, et cetera, et cetera.

There may still survive in Merrie England the custom of breakfasting heavily, but it does seem to be dying out in this country; certainly it is expiring so far as the screen folk are concerned.

The diet craze may have something to do with it, but not in Carol's case.

She assures us that her "penchant" for a light breakfast has nothing to do with reduction.

It was an unnecessary assurance, since Nature has taken care of Carol by fashioning her of a wand-like slenderness.

Besides, we have had afternoon tea with Carol often enough to know that she has no fear of lobster salad (one of her favorite later-in-the-day dishes) nor yet of

(*Continued on page* 121)

BREAKFAST MENU

Blackberries in Cream
With Brown Sugar

Toasted Whole Wheat Bread

Coddled Egg

Coffee

Like the farmer she is, Carol insists upon strictly fresh eggs, and she gives the infallible test for determining the freshness of what the cross-word puzzles call the breakfast fruit

Carol says this breakfast, which she only varies when blackberries are not in season, contains much energy and at the same time is light enough to permit immediate exercise

A Forecast of the

The war furnished a tapestry against which many authors continue to move their characters. Both "The Yes Man" and "Tell It to the Marines" harken back a few years to the days of turmoil. In "The Yes Man," Harry Langdon promises to be as seriously comic as ever under a military headgear . . . and Lon Chaney and Eleanor Boardman are the shuttles that weave the drama of "Tell It to the Marines"

The Great Gatsby's title rôle should give Warner Baxter the opportunity to invest himself with glory that has been coming to him for some time. If you read the F. Scott Fitzgerald novel or saw the stage play, you will agree that Lois Wilson should be charming as *Daisy* . . . and Neil Hamilton a pleasant note as *Nick Carraway*, who brings *Daisy* and *Gatsby* together after her marriage

One thing, "The Honeymoon Express" will offer several surprises. Helene Costello is the elder daughter with the boyish bob. The erstwhile child actress, Virginia Lee Corbin, is a petulant flapper. And Irene Rich ages to the years of gray hair, spectacles and wrinkles for her portrayal of a harassed mother

If "The Show Off" is half the amusing presentation that it was on the stage, it would be a pity to miss it. New Yorkers paid speculators' prices to laugh over the father who played the title rôle. And the cast virtually insures a good production. In this scene are Gregory Kelly, Claire McDowell, Louise Brooks and Ford Sterling

New Screen Plays

Even if the obvious and flamboyant box-office title of this picture, "Midnight Lovers," does not intrigue you, perhaps Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone will. They get married again, you see. And they are always delightful in domestic situations

Dorothy Gish has gone into Thomas Burke's Limehouse. In this scene from "London," Adelqui Miller is the Chinaman. It is said that both his performance and Dorothy's have the shadings of fine etchings

Abbe

When Alice Terry came home to play opposite Ramon Novarro in "The Great Galeoto," she brought a print of "The Magician" with her. This is the story that her husband, Rex Ingram, filmed in Europe. Ivan Petrovich plays the surgeon who performs the delicate operation on *Margaret's* spine, following an accident in her studio. You will recognize Alice Terry as *Margaret.*

In our opinion, Marshall Neilan does well to cast Blanche Sweet in his productions. She is one of the most compelling and interesting shadows on the screen. Neil Hamilton plays with her in "Diplomacy," which, it is promised, will be something of a special production

André Beranger, Mae Murray and Conway Tearle are the three corners of the triangle in "Altars of Desire." And you just know what complications will follow when Conway bursts in upon this pretty little scene

From the Stoke-hole to Dick Barthelmess' Shoes

About a year ago Gardner James arrived in the Los Angeles harbor as a coal-heaver aboard a tramp steamer. Today he is under a five-year contract and being groomed to fill Dick Barthelmess' shoes

That Is the Story of Gardner James

A LITTLE over a year ago Gardner James, a young Irish lad, arrived in the Los Angeles harbor aboard a tramp steamer. He had served as a coal-heaver on the voyage from New York.

Today he holds a five-year contract with the Inspiration Pictures. Dick Barthelmess is leaving them at the expiration of his contract and Gardner James is to be groomed for Dick's place on their program.

Talk about the Horatio Alger novels . . . James was on the New York stage as a child. But he knew the lure of a sea and as soon as he was old enough he shipped on a boat that was going around the world. He worked his way up from cabin-boy to deck-hand and then to third mate.

He was twenty-three when he finally returned to New York. And he was broke. He wanted to try his hand at theatricals again . . . not on the stage but on the screen. But he had no money to get to Los Angeles. He signed up on the first vessel bound for California—as a coal-heaver.

It was ten days after he landed on the Pacific coast that J. Stuart Blackton gave him his first rôle . . . *Lord Rollo* in "The Happy Warrior." His work in this picture was promising and Mr. Blackton cast him in "Hell Bent fer Heaven."

(*Continued on page* 107)

Hollywood Notes

On Several Famous People

By EUGENE V. BREWSTER

The leading editors and critics were asked to name the ten best directors. Erich von Stroheim received the most votes. But, not satisfied with this achievement, he will again step before the camera in "The Wedding March"

Von Stroheim Steps Before the Cameras Again

I SAT in a comfortable chair in the back of a colossal and gorgeous cathedral, where some five hundred barons, dukes, generals, captains, cardinals, priestesses, duchesses, soldiers, choir boys, honor maids and what not were participating in a wedding. Beside me sat Mrs. Erich von Stroheim. In front of us, her husband was being married to Zasu Pitts. There was music, but it was far from being a cathedral pipe organ—only a little studio orchestra playing "Here comes the bride" in jazz tempo. The costumes were brilliant, and the scene was dazzlingly beautiful and impressive. I smoked on, and talked on to pretty Mrs. Erich while the camera by our side clicked on. After Erich was duly married he ran to a dressing-room and in a few minutes returned dressed in boots, trousers, and sleeveless B. V. D.'s, and began directing another scene in "The Wedding March."

"Could your husband ever be as cruel and villainous as his screen impersonations make him out to be?" I asked Mrs. Von. She laughed and said that after living with him for eight years she ought to be competent to know him as he really was, and that no better man ever lived—generous, courteous, sympathetic and considerate to a fault, if such is possible. "Only yesterday," she continued, "that officer over there blundered terribly and spoiled a big scene five times, but Erich did not once lose his temper. He spoke to the fellow with great kindness and the sixth time it was O. K."

A moment later Erich came over to us. He clicked his heels, of course. The long deep scar across his forehead had been accentuated and he looked the strong, fascinating personality that he is. He stands about five feet seven and is powerfully built. His eyes are large, brown, deep-set and brilliant. His nose is large and straight and he carries himself as if born to command. And he does command, but not like a commander—his large flock of associates and helpers follow and obey like so many idolaters. It is no joke running a cathedral and a royal wedding, and half a thousand extras, but Erich and Harry Carr seemed to be succeeding admirably, while Pat Powers, the producer, walked around approvingly. They all tell me that "The Wedding March" will beat Erich's last, "The Merry Widow," but that remains to be seen. It has no John Gilbert, yet it has an Erich von Stroheim—also a brand-new star, Fay Wray.

In film circles they feel that "The Wedding March" will excel "The Merry Widow." That remains to be seen. It has no John Gilbert, but it has Von Stroheim's new star, Fay Wray

I ASKED von Stroheim what he thought of the verdict recently handed in by the leading editors of the United States, who were asked to name the ten best directors, Erich receiving the most votes, 129, Vidor, 121, Griffith, 114, De Mille, 81, etc. Von blushed and modestly said, "They're all wrong—but I'm doing my best." And he does his best. He works about twenty-four hours a day. He's on the lot about fifteen, on the average, and he's working the other ten, too—even when he sleeps.

I HAVE been introduced to Edgar Fawcett seven different times, and after each handshake we laugh, as he says, "So I fooled you again!" You see he has a different make-up and costume every time and he steps into these varied portrayals so well that I cannot keep track of him.

(*Continued on page* 122)

The Picture Parade

MEN OF STEEL—*Drama—80%*

A MOVING, rugged story is on view in "Men of Steel" It has a solidarity, a compactness about it which is suggested thruout—and the characterization provides the motivation of the plot. Symbolism is suggested, too. As the raw ore enters the crucible, to emerge as steel—the symbol of strength—so the raw, stolid workman becomes thru a refining process a power in the community.

That's the idea behind this picture, regardless of any plot ramifications. Some may scoff at its obvious treatment, and its melodramatic fireworks (they do become a trifle far-fetched) which build to a conventional finish—but these scoffers will have missed the simplicity of its theme, the ruggedness of its action, and the lusty vigor of its characterization.

Life in the raw is exposed here—the life of men who work with their hands. Their background comprises giant shovels and cranes, flaming furnaces and chimneys. Work, titanic work, is being carried on—and it is this work which dwarfs the romance and makes the film a forceful, compelling drama.

The impression gathered is one of a surging realism which swallows up its hokum. The energy of America is being released—and that idea will probably be accepted by most of those who see it. As for entertainment, it presents a kaleidoscopic sweep of events—moving graphically and directly to a climax.

Milton Sills suggests a true son of the workshop, a grimy laborer—who has the force and energy to rise above his environment. It is only when he becomes too immaculate in his triumph that he misses the realities. The others in the cast are excellent—especially Doris Kenyon, Victor McLaglen and George Fawcett.—*First National.*

YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN
—*Romantic Drama—80%*

THE German influence is suggested in this picture. There is thought behind it—not only in the treatment of the plot, but in the handling of the camera to record true characterization. William Wellman, who directed the opus, may now go to the head of the class. He has taken a conventional yarn of unrequited love and woven it into something which carries the quality of freshness.

The piece is smart and sophisticated, even tho it sings a sort of dying swan song for its theme. A Russian troupe, patterned after the more or less famous *Chauve Souris,* takes up the background. The principal male member, a magician who also indulges in tricks *à la* Houdini, discovers himself accepted as a big brother instead of a lover by the leading actress of the troupe. She has responded to the ardent advances of a gay philanderer who votes in America.

Do you catch the simplicity of the idea? Surely it is obvious and becomes hokumized toward the end, but it succeeds in capturing the fancy and holding it. The camera shoots the action from many angles—the theater shots being exceptionally well executed.

The picture serves as Florence Vidor's entry among the stars. She gives her usual sympathetic performance—and her supporting cast includes such seasoned troupers as Lowell Sherman and Clive Brook.

A right clever film, this—with a place for everything—and with everything in place.—*Paramount.*

BIGGER THAN BARNUM'S—*Romantic Drama—70%*

THE title is the strongest point about this picture. But it surely exaggerates its contents. What is unfolded must be cataloged as an obviously simple circus yarn—that barely gets out of the "Rollo" series in the way its figures and plot are handled. The title, however, has "box-office" written all over it. Take it away, and there is nothing left but a romantic feud which is settled under a one-ring top.

It concerns a tight-rope act—the troupers being an old-timer, his son and a girl. Neither of the men is in favor of the girl's risking her life eighty feet in the air—especially when the act is billed as working without a safety net. So the despicable villain "goes Desmond" and offers to double for the old man. When the latter, thru pride, tries to do his stuff, he falls and becomes crippled.

Thus the story builds to its conflict between the girl on one side and the heroic aerialist and the villain on the other. She brands the good youth a coward, but he proves his mettle when he walks a telegraph wire and saves his dad from perishing in a hotel fire.

Outside of one or two thrills, the piece hasn't much to recommend it. It follows too closely on the heels of "Variety" to be accepted as a real slice of circus life. However, there is an audience for it. And Viola Dana and Ralph Lewis are competent enough.—*Film Booking Offices.*

A GUIDE TO THE GOOD PICTURES

WE will publish our reviews in a uniform size so that they may be filed for future reference. They are written by critics whose viewpoints are unbiased. The ratings should be of special assistance.

Ratings: Excellent, 95%; Good, 80%; Fair, 70%; Poor, 50%

SO THIS IS PARIS—*Farce—70%*

HERR LUBITSCH has descended to the American level, and given us a picture as full of forced situations, crude humor and poor taste as our very worst native product. He has even sunk a little below the American standard of light comedy, which has been raised considerably in the past year. "So This Is Paris" is a social comedy, a quadrangle, a light affair of marriage and flirtation and jealousy, which must depend entirely on the clever handling of situations for its humor and interest. It aspires to equal "The Marriage Circle" in complexity and ingenuity. But it does not do this. Where Lubitsch was risqué, he is now merely vulgar.

There are some interesting technical effects in the dance sequence, and one or two bright moments when you smile in spite of yourself. Monte Blue, who has behaved like a gentleman in so many Lubitsch pictures, reverts to type under the influence of Lilyan Tashman. And André Beranger will amuse only those who have never seen him. Patsy Ruth Miller, however, behaves credibly and with appeal in a dreadful rôle. This is, as the title indicates, a tale of Paris. But Lubitsch sets out to tell it with a most terribly American cast, and a set of slangy subtitles calculated to destroy the last shred of illusion. Even to one who has never been there, it is quite obvious that this is *not* Paris.—*Warner Brothers.*

MANTRAP—*Romantic Comedy—80%*

WHOEVER seized upon the chance to take the bunk out of Westerns is deserving of a gold gewgaw of some kind. Here is Sinclair Lewis' story—which more or less satirized the great open spaces—coming to light on the screen, with most of its spirit intact. In other words, the sponsors have worked on the premise that intelligence is abroad—that it stalks among the movie patrons now and then.

As a result, we have a clever take-off on the great open spaces—a take-off on a love triangle—in which the wronged husband refuses to take the law in his own hands, but looks philosophically upon the amatory inclinations of his spouse.

And who could be a better choice for the little manicurist from the city than Clara Bow? When the big, primitive backwoodsman comes forth from the tall pines to taste a bit of adventure in the city, he becomes smitten with the ways of the spirited girl. And whisks her back to the open country—to God's vast cathedral—where she proceeds to vamp all the boys in general and a chap from the city in particular.

The appealing points of the picture—its humor and charm—arise from her reactions to her primitive friends and settings. In the end, she vows to be a good girl, having become fed up with city slickers.

The piece is decorated with pithy and pointed subtitles—and the acting is a treat, particularly Miss Bow's performance and the character study by Ernest Torrence as the backwoods husband.—*Paramount.*

THE ROAD TO MANDALAY—*Melodrama—70%*

OUTSIDE of the technical arrangements, the marks of production, so to speak, which concern the settings, atmosphere, camera angles—and the straightforward progress of the story—this picture cannot be called any "great shakes." True, it gives Lon Chaney another opportunity to tuck a weird characterization away in his gallery, but the plot is so sordid and morbid that were it not for the grip of the star's uncanny performance it would in all likelihood be dismissed as a crass caricature of life.

Chaney saves it, however. He appears as a one-eyed derelict of Singapore, who rises from the depths only whenever he comes in contact with his pure and undefiled offspring—a girl reared in a sanctuary of sweetness and light.

Chaney effects his characterization by using some chemical in his eye—and the story goes that the process was so painful that the drug could only be used two hours at a time. This eye of his fascinates from the same line of reasoning that a bird is fascinated by a snake. Watching it, together with his play of facial muscles, you can understand the grip he has on you. And that's about all there is to the story.

It builds to a most morbid finish—when the girl kills her father, ignorant of his identity. There is a flash of redemption in the plot—built around the one-eyed man's partner, who becomes a disciple of good morals when he falls in love with the daughter.

Tod Browning can be depended upon for thrilling melodramas. He measures out suspense in large doses. If his story was as good as his direction, he would have another "Unholy Three" on his hands.—*Metro-Goldwyn.*

PUPPETS—*Romantic Drama—80%*

HOT Latin love and vengeance are expended in this tale of New York's little Italy. It suffices as entertaining thruout most of its scenes. It is only toward the conclusion that the story spends itself and finishes in a blaze of hokum.

Some may say that Milton Sills is not the type to play a son of Sunny "It." But by good make-up and a fair expression of Latin gestures, he makes a first-rate characterization. It is Sills' job to enlist under his adopted colors for the late war. He reminds a "stay-at-home" or two that the girl he leaves behind is his particular property. And seals his warning with a knife.

When he returns home to his puppet show, the romance still lingers in his heart, tho events haven't proved very peaceful.

The picture tries to steal some of the thunder of "The Dark Angel"—and doesn't get away with it.

Still it is an entertaining picture—one carrying its share of story interest.—*First National.*

THE CLINGING VINE—*60%*

PEGGY WOOD talked her way thru the stage version of "The Clinging Vine" with creditable success. But we cant imagine what makes P. D. C. or Leatrice Joy go in for this brand of stuff. The story, if it can be so termed, has to do with Miss Joy in the rôle of "A. B.," an efficient and entirely sexless young woman with flat-heeled shoes who runs the office she works in and the Boss, otherwise known as Grandpa. The well-known Robert Edeson is unhappily cast as Grandpa, an elderly gentleman with a passion for golf and a consuming belief in the abilities of "A. B." "A. B." goes up to Grandpa's country place, bristling with brief cases. There she gets into the clutches of Grandma, a coy young-old type. Grandma "takes 'A. B.' in hand" and transforms her, miraculously, into feminine exhibit No. 1. She likewise tells her that in order to make the grade with men she must perpetually flutter her eyelashes, cling and tell them how wonderful they are. She DOES. She then meets Tom Moore, Grandpa's grandson. They fall in love . . . and . . . oh, but why go on?

GIGOLO—*Drama—80%*

EDNA FERBER'S story of the dancing men of the Paris cafés (The Gigolos), who earn a livelihood by tips from fat dowagers, has become for screen purposes a character study of an American boy bruised and maimed by both life and the war. Probably fear of the censors made his dancing days brief and almost incidental to the plot, but the sequence lasts long enough to give Rod La Roque an opportunity to do an unusually effective tango.

Briefly, the plot concerns a small-town boy transplanted to Paris by an Europeanized mother and her new husband. Boy goes to war. Husband deserts the mother. Mother dies. Boy, wounded and penniless, becomes a Gigolo in a Paris café, where girl from the small town finds him and saves him.

The characterizations thruout are excellent. Particularly the work of Louise Dresser as the woman who was afraid to grow old. Rod is consistently good, and Jobyna Ralston is sweet as the girl he left behind.

It was excellently directed by William K. Howard.—*Producers Distributing Corp.*

THE SPEEDING VENUS—*Romantic Drama—70%*

DO you recall the Wally Reid stories—wherein he dashed across the continent in a fast roadster to beat the Limited carrying the villain or the irate father of his sweetheart? Well, this picture is cut from the same pattern, tho it is minus the dash and sparkle of the lamented Wally's films.

Instead of having a breezy youth as its protagonist, we have a spirited girl. And it is her job of driving a gearless car from Detroit to Los Angeles in order to foil the villain.

The piece hasn't much variety of scene and follows a single track road in its race across the screen. After introducing the whys and wherefores of the plot and establishing its characters, it swings into action—and develops a fair amount of interest. The motor hike becomes monotonous because it is unrelieved by any humor.

Priscilla Dean is the girl at the wheel—and accompanying her as mechanician is Dale Fuller. All fair enough if you are not looking for masterpieces every time you visit the nickelodeon.—*Producers Distributing Corp.*

SUNNY SIDE UP—*Romantic Comedy—70%*

A FIRST-RATE idea is back of this picture, but it hasn't been made the most of. For one thing, too much emphasis is placed upon subordinating the plot so that Vera Reynolds may frolic before the camera. Not being a comédienne, the girl doesn't get very good results.

As to the idea, it projects a young madcap who is employed in a pickle factory. She is the cut-up, the wise-cracker—and she knows it. When a theatrical producer sees her putting on her high jinks, he signs her to appear in his musical comedy. She is still the madcap on the opening night. Forgetting her lines and having no stage presence, she ad libs—and gets away with it.

At this point the story sags for want of any situations. To revive it again, a triangle is introduced—one having to do with the theatrical man's spouse having a verbal battle with the fair pickler. But the situation merely affords temporary relief.

Miss Reynolds' comedy talents are too uneven as yet for her to carry such a story by herself.—*Producers Distributing Corp.*

THE TWO-GUN MAN—*Melodrama—70%*

SHADES of Bill Hart! Here comes Fred Thomson loaded down with artillery and he starts his guns a-poppin' from two quick trigger fingers. But Bill Hart in his palmiest days never had a horse like Silver King—and it is this same noble steed which saves the picture.

True, it is flavored with a moth-eaten plot which places Thomson in the rôle of a pseudo-rustler out to get some real rustlers. Yet it contains what the Dons of Oxford would call the punch. Fred comes home from the trenches to discover his aging father evicted from his home and the mortgage about to be foreclosed.

Doubling as Dad he tosses the bandits to the right and left of him—then mounts the saddle and saves the heroine, aside from capturing the ringleader. The chase is picturesquely staged.

You can spot the finish from the opening scene, but nevertheless, it keeps your attention glued to the screen. Particularly exciting is Thomson's marksmanship. The high spots, however, concern the star's episodes with his horse.—*Film Booking Offices.*

HER HONOR THE GOVERNOR—*Drama—70%*

PAULINE FREDERICK steps out in front again in a picture built around the safest and surest theme that ever graced a stage or movie plot. We are paging the element known as mother love. It is not conceived on the simple yet grandiose scale of "Stella Dallas." Indeed, it takes a wide cut out of melodramatic cloth—and defies logic in a number of instances.

Yet, thru the intelligent playing of Miss Frederick—who contributes her emotions as well as her poise and restraint, the film takes on a certain appeal.

Elected to the office of chief executive of her state, she runs afoul of politicians who frame her when she refuses to "yes" them. They make her son appear illegitimate and succeed in impeaching her. And when the boy tries to defend his mother's good name, one of the skulking politicians is accidentally killed. The boy is convicted of first degree murder in a scene which is easily the high light of the picture.

Old stuff, you say? Right. Yet it contains its moments.—*Film Booking Offices.*

THE OLD ARMY GAME—*Romantic Comedy—60%*

HERE is a distinct disappointment. After W. C. Fields started the comic ball a-rolling in "Poppy," we expected to see him reveal some more of his funny antics in his own individual style. It isn't the comedian's fault so much as it is the plot behind him. There just isn't any. So they introduce some of his gags which formerly decorated the Follies. Upon the stage these episodes crackled with mirth, but on the screen one is reminded of the fact that most of them have been done some time or other.

These gags are used as a frame for the plot—but the picture is so episodic that it simply fails to register.

If you care to know the meaning of the title, it is defined as "never give a sucker an even break." So Fields flits from one gag to another, occasionally playing the sucker himself and at times making suckers of the other players.

The decorative Louise Brooks acts as the romantic ballast. But she adds nothing to the picture other than a pleasing figure and a pretty pout. Fields is a real comedian. Will someone do him the honor of writing a suitable story for him?—*Paramount.*

All Aboard the Limerick Liner

August Prize Winning Limericks on Page 88

Tho Connie is married again,
She still has a way with the men,
And, as proof, she got Lew
To pose for this view

Bobby Vernon's been known to devour
Buckwheat cakes for one solid hour,
But he later atones
With dyspepsia and groans,

Ben Turpin's the Queen of the Vamps,
For he has reversible lamps.
With just one pair of eyes
He can flirt with two guys

Says Miss Crawford,
"A kick's *comme il faut*
If I just keep my eye on my toe."
But please tell me who
Would have eyes for Joan's shoe

Are you going to be one of the lucky passengers on The Limerick Liner? We have $50.00 to divide among five writers of clever lines. Remember that the line you submit to complete a limerick must rhyme with the first two. Send as many as you like before September 20th. Address: Limerick Contest 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

What Is Trumps?

They play bridge in the film colony. Indeed, yes. And how!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

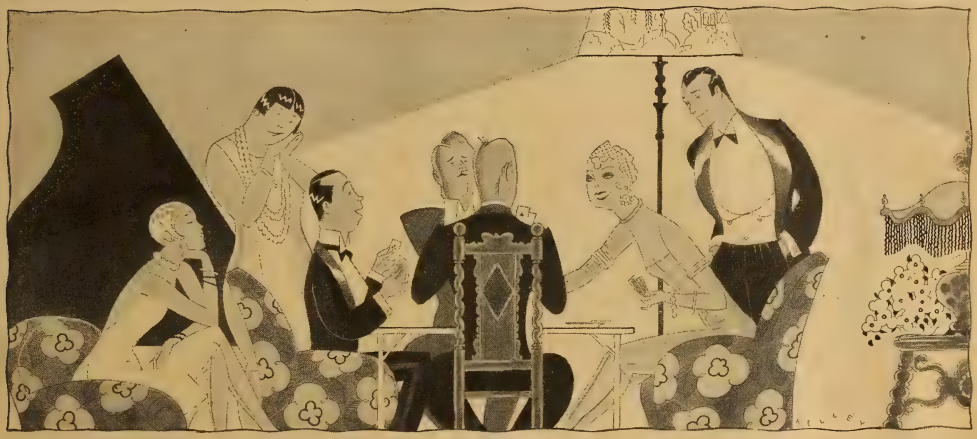
Illustration by Eldon Kelley

Richee

Bebe Daniels

Pach

Walter McGrail



WE play bridge in Hollywood. Indeed, yes. And how!

We play for blood and a quarter of a cent a point.

Trumps are counted even, and four aces in a no-trump hand score 100.

We dont say "What are trumps?" We say "What *is* trump?"

Work, or is it Works, has supplanted Hoyle as our authority and when your partner doubles a one bid, you are forced to declare your strongest suit—and play it. If he hasn't all the face cards in his dummy, after that, any jury will acquit you.

I guess our best players are Bebe Daniels and Eddie Sutherland and Jim Kirkwood and Lila Lee and Larry Semon and Dorothy Dwan and George Melford and his wife and the Walter McGrails and the Arthur Rossons. But they are experts, a few of them even able to keep score, so in a stricter sense it cant be said that we beginners really play with them. When in doubt with experts, it is always best to "pass."

Sometimes a bunch of us get together and spend a whole evening at bridge, going as high as three or four tables progressive. But that is always more or less in the nature of a party and I dont think people play bridge well at a party because if a player is going to progress from table to table he ought to be able to get up from his chair at a moment's notice.

Witzel

Dorothy Dwan

Keyes

James Kirkwood

We usually play just one table, tho. And that's a lot nicer. Because, gracious, bridge is just a game, anyway, and if you are going to get any fun out of it, you want to be able to talk, and listen to the radio, and answer the phone and crack ice or practise the St. Louis hop or any of the other things that are liable to come up during the course of an evening at cards.

I think the nicest games I know are played at the home of a certain Leading Lady. She is married to a man known as Her Husband, which is practically ideal, as that makes one couple on hand all the time.

The last time I was over at her house the Leading Lady and Her Husband and a Comedian Between Pictures and a Director on Salary got up a table. The rest of us, including relatives and other professional onlookers, grouped ourselves around the players to watch. For the rest of this discussion on the fine and

(*Continued on page* 117)

Bachelor Hall

Photographs by Talbot

A Word of Advice to Young Men Who Wish to Escape Matrimony

It must be that there is something in that old wives' tale about safety lying in numbers. Take Ben Lyon, for an example. Was there ever such a *Lothario?* The press is always linking his name with that of some famous and beautiful lady. Yet Ben still keeps bachelor hall

THE EDITOR GOSSIPS

Of the things that do not ordinarily find their way into print

G. L. Manuel Frères

You could not make Betty Blythe careful to preserve her illusion. She has a good time. And she has it in her own way, regardless of appearances

WE were lunching with one of the girls who is just coming into prominence on the screen. Across the dining-room sat another girl we knew. A few years ago every magazine editor sent interviewers to learn what this latter girl thought about every subject under the sun . . . from cabbages to kings. Her new photographs graced the pages of all magazines and newspapers. And her arrival in New York, once or twice a year, resembled the triumphal procession of a conqueror, of a Cæsar. Now she is passé.

There was something poignant about it . . . something tragic and fated. Looking from one to the other, we felt as we feel when we look from an old person to a baby. One so inevitably mirrors the tomorrow of the other.

In the case of the stars, the span is very short. It is not more than a slim decade at the most and more likely a few swift years. That is the tragedy of stardom. To people in most strata of life . . . in most pursuits and professions . . . the crest of achievement comes with full maturity. It is in the rounded years that you stand at the top of your hill.

But while motion picture stars are in their twenties or their thirties at the very latest, they are the most that they ever will be. The rest of their days must be spent in being less than they were before.

We think of a simile. It is like giving a lovely child a nursery filled with bright and new toys of wonderful ingenuity and marvelous designs. The child learns to accept each toy as its very own. Then, night after night, phantom hands reach into this room and remove the glittering delights until the room seems quite bare.

It may be difficult for the average mortal who worries now and then about the grocer or bootlegger bill to know a sympathy for those with a financial security. They may say that it is better to have had a few shining years than never to have experienced the sweets of fame at all. We wonder?

When we were in Hollywood several months ago, we marveled over its youth, possessed of wealth and those pleasantries of living that gold brings. We thought that nowhere else in all the world was youth so enthroned. In other places youth must walk a treadmill . . . shuttle back and forth from work every day in order that Age may be secure. But this is not so in Hollywood. Rolls-Royces . . . fragile gowns . . . castles of uncertain architecture on the seven hills . . . here these things are youth's very own. And it is good to see.

But what about the other side of the story? Is the gall of being less than you have been thruout the years that normally belong to a full fruition too great pay for a few golden moments?

We think that only those who have lived on the sunlit heights and now walk slowly thru twilight places can properly answer.

NEW YORK in midsummer is frequently something to be avoided. One day in August the thermometer's red thread climbed to ninety something and the trains out of the city were too crowded to be considered.

So Betty Blythe and Gladys Hall and we sought the jade waters of the Shelton pool. Betty parked her rose-chiffon gown and her rose hat and parasol in one of the lockers. The suit given her by the matron was too large. The shower washed her face of its make-up. But Betty did not seem to care. She dived into the waters, swam a length and came over to the marble side smiling.

Her face was gay under the bright bathing hat. Her long arm holding to the ledge sparkled with drops of water. Betty was having a jolly time. And Betty was having a jolly time in *her own way*.

(*Continued on page* 123)

News of the Camera Coast

International Newsreel

Pedestrians passing one of Los Angeles' busiest corners gazed in amazement at this antiquated wooden Indian standing in front of a cigar store. But the Indian, on investigation, proved not to be wooden, but Frank Lackteen. Frank was winning a bet from William Boyd, made during the filming of "The Last Frontier," in which he wears this redskin outfit

International Newsreel

It looks as if Charlie Chaplin would fulfill his desire at last. For years and years Charlie has longed to play Napoleon. And now that rôle will fall to his lot if his plans for a production with Raquel Meller go thru as scheduled

IT is said that Lillian Gish is to have the rôle of *Lorelei* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." This has stirred up much wrath in the hearts of those who liked the book.

"If Lillian Gish is to have the lead in 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,'" said the hotel clerk, "I cease to be a gentleman."

"Heaven knows," said a little gold-digger, living in my hotel, "the girl has talent, but if *Mr. Eisman* were living he would never pick her to educate. I know lots of *Mr. Eismans* and *Miss Lorelei*s living right here in Hollywood who wouldn't even have to step out of character to do the part."

LETTERS from fans have been coming into the Paramount studio, demanding that Jack Pickford be given the difficult rôle of *Clyde* in "An American Tragedy." So Jack is being mentioned for the part, and some people insist it is already his, altho this is really not more definitely settled than that Mal St. Clair will direct this much-disputed picture. Jack probably is just as eager to play *Clyde*, tho, as Mal is to direct.

RAYMOND HATTON returned home the night of his birthday to find a surprise party awaiting him.

Mrs. Hatton gave the dinner with a navy setting. Raymond's next feature picture with Wallace Beery is to be "We're In the Navy Now," which accounted for the maritime fixtures. Little papier-mâché sailors with marshmallow heads acted as place cards. The salted almonds sailed along next to the salad dishes in rowboats, and the ice cream was served in big candy sailboats.

Two minutes before the dinner bell rang calling all hands to come and get it, the guests bowed their heads in silent tribute to Wally Beery who had been invited but couldn't come because he was at Catalina working with the company making "Old Ironsides."

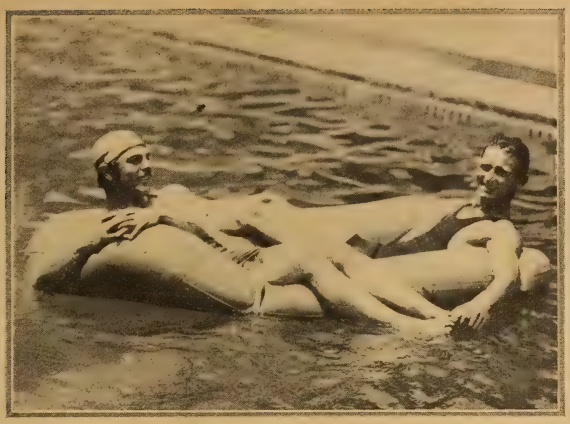
Pacific & Atlantic

Remember Carlyle Blackwell? He was recently married to Mrs. Leah Barnato, the daughter of the wealthy diamond merchant, under whose will she inherited a vast fortune. The best man was William Gardner, formerly British Consul in New York. This picture shows the wedding party

FOX FILMS have opened their Eastern studio for the first time in many years. Allan Dwan presides at its reopening, also celebrating the beginning of his contract as a Fox director. Madge Bellamy, who recently spent several weeks in European capitals, has returned, to star in the first Eastern production, "Summer Bachelors." Allan Forrest and Hale Hamilton are also in the cast.

By
Elizabeth Greer
and
Milton Howe

The Latest News of Social and Professional Circles



When Tony Moreno is not being romantic under Metro's Kleig lights . . . and when Milton Howe is not banging his typewriter in order that we go to press on time . . . they are to be found in the swimming pool on the Moreno estate

You may remember Gloria Gordon as the girl who was badly hurt in an accident just as she had got her first real chance on the screen. She had to give up her part in "The Romance of a Million Dollars" and it was some time before she recovered from her injuries. But J. G. Bachmann, the producer, didn't forget about her, and the minute she was completely well he signed her up for another picture. She has just left for Hollywood, to play the lead in "Studies in Wives," the first American picture to be made by Doctor Arkatov, the European, who was a co-director of "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari."

Clara Bow has suddenly taken everyone by storm. Her two latest pictures, "The Plastic Age" and "Mantrap," appeared on successive weeks on Broadway, and the critics, especially the masculine ones, got out all their most vivid and rhapsodic adjectives and admitted that Clara is no longer what she used to be. The innocent cause of all this excitement is on her way to New York to play opposite Adolphe Menjou in "The Ace of Cads." So no doubt there will be a stampede of writers to the Paramount studio, eager to find out from the lady herself how it all happened.

Fox, incorrigible story-buyers that they are, have acquired the screen rights to "The Vagabond King," which has flourished as a musical comedy on Broadway all winter. Dennis King, that Shakespearian actor who occasionally lends his gifts to musical shows, gave a very interesting performance as *Francois Villon,* the vagabond poet. So he is being approached as the most likely candidate for the screen rôle.

One thing about the motion picture people. They *do* believe in marriage. Let those who will prate about single blessedness.

Eddie Sutherland and Louise Brooks joined the long list of summer newlyweds. Coming to New York all the three thousand miles from California, Eddie wired Louise to meet him at the Municipal building. She did . . . And one of the speediest romances ever known, even among the film folk, was culminated.

Eddie was married to Marjorie Daw once upon a time, you know.

It is with deep regret that the Motion Picture Magazine marks the passing of Willard Louis. The screen is poorer indeed because of his death. He was ill only a

"Hold It," called the still photographer . . . and Harry Langdon and Gertrude Astor tried to oblige. The occasion is the filming of "The Yes Man"

When Ben Turpin took out a marriage license to marry Babette Deitz, he wore dark glasses and gave his correct surname, Bernard. But he had to remove the glasses to sign the document. He was recognized. And everywhere that the Turpins went on their honeymoon, news photographers and reporters pursued them

Pacific & Atlantic

Geo. F. Cannons

He has determined not to be known as Mae Murray's husband. So you will see David Manor seeking fame thru his own efforts in support of Madeline Hurlock

Rin-Tin-Tin and Nanette are bringing up their family in the exclusive Beverly Hills section, as befits their stellar station. "A Hero of the Big Snows" will frame their next appearance upon the screen

Filming scenes in public has disadvantages. Crowds, etc. So Warner Brothers built this railroad station in the studios for "The Passionate Quest." J. Stuart Blackton is directing Willard Louis. It was one of the last scenes filmed before Mr. Louis' fatal illness

short time with typhoid pneumonia and his friends had hoped and believed that he would recover.

SOMETIMES fame is a two-edged sword. Take the case of Ramon Novarro. . . .

Universal offered Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer a large sum of money if they would release Ramon to them long enough for him to play *Romeo*.

And Cecil B. De Mille was known to express interest in having Ramon play Christ in "The King of Kings."

Ramon was eager to play both rôles. But Metro did not see things that way. They are planning an ambitious program for this young actor and they wished to keep him safely within the confines of their own glass tops.

Incidentally, speaking of the program ahead of Ramon, he will do "Old Heidelberg" after "The Great Galeoto" and following this will come Conrad's "Romance."

HERE is a real mother-in-law story—with a point to it. Larry Semon, feature comedian, has again proved himself to be a very clever young man. He not only makes splendid comedies, but he can handle a mother-in-law.

The comedian and his charming wife, Dorothy Dwan, were guests of Dorothy's mother, Nancy Dorothy Smith, at the Writer's Club, in Hollywood recently. Larry was called on to make a speech about his rollicking comedy of the war, "Spuds."

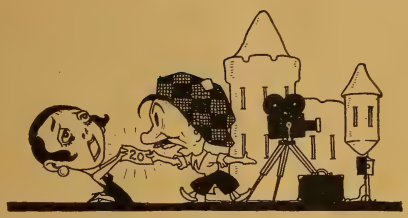
Everyone in Hollywood knows that Mrs. Smith has always acted as Dorothy's manager and publicist. After the marriage, Larry came under her capable banner, and now Mrs. Smith also handles the production publicity as well. The strongest friendship exists between the three and their loyalty to each other is one of the outstanding spots of film home life.

(*Continued on page* 85)

THAT'S OUT

The Funny Side of Serious Things

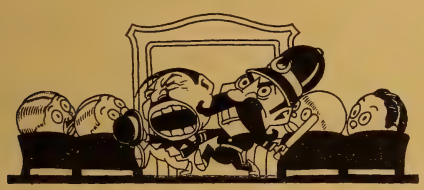
By TAMAR LANE



Far Fetched

SAW a picture the other night in which an assistant director was shown taking pity upon a poor extra girl and giving her a twenty-dollar bill, to help keep the wolf away from the door.

We wish to protest such inconsistencies in films. Assistant directors dont do such things. Besides, whoever heard of an assistant director having twenty dollars all at once?



When Silence is Golden

A MAN in Albany was arrested for talking out loud in a theater, during the showing of "Too Much Money."

We dont blame the management of the theater for its action. The culprit no doubt woke all the patrons from a nice, sound sleep.

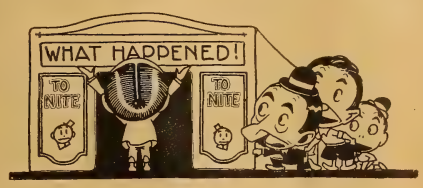
Director's Power Will Wane

WHILE the director will always be a most important factor in the making of a picture, everything indicates that in the near future he will have to bow considerably to the scenario author.

While producers have long been exclaiming that "the story is the thing," in reality their weekly payrolls have proved that so far as actual facts are concerned, the director has been the thing.

The scenario writer is at a disadvantage. If the picture turns out good, the director grabs all the credit for it. If it proves to be a lemon, the director asserts that he was provided with a poor story.

The producers, however, are beginning to discover that they are being buncoed.



Something is Going to Happen

WE also note that Warner Brothers are going to make a film entitled "What Happened to Father."

This opens up another virgin field for rival producers. M-G-M can produce "What Happened to Mother," Universal can make "What Happened to Sister," and Paramount can rush forward with "What Happened to Uncle John."

Another Screen Face

PETER THE HERMIT, one of Hollywood's most noted characters, has finally embarked upon a screen career.

Peter is the only person in captivity who ever outtalked Elinor Glyn.

If Peter can act as he can talk, he ought to make a great hit in the films.

The Ten Best Directors

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT critics thruout the country recently cast their ballots as regards the ten greatest screen directors.

Here are the ten megaphone wielders who received the most votes: Erich von Stroheim, King Vidor, Ernst Lubitsch, D. W. Griffith, James Cruze, Cecil B. De Mille, Malcolm St. Clair, Rex Ingram, Charlie Chaplin and Herbert Brenon.

Not a bad selection. But should F. W. Murnau, Victor Seastrom and Joseph von Sternberg be substituted for some of those on the list?

(*Continued on page* 97)

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page 33*)

to finish all the scenes in the set we were using. It is an Inez Uland picture."

"My, she's a pretty thing," Mrs. Schmalz said as she went to the cash register to make Judith's change. "I always go when she's at the movies. She plays in real good pictures, too."

"I hope this will be a good one," Judith said, turning to go. She was glad to get out of the store. Tonight she did not find enjoyment in any of the little things that usually pleased her. As a rule, she liked to talk about her work. It was fun having people think you were different because you were an actress.

Why had Harvey Dunn failed to keep his word? Why? Why? *Why?*

Judith could think of nothing else. And before the evening was over she admitted to herself that her disappointment was because of Harvey Dunn himself and not because of anything he could do to help her in the studios.

Then she wondered if she had shown him how well she liked him with his crisp hair, his big brown eyes and his long, loose frame. Perhaps he had been aware of her extraordinary interest and felt it only discreet to keep a distance. This thought was the most humiliating one yet. Perhaps that is why Judith suddenly accepted it as an explanation of everything. She immediately decided that she could never go back to the Acme Studios. And considering that she felt the same way about the Excelsior lot, it made the future appear very difficult.

Marcus Goldstein . . . Harvey Dunn . . .

In that second she hated both of them with a great fury generated by her desire to succeed. And that night she dreamed fitfully of their two figures pushing her back . . . back . . . away from the glitter and brilliance of New York . . . back to the mansard roof at Westport . . . back to the tower room and those horrible derbied heads mounting the hill from the neighboring town.

She awoke with tears in her eyes and no sense of rest. That amounted to almost an illness with Judith. For she had always been an exceptionally healthy young creature, awakening to the morning refreshed and ready for whatever the day might bring.

Today she felt no urge to arise. What was there to live for? She had experienced far more disastrous disappointments, but for the first time in her nineteen years she was inert with the sense of futility.

The sensible thing to do was get up and go to the magazine studios. She knew that. They might be casting for illustrations. Or she might go to the remaining motion picture studios in the East, the Feature Studios on Long Island.

While she was thinking about this and doing nothing whatever about it, the pay telephone in the hall below rang. Judith found herself immediately alert. Her heart gave a sickening pound. She jumped out of her bed and opened the door on a crack. She listened. Someone answered it. Then she heard them begin a friendly conversation. And her apathy returned.

"I seem to be losing my sanity," she thought. "How could he telephone me, even if he wanted? He does not know where I live. By this time he may have forgotten my name."

She slipped into her bathrobe and went to see if the bathroom was available.

Chapter III

That morning Harvey Dunn reached the studios a little before ten o'clock. Publicity and advertising men are all alike. They arrive at their offices late and never seem to go home.

He wandered aimlessly about the office. He smoked a cigaret. He consulted with his chief about the syndication of some fashion pictures. Then he went out and looked at the schedule board. The McAllister company had gone on location. They were evidently thru with yesterday's sequence.

"Damnation," muttered Dunn.

He made his way over to the extras' dressing-rooms. The matron was busy cleaning some garments.

"Hello, Mr. Dunn." She greeted him with an odd mixture of cordiality and impatience. "What can I do for you? Mind if I clean these while you talk? I have to see if I can remove the stains before the dry-cleaners call for the weekly batch."

Harvey hesitated. He leaned his body against the door and indulged in a few half-hearted jibes about economy régimes.

He lit a cigaret.

The matron began to look at him suspiciously.

"You ain't come to call on me socially now, have you?" she asked.

Harvey laughed.

"Maybe," he said. "But I hoped you would have a message for me."

The spot was obstinate. She rubbed it vigorously.

"Who would be giving me messages for you?" she asked.

"I thought perhaps an extra girl named Miss Tower had," he explained. Something of his accustomed peace of mind came back in the mere mention of Judith's name. "She worked with the McAllister company yesterday. I got some copy from her for a story I'm writing on extra girls. I thought she might have left some word for me. However, it does not matter."

After years in the theater and studios, Mrs. Brophy knew something about human nature. "It doesn't matter, you try to tell me," she said. "Go along with you. It doesn't matter, hey? That's why you walked that lazy body of yours all the way over here."

"You're a suspicious person," Harvey announced.

"I wasn't born suspicious, dont suppose," she philosophized, "but years with people do things to you."

Harvey was always amused by Mrs. Brophy. He lit another cigaret.

Now she was on her favorite topic of conversation, the carelessness of the girls.

"Just look at that table," she scolded. "Wouldn't you think they had maids to pick up after them when they were at home? Wouldn't you?"

Her rheumatic finger indicated the long community dressing-table.

Harvey looked. Then he walked over slowly. There on one end of the table was a heavy, brown wad. He picked it up. Yesterday it had been a creamy, waxy gardenia.

He left Mrs. Brophy continuing her dirge of complaint and went back to his

(*Continued on page 84*)

$200 in Prizes

ON page thirty-one of this issue is a story called "Crazy Quilt." It finds its human drama in motion picture people. We are offering two hundred dollars in prizes for the best compositions of not more than three hundred words which express opinions as to why "Crazy Quilt" is a perfect title for this story.

The rules are simple, but we urge you to read them carefully.

Rules of Contest

1. No person may submit more than one composition.
2. This contest is open to all people except employees of Brewster Publications and their relatives.
3. No composition must run over three hundred words.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. List your name and address at the head of every sheet of paper used.
6. Address compositions to Crazy Quilt Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
7. No communications about the contest will be answered.
8. No compositions will be returned.
9. Compositions may be sent any time up to February 1, 1927. But we suggest that you read the entire serial before submitting your composition. It will run for six months, concluding in the February issue, so you will receive hints about the title from time to time.
10. In the event of two or more letters being of equal merit, equal prizes will be given the writers.
11. The two hundred dollars will be divided as follows:

Prizes

$100 . . . . . First Prize
50 . . . . . Second Prize
25 . . . . . Third Prize
10 . . . . . Fourth Prize
5 . . . Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Prize

H·M·VICTORIA EUGENIA
Queen of Spain

HER MAJESTY, Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, is granddaughter of Queen Victoria, niece of King Edward VII, and cousin to the reigning King of England. When as a Princess of the British royal household she married the dark imperious King of Spain, she was "a beauty from the North, with pale golden hair, wild rose complexion and eyes of malachite blue." Today as Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, and mother of six lovely children, she is more beautiful, more regal than ever.

THE silver Tiffany jars below, engraved with the royal monogram and filled with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, were recently sent by the Pond's Extract Company as a gift for Her Majesty's dressing table. Her Majesty, who uses the creams, has expressed her royal pleasure in them.

The silver jars recently sent for Her Majesty's use on her dressing table.

TRY these delicate creams of which Her Majesty has signified her appreciation — Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing the skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for an exquisite finish, a foundation for powder and complete protection against exposure.

A recent portrait of Her Majesty, Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, here reproduced by gracious permission of Her Majesty to the Pond's Extract Company

FREE OFFER: Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams and directions for using.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. K
143 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

Kenneth Alexander
Bessie Love, Sept. 10, 1898

E. R. Richer
Ricardo Cortez, Sept. 19, 1889

Doris Kenyon, Sept. 5, 1897

Pat O'Malley, Sept. 3, 1892

May McAvoy, Sept. 6, 1901

Have your horoscope cast by Marion Morgan Drew and see if the stars forecast success for you on the screen

Mary V. M., February 1:

So you want to be a photoplaywright? Well, you have one qualification that a good many aspirants lack, and that is that you at least can spell and punctuate. You have no idea of the number of people who try to write photoplays without being able to express themselves intelligibly. As for the astrological end of it, your horoscope is hardly one which shouts aloud your literary ability. You have great appreciation and emotion, but not many of the points for which we look when deciding upon a literary career. But I'd advise you to try your hand at it, anyway, taking the road around Robin Hood's barn—in other words, master fiction writing first, reserving photoplay rights to all your output, and then after making some impression on the literary world, hand over your published stories to an agent to place for you.

Dr. C. F. N., July 15:

Inasmuch as you understand Astrology, let's have a technical answer. Your chart is one which verifies thruout a choice of a medical or professional career, for instance, your Sun in the house of health, your Moon in the house of trusts and legal matters, and Jupiter, the physician's planet, rising at your birth. Why change? Motion pictures are a Neptunian occupation, with strong twelfth house affiliations—the ancients called the twelfth house, the "House of Shadows," altho the movies were not invented until ages afterward. There is nothing very powerful in either the twelfth house or the position of Neptune in your chart, the present ambition probably coming from the progression of your Moon thru the House of Shadows. Keep away from the jumping celluloid, Doctor. Some of us have to pay our two bits in at the box-office, you know.

Adeline L., January 8:

The day has passed when the prime requisite for a motion picture career was a baby stare and natural curls. I dont discourage people who claim to be unbeautiful—at least, not for that reason. I would advise you not to set your heart upon acting, however, for there is a restriction evident in your expression which would make it very hard for you to give out to the public the full force of your inner emotion. Your best field of work is writing. When you can hide behind a typewriter you will have no difficulty in giving voice to sentiment, emotion or fancy, whereas in personal appearance the thought that you might be showing the world your secret shrine would stifle you. Read everything you can and write as much as possible. Dont be discouraged if you cannot sell your stuff at once, for only the great genius has much to tell the world until he or she is about forty.

A. E. C., February 29:

(Yes, that date's right!) My dear sir; I am an astrologer, not a mind-reader. I have absolutely no way of guessing, forecasting, prognosticating or deducing what particular form of work you may have in mind when you write me that you'd like to know what I can say about what you're thinking of. People get wild fancies every day about careers and such, and the horoscope has nothing whatever to do with such notions. What we can see is what one OUGHT to do, not what he or she may drift into or think would be a nice easy way to earn a million dollars. Now, what you

(*Continued on page* 89)

EDITOR'S NOTE: **All comments made in this department are based on astrological rules, but neither the writer of this department nor this publication can assume responsibility for statements made therein, because inaccurate data is sometimes furnished, even tho the sender believes it to be correct.**

You must send: your date of birth . . . your year of birth . . . city or nearest town and county of birth . . . your sex and the hour and minute of the day or night when you were born.

Natural-Looking Complexions

are the result of using Pompeian Beauty Powder. It is scientifically blended to match the shade of your skin.

WHENEVER you are out-of-doors you should be especially careful to select the correct shade of powder and to apply it evenly.

The type of beauty that combines reddish brown hair with sea-gray eyes requires the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

A SOFT, delicate texture—a lovely satiny face—yet not a sign of powder. What *is* the secret of her alluring complexion? Does she use powder? She *does,* but a shade that matches so perfectly the tone of her skin that she secures the good effects of powder without seeming to use it.

All smart women strive for a natural complexion, but all do not achieve it. Not all women have found a powder that really matches their skin—a powder that reveals their natural coloring. Complexions are not composed of single colors, but a blend of different colors. So it is only natural that the shade of powder to match your complexion must also be a blend.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is scientifically blended from different colors. Whatever the tone of your complexion, some one shade of this powder matches it perfectly. Select this shade from the directions in the shade chart.

Pompeian Beauty Powder has gained its remarkable popularity because of its purity, its exceptional consistency, its delicate odor, its quality of adhering well—and its perfection of shades.

SHADE CHART

for selecting your shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder

Medium Skin: The average American skin tone is medium, neither decidedly light nor definitely olive. This skin should use the *Naturelle* shade.

Olive Skin: Women with this type of skin are apt to have dark hair and eyes. This skin should use the *Rachel* shade to match its rich tones.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin (not the florid skin) and should use the *Flesh* shade.

White Skin: This skin is unusual, but if you have it you should use *White* powder in the daytime.

In case of doubt about the shade you require, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is 60c a box. Also comes in compact form in a dainty, hinge-cover box with mirror and puff. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Satisfaction guaranteed.

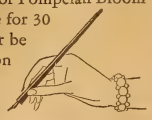
Madame Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

P. S. I also suggest that you use Pompeian Day Cream as a foundation for your Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Send for Liberal Samples

DO you not agree with me about matching your skin tones with the correct powder shade? Then I urge you to act on this advice, and see with your own eyes how much more beautiful Pompeian Powder will make your complexion.

It is so easy to make this test. Just fill in the coupon and send it to me with 10c. In return, I will send you a generous sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder (enough for several weeks' use) and in addition a sample of Pompeian Bloom containing enough rouge for 30 applications. It will never be easier to tear off the coupon than NOW, before you turn the page.



Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories
2614 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame:
I enclose a dime (10c) for samples of Beauty Powder and Bloom.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

Shade of powder wanted? .....

Say It With Letters

Have you a kick against the movies? Then dont suffer in silence. Write us a letter about it. Have you a favorite that you want to tell the world about? Then remember that it isn't fair to keep the good news to yourself. This department is devoted to your opinions and you are the boss of this page

Another Ten

NAMING the ten most beautiful women on the screen is no easy job, but nevertheless I am going to have my say even if I am in danger of a million or more brickbats being hurled at me. I shall name the ten most beautiful, in my opinion.

Gloria Swanson. Many people say she is not beautiful. What, then, is beauty? Has she not personality, versatility, a perfect form and a beautiful face? Her eyes alone would put her in first place. And she is a wonderful actress as well. A beauty, a mother, a marquise and an actress! Vive la Gloria!

Pola Negri. She should have lived when Du Barry did, for Pola does not belong to this modern age. Her beauty lies in her aloofness, her cold manner, and her stateliness. But I know that she is a lovable woman as well as a great actress.

Corinne Griffith. She has been called the most beautiful woman in the world. Like the orchid, she is beautiful but nothing more. I cannot imagine her cooking a dinner or playing tennis.

Vilma Banky. Here we have the beauty from the land of the midnight sun. A gorgeous blonde, with great, wondrous eyes. And, a manner that makes you love her.

Norma Shearer. Your childhood sweetheart grown up, and just the way you wanted her to be. She looks best in flimsy white dresses and big picture hats. A girl you could be proud of.

Florence Vidor. She looks and acts like a grand duchess should. And yet there's a merry little twinkle in her eye!

Lois Wilson. A sweet, sensible girl that makes delicious fudge, has a good time even if she doesn't drink and smoke.

Renée Adorée. Straight from Paris and oh! so charming! Talks with a delightful accent and has beautiful eyes.

Mae Murray. Dancing feet and laughing eyes! Sparkling with pep, and lots of personality.

Norma Talmadge. An old-fashioned bouquet in one hand and thumbing her nose with the other! We will always love Norma.

Aileen Pringle. She should always have a tiger-skin handy and wear long, slinky, black gowns.

Now for the brickbats, and, let us hope, a few bouquets!

GATES HEBBARD,
New York City.

A New Crop of Critics, Mayhap

AFTER reading the various critics' reviews on "La Bohême," and their unanimous opinion that Lillian Gish was a distinct disappointment in the rôle of *Mimi*, I've been wondering just what they had expected of her. A combination, no doubt, of Bernhardt, Duse, Renée Adorée and Pauline Frederick. If so, the fans could have readily told them that Lillian is not, and never has been, an exceptional actress. She has always been simply an appealing child, a very lovely picture and a competent actress, and as *Mimi* she was just as appealing, just as lovely and entirely as competent an actress as she has always been.

The critics, in this instance, have done just what they have long derided the fans about—raising an idol on a pedestal, only to topple it over when they grew tired of it—or saw their mistake in placing it there. They are the ones who started the talk of Lillian's being the screen's greatest artiste—not the fans, and now they are anxious to take the title away from her. However, I'm pretty sure that her position with the general movie public remains the same.

As to Lillian's not being spontaneous enough as *Mimi*, I found her calm poise a pleasant relief to the other players' tempestuous actions. Had she joined in the general hysteria of the rest of the cast, I'm afraid the film would have been in danger of blowing up from spontaneous combustion.

D. H. C.,
San Francisco, California.

YOUR opinions on subjects relating to the movies and their players may be worth actual money to you, if you can express them clearly in a snappy letter of one to three hundred words. A five-dollar prize is awarded for the best letter of the month, which will be printed at the head of this department. One dollar is paid for the excerpts printed from others. Write us an interesting letter, giving reasons for your likes and dislikes. Sign your full name and give your address. We will use initials only if requested.

Send to SAY IT WITH LETTERS, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Beauty Isn't Truth

I'D like to reply to a letter published in the August MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE in which the writer complains that there is not enough realism in the movies, that "too much beauty is evident everywhere."

Now, I think that's exactly why we go to the movies—to find the beauty we miss in our own lives—to escape from too much reality. We go to the movies to get something we cannot find during the day, something we cannot find at home—life turned topsy-turvy, ideal heroes, ridiculous adventures, hair-breadth escapes, luxury, happy endings, miraculous repentances.

We, who spend our days in humdrum routine, doing things that must be done—wish for an hour at night of make-believe. I think the movies should be an escape—not a teacher. They should be to us grown-ups what fairy stories are to children . . . a magic carpet carrying us away from the grime and grind of life as it is, into a land of beauty, magic, and make-believe. For my part, I want to see my heroines happy, beautiful and contented. It may not be life, but I think it's what the majority of us need and want.

I think the improbable is the life of pictures; that the public wants the things that do not happen in real life—the other side of routine.

M. M.,
Vancouver, B. C.

Welcome for Mabel

I AM writing you for the benefit of one of our oldest stars. I have never in all the years I have been a fan written either to my favorites or the magazines until this time and I'm an old timer myself.

Altho I was an admirer of some of the others who have ceased to be, there is none I mourn so completely as the one whose picture, I understand, is the only one Pola Negri keeps. I believe in everyone having a fair chance, and this is why I have come to the front for Mabel Normand. We need her.

Let's not be so narrow as to neglect her longer. We are moderns and need her because she is a great actress and this is why we pay our hard-earned half-a-dollar—to be entertained, and not because our entertainers were on a party or failed in church attendance last year. So long as they work for our fifty cents and give us good work for our money—'nuff said. Come to the front, Mabel fans. I am sure many of you have missed "The little slim Princess" as much as I, so let's get together on it.

MRS. E. G. M.,
Samaria, Michigan.

UNKNOWN BEAUTY

The Girl Who Lives Next Door

You do not know her name. She is not known to fame. Yet thousands as lovely as she—grace the homes of America. For this is the land of beauty—beauty famed—beauty unknown—and this is the land of Tre-Jur—the helpmate to true charm

"Little One" 50c

And now it's been done~ a Tre-Jur compact at 50¢

We once said that *when a greater value in quality compacts could be found—Tre-Jur would show the way* . . . . . Meet—

"The Little One"—

Your heart's desire in Beauty Aids!

Light and slim, and two inches in girth, is its lovely silver-finished case. Slipping handily into the smallest purse—the social equal of the finest bag. An aristocrat in its quality of powder—an inspiration in its delightful scent. Ample in its contents—*amazing* in its price of 50c (Refills 35c).

"Thinest"
Single, $1.00
Double, $1.50

Tre-Jur Lipstick 50c
To make its acquaintance is to make a lifelong friend!

And may we introduce two more Style notes in compact fashions for Fall? TRE-JUR'S "THINEST"—truly the *thinnest* Compact ever designed. Gracefully convexed in rich, gunmetal finish—a large mirror and a bountiful measure of powder. Single, $1—Double, $1.50. The "PURSE SIZE TWIN"—in friendly size for the little purse—contains powder and rouge at the price of $1. . . . *Each brings you the quality of cosmetic for which Tre-Jur is famed—scented with that exquisite perfume, Joli Memoire.*

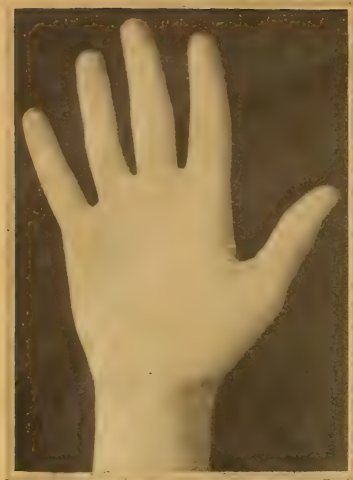
Face Powder, 50c

If not sold nearby, any Tre-Jur item will be forwarded by mail, upon receipt of price. A generous sample of Tre-Jur Face Powder sent for 10c—stamps or coin. HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, INC., 19 West 18th Street, N. Y.

TRE-JUR

The name Tre-Jur in toiletries is your promise of money's most

"Twin," $1



WHOSE HANDS?

Can You Guess the Owners of These Palms After Reading the Character Analyses?

By F. Vance de Revere

THIS hand belongs to one of the very young and very new girls in the movies. It belongs to a person who is very individual and different, one who is not readily or easily understood by others. An individual whose nature appears simple, yet in reality is complex. A person who can be most affectionate and also very cold and distant; one interested in human nature, yet one who prefers to be alone rather than in constant company of others; one who lives in the clouds of a world of her own. An individual who would be greatly interested in the psychic, the occult, or anything unusual. This square hand, with its square fingers, shows great power of concentration and ability to carry out plans, a very serious nature, one who takes life seriously and people literally and usually would not be gifted with a great sense of humor. A very honorable person; one who is orderly, punctual, dependable and rather formal and conservative, with great respect for law and order. Such a hand loves to systematize things, is very neat and orderly, and does not like any irregularities or departure from scheduled routine. People with this type of hand admire fine things, in a general way, but they must be distinctly useful and contribute to their comfort and convenience. Not demonstrative but very fond of those close to her and devoted to her family and friends. Great independence of thought and a very ambitious nature is shown here.

All rights reserved,
F. Vance de Revere

HERE we have a long hand, with long slender fingers, whose owner would be a tall, lean, muscular man with an oblong face. This hand, with its square palm and long, square-tipped fingers, would indicate an orderly punctual, dependable person who would be apt to be conservative and would usually have great respect for law and order and would conform to conventions. The owner of this hand would be a thinker inclined to be silent and secretive. The long fingers with the square finger tips would indicate that he is a man who is very careful over little matters and would notice quickly the little things which would pass by unnoticed by a different type. He would be very patient over details in any work he attempted to do and very serious and conscientious about his work. The first and third finger being even, would denote an ambitious nature. The spatulated finger tip of the third finger shows dramatic talent and artistic taste. The little finger standing, apart from the others, shows independence of thought more than action, for he would conform to conventions. The square formation at the base of the thumb shows musical ability. The thumb shows love of luxury and a distaste for economy. The waist-like formation of the thumb denotes tact and a person who usually says the right thing at the right time. This hand shows an honest, loyal person, affectionate and kind with a good understanding of human nature, also decided mechanical ability.

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THE owner of this hand would accomplish things by the use of her brain rather than by her hands. There is every indication of a reserved, cautious, almost shy individual, extremely sensitive, with a refined nature, preferring quality to quantity in all things and all people. The long first finger shows executive ability; one who likes to lead and dominate situations; this being done thru others, respecting her ideas and opinions rather than thru force. The conic fingers with their lovely, smooth joints denote a highly inspirational nature. The tip of the thumb is delicately rounded, and rather thin in proportion to the rest of the hand, showing a good imagination, great love of beauty and the fine arts, with decided artistic tastes but lacking ability to represent with her hands. The second phalange of the thumb is longer than the first, denoting one who reasons things out but frequently lacks the courage and will to carry out plans and ambitions. In this case, the thumb is long and well shaped, showing determination and a strong will but great distaste for friction and quarrels. The supple thumb indicates a love of ease and luxury and the full base denotes an affectionate disposition but with other characteristics shown in this hand, would indicate that, while she has an affectionate disposition and feels deeply, she would not be demonstrative. The whole hand indicates love of ease and luxury, a very emotional nature, affectionate, with the maternal instinct highly developed.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.—*On page 88 you will find photographs of the stars whose hands were analyzed last month. And next month you will find the answers to these character readings.*

What the World Expects of Women Today

In society—in business—demands the discarding of makeshift hygienic methods

Eight in every ten women have adopted this NEW way which solves woman's most important hygienic problem so amazingly . . . by ending the uncertainty of old ways . . . and adding the convenience of disposability

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

THE lives of women today are different from those of yesterday. More is accomplished, more is *expected*. The modern woman, unlike her predecessors, cannot afford to lose precious days.

Thus makeshift hygienic methods had to go. There is a *new* way. A way that supplants the uncertainty of old-time methods with scientific security.

You meet *all* exactments every day. You wear filmiest frocks and sheerest things without a second's thought. You meet every day in confidence . . . unhandicapped, *at your best.*

These new advantages

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as cotton.

Kotex also deodorizes by a new disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

You can get it anywhere, today

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind *and your health.* Many ills, according to leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

In purchasing, take care that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the *only* pad made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and the Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(1) No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.

(2) Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of cotton, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.

(3) Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

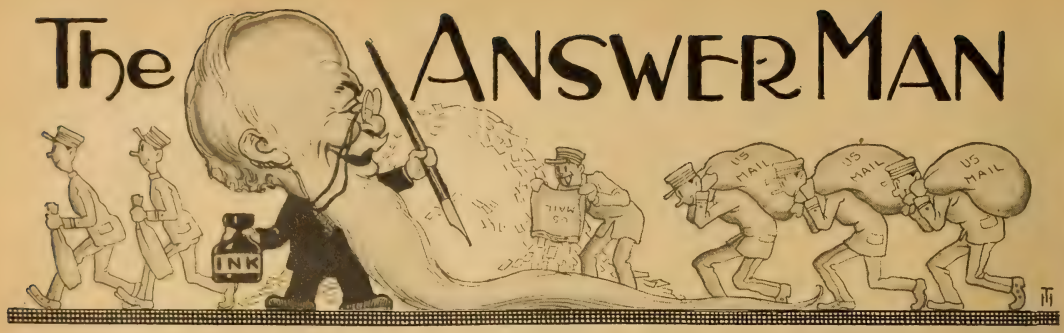
Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

The Answer Man



SCARAMOUCHE.—Glad you like our magazine and that you think the pictures are so clear. Speaking of printing, there are some 38,000 printing plants in these United States. Yes, I like Ramon Novarro very much.

ELEANOR A.—I dont know why Colleen Moore is not on the thermometer list. She is playing in "Twinkletoes," from Thomas Burke's "Limehouse Nights." Malcolm McGregor is not a star, but he is playing in "It Must Be Love" with Colleen.

AMY G.—Your letter was forwarded.

EVELYN H.—That's some joke. You say a circus had just come to town. The duck, frog, sheep and skunk all wanted to go see it. The admission was one dollar. How many of them got in? Answer: The duck because he had a bill, the frog because he had a greenback, the sheep because he had four quarters, the skunk couldn't get in because he only had a scent. Hurray! Dorothy Gish's first picture under her contract with British National is "London," and she has signed Will Rogers to play in her next.

CATHERINE I. L.—It is pronounced "Kick-ee." Tell your mother Conway Tearle was born in 1880, and that I resemble him very much.

CHARLOTTE, L. N.—Thanks for the picture of the whole family. Mary Brian in "Behind the Front."

JACKIE C.—Kenneth Casey certainly has his own orchestra and plays over the radio. He is not playing in pictures right now. Your letter was very interesting. Run in again some time.

COLLEEN T.—Glad to hear from you these warm days. Your letter was great. Ruth Roland is to play the rôle of a chorus girl in "The Masked Woman," featuring Anna Q. Nilsson, Einer Hanson and Holbrook Blinn.

MISS DOROTHY P.—Yes, indeed, Ben Lyon was born in 1900. I cant very well tell you how many cars he owns, nor do I know "whether he ever takes any girls out." Richard Dix was born in 1894. As for Ramon Novarro, he was born in 1899.

CORINNE M.—So you think I am an old man of 102 years old, and still running wild. Well, I'm still in the ring, but not the running ring. Charles Ray is playing in "Thirty Days" with Gertrude Olmstead and T. Roy Barnes.

FLAPPER NELLIE.—That's right, some people think that a baby brightens up the home—it does, and some homes have lights burning all night. Yes, Harrison Ford was married to Beatrice Prentice, and born March 16, 1894. No, tell your friend she's out—Raymond Griffith is not deaf and dumb, tho he cannot speak above a whisper, due to strain. Warner Baxter is married to Winnifred Bryson and born in 1892. Run in again some time.

GREEN EYES.—Why, Natacha Rambova is starring in a picture being made in Nice, France, which she will finance. Ernest Truex is to star in a series of two-reel comedies. So you dont think I am as old as I look. But you should see the way I feel?

NOSY FARREL.—I think the players will answer your letters in time. You know they are very busy at the studios. Famous Players-Lasky are not going to produce "Glorifying the American Girl," because it would cost too much money. Ziegfeld, who was to supervise the production, is in $150,000, having received that amount at the time the contract was signed. It may be made later tho.

WALTER K.—Well I should say we are very well acquainted. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is 19 years old. Jack Holt is about six feet tall. Richard Barthelmess' next will be "Four Feathers."

VISSIA.—I should like to be in your country right now. Enid Bennett was born in Australia, not New Zealand, and the date was January 22, 1896, so you now have her birthday. Her sister Katherine is about 22. You must write to me again.

KRAZY KAT.—You say, be considerate of the unfortunate—even a tombstone will say good things about a fellow when he is down. Righto! Sessue Hayakawa was born in Tokio, Japan, in 1889. He went to college in Japan, also at the University of Chicago. He has black hair and eyes, weighs 159 pounds. You refer to "Beau Brummel."

J. B.—Yes, thank you, it is Noah Beery instead of Wallace in "Beau Geste." Vilma Banky is 5 feet 6. That is her right name. "June" comes from Junius, a Roman tribal or family name. As for gasoline—it is a liquid with which to clean pocketbooks.

PUZZLES.—You have the right idea, and I am glad you wrote to me. But, you asked the wrong one when you ask, "How long does it take a star to answer a letter?" There is no special time limit. William Boyd's last pictures were "The Volga Boatman" and "Eve's Leaves." His next are "Her Man o' War" and "The Yankee Clipper."

PATSY'S ADMIRER.—You've got the idea, but as Judge Landis once said "The road to hell has some beautiful scenery, but it's not much of a place to speak of after you get there." Patsy Ruth Miller was born June 22, 1905. The war between Tripoli and the United States lasted from June 10, 1801, to June 4, 1805.

FRANKIE.—Well, the reason you didn't see Helene Chadwick in "What the Stars are Doing" is because she is not playing steadily right now. She was born in Chadwick, N. Y., in 1897, 5 feet 7, light hair and brown eyes. She was married to William Wellman at one time.

A HARRY LANGDON FAN.—A collision is two things which come together unexpectedly, such as twins. Yes, I like Harry Langdon. Esther Ralston is playing with Richard Dix in "The Quarterback." This picture is being directed by Fred Newmeyer, who directed Harold Lloyd's football picture, "The Freshman."

ENZEDDER.—What do you mean, calling me an "old fraud," and an "old wretch." You thought you were going to learn all about me in my interview. Ha, ha, you've got another guess coming. Better not talk about the English actors. Wait until you see the German player, Lya de Putti, in "Variety." Boy, oh boy!

NIAGARA'S SWEETHEART.—I suppose all the honeymooners are at Niagara right now. Yes, I like Dolores Costello. Enjoyed your letter very much. Some day we will see your name on Broadway.

MICKEY HUNT.—I dont know what kind of skins make the best shoes, but banana peels make the best slippers. Eugene O'Brien expects to return to the stage in a comedy, "Steve's Return," a sequel to his former stage vehicle in which he appeared in 1922. Anita Stewart is also deserting the screen for the stage.

S. S. K. AMBITIOUS.—I should say you are ambitious. I am sorry, however, that I cannot help a Turkish girl from the City of Constantinople to get into pictures. You say you are 22 years old, 156 centimeters tall and weigh 46 kilos. Blonde with dark eyes and have long hair. I wish there was something encouraging I could tell you—but I can't.

ASTRI, OSLO, NORWAY.—Thanks for the pressed violets. Also for the beautiful pictures of yourself, and one of Mary and Douglas when they were in Norway. Sorry, but I haven't Paul Ellis' address. He freelances. You write a beautiful letter, and I hope to hear from you soon again.

HEAR YE, HEAR YE!

All you folks who have questions to ask, come this way and you shall be heard—and answered. I have learnt a lot during the last eighty-two years, and it's all yours for the asking. Been answering ??? here for the last fifteen years and still going strong. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear here, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address, and mail to me, The Answer Man, care of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, ***175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.***

The Woman Who Works Youth Miracles

First Dorothy Gray won fame in counteracting the most prominent sign where age shows first on a woman's face—the double chin. Then she discovered the other two telltale signs of departing youth. Then her scientific treatments for youth prolongation have made her one of the world's most famous beauty specialists.

On Society's Most Famous Faces

DOROTHY GRAY

Coming to New York ten years ago, the daughter of a noted doctor and scientist, Dorothy Gray, by the application of a new method of scientifically restoring a youthful chin line, soon became one of the most famous beauty specialists in the world, numbering among her clientele scores of the greatest names in the international social register.

67% of all women past 25 and 90% past 35 reveal one or more of these conditions

THERE are three places—weak places—on a woman's face which unerringly reveal one's years. Correcting them makes a difference that is almost unbelievable.

A double chin is a glaring sign of departing youth. So are wrinkles around eyes and mouth. So are flabby or withered facial muscles.

By developing unique treatments and scientific preparations for erasing them, Dorothy Gray became beauty mentor to scores of the most important women, socially and financially, both in Europe and America. Scarcely an important name in the international social register but has yielded to her amazing ministrations.

67% of all women past 25, according to experts, show one or more of these three facial conditions. Almost 90% of women past 35 reveal them. Ordinary beauty methods have failed in correcting them. That is why the battle against age, regardless of precautions taken, has largely been a losing one.

Now by the perfection of new and radically different treatments and preparations, it's been proved, *virtually beyond question*, that those conditions are responsive to correction.

In proof of it experts now point out that those percentages *do not apply to the wealthier women except in a small degree*. It is shown that while almost 95% of the ultra-wealthy women of America look years *younger* than they are, the average woman past 25, in ordinary walks of life, looks from 5 to 10 years *older* than she is.

Why? It isn't worry, household cares, motherhood, but lack of scientific youth protection. Correct means have mostly been denied them.

What the Dorothy Gray Treatments Are

Their objective is strengthening certain facial muscles which, by weakening, result in flabbiness, in lines and wrinkles. Thin and withered faces can be made plump—sallow skins can be made white—the actual color of youth can be restored—lines and crow's-feet around the eyes can be erased—double chins can be reduced . . . *absolutely*—drooping throat muscles can be overcome.

The Dorothy Gray methods banish them, results in most cases being almost beyond belief. Today, looking one's age is a folly; looking older than one's years, a crime against oneself.

Telltale signs of facial age can be erased.

Send Coupon for Personal Advice—FREE

Dorothy Gray preparations are now on sale at the toilet goods counters of the better department stores and at quality drug stores under very definite and easily followed instructions.

Note the coupon below. Check and fill it out carefully. Then mail it.

Exact and detailed instructions for individual treatment will be sent you without charge.

Each skin requires a certain treatment. That is why no general directions are given here. Once your condition is understood and the method of correction suggested by Miss Gray, you can follow it at home as satisfactorily as in Miss Gray's own establishments in New York (753 Fifth Avenue) or at Atlantic City (1637 Boardwalk), San Francisco (The White House) or Washington, D. C. (1009 Connecticut Avenue.)

3 Telltale Places Which Reveal a Woman's Age
Correct Them and You Take Years Away

A Double Chin

Wrinkles and Lines

Flabby Muscles and Crêpy Throat

Dorothy Gray's preparations with complete directions for treatments can be obtained at the leading department stores and quality drug stores throughout the country.

(63)

DOROTHY GRAY, 753 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how

☐ to treat a double chin.
☐ to erase wrinkles and lines.
☐ to treat flabby muscles and crêpy throat.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

For
Cuts and Skin
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Always treat cuts and abrasions at once. Prevent any chance of infection. Treat skin eruptions promptly and regularly, to hasten their healing and to guard against trouble from infection.

Absorbine, Jr. assists nature by first cleansing the wound and killing the germs, and then soothing and healing the affected tissue. Absorbine, Jr. relieves pain quickly. Never be without Absorbine, Jr. in the medicine cabinet.

At all druggists $1.25

Send for free trial bottle
W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Famous Tricks

(*Continued from page* 44)

the favorite trick of a bad actor, an awkward gesture of the hands, as if asking alms. Probably in some remote stock company, the actor was taught to hold his hands that way when he didn't know what else to do with them, and he never recovered from it.

An outstanding example of tricks, good and terribly bad, is Mae Murray, or more truthfully *was* Mae Murray, for in "The Merry Widow" she shows herself to be an unquestionably fine actress. "The Girl with the Bee Stung Lips," they used to call her way back when she was in the Follies and she probably took the appellation too seriously, for every one of her pictures showed the same pout, whether she was supposed to be a Russian Countess or a virtuous chorus girl. You remember it, dont you? And Mae had another trick of kicking her heels back or waving her forefinger to register coyness, a habit no doubt acquired thru dancing. She started her career as a dancer, you know. Von Stroheim had many unkind things to say about the well-known pout and after a few bitter quarrels, he made her give up some of her tricks and try some real acting.

Nobody thinks of ethereal Claire Windsor as possessing any tricks, but she has one that registers every time it is used, which is pretty often. Watch next time that slow, drowsy way she drops her eyelids, as if the weight of her lashes was too much to bear. It's a lovely gesture. John Gilbert is, so far as I can discover, guilty of only one trick. I doubt whether he knows it, tho it characterizes him off the screen as well as on. His walk. In a way, it is a key to his whole personality, as tricks often are. It is a springy, dashing walk, as fascinatingly alive and expressive as his face is. His directors know his fans like him to walk that way and they dont check it.

One of the swiftest rising stars in movies is a creature of alluring tricks, Constance Bennett. The *Lorelei* of German folk lore must have looked like Constance, I think. She has sex appeal to a higher degree than any other film actress, tho the tricks she uses are remarkably simple, as simple and as baffling as the lure of any ancient siren. She looks at you with half-closed eyes that say "You wont dare" while her lips and her provocative chin say, "Wont you, please?" Then the blonde Connie has a slight wriggling serpentine movement of her shoulders.

You've heard of the new verb "Pringling" and you know, of course, that it best describes a gesture that Aileen Pringle is fond of using, a little too fond, it sometimes seems. She flares her nostrils, elevates her eyebrows, tilts her chin and draws herself to the full height of her magnificent figure. Try it before your mirror. One director told me he liked it. Another abhorred it. So there you are.

Both Normas, Shearer and Talmadge, are devoid of tricks, so far as I could learn from their directors and others who are most familiar with their acting. Mary Pickford has a pet trick and it took clever Gloria Swanson to discover it, as she demonstrated in her picture, "Coast of Folly." Gloria's imitation of Mary's famous childlike pout and tossing curls was one of the finest bits of burlesque I've seen on the screen, and for the moment the piquant Swanson face looked exactly like the angelic Pickford one.

Valentino seems to be without mannerisms, except for the smouldering look in his eyes. But he cant help that. He was born that way. Lois Wilson is the most unaffected, unmanneristic person I can think of, except Alice Joyce, who equals her for naturalness. Lillian Gish is at once an actress devoid of tricks and an actress beset by them. Miss Gish is so thoroly herself at all times with her placid smile and her wistful eyes, yet she and her parts are so completely lost in each other that they become inseparable and you cant tell whether the tricks belong to her or the part she is playing.

Speaking of Lillian Gish brings us to D. W. Griffith, who is rich in tricks. Mr. Griffith has been accused of purveying hokum, but what of it? He is what is called "of the theater," meaning that he is well versed in the little tricks that strike the hearts of audiences. Mr. Griffith's heroines are strangely alike. They are all wistful, hoydenish, wan-faced and fluttery.

Lon Chaney has carried trickery to a fine art. Trick faces, trick make-up, trick costumes and trick characters have become identified with Mr. Chaney in his portrayals of unusual rôles. Still, one would not call him a man of tricks because he does not have a limited set of mannerisms which he carries from picture to picture as any actor might. Instead, he adopts for the course of the picture those idiosyncracies which the man he is acting would use—quite a different thing.

Raymond Griffith, Paramount's funniest star, was at first in danger of overdoing a few little mannerisms that he has overcome by this time. It is difficult to describe what they were, a twist of the mustache, a smile that showed all his teeth and a way of leaning on his cane.

Among actors, there are two who seem to me to be free from tricks. One is Richard Barthelmess, an artist if ever there was one, and Ramon Novarro, whose only "trick" is the way he thrusts his head forward or back.

Tricks properly used are to an actor what style is to a writer, is the original viewpoint of Frank Tuttle, one of our brightest young directors who has worked with such stars as Menjou and Bebe Daniels. Imagine Michael Arlen without his literary tricks. Wouldn't he be flat and lifeless? That is precisely what Mr. Tuttle thinks of mannerisms in an actor.

"It's funny that the two actors who are said to have mannerisms should be such ardent admirers of each other's art," said Mr. Tuttle. "John Barrymore and Adolphe Menjou. As a matter of fact, those same people who criticize them are more interested in Barrymore than in the play. Some one aptly said, 'It is *Hamlet* in John Barrymore, not Barrymore in *Hamlet*.' Menjou has an individual way of expressing himself, which some people call tricks. After all, how many ways are there of expressing an emotion? You show surprise differently than I do. That is your way of doing it, and as often as you are surprised you will wear that same expression. The same is true of an actor. The same is true of Menjou. He shows surprise, and his lips part while he raises his eyebrows. He shows disillusionment, and his mouth turns down at the corners knowingly. But he feels every one of his emotions, for Mr. Menjou is too great an actor merely to simulate an expression. Very often the real trouble lies in the pictures that artists like Menjou are assigned. Given a story with a limited number of moods, how can an actor help repeating his expressions? But as for tricks—I'd as soon have champagne without a kick as an actor without tricks. They're nothing more nor less than his style."

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

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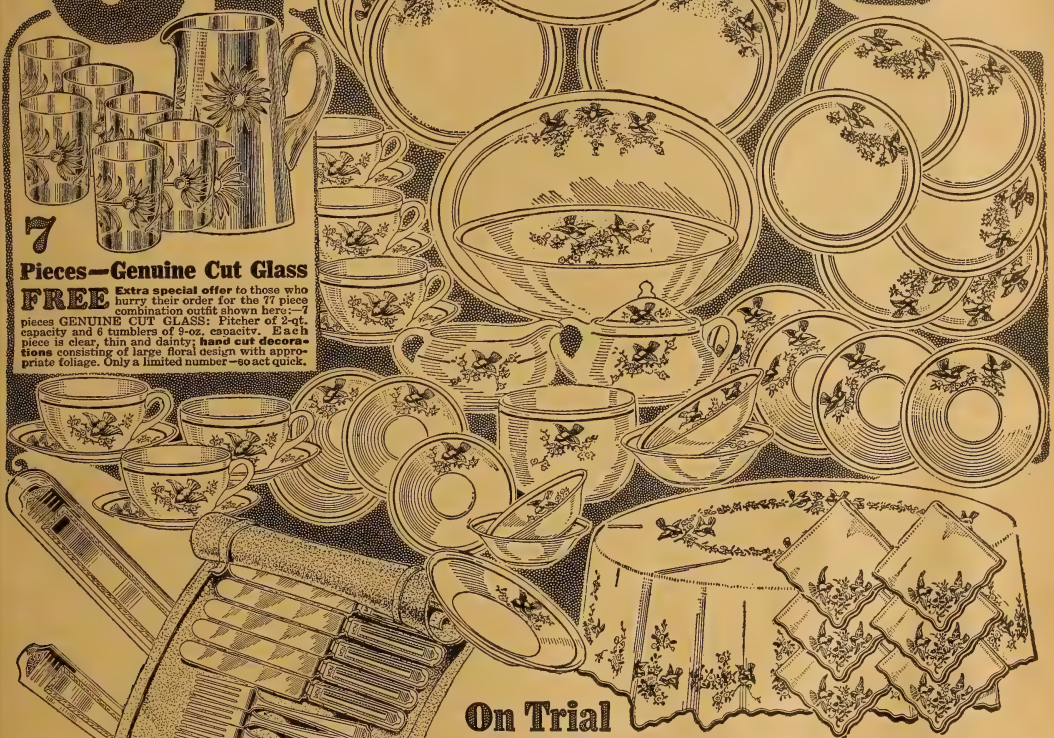

7 Pieces—Genuine Cut Glass FREE **Extra special offer** to those who hurry their order for the 77 piece combination outfit shown here:—7 pieces GENUINE CUT GLASS: Pitcher of 2-qt. capacity and 6 tumblers of 9-oz. capacity. Each piece is clear, thin and dainty; **hand cut decorations** consisting of large floral design with appropriate foliage. Only a limited number—so act quick.

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Sensational offer—almost a year to pay! An outfit of 77 pieces—and a 7 piece set of Genuine Cut Glass FREE, if you order now—at a price you could not equal in your home town even for spot cash. We'll ship this complete outfit—84 pieces in all—direct to your home on 30 days trial for only $1.00 down. Examine the quality, the beauty, the durability of each piece. After trial, if you are not delighted with the bargain, send the outfit back and we'll refund your dollar plus all transportation charges you paid.

$2.00 a Month

If you decide to keep the outfit, start paying only $2.00 a month until you've paid our rock bottom price—only $19.95, for the entire 77 piece outfit with the 7 piece Cut Glass Set FREE. 84 pieces in all—only $19.95—and almost a year to pay! Where else can you find a bargain like that and on such liberal terms?

Outfit Consists of:

77 pieces you need in your home every day. And, if you act at once, the 7 piece Genuine Cut Glass set is **free** besides—84 pieces in all!

44-Piece Bluebird Dinner Set

Has delicately tinted design of Bluebirds and foliage in natural colors. Each piece is twice fired and has a snow flake white glaze of great brilliancy which cannot craze. The set consists of 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 dinner plates, 9 in. diameter; 6 fruit saucers, 5 in. diameter; 6 oatmeal nappies, 6 in. diameter; 6 salad plates, 6 in. diameter; 1 meat platter, 10½ in. long; 1 round vegetable dish, 9 in. diameter; 1 cream pitcher, 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pieces); 1 butter plate; 1 utility bowl, 1 pt.; 1 pickle dish, 6 in. in diameter. Each piece has a dainty blue edge and is beautifully shaped.

26-Piece Silver Set

A silver service that will give you years of satisfaction. A pleasing pattern and popular polished finish. Each piece heavily silver plated on nickel silver base. Made for us by William Rogers, Ltd. Set consists of 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 dessert spoons, 6 teaspoons, 1 sugar shell, 1 butter knife. Packed in handy flannel roll.

7-Piece Table Cloth and Napkins

A large table cloth 60 x 60 in. and 6 napkins, 18x18 in., made of strong, durable linen finished cotton in pure snow flake white that will launder beautifully. All edges neatly scalloped with overlapped stitch in blue. Both tablecloth and napkins have hand painted design of Bluebirds and Apple Blossoms in their natural color, absolutely guaranteed fast colors. Harmonizes perfectly with dish set.

And remember: The 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Set is FREE, if you send at once. Shipping weight of entire outfit about 60 lbs.

Order by No. G8741A. $1.00 with coupon; $2.00 monthly; Total price $19.95.

Send Coupon NOW

We have made up only a limited number of these combination outfits for this special sale. Send the coupon quick, while this offer lasts. Only $1.00 deposit brings the outfit on 30 days' trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. (We do not ship C. O. D.)

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Enclosed find $1. Ship special advertised 77 piece Combination Outfit, with 7-piece genuine cut glass set FREE. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the Outfit, I will pay you $2 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the Outfit with the 7-piece cut glass set within 30 days and you are to **refund my money** and any freight or express charges I paid.

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Straus & Schram, Dept. 1527 Chicago, Ill.

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page 72*)

office. He tried his level best to concentrate on the story about extra girls. At other times he had been able to forget whatever disturbed him by concentration on his work. But not today. He remembered too well Judith's young, painted mouth as she had talked and laughed with him. He remembered this far better than the things she had said.

"JUDITH—JUDITH TOWER—JUDY."

He thumped the typewriter keys with this brilliant result, and then pulled the paper from the machine and tore it into bits. The men in the office would never give him peace if they found him at this schoolboy's trick.

There was a din all about him. Six typewriters were banging out the news of future casts and productions for the Sunday papers. He thanked his stars he was on the special stuff which he could do in his own time.

He asked the telephone operator for the casting director's office.

"Hello, Jim," he said. "Do me a favor, will you? See if you have an extra girl named Judith Tower listed?"

He held the wire.

Jim came back and said there was no record of such a name.

"That's funny," he said. "She worked here yesterday . . . with the McAllister company."

He banged down the receiver.

"You didn't expect to get any information from them, did you?" an old newspaper man at the next desk asked. "It is nothing less than marvelous the way they can always avoid knowing what you want to know."

"Darn inefficient, I'd call it," Harvey agreed.

But when the man sought to prolong the conversation, Harvey left his desk. He was in no mood for fellowship. He went out to the booth in the corridor and called the Excelsior Film Company.

When the casting director's office answered, he manufactured a hasty excuse and asked for Judith's address and telephone number. They gave it to him.

Then he determined that he would not do anything with it.

However, instead of going back to his office, he wandered about the lot and several times looked into the outer office in case she had come in. He also did his best to visualize the neighborhood in which she lived.

The only thing he could contemplate with any interest was going to see her. But he knew this was utterly preposterous. He was afraid she would think he was crazy. She had been pleasant enough the day before, but it had been a professional matter.

"God, she may be a married woman for all I know," he thought. And an icy finger traced his spinal cord. He went directly to the telephone. He called the number.

A harsh, metallic voice answered.

"Is Miss Tower at home?" he asked.

"Just a minute," the Voice said, and he heard it call "Miss Tower — telephone, Miss Tower."

There was a pause. And he noted they had called her Miss.

"Guess she's out," the Voice told him. "Any message?"

"Er—er, is this the maid?" Harvey asked, determined now to learn something definite before he was cut off.

"No," the Voice seemed slightly puzzled and amused, he thought. "This is a rooming-house. I am one of the roomers." Then again (curiosity, of course), "Any message?"

Harvey said there was no message and the instrument clicked.

What Happened in the First Chapter

JUDITH TOWER lives in a small town near New York. Her mother dies when she is twelve, and she is brought up by her father and stepmother, in an atmosphere of scrimping and debt. On her eighteenth birthday she receives $1,200 left her by her mother with a letter urging her to use it to launch herself on any career she may choose. Judith goes to New York with the purpose of getting into the movies. She spends most of her money on clothes, and lives frugally and miserably, earning a little money as an artist's model. After ten months she gets a small part in an Excelsior picture, and proves her beauty and ability. Marcus Goldstein, the producer, who is much attracted to her, sends for her and offers to groom her for stardom, but on terms which she cannot accept. By repelling his advances she ruins her chances in that studio. The next day she gets work as an extra with another company. She falls into conversation with Harvey Dunn, a young publicity man, who asks her to give him material for an article on extra girls. They lunch together in the studio restaurant, and are drawn to each other. Harvey introduces her to McAllister, the director, who has noticed her on the set and promises to give her a bit that afternoon. Judith returns to the set, and Harvey lingers at the table, promising to see her again on the set before she leaves. He hears her name mentioned by a girl at the next table, who has seen Judith promptly admitted to Goldstein's office, and misunderstood it. She insinuates, with much assurance, that Judith is accepting the attentions and help of Goldstein, who is notorious for making pretty women famous. Harvey is stunned by this revelation.

But still he found no peace.

And at two o'clock, on his way back from lunch, he decided that he would put into action the plan that had buzzed in his head all the morning. He stopped at a florist shop and ordered a corsage of gardenias. In the box he dropped his card, on which he impulsively wrote: "Will you take dinner with me tomorrow evening?"

Having done this, he hurried back to his office and waited for the telephone to ring.

The flowers were delivered at Judith's door at about three-thirty, a half hour before she returned home after a dreary day. She was climbing the dark stairs, covered with the hideous red patterned carpet that she loathed, when a blondined head poked out of a rear door on the third floor. A kimonoed figure followed it.

"Miss Tower?" the Voice asked.

Judith said she was.

"A man telephoned you this morning. He had the nerve to ask if I was the maid. He wouldn't leave a message."

Judith thanked the girl. She wondered if it could have been Harvey Dunn. She wished she had not gone out. The blonde head disappeared as soon as it was evident that no information was to be offered. But not before a shrewd inventory had been taken of everything Judith wore.

On one thing Judith had determined that day. She was not going back to Westport. She was going to let it be known that she was the great-granddaughter of the famous Lola Chase. It might help. It would make a good press story. And it was things like this, Judith had discovered, that were needed to focus official attention upon you. She felt confident that attention was all that she needed. Her conviction that she was a potential star was something instinctive . . . something far beyond either conceit or vanity.

She had planned to write her father for the photographs of Lola Chase that were in the old album. They had been relegated to the storeroom of the Westport house.

Judith had unlocked and opened the door of her room before she was conscious of the box, for the hall was dark in the late afternoon.

Again her heart misbehaved. Plump . . . plump . . . plump. . . . She did not know who could have sent her flowers. But she knew that it was too much to be borne if *he* had not sent them. All day she had gone about the streets hoping to meet him. She had imagined a chance encounter on Broadway. She thought once that she saw him just ahead of her. She had hurried. . . .

The florist's paster on the lid confirmed her hopes. Her fingers trembled as she untied the cord. The address was in the neighborhood of the Acme studios.

She dropped her hands into the mists of paper and brought forth gardenias, three of them tied with a silver bow. But without even stopping to look at them, she searched further for a card.

There it was. "Will you take dinner with me tomorrow evening?" she read. And on the other side, engraved in old English, were two words magic enough to transform a weary girl into a radiant creature—"Harvey Dunn."

She flew down the stairs to the telephone. And when the operator at the studios answered, she could scarcely speak. Her throat was choky and throbbing.

"Mr. Dunn, please," she said, thankful that she was not altogether inarticulate.

Then his voice came, "Mr. Dunn speaking."

"This is Judith Tower," she said. "Those gardenias" — the Voice's door

(*Continued on page 86*)

News of the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page* 70)

"For years," began the comedian in addressing the writers, "I have produced comedies about mothers-in-law, written gags on them and told jokes on them. When Dorothy and I were married, everyone kidded me about having a mother-in-law of my own. I solved the difficulty by making her my press agent so she could talk about me all she liked without hurting me. If she hadn't liked me, I would have gotten publicity anyway."

Knowing how much Larry admires his mother-in-law, the speech is now on record in the film colony.

RALPH INCE, the director, and brother of the late Thomas Ince, was married last month. The bride was Lucilla Mendez, daughter of a former president of Venezuela. The couple announced their intention of taking a honeymoon trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

ANNA MAY WONG'S young brother was arrested for bootlegging firecrackers. James Norman Wong was officially charged with illegally transporting firecrackers to Santa Monica for a Fourth of July celebration. There is a Los Angeles ordinance that prohibits the transportation of certain classes of firecrackers, and Anna May's brother was caught red handed.

As Tony Moreno remarked when he was asked where he intended to spend the Fourth, "I shall call up my bootlegger," said Tony, "order a case of firecrackers and celebrate the birth of liberty in my back yard."

Incidentally, Tony has started a new one at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios. Tony is playing the leading rôle in "Flaming Forests," and this time dons the trappings of an officer in the Northwest Mounted Police. Renée Adorée is to play opposite Tony in this production which is to be filmed in Montana.

JOSEPH VON STERNBERG, the young director, whom Charlie Chaplin discovered making an artistic picture, "The Salvation Hunters," with a steam shovel in the cast, was married to Riza Royce, who played in the New York stage production of "Dancing Mothers."

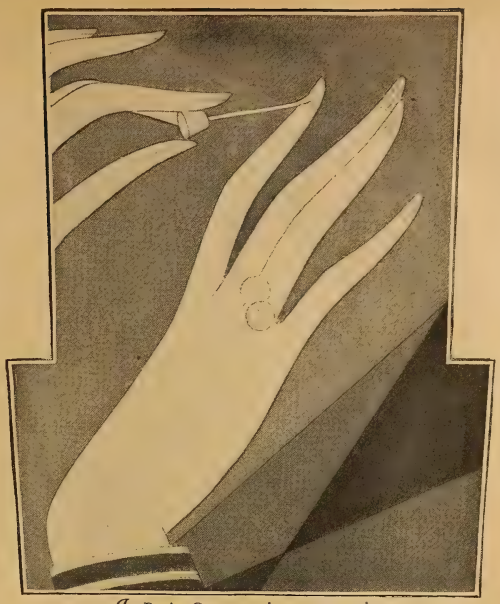
THE people of the motion picture business must be entertained with something other than motion pictures. We are fortunate when the producers bring from New York a few after-dinner speakers.

The latest acts to arrive have been in the persons of Irvin S. Cobb, Marc Connelly and Robert Benchley. They all came here for the purpose of injecting something into the movies. Regardless of whether they contributed any new thoughts to the cinema, they contributed much to the entertainment of the film folk with some masterful after-dinner speeches.

At a recent meeting of the Wampas two of these gentlemen were present. At the same Wampas meeting the organization was celebrating the recovery of four brother press agents who have been in the hospital ever since the Florida boom died out.

When Marc Connelly was introduced, he was asked to give his impressions of Californians. He replied that he thought the gathering before him was a repre-

(*Continued on page* 90)



In Paris, Cutex manicure preparations are used more than any other!

THE SOPHISTICATED PARISIENNE

chooses this smart polish

La femme élégante . . . they call her in Paris. The woman who cleverly emphasizes each smart detail of her grooming.

Never does she use this special emphasis to more flattering advantage than at her finger tips—drawing admiring eyes to note their exquisite perfection. Gleaming, tinted nails. Cuticle shaped in perfect ovals—revealing the lovely Half Moons.

Those lovely ovals of smooth cuticle she achieved by the simplest, daintiest method ever conceived—Cutex, the dainty antiseptic liquid that removes every bit of old dead skin and easily shapes the new.

For the final touch of radiance it is the enchanting rose of Cutex Liquid Polish that gives her nails their charming accent. She simply brushes it over her nails—and there it stays till her next manicure. It spreads thin and smooth. Does not crack or peel off. And is so smart!

The complete manicure

Thoroughly wash your hands and file the nails. With orange stick and cotton dipped in Cutex free the dead dry cuticle from the nails and clean under the nail tips. Then follow with Cutex Cuticle Cream. Give your hands a final rinsing. Now brush Cutex Liquid Polish evenly over each nail. It is in two lovely shades—natural and the new Deep Rose.

All Cutex preparations are 35c each—sets 60c to $5.00—wherever toilet goods are sold.

Or, send 10c with coupon for introductory bottles of Cutex Liquid Polish (natural) and Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. M-10, 85 St. Alexander Street, Montreal. NORTHAM WARREN—New York, Paris, London.

Send 10c for Introductory Sizes

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. M-10
114 W. 17th St., New York City, N. Y.

I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish and Cutex Liquid Polish Remover.

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_____

_____

Mail Coupon today!

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 84)

opened on a crack—"are lovely." Judith was unaware of her eavesdropper. "Thank you so much."

"Glad you like them," he said. "But how about tomorrow?"

"Why, that will be splendid," Judith said.

"I'll call for you about seven."

"At seven then." Judith repeated the hour. She wanted things to be definite this time. "Good-bye."

The rear door closed softly.

And Judith, hanging up the receiver, wished she had asked him if she should dress. She wondered why it was that she had always been so very adequate with other men about whom she cared nothing. And why it was that the very sound of Harvey Dunn's voice dispelled her poise.

She pulled aside the curtain covering her dresses which hung on pegs in the wall. It was not difficult to make a selection. There was a dull black crêpe with the wide lace collar and cuffs. Judith had worn that lace set as a little girl.

There there was a dull green chiffon dress with a low V-neck and wide, flowing sleeves. It was something of a cross between an afternoon and dinner dress. Judith thought this would be lovely if she wore the gardenias with it.

Impulsively she crammed on her hat. She repacked the corsage carefully. Then she hurried down-stairs and down the street to the little florist shop.

"Would it be possible for you to keep these in your ice-box until tomorrow at about this time?" she asked the man. "I will pay you." Her words came in a rush.

The man looked at her adamantly. Her eyes were less grave than usual and there was almost a pink flush in her cheeks.

He hesitated. Perhaps he knew that Romance had come into his shabby shop. "Give them to me," he said, and it was almost as if he was going to oblige her against his will.

"I wont be responsible if they dont keep," he said. "Cant tell about gardenias."

"I understand," Judith said. She was a little embarrassed now. She had done it all so impulsively. She had thought of nothing except the way the gardenias would serve that green chiffon dress.

"I do appreciate it," she assured the man. "I know it is—well, a little unusual. But they were sent to me and I did not know how else to keep them. I'll call for them tomorrow at about this time."

Walking home, she hummed a little song she thought she had forgotten. Once more she was gloriously alive. She had so many plans. There was so much she wanted to do. She thought she would shampoo her hair that night. It always looked better if it was done the day before. Her nails did, too.

Suddenly she remembered that he had made no explanation or apology about the night before. She was surprised that she had completely overlooked this. If any other beau she had ever known had presumed to treat her so carelessly, she would have refused to see him again. *But with Harvey Dunn, her standards crumbled.* With Harvey Dunn, just everything was different.

"Hey, look out there," someone shouted, and Judith jumped out of the way of a delivery motor. In the very center of the street, with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, she realized that she was in love with Harvey Dunn. Blindly, unreasonably, gloriously and insanely in love.

Until this minute she had doubted the very existence of love at first sight. And now it had descended upon her like a silver haze.

While she shampooed her hair and while she manicured her nails, she thought about it. She fell asleep thinking of it and woke to the immediate happy consciousness of it.

The day went quickly. She had several things to do. She wrote her father and asked him to send the pictures of Lola Chase. She felt that she understood this woman now. She could imagine giving up the stage for a man you loved the way she loved Harvey.

In the afternoon she went to one of the smartest hairdressers in town and paid one dollar and a half to have her hair marcelled in wide waves. Judith knew places where they would wave your hair for half of this price. But there was no comparison between the frizzes they gave and the way in which her hair now clung smoothly about her head.

The gardenias had not faded, except to lose a first freshness. And Judith knew they would have looked this way after she had worn them for an hour or two anyway.

At six forty-five she was entirely ready and doing her utmost to read. But she went over a passage innumerable times without getting any sense from it and finally put down the book. And in spite of the fact that she was sitting there waiting to be called, she jumped when Mrs. Clabby, the landlady, shrieked up the stairs:

"Miss Tower! Gentleman to see you."

Judith had considered the advisability of asking Mrs. Clabby to come up-stairs and announce Harvey quietly, but she had almost immediately discarded this idea. She had decided that it would be a silly affectation. The house was very evidently a second-rate rooming-house. And it was doubtful if Mrs. Clabby could have been prevailed upon to do anything but shriek in her usual manner.

Judith called back that she would be down immediately.

She fastened the gardenias at her waist.

A few months before, in a moment of unprecedented extravagance, she had bought a few yards of a silver crêpe, printed with a conventional wave design in varying and vivid shades of green. She had edged this with a wide fringe. The result was an effective wrap. And this she flung over her shoulders with all the magic of a naturally smart woman.

Judith knew that she was beautiful. But she was entirely impersonal in her conviction. The only effect it had upon her was to make her sure of herself.

Harvey Dunn awaited her in the narrow hallway. And when he saw her coming down thru the faintly lit spaces, he was glad that he had worn a tuxedo. He had been a little dubious as to the advisability of this, not knowing what she would do. But he had finally decided that she would have suggested an informal attire if she was not prepared to dress.

Again Judith's heart pounded a choke into her throat. Again there was that ache and constriction in back of her eyes.

He thought she was "A Princess in a Rooming-house" and put this phrase away in a corner of his mind, aware that it was a good movie title.

"Would you like to go to the Ritz?" he asked. "Motion picture people go there a great deal and I thought you might be interested."

He laughed. "It is funny," he said, "the way all of us motion picture people go around looking for each other whenever we are away from the studios. And if we dont look each other up, we go to the movies. Talk about a cabman's holiday!"

Judith was glad that she had dressed and that months ago she had bought those yards of printed crêpe.

"The Ritz sounds delightful," she told him.

"Well, there is good music there. And the food, of course, is excellent," he said, as they went to a cab waiting outside.

Judith marveled at such affluence and wondered whether Mrs. Clabby would see them and think that Judith could afford to pay more for her room. Mrs. Clabby's rates were as much as she thought she could get.

She felt now that she should say something to him about his failure to appear the other evening, but feared to mention it lest she break this perfect spell.

"You are a very curious person," he told her, as their cab turned down Fifth Avenue. "You look utterly poised and sophisticated. Yet I have a feeling that you are incapable of coping with the world in which I find you. Do your looks belie the real you? I wonder."

Judith laughed throatily.

"They do and they dont," she said spontaneously, with her habitual frankness. "I know just what you mean about me, I think. My strains of maturity and sophistication are uneven. Perhaps everyone is like that. But how acute of you to make such an observation!"

He shook his head. At first Judith thought he was not going to say more and she wondered why he had grown so serious.

"I am not unduly acute," he said. "We are always able to sense things about people we love. I love you, you know."

Judith hoped he would say it again.

"You love me, too, dont you?" he asked her.

She looked up and his eyes held her.

"Yes," she said simply, "I do love you, very much."

When Judith was to think of this interlude afterwards, she was always to marvel at the utter simplicity of it. Conventions . . . civilization . . . and the years upon years that had gone into the building of society were swept aside. It was elemental, primitive and fundamental. For all their sophisticated trappings and the twentieth century thru which they were riding, they were purely a man and his woman. It was like that.

He did not speak again. But reaching for her hand, which seemed at the same moment to reach for his, he found it cold and warmed it.

The immaculately white-uniformed attendant at the Ritz Carlton marquee held the door for them to alight. Harvey helped Judith out and they smiled at one another. With them now there seemed no need for words.

"I'll be waiting here," he said, as Judith went into the dressing-room to leave her

(*Continued on page* 93)

Building a City to Make a Movie

(*Continued from page* 5)

by Henry King for parts in the picture. It was a great sight to see them all huddled together on the floor watching themselves on the screen. There were mountaineers, cowboys, Indians, trappers and ranchers of every description, and all in all the queerest-looking specimens I had ever encountered. They had never seen a camera before they were brought here to become temporary citizens of this mushroom city. When you see them on the screen you will say that they are great, very great, actors—raw, crude, but perfectly natural; and that not even Wallace Beery and the like could have done any better. They not only looked and acted their part, but they *were* the part.

I was never quite sure that Mr. Goldwyn had not blundered in spending nearly a million dollars in selecting that God-forsaken desert of desolation on which to build a city just for a few scenes in a movie, until I saw the result on the screen. But the finished product dispelled every doubt. All the enormous expense, sacrifice and suffering of a very large company seemed fully justified. "The Winning of Barbara Worth" was not fully edited and titled when I saw it, but if it is equal to its promise, it will be a world-beater. It is the true story of a part of our national development, following the "Covered Wagon" epoch, and thus it has more than an entertainment value.

THIS editorial is not only to praise "The Winning of Barbara Worth," but to call attention to the fact that motion pictures are entering upon a new era—upon an epoch-making era in which nothing is too good, too great, too colossal or too daring for a producer to undertake if it will insure the perfection of the modern motion picture.

Are There Children in Your Family?

If there are boys or girls in your house, fourteen years old or younger, tell them to look at page 46 of this issue. There is a Felix-cat contest that will delight them.

One of the Evidences of Refinement

Good taste and good health both demand sound teeth, a clean mouth and sweet breath.

The use of Wrigley's chewing gum takes care of this important item of personal hygiene in a delightful, refreshing way.

Wrigley's does its work by removing particles of food from between the teeth, by stimulating the flow of digestive juices, and by the antiseptic action of the flavoring extracts for which Wrigley's is famous—"The Flavor Lasts!"

It removes odors of dining or smoking from the breath.

These facts, so freely attested by doctors and dentists alike, are making the use of Wrigley's a thrice daily routine of people of refinement.

after every meal!

Comes to you fresh and full-flavored in its sanitary sealed wax package

G66

Its so Easy to Remove Summer Blemishes

Tan, freckles, muddy complexions and coarse, wind roughened skins are passé for Fall and Winter social activities. Correct this condition now. Wipe out your summer blemishes and in their place give to your skin a pure, soft, pearly appearance of alluring beauty. Let

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

prove to you the value of "Corrective Beautifying." In a moment's time it renders a bewitching appearance to your complexion that cannot be duplicated by any Powder, Cream or Lotion. Its effective astringent and antiseptic action discourages blemishes, wrinkles and flabbiness. The weak points of your appearance are yielding to its corrective properties as you enjoy the immediate effect of a new beauty to your skin and complexion.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is ready to add years of youth to your appearance. Try it today. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also Compacts.

Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son,
430 Lafayette St.
New York

Answers to September's "Whose Hands"

The feminine hand, with long fingers, belonging to an individual with a gentle manner, quiet in temper, confiding and instinctively trusting every one who is kind to her, belongs to Lois Wilson. From just these few descriptive lines it would seem that every one could have guessed it was Miss Wilson, for, off the screen as well as on, she is all of these things. Her face and hand do not wholly correspond in detail, altho both show a conscientious, sympathetic, kind, gentle nature and both show ability. Vocationally, Miss Wilson could do well, with training, in most any work she would feel equal to undertake.

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F. Vance de Revere

The very masculine hand, with its long fingers, which corresponded in outline and general formation with its owner's face and figure, belonging to a tall, well-built man with good breadth to the central portion of his face, was Thomas Meighan's hand. Both face and hand alike show a sensitive, kindly nature, highly inspirational with great love of the artistic and all that is beautiful. Honesty and sincerity of purpose, determination, persistency and a strong will, a social nature, good conversational ability and a person not easily swayed, a generous person, tactful and very sociable and adjustable to people. He has executive as well as dramatic ability.

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F. Vance de Revere

The feminine hand which belonged to a person of good height, with a broad face, was the hand of Renée Adorée. A very versatile person, highly emotional, sympathetic, with strong artistic instincts and talent. Love of music and musical ability are shown in face and hand alike. The face shows more practicability than the hand but, both face and hand, show well-developed dramatic talent, in fact, the qualities which make the successful actress are dominate in face and hand. Renée Adorée's face is almost harmonic, giving ability to fit into several vocations successfully, but her present vocation is the one she is best suited to.

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F. Vance de Revere

Prize Winners for Limericks Published in August Magazine

New steps for the Charleston is what
Kathleen Key by a Russian was taught
For her hobby, and my!
She can leap to the sky!
There'll be countless "star-gazers" 'tis thought.

W. Milo Price,
Atlanta, Ga.

Miss Dolores Costello designs
All her negligees—exquisite lines
She gives them; and hues
Of the strangest she'll use,
When she dons them the rainbow resigns.

Miss Nellie Halpin,
Memphis, Tenn.

Noah Beery's pet hobby's to raise
Pond lilies—he started the craze,
And Filmdom's gone mad
Over this pleasant fad,
"Blooming idiots" is the right phrase.

William DuPell,
W. Philadelphia, Pa.

Adolphe Menjou has taken to writing
Saucy verses in French—most exciting!
Oh! He sure has a flair
For a rhyme full of "dair"
It is per "verse" and cant stand reciting.

Miss C. Elia,
Waterbury, Conn.

Pola Negri's new hobby is munching
Two apples at noontime, and lunching
On one quart of milk—
And her skin is like silk! –
Hence her "meal ticket" shows little punching.

M. Tiedem,
Eldred, New York.

The Usual Morning Tie-up

is the prize-winning title for the picture which appeared on page 8 of the August issue. It was contributed by William Lawrance, Alameda, California.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

"Shall I Go Into the Movies"

(*Continued from page* 74)

SHOULD do is to study art, what particular branch of this subject being beyond my power to determine when I have no time of birth to figure upon. But you have a good year in 1927 and if you get to work on some tangible artistic effort, you can get ahead at that time.

Adele F., September 19:

Like most people born in the signs Virgo and Libra—the months of September and October, roughly speaking—you are too sensitive and discriminative for your own good. You are not satisfied with less than perfection, and as perfection is rarely found in this mundane sphere, you can see just about what your own chances are of ever being contented unless you modify your requirements. Not a great deal will come your way until about 1931, but after that time there is much incident and great development in your life. I would suggest advertising or publicity work for you, either in motion picture circles or in commercial lines, but with the ultimate ambition to travel and interview famous people in foreign countries. Your life wont be commonplace, so dont give up hope just yet.

Edith S., October 24:

I'd have to preach an entire sermon to you to tell you some of the reasons why you wont be contented or even successful until you change some of your ideas. You have a complex character and a good many qualities which need a firm hand on the steering-wheel. Try not to expect too great a material reward or too speedy appreciation of your efforts until you have performed some genuine service. All returns, whether these be spiritual, intellectual or material, come from the effort and service of someone. Sometimes people can do so much for humanity that their children and their children's children reap these returns. But a mere effort to *get*, regardless of what is given, eventually results in sackcloth and ashes. You have plenty to give; try working very patiently and thoroly in chemistry or medicine. It's possible that chemical research might lead you into some form of motion picture activity, but not in the spectacular side of it.

A. L. C., May 19:

I think you have a pretty fair chance to get somewhere in motion picture acting—at any rate, better than you have along strictly intellectual lines. You are not the student type and are a wise girl to realize your capabilities. The sign Taurus gives you personal magnetism while your Moon's position in the sign Sagittarius gives you enthusiasm and energy. This is a good combination for an actress. You may have a little difficulty in marriage, but if you will wait ten years before getting very close to the altar you have a better chance of happiness in this respect.

R. E., May 13:

Stay in musical comedy. I cannot see anything in motion picture work for you but antagonism and disappointment. You have an opportunity for a brilliant marriage in about three years; take it. Make up your mind that your husband will be a person of decision and that it will be your part to adapt yourself to his ideas. You can do this, altho it may take some planning. Maybe the results will be worth the effort, you know.

They've Found Now

that the *way* you remove cleansing cream

has an almost unbelievable influence on the color and firmness of your skin

Please accept 7-day supply to try

The new and totally different way experts urge

LARGELY on the advice of beauty and skin specialists, thousands of women have turned, with some remarkable effects on the skin, to a new way of removing cleansing cream.

With its use darkish skins seem shades lighter than before.

Oily skin and nose conditions are curbed amazingly.

Dry skins—skins that tend to "flake"—are largely overcome.

Scores of skin imperfections—many traced to improper ways of removing cleansing cream—are combated.

* * *

Virtually every important beauty authority urges this method. Virtually every prominent motion picture and stage star before the public today employs it. It marks a new era in skin care.

7-day supply given

Just mail the coupon and a full 7-day supply will be sent you. It will prove, no matter how long you have used cold cream, you have never yet removed it properly, have never removed its germ-laden matter *completely* from your skin.

What it is

This new way is called Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*. A new kind of material—different from any other you have ever seen—developed in consultation with leading authorities in skin care solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

It comes in exquisite, aseptic sheets of handkerchief size. You use it, then discard it.

It is the first method ever known that removes *all* cleansing cream, *all* dirt and germ-laden matter from the pores.

No more soiled towels

Soft as down and white as snow, it is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary cloth towel.

It ends the "soiled towel" method that is dangerous to skin beauty.

It avoids the hardness of paper makeshift ways. It is made by one of the world's leading makers of absorbents.

No oily skins

Because it removes all dangerous matter and grease from the pores, it combats greasy skin and nose conditions. A greasy skin often indicates cold cream left in the skin which the pores constantly exude.

A blemished skin usually indicates a germ condition of the pores. You must clean them out. Old ways—towels, etc.—won't do it. They remove but part of the cream and dirt, rub the rest back in.

Thus your skin not only is endangered, but may seem several shades darker than it is.

In two or three days this *new* method will prove itself.

Send the coupon

Just detach the coupon. Use it, by all means. You'll be delighted with what it brings.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes.

Boudoir size, sheets 6 by 7 inches . . 35c
Professional, sheets 9 by 10 inches . 65c

KLEENEX
ABSORBENT
'KERCHIEFS
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

7-DAY SUPPLY—FREE

KLEENEX CO.,
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill. M-10

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of KLEENEX 'KERCHIEFS—*absorbent*—as offered.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Fashion's edict for the nails

—this lovely tinted lustre!

Surely, never before have nails been so important! The ordinary manicure is no longer enough. The nails must now have this *special* finish, this new gleaming loveliness.

Such is Fashion's edict! And eagerly the woman of *chic* is hastening to obey. Glazo, a wonderful liquid nail polish, has created a vogue that has spread to every corner of the modish world.

No more need of the old-time bothersome buffing that gives such a short-lived polish!

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GLAZO

Nails stay polished longer—no buffing necessary

Try GLAZO Cuticle Massage Cream

It shapes the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy

News of the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page* 85)

sentative crowd, because they had turned out to celebrate the recovery of three press agents. Then Marc launched into his speech as to what was wrong with the movies. He said the brainy writers of the East never could understand the movies unless they came out here. He attributed their lack of knowledge to the fan magazines and other motion picture publications that are supposed to print articles about the movies. He said if the wise men of the East only had more enlightenment on the subject, we might get them interested in coming out here to help us along in solving our problems.

These remarks of Mr. Connelly have prompted me to publish a few lines for the edification of New York's big brainy and bashful playwrights who only seem to know what they read in the papers.

In the first place, the New York playwright coming to Hollywood will discover to his amazement that no one has heard of him! He will have to start building up a reputation again by making after-dinner speeches. When he has made enough of these so the Hollywood folk know him by his first name, he will be welcomed into the fold and given a script. The first snag he will strike is when a scenario writer who has never been to New York will tell him that his ideas are all wrong because he is now dealing in movies, not speakies. This kicks him in the pride and he goes out and makes another after-dinner speech just to make sure he hasn't lost any of his oldtime ability. After two more scripts he learns that he is dealing in an entirely different medium for hokum. He makes another after-dinner speech about the movies being a different medium for art and returns to New York.

I sincerely hope this aids New York playrights who are contemplating visits to Hollywood, and may I add that the Will Hays's organization advises those coming to Hollywood to have enough money to keep them in food, clothes and drink for six months . . . at least!

After Marc had gone, Irvin S. Cobb took the stand, as the newspapers say, and kept his audience howling with mirth for the next half hour. Irvin's troubles didn't seem to be so acute nor so painful as Marc's. He characterized a movie supervisor (the man who supervises the story and tells the author what a poor job he is doing so the scribe wont feel like asking for more money), by saying that the gentleman reminded him of a goldfish swimming restlessly around and around, asleep all the time, but with his eyes open.

I didn't have the opportunity of hearing Robert Benchley, who was brought here for the same purpose as Cobb and Connelly. However, I have obeyed that impulse and am a three year paid-in-advance subscriber to his magazine, so I shall probably get his reactions from the pages of his journal.

Raymond Hatton returned from location with the Jack Holt company with the following description of the meals he enjoyed:

"We had chicken every day," said Ray, "they started the bird in Maryland and brought him west. The first day it was 'Chicken a la Maryland' on the menu card. The second day it was 'Chicken St. Louie.' The third day we had 'Chicken a la Cleveland' and the last appearance of the bird was under the title, 'Chicken a la Holt,' with the spurs on"

Bebe Daniels tells me of a conversation she overheard on a train coming west from New York. The two men, who were evidently princes coming to Hollywood to get married because Bebe described them as having frayed cuffs and voices like Shakespearian actors, were discussing the merits of Anita Loos' new book, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

"I can see nothing to this trash," said one, "It aint even good English."

The new home of the Paramount Company is a beautifully arranged studio. The executive building is one of the finest office structures in the West. The building housing the stars' dressing-rooms is an odd affair with a different style of architecture on the exterior of each dressing-room. This not only produces a unique effect, but provides the company with exteriors which may be used as sets for pictures.

Several stages have been constructed, and new equipment installed thruout the plant. The studio covers an immense area. This is the only objection the players seem to have with their new home.

In the old Lasky Studio there was one little street on which the stars congregated to exchange the gossip of the day, and now there are so many streets the players cant find their buddies when they want to gossip. It is comparable to the small town boy's trip to the big city . . . main street is gone.

I have heard actors refer to the immense plant as "The World's Fair Grounds," but they always do so with a certain amount of pride in their organization which started in a small country barn on Vine Street.

Esther Ralston is to have the leading rôle in "The Rough Riders."

George Lewis, the youngster whom Edward Sloman picked from the extra ranks to play the leading rôle in "His People," will enact the principal part opposite Mary Philbin in Sloman's next picture, which is to be the screen version of the European play, "Lea Lyon."

So long as we are singing tributes to directors, we might as well compose a hymn of praise to Edward Sloman, who is undoubtedly the best director the Universal company has on its program. Sloman has introduced us to three new screen faces this year. George Lewis was getting an extra's pay check until the director gave him the leading rôle in "His People." Blanche Mehaffey, a former comedy girl, created such a favorable impression in the same play that one of the large companies immediately signed her to a five-year contract. In "The Old Soak," Sloman again brought forth a new find in June Marlowe, who previously had been working in dog pictures, where one must have a pair of fangs to get a close-up.

I understand Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer contemplate the making of a film play based on the life of Louis XIV, and have already assigned one of their seventy-two writers to work out the script.

It is rumored that Paramount will make a film based on the life of Josephine, at one time the wife of Napoleon.

I know several actors who could carry out the rôle of Louis to perfection, but there is only one actress to portray Josephine and she is Florence Vidor.

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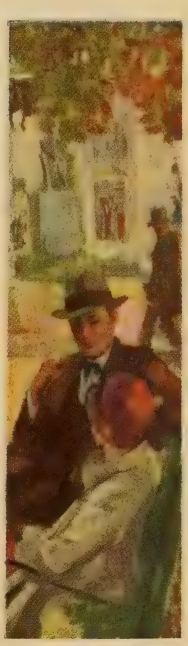

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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PERFECTLY NATURAL

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 86)

wrap and he went to check his hat and stick.

The room into which Judith stepped was sweet with a hundred mingling perfumes from France. There was a haze of powder and scented cigaret smoke in the air. A maid watched to see that the women did not leave their gleaming rings on the basin.

As Judith returned to Harvey, she noticed that a tall girl was talking with him. He introduced them. "Miss Royce," he said. "This is Miss Tower."

The girl acknowledged the introduction and made no move to leave. She was pretty in a brittle way. She glittered harshly.

"Is Miss Tower a professional, Harve?" she asked. Judith thought her manner with Harvey slightly possessive.

"I hope to be some day," she said, answering for herself.

Miss Royce smiled at her, but again she addressed her remarks to Harvey.

"You will help Miss Tower at the studios, of course," she said. Her tone was mocking. Judith was made to feel an outsider.

Harvey answered this time, saying: "I do not think that Miss Tower will need any assistance to get on. She has all the ingredients of success."

He seemed anxious to get away.

"Who is she?" Judith asked as they walked away.

"Joy Royce. She is on the stage," he said, but made no further explanation. And Judith was far too happy to bother with questions. Harvey loved her. That was enough.

They passed thru the large salon. Groups of beautifully gowned women and men in correct black and white sat about smoking. There was moderate light laughter. There was muted conversation. The orchestra was playing.

Judith and Harvey walked up the few heavily carpeted marble steps to the entrance of the large oval dining-room. Here tables crowded together, patterning the scene with circles of white damask. They were set with silver and rose-shaded candelabra. There were flowers. And glass walls extended the scene.

Harvey consulted with the head-waiter and they were shown to a table at the golden railing of the platform which circled the room.

The menu was in French. That made it difficult. Judith's French was sketchy, a mere high-school French. But the waiter made suggestions.

They ordered. . . .

Honeydew melon. Filet of sole, marguery—the marguery sauce being a delectable concoction of cream, mushrooms, chopped lobster and chives. Asparagus. Browned wisps of potatoes. A salad of alternate slices of avocado and grapefruit. *Cœur flottant merveilleux aux fruits.* This last was a sweet worthy of its poetic name — Floating heart, marvelous with fruits. Demi-tasse. Cigarets.

"Do you suppose that waiter is really so intensely interested in what we order?" Judith asked naïvely.

And Harvey laughed and laughed. Perhaps he laughed because he was so gorgeously happy and because he and Judith were alive.

The room crowded.

"There is Goldstein of Excelsior," said Harvey. Judith turned to watch the heavy-set Jew follow a waiter to a prominent table. A lovely young girl was with

(*Continued on page* 98)

Her ROMANCE Came True

Miss IDALIAN GAMBLE wins ROMANCE - Hollywood Contest

CONTESTANTS in the great Romance-Hollywood Contest — your congratulations to the winner — MISS IDALIAN GAMBLE, of Alliance, Ohio!

Of the 20,000 who entered the contest, this miss of but nineteen years, who was graduated in June from the Alliance High School, submitted the most unusual and interesting solution.

Her presentation is illustrated above: a model bungalow named THE ROMANCE ART SHOP, complete even to electric lights and flagged walk. The twelve romantic scenes of the contest were reduced photographically and hung as framed pictures upon the walls of the completely furnished bungalow.

Prizes have been awarded to the 200 other winners, and an illustrated folder giving contest winners, with details, has been mailed to all who submitted a solution. A copy will be sent to anyone, upon request. We also wish to extend our thanks to every competitor, and trust that their Romance Chocolates will be the beginning of a long friendship.

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We Interview Gloria Swanson

(*Continued from page 29*)

pace with her feet, which is some FEAT): The appointment was NOT for three. It was for three-thirty, anyway, and everyone who rides in taxis is half an hour late. It's *expected* of them. (*Her voice is plaintive, which is not her line at all.*)

G. H.: Whatjasay? Funny, Tommie wasn't on that set, dontcherthink?

A. W. F.: I KNOW that St. Peter was wrong. I said three-thirty *distinctly.*

Look, there's Louise Brooks. She has a unique personality. I predict things for her.

G. H.: Where? Oh, yes. Isn't her hair straight? You have to be so good looking to wear your hair straight. I dont see how you can predict when you are doing a Marathon forty leagues long. What is this, a labyrinth? Who's the man with Louise Brooks?

A. W. F. (*officiously*): I know who you mean but I just cant call the name to mind.

THE BOY (*pausing at eternal last on the dark rim of a dismantled set*): The Swanson company should be here. Looks like they are thru for the day.

G. H.: Well, that's as may be, but if they are I'm thru for life. It's up to you, fleet Miss Fletcher, to so notify the powers-that-be.

A. W. F. (*who is obviously unperturbed by this cataclysmic threat again consults the pitiful circlet she totes about on her wrist*): My watch says only fifteen to. Anyway, the appointment *wasn't* for three. She cant have gone yet. My luck *couldn't* run like this all day.

STAGE-HAND (*evidently struck by the dramatic quality of the little group*): Looking for Miss Swanson?

G. H. (*to A. W. F. in whisper*): They dont call her Madame La Marquise in the studios, you see. *You* said I'd have to say the whole title every time I opened my mouth. The more I go around with you the less stock I take in . . .

A. W. F.: Oh, what difference does it make what they call her if she isn't here to be called *anything?* The point is not what she is called but whether she is here . . . you do prattle on more about nothing . . .

THE BOY (*imperturbably*): Know where she is? (*To stage-hand.*)

STAGE-HAND: She's down on the lower stage. We're striking this set.

BOY (*starting off at the Nurmi nip once more*): This way, ladies . . .

Again the interviewers follow on, down flights of circular stairs, around more sets, along corridors variously and pompously inscribed . . .

SCENE III.—*A drawing-room set in which card tables are grouped with chairs. There are three or four men arranging small tables, ornaments, etc.*

In the center of this scene and curiously dominating it stands a small definite figure clad in powder blue, coat and skirt. A close felt hat of the same shade is crushed down on her head with that casualness that, alone, is elegance. A sheer white blouse, short-vamped, gray suède shoes complete the costume.

A. W. F. (*taking quite a manner unto herself, goes over to the blue figure*): How do you do, Miss Swanson. We were so afraid we had missed you. May I present Miss Hall . . . Gladys Hall?

GLORIA SWANSON: How do you do. Wont you sit down. I'll be thru almost at once and then we can go to my dressing-room and talk.

The interviewers seat themselves with what they feel to be proper dignity and decorum under what you might call Court circumstances and watch the tiny Marquise as she confers with the various men over the various details. Every item she suggests is sedulously noted. A slight difference here. An alteration there.

G. H.: I noticed her eyes first. Amazing eyes. And her pocketbook. It isn't so *terribly* different from mine and mine came from Best's—$3.95—in fact, I think you gave it to me, 'Dell.

A. W. F.: What difference there is is certainly terrible—I agree with you there. Do you like the color blue she is wearing?

G. H. (*trying out the subtle sensation*

"I am accused of being everything from 'high hat' down the scale. It makes one fearful of just how one should behave to the members of the press," says Gloria. Another scene from "Fine Manners"

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

of appraising a Marquise): Uh-huh. I mean, chawming.

A. W. F. (*compassionately*): Oh, dont try so hard. You'll get along better if you dont. I do like her hat.

MISS SWANSON (*coming over to them*): Now I've finished. Would you like to come to my portable dressing-room? The regular dressing-rooms are so far from the sets. When I came out of the hospital they gave me this . . . (*Miss Swanson and the interviewers thereupon enter what resembles a moderate Pullman drawing-room on wheels, with full-length couch at one end and full-length dressing-table at the other. The maid unlocks it for them and opens the tiny windows.*)

SCENE IV.—*The interior of the dressing-room. At one end the aforementioned dressing-table before which a boudoir chair stands and upon which is the usual lavish paraphernalia of the tricks of the trade . . . lip-sticks . . . puffs . . . rouge pots . . . creams . . . grease paint . . . mascaro . . . salves . . . other ointments and unctions . . .*

At the other end of the little room is the long couch upholstered in a pastel taffeta. The four windows are likewise draped in taffeta. But it is none the less a casual little room without any great attempt at pretentiousness.

GLORIA SWANSON (*facing the two interviewers who have seated themselves on the lounge*): These portable dressing-rooms are blessings. By the time you have traveled the length and breadth of the studio six or seven times a day often wearing heavy costumes you are exhausted.

A. W. F. (*sympathetically*): You've been ill lately, too . . .

GLORIA SWANSON: Yes. A nervous breakdown. It was probably a very good thing for me. It has made me realize that I must take care of myself; that I cant just go and go without taking stock at all. I had never before this really thought about my body or what it needed. I feel differently about it now.

A. W. F.: I've always heard that you were a particularly healthy person.

GLORIA SWANSON: I was. That was just it. I've worn out other members of my companies for years working long after they felt like giving up. But I suppose for some time I've been doing it on nervous energy. I think I was stupid about such things. I didn't really *think*. But this horrible session I have come thru of feeling as tho I simply couldn't make any move at all has given me a warning, probably just in time. Now I'm watching what I eat and I'm going to bed not later than ten o'clock.

G. H.: This is your last picture for Famous Players, isn't it?

GLORIA SWANSON: Yes. Then I work on the same basis as Mary and Doug and Charlie and the others. Which means, then, that I will be able to do what I want in the way I want. Hereafter if I am not well, I wont work. If I feel disposed to make a picture in Japan for any known or unknown reason, I'll make it there . . . there is considerable responsibility but there is also liberty . . .

A. W. F.: You have always taken a great deal of responsibility in production at any rate, haven't you?

GLORIA SWANSON: Yes, I have. That's why I've worked so hard. I could have come to the studios and turned my face this way and that at the directors' commands . . . that wouldn't have taken any particular degree of strength . . .

G. H. and A. W. F.: But you wouldn't have been so successful . . .

GLORIA SWANSON (*her trim blue shoulders eloquently expressing her doubt*): Perhaps . . . perhaps not. . . . I suppose it's a great deal the way you are made . . . the way you work. I've always been intensely serious. I never could see the funny side of things. I hated being in comedies. When I was a child I never even wanted to see a comedy. I couldn't laugh at them. I've always dramatized things . . . even work. . . .

And so when I began to get on I wanted especially to get to the top. I would never leave the studio at nights until I had seen my rushes, even tho that meant, and means that there is really no time for dinner, no time to dress for going out. Then between pictures there are always stories to be read, costumes to be seen to and the domestic régime that is so vitally important to me. . . .

G. H.: You supervise the children yourself a great deal, dont you?

GLORIA SWANSON: All I can possibly find time for. I spend every minute I can with them and find the minutes only too few.

G. H.: If you had to give up your fame—or your family—your motherhood—can you say which you would sacrifice now that you have both?

GLORIA SWANSON: Oh, my career, in an instant. I have never been so peaceful, so happy, so near to what I imagine angels must feel like as I was when little Gloria was—very little. I think a woman hasn't really lived, isn't a woman at all, until she has had a child. I hope to have others, at widely spaced intervals, so that as I grow old there will always be a child in my house.

A. W. F.: Shall you mind growing old, do you think?

GLORIA SWANSON: Yes, I'll mind *growing* old. I cant visualize myself at all in that intermediary stage. I can see myself quite perfectly as a nice, very old lady . . . but middle age . . . I do shrink from that. . . .

G. H.: You wouldn't want to give up the fame you have won, would you? You couldn't quite say that? I mean, is there a heavy price to pay?

GLORIA SWANSON: You do pay for fame. No doubt about it. I cant say whether it is worth while or not. Of course, there is such a great difference between fame and notoriety. The sad part being that so many people get the two hopelessly confused. I have had such unkind publicity, such sensationalism. Would, for instance, a man be suing me for some preposterous sum of money because I am supposed to have slapped his face or something of the ridiculous sort if I were not Gloria Swanson . . . or not Gloria Swanson especially but a movie star. . . . Would any little move I make be so construed that it appears as a front page story if I were not "famous"?

I am accused of being everything from "high hat" down the scale. It makes one fearful of just how one should behave to members of the press. I suppose I *have* hurt a great many feelings . . . that is another penalty of fame. I have a ferocious memory for names. I can always remember a face but I cant seem to attach the right name to the right face. I know that I have hurt a great many feelings in that way. It is difficult. . . .

G. H.: Is that, or is this why you keep the children's pictures out of the papers?

GLORIA SWANSON (*in her calm, definite way*): Yes. I want them to lead normal childhood lives. I do not want my little girl to go to school and be known as "Gloria Swanson's daughter." I do not want her to go to school and be beleaguered with questions about her mother. Perhaps stories about me that will not be true but that will do something to the

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BEN LEVY CO., Dept. 56, 125 Kingston St., Boston, U.S.A.

child. When they grow up . . . then they are free. I trust that I will not be one of the kind of women who try to live their lives over in the lives of their children, but while they are little and incapable of making wise choices for themselves we feel that the wise one is to keep them in the country as much as possible with tutors and governesses so that they will hear as little as possible about "Gloria Swanson this-and-that."

I believe in public schools for children. Thoroly. I've thought it all out very carefully and if I thought she would be allowed to be herself in any degree I shouldn't hesitate to send her too, but we have decided against it for the reasons I have given you. And then, too, suppose the newspapers involved me in a scandal and my daughter was in school and compelled to defend me, her mother? Oh, no, I want to keep her away from all this for as long a time as I can . . . she must have her chance to be an individual and not be in any sense submerged by such attention as is publicly drawn to me. . . . When she is older I shall probably send her to school abroad, in France or in Switzerland where it doesn't matter who you are. . . .

A. W. F. (*in what is supposed to be her best humorous vein*): You dont seem to care for the publicity bestowed upon you by the Great American Public?

GLORIA SWANSON: It doesn't matter much whether I care for it or not. It isn't publicity I resent—it is notoriety. That is what I have been getting. But I quite realize that there is nothing I can do about it.

G. H.: You might do what Maude Adams did . . . you know, the cloistral stuff . . . seclusion and all that. . . .

GLORIA SWANSON (*smiling her rather morbid smile*): I did and they said that I was dead. An uncle of mine went into a barber shop and was commiserated with by the manicurist who assured him that he was mistaken in supposing me alive, that she had seen the funeral and all the details. Even when I materialized in full view of the reporters they said that they knew I must be me, or words to that effect, but how could I *prove* it? It was an interesting abstraction. Even my mother's statement to the certain effect that I was I was discountenanced. It was observed that she was making the statement in the interests of Famous Players. It finally came to an end but not until I had been considerably puzzled as to how I could prove that I was really I and not a double engaged to live my life for me.

There are a great many penalties attached to Fame, if that is what you call it. . . . I have too little home life . . , and as for social activities . . . well, the last time Mr. De Mille was in town I got away early one afternoon to pay him a visit. I went into the Ambassador Hotel about five and heard music playing. "Ah," I thought, "there must be a big party in progress here . . . isn't this very gay . . ." and then it dawned upon me that it was merely tea time and that men and women were having tea and dancing . . . that things like that really do go on . . . and I thought how nice it would be to go to tea some afternoon . . . and dally . . . and dance. . . .

When I go away for a week-end, my hostess will say to me, "Do you play bridge?" "No," I am obliged to say, "I dont play bridge. You see, I haven't time. I am too tired in the evenings. You have to play so awfully well these days if you play at all." She will look a little doubtful and then say to me, brightly, "Golf? I suppose you golf?" "No" I say, rather stupidly, "I dont golf. You see, I haven't time. Sundays, when I am home, I like to be with the children, to play with them. . . ." "Tennis, then?" "No," I say, "I dont play tennis . . . if you will just let me read . . . and sit . . . I shall be quite happy. . . ."

I am assured that the average public has no notion of the way in which we people of the screen really work.

A. W. F.: I do think that one of the saddest things in life is the way most of us have to work in our youth . . . give up the fun-things . . . so that we may be secure financially in our old age.

GLORIA SWANSON: It's quite true. Last week my husband and I were at West Point and I cant tell you how I felt as I sat and watched the young girls and the cadets . . . how out of it all . . . my main thought was that I should like to send Joseph, my little adopted son, to West Point when he grows up. I mentioned this to my husband who laughed and said that I was anticipating a great deal, considering the fact that Joseph is three. But it was from the mother's point of view that I was seeing West Point.

A. W. F.: You dont know what story you'll do first for United Artists, do you?

GLORIA SWANSON: No. I have three in mind. When I finish here next week I am going up to the country and live in sweaters and rusticate for a few weeks and then I'll come back and get things going.

G. H. (*rising, obviously because it is her duty*): It has been so pleasant . . . meeting you, Miss Swanson. . . .

GLORIA SWANSON (*rising also*): And meeting you. I hope you'll both come in some evening about six so that you may see the children. They come to town a couple of days a week.

G. H. and A. W. F. (*in the well known and long rehearsed unison*): We will. We'd love to.

GLORIA SWANSON: Do, please. I'll look for you. Good-bye. . . .

The interviewers exeunt as the maid announces that Miss Swanson's car is waiting.

SCENE V.—*The interior of a taxicab bound suburbiaward on Long Island.*

The interviewers settle themselves as comfortably as the resources at their command permit and prepare to discourse upon the merits versus the demerits of the Marquise, etc.

G. H. (*in a somewhat surprised tone of voice*): I liked her . . . a great deal.

A. W. F.: Well, what's strange about that? Why shouldn't you?

G. H.: I dont know. It's funny . . . she's almost the only celebrity I've never interviewed before and I had got the impression that she was up-stage and unapproachable and not exactly human and, of course, I make humble demand of humanity of anyone I meet . . . but she is quite the contrary from what I had expected. Decidedly human. Very much of a lady. Intelligent. Direct.

A. W. F.: Yes, all of those things. You know, she reminds me of Mary Pickford. I mean in essence. The same matter of fact manner. . . the same direct method of dealing with vital problems . . . the same quiet acceptance of her fame which is infinitely better than mock modesty. . . .

G. H.: And no less than any of these sterling qualities is the way in which her eyes are set. . . .

A. W. F.: And what color . . . what would you say . . . aquamarine. . . .?

G. H.: Some girls with her features . . . because they are not the features

(*Continued on page* 107)

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That's Out

(*Continued from page* 71)

Who Won the War?

THE British, are adversely criticising "The Big Parade," claiming that it contains too much American propaganda and that it should be entitled "How America Won the War."

In Australia the production has been banned entirely, because it failed to show Australian troops in the action.

The fact that the picture is supposed to concern itself with some American doughboys and their experiences on the American front seems to have been completely overlooked.

Next we expect to hear of objections from the Italians, the Japanese, the Russians, the Belgians, the Scottish Highlanders and the Hottentots, because the American doughboys were not pushed into the background to show the activities of other countries.

Also, why not a ban on the part of Germany because "The Big Parade" attempts to prove that the Germans lost the war.

Why Be Original?

THE producers run so short on good box-office titles that whenever one company thinks up a good title, the other companies rush forward to emulate it.

First we had "While New York Sleeps." Then came "While Paris Sleeps." Now along comes Warner Brothers with "While London Sleeps."

To make a complete job of it, will some producer kindly present us with a super-feature entitled "While the Audience Sleeps"?

What's This? Real Art Films?

A NEW era of artistic films is promised to those discriminating picture-goers who yearn for a higher grade and more intelligent form of silent drama than they are now getting.

Out in Hollywood, The Photoplay League has been formed for the definite purpose of showing artistic films to selected audiences. None but members of The League are allowed to witness their programs. Children and all persons connected with censor boards, or favoring censorship of any kind, are forever barred from becoming members of The League.

Attempting to cater to patrons over the twelve-year mental limit is risky business and cuts the number of those eligible for membership down to a minimum.

However, The Photoplay League is making marked progress and soon there will be a branch theater in every prominent city.

Our Two Best Bets

JUST to show how easy it is to foretell our future big screen favorites, I will herewith set forth the names of the two most promising undeveloped young actors on the screen today.

Gilbert Roland.

Don Alvarado.

As conclusive evidence of the utter incompetence of the studio heads to know real screen discoveries from inferior talent, it is interesting to note that both of these young players have been released by companies who had them under contract at small salaries.

Alvarado was released by Warner Brothers and Roland by Famous Players-Lasky.

The real laugh will come when a year or two hence both of these companies will be glad to offer Don Alvarado and Gilbert Roland ten times the salaries they were drawing at the time of their release.

FREE:

A wonderful little book that gives new beauty secrets. Free, with every jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Four Simple Ways to improve your skin —NOW!

By FRED INGRAM Jr., Ph. C. B. Sc., (Pharm.)

I. From 16 to 30 you need from 7½ to 8 hours sleep—at least four nights out of seven. At 30 to 50, 6½ to 7 hours will do with a daily short rest after lunch or just before dinner. If you would have beauty after 30—get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compete with loss of sleep.

And you simply *must eat* each day either lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrots, spinach, oranges, white cherries, grapefruit, lemons or tomatoes. Your doctor will tell you just what combinations are good for you personally. Sleep and these foods are a sure foundation for beauty.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and hands—at least once a day, lukewarm water and any good soap (Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap is fine). *Then* use Ingram's Milkweed Cream on hands, arms, neck and shoulders. Rub it in gently. Don't rub it off. Use only at night before retiring—wear old gloves on hands. You will be astonished. Your friends will comment on the remarkable change in the appearance of your skin with this simple, common sense treatment. Under no conditions use any other cream while you are making this test.

III. For the face, give our cream two weeks' exclusive use. Write the date on the label so that you may watch results carefully. Use no other cream of any kind. Wash your face at night with lukewarm water and Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap. Rub cream in gently; don't rub it off. Use morning and night, using water only at night to cleanse face. Blotches, blemishes, blackheads, redness, tan, wind- and sunburn will go if you follow the diet suggested and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream exclusively.

Women today will tell you this simple treatment gets results. We have thousands of letters over a period of 40 years that back up our statements. And today thousands are enjoying the beauty insurance which this simple method brings.

IV. If you have a good beauty shop operator, stay with her, but insist that she use your own jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Infections are dangerous. Not one woman in a hundred has a scientific beauty operator.

We are always glad to answer questions—to help those who have been unsuccessful in their search for skin loveliness. Particularly those who want to protect their beauty over a long period of years.

If you are in doubt, take no chances. Do your own facials, arm, neck, hand and shoulder treatments at home. We will teach you how in our little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

WOMEN of *Thirty* and over . . . read this!

Here is a NEW *simple* METHOD *to keep lovely skin. Blemishes vanish, actually—often in two short weeks!*

THOUSANDS of beautiful women have used it, for ten years or *more.* An "all-purpose" beauty aid that *corrects—beautifies—protects.*

Praised by famous stage beauties, skin authorities. *For today, every truly charming woman knows this:*

Lovely skin is *so* important. And now, women past 30 can have it—can appear 10 to 20 years younger. Blemishes *can* be banished. Quickly, surely, that lovely, satiny softness can be attained.

Read the common-sense column at the left—it tells you *how.* Then obtain a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream at your favorite store. Get it in the 50 cent or dollar size. The dollar size is more economical.

You and your friends will notice a remarkable improvement within **two weeks. And remember: You need only one cream . . . Ingram's.**

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885

Windsor, Ont., Canada — 521 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

your horoscope

SOMEDAY smiling fortune will escort you to the famous

"Cocoanut Grove"

at the

Ambassador

Los Angeles

There, beneath an azure sky, graceful palms and twinkling lights you will dance, as you never danced before, to the most alluring of dance music.

You are sure to see many of the world's most famous

Motion Picture Stars

In fact, at the Ambassador you are sure of enjoying California at its best.

Open Air Plunge, two Golf Courses, MotionPicture Theatre, Picnics, and every outdoor sport.

Write for Chef's Illustrated Cook Book

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 93)

him. But Harvey was talking, and Judith could consider nothing else.

"Did you wonder why I did not come up on the stage the other night as I said I would?" Harvey asked. "Or did you forget that I had said I would be up to see you later on?"

"I waited for you," Judith said without artifice, "but you did not come. I wanted to ask you about it tonight, but I was afraid it would break this beautiful spell if I mentioned it."

Harvey restrained himself. He wanted to reach over and take her hand.

"You darling," he said. "What an idiot I was. What a blithering idiot. I dont deserve you. I overheard something and believed it. Someone said you had *entrée* to Goldstein's office. . . ."

Judith's eyes darkened to the color of the sea on a cloudy day.

"You thought *that* of me?" she asked, but he interrupted her.

"I told you I was an idiot, Judith. Say you forgive me, love. Say it," and when she hesitated he pleaded with her. "Say you forgive me. *Now!*"

She had been hurt by his suspicions, but she could not resist his begging eyes. She did forgive him. Oh, she did. And Harvey held her hand beneath the long tablecloth.

At a nearby table were débutantes with young bloods. They were all very gay. Their little young bodies were wrapped in heavy silks and frail chiffons. Their slight young arms were brilliant with bands of jewels and synthetic jewels. They glittered so it was impossible to tell which were which.

Judith noticed that they suddenly seemed concerned with the entrance to the room. She turned, too.

"There is Sonia Solana," Harvey superfluously remarked, for the actress was unmistakably herself.

She stood almost defiantly. Her cloak, fashioned of a beaten tissue of gold, was dazzling. Her black hair was brushed sweepingly back from her oval, ivory face. Her black eyes were set in purple shadows. About her forehead was a golden band studded with a large ruby. About her high throat was another band of gold. And her feet, small and perfect, were sandalled in what also seemed beaten gold rather than leather.

"Do you know the man with her?" Harvey asked, pleased over Judith's fascinated enthusiasm. Judith shook her head.

"Heath Thomas." Harvey named one of the wealthiest men in America and the scion of an old family.

"Who could blame him?" Judith asked, with what Harvey thought an extraordinary generosity. Women did not usually admire Sonia.

"There is someone who blames him," and Harvey nodded in the direction of the débutantes' table. Judith noticed that one girl deliberately ignored the stir that the couple in the doorway had caused. A moment later this girl and her escort left the room. It was evident that they were not returning. The waiter rearranged the table.

"Good Lord, she wont stay with them here," Harvey said. "She is Phyllis Thomas, his cousin. The entire family is in a furore over it. He was to have married Phyllis' friend, I understand. But just before the engagement was announced he became interested in Sonia and the girl has sailed for Europe."

Judith was interested. This was the life she had dreamed about.

"Still," she said, "I like Sonia Solana."

"You wouldn't like her if you really knew her," Harvey said. "She has a viperous tongue."

Judith smiled at him. "Would you have me believe all the tales that have been written about her?" she asked.

Harvey shook his head. "The most amazing story is true," he said. "But it has never been published. She is madly in love with Harry Crane."

"Not that nice person who always plays the abused husband?" Judith seemed incredulous.

"That nice person," Harvey insisted. "They went about together last year, but Harry never was in love with her. When he does not meet her at trains and when he does not send her telegrams and pay her other such attentions, she is broken-hearted. She has told one or two friends that she will never marry until he does."

"It sounds unbelievable," Judith exclaimed.

"It is unbelievable," Harvey granted. "Harry wishes to God she would marry Heath Thomas or any of the other hundred men who are so mad over her. All he wants is to be let alone. The funny part of it all is that he is probably the only man upon whom Sonia has ever smiled who has not been willing to die for her.

"It is tragic. It is ironic. But it is no crazier than a hundred other patterns in this motion picture game. It is a phantasmagoria, for the greater part. There is no rhyme or reason for half of it. But somehow everything seems to work out into a whole. It has color and interest. That is why we love it so, I suppose."

Judith was quiet when Harvey finished talking. She looked over to the table where Sonia Solana and the aristocratic Heath Thomas were. He was bending over the table, talking earnestly. There was supplication in his manner. But Sonia was leaning back indolently in her chair and appeared to be smoking rather than dining. Every time Judith looked in their direction a tendril of smoke rose from the end of Sonia's cigaret in its long, golden holder.

"Tell me about yourself," Harvey asked Judith, impatient with her interest in Sonia Solana and Heath Thomas. "Tell me all about the years when I did not know you. How did you happen to come to New York so determined to be a motion picture actress?"

"Not particularly a motion picture actress," Judith began, "but an actress." She reached again beneath the long cloth for Harvey's hand and, holding it preciously in her own, she began her story. First she told of her childhood visits to the big brick house in the city and of the canary-yellow photograph album with the photographs of Lola Chase. Then she told him about her mother's letter and the enclosed funds.

Hers was a more intriguing story than Harvey had expected to hear.

"I have heard of Lola Chase," he told Judith. "As a matter of fact, I read something about her the other night in an old theatrical history. She will not be remembered by anyone today, but the photographs will reconstruct her glamour and they will help you tremendously. Every newspaper writer will be tickled to death to get one of those pictures and a story about you.

"You are right in thinking they will open the way for you, Judith. But this

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will bring the fame that I know belongs to you sooner than I had expected. I am so afraid I will lose you."

"I couldn't bear it if you should, Harvey," she told him whimsically.

"You dear, you," he said, looking over at her. "Do you know that I am a poor man? Tonight I wanted things to be perfect. But we could not frequent places like this on my salary. I earn one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week, Judith dear. That may sound like a great deal to you now, but suppose you do get on—do you think you would be sorry that you had married a humble P. A."

"I'll marry you just as soon as you'll have me, Harvey," she said. "I would not want the success that you think I may have if I had to take it alone."

"The day after tomorrow, then," Harvey said. "And God Bless the future Mrs. Harvey Dunn."

They drove home in an old hansom cab. But first they went thru Central Park. It was Elysian. Harvey held her in his arms and whispered adorations in her ear. And she marveled that life could be so gloriously perfect.

Long after he had left her in the dark hallway, and long after she was in bed, she continued to marvel that Harvey Dunn should love her so. With the feel of his kisses still on her lips, she dropped off to sleep.

CHAPTER IV

The following morning Harvey was at the studios long before his usual ten o'clock arrival. Before nine-thirty he had looked up the film shot in the country-club set two days before and had arranged with the operator in the projection-room to show it before McAllister saw the rushes of the location trip the day before.

Then he found McAllister and told him the story of Judith and Lola Chase.

"There is a great publicity story in it," Harvey said, "and if she is any good at all, I am sure that Mr. Irving will be interested in her. If he gives her one of those option contracts, he does not stand to lose anything. You might as well get in on this and be the little Columbus who discovered her."

McAllister was interested.

"I did not see the rushes of that country-club stuff," he admitted. "Grady looked it over for me. Finishing productions in schedule time is no joke. But come on down into the projection-room and let's see if we can locate that film. I have to look at yesterday's stuff anyway."

Harvey explained that he had already found it. "I thought you might want a look at it before I showed it to Mr. Irving," he said.

The operator was waiting for them and a minute after they seated themselves in the projection-room, Judith and her partner danced across the screen. Harvey knew she was effective. And, making allowances for his personal interest, he felt that she had great potentialities.

"She seems to have something," McAllister granted. "She photographs very well indeed. A little schooling and I think she would be quite capable of handling bigger things."

They watched the remainder of the footage in silence. Judith was prominent in one or two more scenes, and every time she appeared it seemed to Harvey that she was the most compelling shadow upon the screen. She had appeal.

"All right," agreed McAllister when the lights went up. "You can announce me as her Columbus if you want to. I rather think it will reflect credit upon me. I remember now that I noticed her in the stu-

(*Continued on page* 103)

CASHMERE BOUQUET

Below—
Close-up of a velvet smooth skin.
No "age-lines" or coarse pores.

Above—
The lines and coarse pores, worse than birthdays to betray a woman's age.

Now – a fine "hard-milled" soap that fairly caresses your skin

What girl does not long for a skin with rose-petal tints and texture? Everybody admires a lovely complexion. Beauty inspires the kneeling courtier . . . leads on to love and happiness.

Advice of Skin Specialists

If you go to a reputable dermatologist—a physician who knows all about skin and treatments for it—he will be sure to tell you that water and the right soap should be used every day to keep your skin youthfully fresh and smooth.

But be sure you use the right soap — one that is firm, not squdgy; one that cleanses the pores but does not clog them.

Choose Cashmere Bouquet as the soap for your face, your hands and the delicate skin of your neck and shoulders. Cashmere Bouquet is "hard-milled," which means that each cake is put through special processes which make it firm and hard—not the least bit squdgy. Its lather is all lather. There is no undissolved soap to crowd into pores, stay there and cause enlarged pores and then—blemishes.

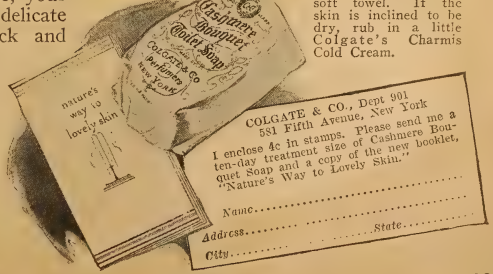
An Indescribable Fragrance

Cashmere Bouquet has a lasting, dainty fragrance—a Colgate secret for generations. It is this fragrance which prompts so many to lay a cake of Cashmere Bouquet among their choicest silks and other fabric treasures.

But let's get back to the subject of Cashmere Bouquet and your skin.

Try This Treatment—Watch Results

Wet the face with warm water. Work up a thick Cashmere Bouquet lather. Massage this into the skin with the fingertips. Rinse in warm water. Then a dash of cold. Pat the face dry with a soft towel. If the skin is inclined to be dry, rub in a little Colgate's Charmis Cold Cream.



A Book of Beauty Secrets

This unusual booklet has been endorsed by an authority on beauty. Every statement is approved by an eminent skin specialist. Send for your copy and a trial cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Fill out the coupon.

COLGATE & CO., Dept 901
581 Fifth Avenue, New York

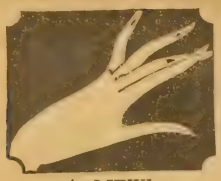
I enclose 4c in stamps. Please send me a ten-day treatment size of Cashmere Bouquet Soap and a copy of the new booklet, "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin."

Name.....

Address..... State.....

City.....

"BEAUTY AT YOUR FINGER TIPS"



A NEW
LIQUID NAIL POLISH
will not peel or discolor

A lustre lasting for days. A color correct in its shell-pink loveliness. This you get in the *new* HYGLO Liquid as in no other nail polish made. The new HYGLO is waterproof . . . and it will not peel or discolor. Brushed on in a minute, *to stay.*

35c AT DRUG AND DEPT. STORES

SPECIAL COMBINATION PACKAGE
Contains the new HYGLO Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, Manicure Stick, Emery Board and Nail White. Complete 50c.

Ask for the new
HYGLO
Liquid Nail Polish

SEND 10c FOR PURSE SIZE

HYGLO, 121 West 24th St., New York, N. Y.
☐ Enclosed is 10c for purse size package of the New HYGLO Liquid Nail Polish.
☐ Enclosed is 50c for the New HYGLO Combination Package.

Name_____

Address_____

A Sure Way To
End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop immediately and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

You Can't Comb Out Dandruff

LIQUID ARVON

Wages for Wives

(*Continued from page 39*)

that one-fourth, we use the good old instalment plan that has solved many financial problems. I keep a budget system of everything that is spent, for reference when income tax time comes around and for our own personal reference."

Mrs. Noah Beery is a wife who thinks such a slogan as wages for wives is laughable.

"A silly, a preposterous idea," she calls it. "Any woman who has been happily married for many years, as I have, and has shared all sorts of difficulties, financial and otherwise, with her husband, knows that the services she has rendered to him, if you like to call them services, are not computable in money. And, vice versa, about those he has rendered to her. When we were poor troupers we took what little money we had and spent or saved it together day by day, and we do this now. I know what I need to run my household and for myself and the boy, and this I get and put into my own checking account. Mr. Beery takes care of savings and investments."

Buck Jones, on the other hand, offers the question of wages for husbands as a point that really ought to be considered, in some instances.

"My wife," he admitted, "is very much better at handling money. I turn my weekly pay check over to her, and I'm never sorry. So far she has always at least doubled my salary by money she makes in real estate and horse-trading. No, I dont have to ask her for my wage every week. We have a joint checking account. But it's all wrong to think that all women cant take care of money and haven't any sense about it. Lots of them know more about it than lots of men, and a man who has no money sense and is married to a woman who possesses this sense couldn't do better than turn the old pay envelope over to her."

A number of other Hollywood husbands seem to believe with Buck Jones that their money is better left to their wives. Chuck Reisner, Sydney Chaplin's director, for instance, turns all his salary and financial matters over to his wife. All their property and checking account is in her name. Mr. Reisner has a small checking account of his own upon which to draw for his personal expenses—his wage. In this way, he thinks that he simplifies matters in case of his death, protects his family and frees himself from worry about finances.

Mrs. George K. Arthur is one of the few wives who says aye to the wage, in a sense.

"I emphatically believe in a personal allowance and budget system, a wage of a sort," she declared. "Ever since Mr. Arthur and I have been married we have kept a record of everything we have spent. I believe in and wanted an allowance that I could do just as I pleased with, and I have one. I put this into my own checking account each month and draw on it

(*Continued on page 102*)

The George K. Arthurs believe in the budget system

The Noah Beerys are an old-fashioned couple and whatever one does is agreeable to the other

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As Others See Us

(*Continued from page* 41)

like this one of *Leatrice Joy's,* but dont let me catch you wearing one, your face is too round and sweet.

That's an amusing trick of Mae Busch's, isn't it? Having her scarf ends embroidered "Mae B." "May-be"?

But the smartest things I've seen this month are, of course, *Gloria Swanson's* new Paris bags and bracelet. She's tired of being "laid up for repairs," it doesn't give her any chance at all to enjoy them and they really are unusual.

The bags are of varying sizes but identically alike, with jeweled clasps and initials. She may have more made in other jewels and colors; beige and pale topaz, or gray with moonstones or tiny diamonds.

But I'm glad she's resting, for the last time I saw her, at the Long Island studio during the last scenes of "Fine Manners," she looked very badly. Deep tired shadows under her eyes, and a general air of weary drooping until time for the "garden gate in the moonlight" scene and then, of course, she "snapped into it," her odd green eyes glittering in the weird lights and clowned with Eugene O'Brien until poor Dick Rosson almost gave up trying to get the necessary heart-and-flowers atmosphere!

However, to get back to clothes—her bracelet is a deep cuff of diamonds so much newer than the collection of narrower ones. Of course, she would have one, isn't it—er—heart-breaking to be poor? Especially since Paris seems to have decided to wear diamonds instead of pearls.

"Amazing—colossal!" as Jack Gilbert says. Do you remember my writing about him? He'd just finished "The Merry Widow" and came up to my studio with that trick mustache. But did I tell you how he lost it? Ah-h-h!!

However, this isn't giving you any ideas, or is it?

This little *croquis* of *Anna Q.'s* latest boy-cut is to show you how much more flattering it is to wear it long and brushed back than cropped so close that you look like a wet rabbit.

Funny, isn't it, how everyone does it now, and do you remember the wave of horror that swept from coast to coast when first she did it for "Ponjola"?

I must hurry or I'll never get to the train—but just a word about *Aileen Pringle's* wrap. It would be ideal for Joyce, and the short cape promises to be very good this season, so tell her about it.

Oh! and *Florence Vidor's* earrings and beads—they were so striking with her tea-gown of long trailing metallic material—they'd also be gorgeous for Joyce when she goes back to her simple little ten-room duplex!

I'll try to write her soon and tell her about two more house-gowns that I'm wearing myself—*Bebe* wanted to have some like them but she's not a sky-scraper like me, so I designed some others for her.

Must rustle now—my best to Patsy.—"G."

P. S.—Will tell you more about how Jack lost his mustache if "A. W. F." will let me!—"G."

If you are beginning to think about a winter wardrobe and wondering how to look smart on a limited income, be sure to see Grace Corson's pages next month.

What Elizabeth Richey Dessez—whose portrait appears at the right—has to say on this much discussed question is of particular interest in view of her combined social and professional experience. For she grew up among Virginia's fine social traditions and is now a successful business woman, being Director of the Educational Department of Pathé—internationally famous motion picture concern.

Do good looks count for or against a business woman?

"I know of no occupation in which good looks are not of value to a woman in their effect upon others, and in the assurance and self-confidence which they give her. Good looks are not dependent upon beauty of feature or coloring . . . . the good looks of perfect grooming are within the reach of every woman. Good looks have to be backed up by capability to be of any permanent value but a general smartness and alertness in appearance indicates an efficiency that can be applied to a job as well as to one's appearance."

CORRECT care of the skin is the first and most important step toward the good grooming Mrs. Dessez recommends. A few cents invested in a jar of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream—a few minutes faithful care every day—and your skin will begin to take on that clean, fine, wholesome look that is called "well-groomed".

D & R Perfect Cold Cream is so good for the skin because it is so beautifully made—blended with all the skill of 36 years of experience. For Daggett & Ramsdell is a famous old firm, which has devoted its chief energies for many years to the perfection of this one exquisite cream.

D & R Perfect Cold Cream is suitable both for cleansing and moulding. For best results apply with a bit of cotton wrung out in cold water. Use it always before retiring and as often during the day as occasion demands. It not only cleanses the pores, but *refines* the texture of the skin. Don't subject your skin to the strain of a lot of different applications. Choose this one sure treatment that has been found beneficial by so many lovely women.

For those who want a powder base that really makes the powder stick, try D & R's new Perfect Vanishing Cream. As dainty, as pure, as fine in every way as the cold cream. If you don't already know these two creams intimately, send in the coupon for free samples. Do it now!

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Buy Sani-Flush in new convenient punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

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B. PAUL, Dept. 8-J, 21 W. 39th St., N.Y.C.

AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Wages for Wives

(*Continued from page* 100)

for all household and personal purposes. If I draw more heavily one month than usual, as sometimes happens in a home or a business, I dont forget it. I make it up by economizing next month. I say that I owe myself money and I return this out of next month's allowance. You have to be honest and accurate—keep up your end—with this system, or it falls down."

But Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, a very lovely and much-adored and deferred-to wife, is an old-fashioned woman who opens her eyes wide at discussion of such a petty detail as money. "I've a joint checking account with Mr. Lubitsch and my own personal account, and when I need more I just ask for it," she laughed. "I'm allowed all the money I want."

Mrs. Lars Hansen, wife of the famous Swedish screen star who was brought over for Lillian Gish's latest picture, like Mrs. Jones, handles the money end of their matrimonial partnership. She was a well-known actress herself on the European stage, and this is her first experience with being a dependent woman.

"In Sweden," she explained, "my husband and I both worked and received independent salaries. So we kept separate accounts of our money, and arranged with a housekeeper to manage our home.

"Now we have had to adopt a new method. I manage the house and all his affairs. Every week I collect his salary, bank it, keep books and handle all details. This leaves him free to study his rôles and act without having to worry about money matters at all, and it is really better for him. I believe that no actor or actress while working should be bothered with business affairs. I think that actors with non-professional wives usually follow the system Lars and I do. Furthermore, in the case of most husbands and wives—I never saw a man who could save money as a woman can."

The Tom Mixes, however, have found that neither the man nor the woman in their case can save money or attend to its handling at all. Therefore, they turn it all over to a business manager, who takes care of bills, investments, and everything. Whenever Tom Mix or his wife is in need of money, they have to go to this manager for it. One of his duties is to inform them when they have overdrawn the weekly budget on which they decided beforehand.

"And, believe me," says Tom, "he does it!"

Mrs. Warner Baxter, Winifred Bryson that was, simply asks for money as she needs it.

"I always hated to think about apportioning my own salary and all that, when I was working," she confessed, "and I'm glad enough to leave it to my husband now. I suppose it wouldn't work with a stingy husband, but if yours isn't, why should you worry?"

Mrs. Edward Connelly shakes her head over the new-fangled schemes of young married people.

"These things dont come up when you have been married for as many, many years as Mr. Connelly and I have been married. We have always had one purse. We have never had any trouble or discussion over financial problems. I never feel that I have to ask Mr. Connelly for anything. Whatever he has is mine, and vice versa, and our accounts have always been joint. I have no allowance. I dont keep a budget. I take what I want from the common purse and never have to explain to Mr. Connelly even for my hobbies. If I want to entertain a group of poor old ladies every week and take them riding or do whatever they think they would enjoy, I can simply take the money I need for this and Mr. Connelly wants me to."

"I've never had an allowance," smiled Mrs. Tod Browning, the wife of the director, "a wage or what you might call it. Mr. Browning and I really do pay each other wages, however. I mean by that we limit ourselves, and together decide what we shall use for household and other expenses. We have a joint checking account and into this we put a certain percentage of what he makes. This is a joint wage that limits both of us. The rest is put into a joint savings account that we both know we have access to if we need it."

"I think wages for wives are silly and impractical," says Mrs. Charles Ray. "But I think having to ask your husband for money every time you need something is just as silly and impractical, even when the husband is generous.

"When we were first married and hadn't thought, of course, of making any arrangements, I was terribly embarrassed about this financial situation. I had never had to ask anyone for money and I thought I should dread it.

"I remember the first thing I bought for myself after we were married was a hat. I'd heard a lot of funny stories, the kind that go the rounds about what happens when the wife comes home with a too expensive purchase, and I was almost afraid to see Mr. Ray that night. Of course, I'd spent too much money—I never knew any woman who didn't on a hat.

"I'll never forget what he said then, 'It isn't my money. It's *our* money.' I never felt any embarrassment after that, and it gave me far more of a sense of responsibility than if he had insisted that I be economical. I always tried to keep within a certain limit after that, but everything was joint and we both took what we needed. After our trouble, when Mr. Ray went bankrupt, we had to be extremely careful, we *both* had to be, not I alone. We worked out a budget together, and kept and still keep within its limits. I think if husbands trusted their wives in money matters as they would a business partner, instead of treating them like irresponsible children, there wouldn't be any trouble. I must say, I think most actors with non-professional wives do this."

Mrs. Monta Bell says what is the last, but not by any means the least sensible word on the subject.

"I think a rule about such a thing is worthless. And if there ever is a law or even a custom setting wages for wives, I know that I'll land in the poorhouse. It depends on the individual. Some women and men, too, cant keep tabs on money. It's no use expecting them to keep within anything. The person with the most money sense, husband or wife, should look after the person with the least.

"Now, I'm not a very shining example, I'm afraid, of what an economic wife should be. We deposit a certain amount for household expenses, and I try to keep within it, but I'm afraid I overdraw many times. However, Mr. Bell doesn't seem to mind. He really expects me to overdraw now, and is prepared for the blow. How he arranges it, I dont know, and I'm willing to leave it all to him. He knows I manage as well as I can, and I know that if I got a certain definite amount, like a wage, and was in honor bound not to ask for more—well, I'd probably starve, no matter how much I got, that's all."

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 99)

dios the other day and selected her for that dancing bit. I gave her prominence in the other scenes, too, you'll notice."

"Now to convince Mr. Irving," Harvey announced. "You come along with me, Mac. He will take your word for her ability before he takes mine."

McAllister did not especially relish urging Mr. Irving to sign anyone to a contract. But he went along. His own contract was nearing expiration and he felt that this publicity at this time would be valuable. And if the girl did turn out as well as she promised, it would give him an excellent argument when they approached a new contract.

Mr. Irving was in his office. When his secretary announced Mr. Dunn and Mr. McAllister, he had them shown in immediately.

Harvey told their story, calling upon McAllister for comment at what he believed to be psychological moments. Mr. Irving listened to all they had to say and finally agreed to look at the film.

"Run it slowly," Harvey instructed the operator. "Mr. Irving wishes to watch someone."

He said nothing while the film was being shown, but he found himself growing more nervous every minute. He was looking at Judith's performance thru Mr. Irving's shrewd eyes. But he still thought her highly promising.

"You are sure about her being related to Lola Chase?" Mr. Irving asked when the film had been shown.

Harvey explained that there was no doubt about this being true.

"Miss Tower and I are engaged to be married, Mr. Irving," Harvey announced, aware that McAllister registered surprise. "She told me about this relationship in a personal conversation. I think it undoubtedly accounts for her stage presence and her personality. She will have the photographs I mentioned in a day or two. They are in an old album in her Westport home. She has already sent for them."

Again there was a silence. Mr. Irving puffed on his expensive cigar and considered the matter seriously.

Harvey signaled to McAllister to say something.

"The girl has promise," McAllister said. "If you are at all interested in her, Chief, I can give her that third part in this picture. It would be all right to have her in the country-club sequence."

Harvey blessed McAllister in that minute.

"She shows promise, all right," Mr. Irving agreed. "But people often fool you. I wish we could see her in something else. Maybe her effectiveness in these scenes is one of those flukes."

"She has not done anything else on this lot," Harvey explained. "But the Excelsior people were interested in her. However, you understand the conditions that exist over there sometimes."

Mr. Irving smoked in silence.

"Very well," he said finally, "have the young lady come in to see me this afternoon. At three-thirty. We will give her a chance. You know the option contract, Harvey. Willing to have her sign that?"

"Certainly, sir," Harvey agreed. "I thank you for your interest and do not think you will regret it. I am confident that Miss Tower will prove an asset to this company."

(*Continued on page* 116)

FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns..

FLORENCE O'DENISHAWN's *Famous Dancing Feet*

"Keeping fit, to a dancer, means first of all keeping the feet in trim. Tight ballet shoes and strenuous dancing are apt to irritate the tender cuticle of the toes." So writes the well-known dancer, Florence O'Denishawn.

"Blue=jay is an indispensable friend. It keeps corns and calluses away."

And what a delightful way to end a corn! A cool and velvety cushion fits over the corn and stops the pain at once. Usually one plaster conquers the corn in 48 hours. But, if obstinate, a second plaster vanquishes the most stubborn offender . . . . At all drug stores.

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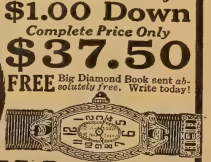

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If you crave sweets—then you can get slim! SLIMS are delicious candies. Equal in quality to the most expensive brands. They contain a **special** herb not found in ordinary candies. This element, instead of building fat cells, dissolves them. Harmlessly! Now women everywhere discard disagreeable diet, forget heavy exercise. They feast on SLIMS. No matter how long standing their fat, they awaken each morning with increased slimness, increased fascination. ELSE MONEY BACK. Send only a dollar bill for large size package of SLIMS **now**, and start getting slim without further delay. If your druggist does not carry SLIMS send in coupon direct.

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DELICA LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 47
3012 Clybourn Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Corned Beef and Cabbage Behind a Ming Screen

(*Continued from page 35*)

niscing about the old days. There was only one type of person that found him unapproachable and that was the occasional star who took himself and his position seriously.

There have been all sorts of stories told about Pearl White. Those who do not know her must be entirely confused about her. Sophisticated and almost boyish in her frankness, one would never suspect her of the deep well of sentiment that is hidden beneath her casual manner.

One incident in particular will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The studio property man had forgotten to procure an old shawl for a certain director. It happened that an important bit of business centered about it and the property man found himself in hot water. Then some one had an idea. An old, worn shawl such as the one required had been seen in Pearl White's dressing-room. The problem was solved!

But when the prop man tried to explain the situation to Miss White's maid, an excited flow of French and gesturing hands told him she did not understand. The shawl was lying over the back of a chair, a humble, somewhat rusty black shawl without intrinsic value, and the prop man felt no qualms, whatever, as he snatched it off the chair and started off.

He had barely arrived on the set when a husky voice angrily challenged him. It was Pearl White, her brown eyes like glowing coals in her white face. A torrent of angry words flowed from her lips, her hands strained as she clasped the recaptured shawl. Then suddenly she relaxed, softened. A half-shamed smile played about her lips as she explained.

"I'm sorry I lost my temper . . . but you see the shawl . . . it was my mother's. It's my only remembrance of her."

You probably think a screen star's life is filled with dinners and dances and excitement, but there is one who until a year or so ago led as tranquil a life as any convent-bred school girl. Of course, that was before Bessie Love learned the Charleston and blossomed into a perfectly gorgeous flapper possessing the elusive "it" to an alarming degree. Her parents were of the old school and did not believe that a girl in her teens should dance away hours meant for sleep. Bessie spent many a wakeful night listening to the imaginary strains of an orchestra and stifling her sobs in a pillow wet with rebellious tears.

Whenever I hear weird stories about the Bacchanalian revels of Hollywood, I always think of Dorothy Phillips out in my little kitchenette helping me with the dishes. That does't sound so hectic, does it?

So you see that even the most famous of stars aren't living feverish lives punctuated by bizarre happenings. Their days

The company in the studio used to laugh at Estelle Taylor when she embroidered initials on guest towels and napkins between scenes. They were for her hope chest. And she could have bought the most wonderful embroideries and laces in the world!

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CLARA BOW, *shadowy-eyed Paramount star*

Romantic Eyes

weave strange spells!

THE expressive beauty of dark-veiled eyes thrills and lures with each coquettish glance. All the dreams of the ages are caught and held in the shadowy sweep of midnight lashes.

To bring out the expressive beauty in *your* eyes darken your lashes with WINX. Touch them up lightly with this harmless, waterproof liquid and your lashes instantly appear longer—darker—heavier. WINX is waterproof and will not run or smear. Black or brown, 75c U. S. or Canada.

To outline the brows after powdering use Winxette (cake form). Black or brown—complete with one row brush and mirror, 50c.

Offer! *Mail coupon with 12c at once for a generous sample of Winx.*

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High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY

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THE LATEST NOVELTY **50c. Per Book**

Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1¾x¾, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. *Agents Wanted.*

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You Can't Beat Our Low Prices

Diamonds *a Fraction of Market Prices*

Free Bulletin lists diamonds as low as $60 per carat, also **Gems of Finest Quality** at higher per carat charges but proportionately **Low Bargain Prices.** This 82/100 carat correctly cut diamond a snappy blazing solitaire at $88. *This 76 year oldest largest Diamond Banking firm in all the world* lends money on diamonds. Thousands of unpaid loans; and other bargains. Many from big cash deals direct with European Diamond Cutters. Must sell NOW.

This Ring $88 82/100 Carat correctly cut

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Name

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Tear out and mail today to— JOS. DE ROY & SONS, *Only Opposite Post Office* 3449 De Roy Building Pittsburgh, Pa.

are as simple and sometimes as humble as our own.

The same sorrows crowd their lives. Even death exacts his toll, striking some of them in their youth and happiness.

Bobby Harron, Olive Thomas, Wally Reid and Barbara La Marr were all victims of tragic deaths. Three sisters lost their husbands one after the other in relentless succession, so that the superstitious spoke of the jinx stalking the Flugrath sisters. Viola Dana, Shirley Mason and Edna Flugrath were at the same time young widows carrying on with smiling lips that masked their hearts, heavy with despair. Dorothy Phillips lost everything when Allan Holubar died, husband, director, friend and counsellor.

Scandal has broken the lives of others. Roscoe Arbuckle, Mabel Normand, Mary Miles Minter, Edna Purviance, Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne have all suffered from the censorship of the public.

Charlie Ray lost everything he had, over a million dollars, and is starting all over again, a gallant loser that has won the respect of everyone.

When Anna Q. Nilsson divorced John Gunnerson, the Los Angeles business man she had married scarcely a year before, everybody was amazed. She was so beautiful, so witty, so gracious and he was so much in love with her. It seemed incredible that their romance should have gone on the rocks.

Anna Q. tells the reason with a wry smile that cannot disguise the hurt in her voice.

"He wanted the motion picture star, not the real me at all," she explains, "out on my ranch I like to forget the lights and the artificiality of the studio. I put on a gingham dress and cook and wash dishes. It is the life I love. But in doing this I lost my husband. In donning that simple little frock I killed the illusions he had created about me. After all, I wasn't any different from the ranchers' wives who were our neighbors. I wasn't an enigmatic, bewildering person of another world. I was only a woman doing the homely little tasks that fall to the lot of most women. I dared to be myself . . . and it killed his love."

Perhaps if the truth were known there are others who feel the same way that Anna Q. does, who dont want to be idols with crowds worshiping at their feet, who want to be just men and women mingling with the crowds in an every-day sort of way.

Boys and Girls!

Can you draw a simple picture of Felix? If so, turn to page 46 and see the prizes that are offered you in a contest.

A fact no woman can afford to overlook

THE vital importance of keeping their pores open and active is an accepted and well known fact to most of the intelligent women of today. They know that a sick body and a blemished skin usually result from pores that are clogged and unable to function properly.

There is one fact, however, which many women overlook—the absolute necessity for preserving the natural oil of the skin. Remove this protective oil and the skin becomes dry, cracked, rough—a prey to many of the more serious forms of skin disorder.

The soft, luxuriant lather of Resinol Soap most thoroughly cleanses the tiny pores, yet its action is so gentle the delicate oil is preserved and the skin remains soft and supple. These results are possible only because of the Resinol properties in this delightful toilet soap — those properties which give its rich color and distinctive fragrance. It's the soap that makes and keeps skins lovely.

If little irritations are already present, apply a touch of Resinol—that soothing ointment which doctors have prescribed for years in treating itching, burning skin troubles. Excellent for the rashes and chafings of childhood and as a healing home remedy. At all druggists.

Free—Send this coupon today

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Please send me trial size package Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment, free.

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Blondes!

Don't Let Your Light Hair Grow Dark

Don't let your hair turn dark, faded or streaked. Keep it light, fluffy and golden always. If you see your hair changing color, growing dull and unattractive, losing its pretty golden sparkle and charm, try Blondex before it is too late. Blondex is a new Swedish light hair shampoo, made especially for blonde and light hair, and it will bring back all the shining gold and keep your hair looking beautiful. Blondex is not a dye and it is not injurious in any way. Over half a million users. Fine for children's hair. Get Blondex at all good drug and department stores. Money back if not delighted.

BLONDEX

The Blonde Hair Shampoo

For Eyes Reddened by Weeping—*Murine*

Perhaps it's only a touching movie . . . or an affecting magazine tale. Whatever the cause, ***Murine*** quickly relieves the red, puffy, unsightly condition that invariably follows a good cry.

Just another reason for keeping ***Murine*** always handy. It's invaluable for refreshing eyes irritated by exposure to sun, wind and dust . . . and for relieving the eye strain caused by protracted reading or sewing. Used regularly each night and morning, this harmless, long-trusted lotion keeps eyes *always* bright and clear.

Our valuable illustrated book on Eye Beauty is FREE on request

The Murine Company
Dept. 25, Chicago

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Is Personality It?

(*Continued from page 20*)

radiates sex appeal. She reaches right out and wallops you in the solar plexus with her sex appeal, and I, for one, got more than my twenty-five dollars' worth in seeing more sex appeal confined in the figure of one woman than I have ever seen before in all my life, including Sundays."

This must be the key to the meaning of the word personality. Take your favorite screen players. What, if it isn't the old S. A., would be the answer to the tremendous popularity of Adolphe Menjou? Jack Barrymore? John Gilbert? Dick Barthelmess? Lowell Sherman? Raymond Griffith?

Women all adore Menjou. They have made him a famous star, a high-priced player, an independent one with whom producers have to deal in soft tones, all within the space of a few (I think three, to be exact) short years. How and why? They crowd the movie theaters at his every picture. They write letters in shoals to the studios where he works. They pay a small fortune yearly for his photograph, in order to fan the fever of their admiration into higher waves by looking at his face.

At the theaters where Menjou's pictures are shown, the line is long, and always forms to the left, hours before the other movie houses begin to fill up. The women love him. They see in him the personification of what a lover should be. He knows how to handle women, they feel. How to caress them. Just exactly how to treat the feminine sex. When he kisses his celluloid sweetheart, they get a vicarious thrill which sends them home with a new sensation tingling at their spine. They dont give a continental damn whether his morals are wrong or not. He started out to be the big bad boy of the screen, but heavens! he made vice so attractive after two or three pictures, and seduction so pleasant, that it is my private opinion he was changed into a screen hero for the safety of the nation.

Strangely enough, Menjou has very much less personality off the screen than on. I saw him, and was with him at a party the other night. He is charming, to be sure. He plays the piano like a professional. He dances the Charleston almost as well as Georges Carpentier, and yet—the old cosmic power is not nearly so evident as it is from the silversheet.

Charlie Chaplin, on the other hand, possesses infinitely more personality off the screen than on. To be in his society is as safe for a woman's peace of mind as sitting on top of a lighted barrel of dynamite. He is a great genius on the screen. Off, he is a great and powerful personality. He fascinates you with the same hypnotic effect a snake possesses over a charmed bird. He, too, seems to know instinctively just how and what to do to attract women. I dont mean to say that wherever he goes he steps on the bodies of victims who are bowled over merely from talking with him, but I do mean to say that if personality is sex appeal, Charlie has it!

When Jack Barrymore played in "The Jest," women fainted in the theater from sheer emotional exhaustion. He packed the house every day and twice weekly matinées with women, women, women. Old women, middle-aged women, young women, flappers and schoolgirls. Women from the shops, from society homes, from the country, from factories; school-marms, suffragettes, housewives from the dumbwaiter district. White, black and tan. His appeal was universal. I saw with my own eyes, a finely featured, gray-haired, lavender-and-old-lace lady, who had been wheeled down the aisle in a wheel-chair, gasp and blush with the same zest that the bob-haired Broadway, knee-skirted flapper sitting next to her gasped and blushed thru the six inches of rouge on her face. When Barrymore played *Hamlet*, it was the same old story. His version of the famous melancholy Dane was a fascinating *Don Juan* with the blues. Women flocked to the big barn of a theater, namely, the Manhattan Opera House, in such droves that extra police and fire reserves had to be kept constantly on tap for service.

John Gilbert has become a star within the past year. All due to the fact that he is a good-looking, fine figure of a man, and the Dream Prince of a thousand hundred movie fans. He is a Great Lover, and what woman would, even if she could, resist the tremendous appeal of his personality?

There are many different shades of this power, evidently. Dick Barthelmess has it, but in an entirely different manner from Adolphe Menjou. Dick appeals to the maternal instinct in women; to the youthful lover-hero worship in flappers. He is what is known as "a darling." Women dont gasp when Dick makes love. They just want to fondle him. But his dark eyes and romantic manner thrill them to the same extent that Jack Barrymore's cave-man tactics with his sweetheart do. They would adore having Jack bruise their arms in rough caress; they would adore holding Dick's curly dark head against their breasts.

Lowell Sherman is another movie villain who turned vice into thrilling pleasure for his female admirers. Hundreds and hundreds of fans thruout the country glowed with delightful emotion when Lowell knocked the hero out cold, and ran off with the fainting heroine. The charm of Lowell, the appeal of his fascination, seemed to make audiences believe in the feeble-mindedness of the unwilling heroine. How could any woman resist such a man? Why try to ward off those bewitching attentions? Why not succumb at once to the spell of his fascination? It seemed so silly, and more than one popular leading lady who carried her virtue to the point of excess, so far as the fans were concerned, lost a great many followers because of her stupidity.

Outside the screen world, the word personality has been made an international link by the Prince of Wales. It doesn't necessarily mean that a man or woman who possesses this charm has to be seen to be appreciated. Word of mouth advertisement carry the news from one end of the earth to the other, and a man may live in the darkest corner of the earth and still be famous if he has *it!*

HAUNTED HOUSES

Even if you do not believe that houses can be haunted, it is curious the way some houses seem to house one tragedy after another.

There is such a house on a hillside far above Hollywood . . . and what sorrow has come to those who have had the temerity to live there.

Read about it in the November Motion Picture Magazine.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

We Interview Gloria Swanson

(*Continued from page 96*)

of little flappers, you know . . . wouldn't dare to wear their hair brushed severely back the way she does. . . .

A. W. F.: Or wear such a close hat . . . but she has such *éclat* . . . such distinction . . . what they call an air. . . .

G. H.: She's the type that makes you feel silly in a big hat. . . .

A. W. F.: I know . . . and curled hair. . . . She is as simple in her clothes and her manner of wearing them as she is in her method of dealing with life. . . .

G. H.: Her children *do* matter most to her, you see. She wasn't just talking. You can always tell. She wouldn't trouble to, I'm sure. There was the most vital interest charging her voice when she talked of them.

A. W. F. (*nodding amicably, for once*): Of course, there isn't any use in our writing what she said about looking forward to old age and living in France in peace . . . none of the people who envy her her twelve thousand a week above all else that she has will believe that anyone could want that time to pass away. . . .

G. H. (*weakly*): Did you say twelve thousand? Well . . . they would believe her if they could see her eyes and hear her voice when she talks. . . . Let's write it anyway. . . . Twelve thousand a *week*, did you say?

A. W. F.: Some such fabulous amount under the new contract, I understand. Dear, dear, I've been thinking all along that this was a cut-rate cab and now look at the meter. . . .

G. H. (*meekly*): I was going to suggest a soda. . . . Just a cheap one without ice-cream, you know. . . .

A. W. F. (*firmly, stopping the cab*): Not today. And we can walk the rest of the way home. It's only three miles.

The curtain descends upon two little pillars of dust.

From the Stoke-hole to Dick Barthelmess' Shoes

(*Continued from page 58*)

At a preview of this picture, J. Boyce Smith, the general manager of Inspiration Pictures, saw him and offered him a rôle in "The Amateur Gentleman." Before he had completed his second day's work in this picture, he was offered the long-term contract . . . which he signed, of course.

If you put such happy drama into fiction, people would say it was far-fetched.

Society Girls Do Not Make Good in the Movies!

They have come from Newport . . . Park Avenue . . . and Southampton and other stamping grounds of the élite. And they have returned from the Kleig light kingdom without any laurels.

What is the answer? They have beautiful clothes . . . good looks and charm of manner!

See the November MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

The health and beauty of the hair

depend chiefly upon the condition of the scalp. Normal capillary circulation and nerve tone mean well-nourished roots — strong, vigorous hair shafts—lively, lustrous hair. Important also, of course, that the scalp be kept really clean. Excellent for these purposes is Liquid Silmerine. Rubbed into the scalp it has a wholesome tonic effect, invigorating tissues, improving circulation. And it effectually eliminates dandruff, dirt, excess oiliness. Always use before shampooing.

For the strength and welfare of your hair—for intensifying its natural color—for keeping it delightfully soft, silky, with a gleamy gloss and sheen—use Liquid Silmerine regularly. It's a toilet requisite. **For straight hair—men, women, children**—Silmerine is the ideal dressing. Keeps hair smooth and neat all day and evening—without being greasy or sticky. Makes unruly hair easy to manage.

For keeping the hair wavy or curly—even under most trying conditions—Silmerine long has enjoyed a splendid reputation. Use with utmost confidence.

Large bottle, with adjustable cap, $1.00, at drug stores and toilet counters everywhere.

PARKER BELMONT & COMPANY
2350 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

Liquid Silmerine *Gives a neat, well-groomed effect*

Bring out the hidden beauty

Do you know that just beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon? Mercolized Wax will gradually, gently, peel off the devitalized surface skin, revealing the youthfully fresh, white and beautiful skin underneath. It leaves no trace but that of increased loveliness. The new complexion is a perfectly natural one, not to be compared at all with a make-up.

It hastens Nature's efforts. Shedding worn-out skin is Nature's way of renewing the complexion. Tiny cutaneous particles come off day by day. When this skin shedding begins to lag—as it does in time—complexion troubles begin. Nature may then be assisted by simply applying Mercolized Wax. The Wax actually destroys the mask of dead scarf skin—causing no discomfort. It makes the pores breathe; livens up the whole countenance. All of a sudden **you seem to have lost 10 to 20 years from your age.**

Freckles, pimples, liver spots, moth patches, etc., of course disappear with the discarded cuticle. Isn't this better than attempting to hide or cover up skin defects, and stifling the pores with a soggy mass of creams or other cosmetics?

Mercolized Wax will give you a new skin of **enchanting beauty and girlish charm**—bearing not the slightest evidence of artificiality. One that will give you complete confidence in your appearance—one, indeed, that will make **folks turn a second time to look at you** in passing.

And all these results are accomplished by using just one box of Mercolized Wax—less than that, in fact.

Try it today—95c a box, with full directions, at any drug or department store.

MERCOLIZED WAX

Removes Wrinkles In 15 Minutes

Sounds too good to be true? It is true; you can prove it this very day. If you want to see wrinkles, creases, sagginess completely disappear from your face in 15 minutes, just mix a spoonful of Powdered Tarkroot with a spoonful of lemon juice and apply this soothing mixture to your face. Then sit down before your mirror and have the surprise of your life!

See the Age Lines Vanish!

The hated lines go away like magic. Behold, now, what you looked like when young! Watch the sagginess correct itself. Enjoy the strange, delicious sensation of stimulation, support and plump, smooth firmness. When you wash off the application, your face looks much younger.

The effect is far better than that of the most expert face massage.

For Baggy Cheeks and Chin

Instead of making the face flabby, as frequent massaging tends to do, it does the very opposite. Reduces flabbiness of cheek, chin and bagginess beneath the eyes. It fills out hollows and improves facial contour wonderfully. It obliterates worry, care and age-marks! And there's nothing quite so good

For Blackheads, Oiliness

or coarse pores. It leaves the skin velvety soft and smooth, with a healthy, girlish tint.

Tarkroot acts upon an important physical principle, invigorating skin and underlying tissues, making them much firmer. It is not a cosmetic, for you wash it off after it has done its work, the skin appearing natural, glowing, refreshed.

Costs Less Than 3 Cents

an application when purchased in the original package. So Tarkroot certainly is not expensive to use.

Tarkroot produces such really amazing results it is difficult to tell the whole story without appearance of exaggeration. Only the actual experience could make you believe all it will do. Buy a package from your druggist today.

Quickly Erases Wrinkles

Dearborn Supply Co., 2350 Clybourn Av., Chicago

TARKROOT

Improves Facial Contour

Make Your Skin *Ivory-white*

in 3 Days!

I have the honor to announce the most important beauty discovery of the age . . . a wonderful new-type lotion that clears the skin of every blemish and makes it as smooth and white as ivory. Every woman who wants a glorious complexion can now have it in three to six days.

NOW. . . . *a New Kind of Lotion Skin Whitener*

NOW you can have the smooth, flawless complexion you have always longed for . . . the exquisite white skin you see only in famous beauties. The kind of skin that powder cannot give! The skin itself must be soft, smooth and white. My marvelous discovery now gives you this striking complexion in just three to six days. It smoothes the skin to soft, silky texture. It whitens the skin to ivory whiteness.

Freckles and Tan Vanish!

All trace of freckles, tan, blackheads, roughness and redness disappear almost as if you had wished them away. Never before have women had such a preparation! Mild, gentle and guaranteed safe and harmless! Apply it in just three minutes at bedtime. Every woman should have it. There is not one complexion in a thousand that will not be clearer, smoother, more radiant through its use.

Test It . . . Whiten Your Neck

Test this preparation on your arm, hands, or on your neck where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. See what an amazing improvement three days make. Use my Lotion Face Bleach any way you like for six days. Then, if you are not simply delighted, I ask you to let me refund your money.

Large Bottle...Low Price...Guaranteed!

Send no money—simply mail coupon. When package arrives pay postman only $1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use the wonderful treatment six days. Then, if not delighted, return it, and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon at once to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

GERVAISE GRAHAM *Lotion* FACE BLEACH

(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM,
Dept. B-10, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago

Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.50. If not delighted after six days' use I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

The Unpardonable Sin

(*Continued from page 37*)

RAMON NOVARRO ANSWERED:

"I have never had it, but they *do* say it is contagious and that its power of suggestion is fearful! My last picture in title and story definitely gave this suggestion and they have changed the title and some of the story. I would never live thru it if it ever *did* hit me!"

RONALD COLMAN ANSWERED:

"Anyone that has that thing attached to him and his career is *sunk!*"

CHORUS:

"It makes a man effeminate, 'pretty,' silly, useless, and a *sap!* It's Hollywood's stigma! No *scandal* ever sticks so close or tenaciously and has such lasting and destructive force!"

ME:

"Look at all the great lovers of history—*they* were empire builders, not weaklings and—*saps!*"

All this excitement and vehemence was caused by asking these Hollywood favorites *why* they so strenuously objected to the title, "Great Lover."

I found John Gilbert on the set in costume for *Bardelys* in "Bardelys, the Magnificent." He could not run away! When I slung the question at him again, he looked thoroly disgusted. Sternly he said, "Pardon me, my dear, but I *did* think you had more sense than to speak that bloodcurdling word to me!

"I never want to be called a 'Great Lover'! I *hate* the very name and—in fact, I think I shall positively refuse to *talk* about it even to you—friend that you have always been to me!"

"Phew!" thought I, "what sort of a story am I out on, anyway?" I went, but I called back over my shoulder at him, "I dont care, John; you *were* the screen's *greatest lover* in 'His Hour'!"

He drew his sword and lunged at me, saying, "Be that your last utterance, Woman, and be it said John Gilbert slayed for his honor!"

His sword missed—and I was soon missing—from his set. Seeking the gentler, and more charitable disposition of Ramon Novarro, I wandered over to his set.

Ramon laughed outright. "I object mainly because—I am *not* one! Solemnly at each eve I pray that I shall *never* be one! This picture depicts a *lover*. Heaven forbit I be a *great* one!"

He left my side at this moment to go into as "Great Loverish" a scene as one could imagine and over the heroine's shoulder he murmured softly—"Don't tell on me!" I could bear no more, so I left, throwing him a knowing smile. He looked anxiously after me.

A few days later I was conversing with Ronald Colman. Finding him in a jovial and friendly mood, I sprang the fatal question.

The laugh on his face melted like magic and he said, "Have you ever heard what I do to people that mention that Hollywood terror to me? They tried that silly, terrific slander on me once, and the Reds of Russia had nothing on me when it came to revolutions. Samuel Goldwyn, too, saw that I was rapidly going mad, frothing at the mouth and all of that sort of thing—so he called it off. No one has *dared* mention it to me since. I was *just* beginning to like you," he frowned, "but—well, you must know you have committed Hollywood's unpardonable sin, and suffer the consequences you must!"

Now every time I see any of these "Great Lovers of the screen" they look suspiciously at me and say. "You haven't another to spring like that—*Hollywood stigma*—one, have you?"

I haven't—*not right now!*

The life of an interviewer in Hollywood is a queer one. One just gets everyone eating out of one's hand and then one has to spring a "Great Lover" thing. They turn in maddened fury and bite the same hand that they were feeding out of! What a life!

Who are they? We'll tell you this much: they are two famous comedians.
Turn to page 122 for the answer

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

To get the effect you want

Dress your hair with Glo-Co

GLO-CO Liquid Hair Dressing makes your hair easy to arrange, and keeps it in place all day. It's a tonic and dressing too — better by far than brilliantine.

Use Glo-Co Hair Dressing before a curl or marcel. Prevents split and broken ends and keeps your hair curled longer. Remember to use it on the children's hair too. Keeps the most unruly hair in place all day. Glo-Co Hair Dressing is good for the scalp as well as the hair. Stimulates the hair roots to new growth and lessens dandruff. It is what your doctor would recommend.

Use it on the scalp before a shampoo. Then wash with Glo-Co Shampoo. The cleansing, antiseptic lather frees the scalp from dandruff and bacteria and makes the hair like silk.

Sold at drug and department stores and barber shops. If your dealer cannot supply Glo-Co Hair Dressing and Shampoo, a full-sized bottle of either will be sent for 50c. Glo-Co Company, 6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, California.

GLO-CO

LIQUID HAIR DRESSING.

AXEL CHRISTENSEN

(Famous Vaudeville and Radio Star)

Will Teach You

JAZZ PIANO PLAYING IN 20 LESSONS

His wonderful system has made thousands of successful pianists since 1903.

There is a "CERISTENSEN SCHOOL" in nearly every city—see your phone book for local address—or lessons given by mail. **SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET**

GET AXEL'S COMPLETE JAZZ INSTRUCTION BOOK, showing how to "Jazz Up" any tune, with new breaks, fills, bass and chord work, from your local teacher or sent postpaid for $2.

PIANO TEACHERS: If there is no "Christensen School" in your town, this is your golden opportunity—write quick for lucrative proposition.

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Abe Lincoln did it! Also thousands of other great lawyers, politicians and business men. YOU too, can become a lawyer through home study under guidance of the successful practicing lawyers of our faculty. Write today for free scholarship offer.
American Corr. School of Law, 3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1457, Chicago

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By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 259 styles of Bass, 684 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Café Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 133 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

Waterman Piano School, 1830 West Adams Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

He Is a Man!

(*Continued from page* 45)

He has a sense of humor.

He says his present status seems "like a dream"; that he is sure he will awaken some Blue Monday to find that he has been the victim of a delusion of grandeur and that he will have to hustle along and look for a job if he wants to eat.

He has had to do so much of just that.

We came into the scene as Reginald was finishing the story of his life.

A stern life, really. We gathered that he has been one of the Poor Unfortunates, an actor out of a job. He has been in this state for more weeks on end than made him comfortable.

In 1912, two years before he married, he lived in a little boarding-house on Fifty-fifth Street and Eighth Avenue, New York. This hostelry was kept by an estimable female, yclept Mrs. Bond. "She was," said Mr. Denny, "perfect of her type. I have never seen, on the stage or in the movies, a more typical person."

In this little boarding-house dwelt also Adolphe Menjou, Ernest Torrence, Tony Moreno, David Torrence, Eulalie Jensen and other then-unheard-of's. Not one of them ever had the weekly board money, with the exception of Miss Jensen.

Needless to state, this condition did not "sit very well" with Mrs. Bond. She was belligerent about it. She was particularly belligerent to Reginald because Reginald persisted in being light-hearted and, as everyone knows, it is insulting to be light-hearted when you haven't any money for your board. Mrs. Bond took it as a direct personal injury to herself. She picked on Reginald.

She would make the breakfast table merry and start the day auspiciously by saying loudly, "By next Monday the front room on the first floor will be *vacant!*" This ejaculation would be accompanied by a meaning glance in the unmistakable direction of Reginald.

This desperate condition was patched along by means of the poker games indulged in by the somewhat precarious boarders, including Ernest and David Torrence, Reginald, Tony, Mr. Menjou—*and* Mrs. Bond. The instant one of the boys won a poker game, Mrs. Bond, a vulture, would seize upon the winnings, pocket them and keep them as payment for back board. No matter how big the pot, no matter who won it or how often, it instantly and righteously reverted to the capacious pocket of Mrs. Bond. By such means, however, did they manage to escape the yawning park bench.

Mr. Denny confided to me, later on, that while in New York this time he went in search of the old boarding-house and the martial Mrs. Bond. "She is," he said, "the one woman in New York I really wanted to see. But she was gone, the old house was gone, my sentimental pilgrimage to the shrine was unrewarded."

Hard times . . . he had plenty of 'em.

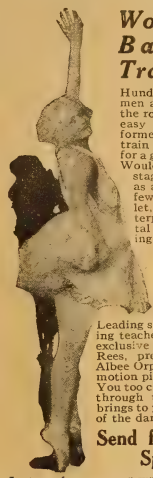
When he married, in 1914, he returned to Mrs. Bond's, that being the cheapest place he knew of. And he didn't have much more to start the marital venture with than the coat he wore to the ceremony. His wife, Irene Haisman, was seventeen. And their sole possessions were love and youth and hope. They needed all three and plenty of them.

And now they say that he is the logical successor to the beloved Wally Reid.

"Are you?" we asked, after we had managed to corner him, to isolate him, after we had turned our back upon six

Stage Dancers WANTED

No Experience Needed



World's Foremost Ballet Master Trains You at Home

Hundreds of ambitious girls and boys, men and women have been started on the road to fame and fortune this new easy way. Let Veronine Vestoff, former solo danseur with Pavlowa, train you in your spare time at home for a glorious career in classic Dancing. Wouldn't YOU like to be a star on the stage—or earn a handsome income as a teacher of Dancing? In just a few short weeks you can learn Ballet, Classical, Eccentric, Greek, Interpretative, Oriental and Toe Dancing.

Vestoff *Master of the Dance*

Leading stage dancers and successful dancing teachers owe their success to Vestoff's exclusive method—among them Betsy Rees, première danseuse of the Keith-Albee Orpheum Circuit, Dolores Gardner, motion picture star, and many others. You too can acquire professional technique through the wonderful Vestograph that brings to your home the actual movements of the dance in motion pictures.

Send for FREE BOOK and Special Offer NOW

Just send coupon or write for Vestoff's beautiful, illustrated booklet on dancing. Right now a wonderful offer is open to a few new students. Rush name and address TODAY.

V. VESTOFF ACADÉMIE DE DANSE

Dept. 310 100 West 72nd St., New York, N. Y.

Veronine Vestoff Académie de Danse, Dept. 310
100 W. 72nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dear M. Vestoff: Please send me FREE your beautiful booklet on Classic and Stage Dancing with details of Special Offer to few new students.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

Why Don't Society Girls Make Good in the Movies?

What Do Men Want?

The Haunted House of Hollywood

in

NOVEMBER

Motion Picture Magazine

AT ALL NEWS-STANDS

BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION GUARANTEED

New Method Brings Beauty and Charm to Poorest Complexion or MONEY BACK. You, too, can eliminate pimples, blackheads, freckles, discolorations, large pores, sallow skin, distressing blemishes, etc., whether on or under the surface.

ADVICE AND FULL INFORMATION sent FREE

Demonstration Given to show effectiveness of **Healoderm Method.** Send only 25c to cover cost of packing, mailing, etc. *Address me personally. Anna Blake.*

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505-B Fifth Ave., New York City

Clear Up Your Skin

Freckles are a handicap, both to good looks and social popularity. Get rid of them. They are needless. You can remove them secretly, quickly, surely—and no one will ever know how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream, *double action*, not only dissolves away freckles, but whitens, refines and beautifies your skin. After using this snowy-white magical cream, your skin will be soft and white, clear and transparent. Results guaranteed.

At all druggists 50¢ and $1.
Try it tonight.

Stillman's Freckle Cream *Double Action*
REMOVES FRECKLES
WHITENS THE SKIN

FREE COUPON
The Stillman Co.,
33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
I would like your FREE booklet, "Beauty Parlor Secrets," telling all about make-up and skin treatment used by stage stars.
Name .....
Address .....
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Your Chance to Get into the MOVIES

Thousands go to Hollywood and to meet with disappointment. But Cameramen are always in demand. You can quickly qualify for this fascinating work. No experience necessary. We train you at Home.

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There's big money in every branch of Professional Photography: Motion Picture, Portrait and Commercial. Make money in spare time. Earn while learning.

CAMERA FREE Your choice of real Motion Picture Camera, taking standard professional film used by all theatres, or 5x7 View Camera, latest model, genuine anastigmat lens.

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glaring pairs of feminine eyes, six pointed, venomous pencils.

"No," he said; "how could I be? Or anyone else? I dont believe that any personality can 'succeed' another. Poor Wally . . . he was the victim of too much friendship, too much publicity. He was the perfect example of what not to do—off the screen.

"As a matter of fact, I think the screen actors and actresses of today are improving. They are getting more common sense, a saner point of view. They aren't taking themselves so seriously. It's a great mistake to take yourself too seriously, whether you are a screen player or a plumber.

"There's no doubt about it that it takes a pretty hard head to stand up under the money we make, the excitement and pressure we live under in the studios, the press stories that go out about us, the flattery we receive, all the 'yes' men—and women.

"On the stage it's different. We put on a part as one puts on a coat, and when we step from the stage we take it off again and are ourselves. For instance, if you see a man on the stage purporting to be a wild Westerner shooting beans or something from a tree, you know—and *he* knows—that he is *not* a Westerner, wild or otherwise, and that he probably couldn't shoot a clay pigeon at an inch range.

"But on the screen so many of us come to believe that we really are the type we play.

"If a woman gains a reputation as a siren, a vampire, she begins to believe that she *is* one and that she must go about, in private life, wrecking homes and husbands.

"If a man plays a sheik on the screen, he seems to think that he must continue to sheik it—even in the home.

"Then this publicity . . . a man may have to play in a polo game in a picture. The chances are that he cant play polo at all and that a substitute does it for him. None the less, the press departments send out stories to the effect that So-and-So is a crack polo player, an athlete of amazing prowess, the winner of fifty silver bathtubs. That's all right . . . what isn't all right is that So-and-So really believes that he *is*.

"I believe that this condition is changing.

"I think a great deal of the notoriety and sensationalism that got abroad was due to the persons concerned. Subconsciously, no doubt, they felt that that sort of thing was expected of them, that it was good for them and they let it fly.

"There is all the difference in the world between *publicity* and *notoriety*.

"In poor Wally's case . . . if they had let him alone after working hours, let him be himself, rest, relax . . . but no, it was 'good publicity' for him to appear here, there, everywhere. After work we are all tired out. The lights alone are enough to exhaust anyone. We get up at six unless we are temperamental geniuses and do not appear at the studio until ten or eleven. And we work all day and sometimes into the night. When we are thru we are dog-tired. If we *must* go out, the only way we can manage it is to take something to give us pep. And there you are!

"I wont do that. When I am thru at five o'clock I go home, rest, dine and go to bed. I get up early and take a lot of exercise. I try to keep in condition and to keep on realizing that no one can burn the candle at both ends and expect it to keep on burning."

We said, "Are you one of a family of actors? Is it hereditary?"

"Yes. My father, grandmother and grandfather were all in the profession. When I was seven I remember seeing my paternal grandmother play the leading rôle in 'The Great Millionaire,' an old Drury Lane melodrama. She was known on the stage as Mrs. Henry Leigh."

"Ah," we said, "the Barrymore complex . . ."

"Without the genius," said Reginald, modestly.

"Not temperamental?" we queried.

"Haven't a right to be. Very few have. Take Barrymore . . . he *has* the right to be temperamental. He has genius, and genius is usually a bit off balance . . . in the right direction, professionally. His is the real thing. He cant help it. He doesn't want to go off in the fits or spasms or whatever it is you do when you have fits of temperament. That's the real thing—when you cant help it. Most people can help it, and there's no excuse for them."

"Do you suppose," we said, "that so many screen marriages fail because of all this . . . temperament . . . too much of everything . . . what we've been talking about? Yours hasn't failed, you see."

"No marriage need fail," said Mr. Denny, "providing . . ."

"Yes . . . yes . . .?"

"There is a sense of humor."

"Is that what has kept your marriage successful and intact?"

"Partly. Partly affection. A great deal because we went thru such bitterly hard times together. I couldn't begin to tell you what my wife has been thru, poor kid. *The strongest bond in the world is the bond of suffering together.* And we have suffered. You wouldn't believe the things . . . After we were married we joined the Bandman Opera Company and toured India. We played in musical comedies in Bombay, Calcutta and Singapore. We entertained Rajahs. We introduced the turkey trot and the bunny hug to Hindus and Brahmins. We were stranded there. We've been jobless. We've just about starved. While I was away at war my wife had the baby, all alone. After that she had a splendid chance to return to the stage, and just when she was to begin had a severe nervous breakdown. They say that sympathy is akin to love. I certainly have a great deal of sympathy for the things she has been thru and admiration for the good sport she has been. It was pretty tough.

"She's a great little actress, too . . . not to act the modest young man, but she really is a bigger actress than ever I will be an actor. She's done a great many fine things. Took Mary Hay's part in 'Marjolaine' one time . . . many things. If she were in the East, she'd be working all the time. But my work is on the Coast—and there you are. It's pretty hard on her, when she was on the stage for so long."

Well, it may be awfully hard. We have no doubt that it is, but not to make a personal remark, there must be considerable compensation in being Mrs. Reginald Denny. Not because he is playing the Big Time, to employ a vaudevillian expression, not because he is set for the Pinnacle, but because he is a *man*, human and humorous, sane and sympathetic, dependable and strong. A hero *and* a husband.

Are you reading "Crazy Quilt"? It is a fascinating story with the motion picture studios for its stage

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THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. KOBI CO., 656 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

Golden Glint
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M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST
1385 L, W. U. Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

Who Are the Best-Dressed Women on the Screen?

(*Continued from page 24*)

"On the screen, many say that Miss Swanson is the best dressed of the women. She *is* a type. If I were asked to select a highly individualized type, I would certainly select Miss Swanson, but not as the best-dressed woman of the screen.

"One has to have a more general example—Miss Castle, for instance.

"Dress is more elastic today than it used to be. There are no longer 'best dresses.' Nor are there 'summer dresses' and 'winter dresses.' A printed georgette may be worn in the spring and summer and may also be worn under a wrap in the fall and winter.

"It is always advisable for a woman to study the tone of her skin, the color of her hair, her eyes, and then select a few becoming colors and *stick to them*. All colors cannot be becoming to all women.

"Many women do not trust to their own judgment. When they come to us, they should not trust to their own judgment. It is our business to supply the judgment. Often women come to us and say, 'I want so-and-so. I want it made a certain way, in a certain color.' We try to dissuade them, but to no avail. When the costume is complete, they do not like it.

"But I will say that the majority of girls and women who come to us know that we are here for the purpose of telling and not being told, and they say to us, 'What do you suggest?'

"For the average woman, it is our advice to look in the mirror and keep on looking.

"Details are important, too. You are not really dressed when you have your dress on. There should be, also, the right shoes, the right hat, the right handbag, gloves, handkerchief and flower. If your dress is elaborate, eliminate touches. If it is severely simple, relieve it with a flower, a string of beads."

Mr. Collins, in concluding, cast the following horoscope for the fall. This will be *What* when autumn comes:

"The tailored dress that we knew six or seven years ago will have a revival in tweed material and in gabardine. The colors most evident will be navy blue, shades of brown, and a red known in America as burgundy. The sleeves of this dress will be long and tight, with a tailored shoulder.

"In sports apparel we will undoubtedly see the return of the sweater coat—not the pull-over, but put on like a jacket, buttoning or buckling either on the side or center front. For the ultra-smart lady, the soft, glovelike suède will be worn for coat linings and short coat effects. In fact, we shall see a fashion for suède jackets and sleeveless long coats in all types of leather.

"The silk street dress will not be of consistent type. We shall have those with a bloused back—some bloused under the arms—some tunic effects, and in fact, one is safe to prophesy the silhouette of a silk dress for fall and winter, as it will be a conglomeration of all the lines and all the silhouettes that we have known for the past seven years. From this conglomeration there will evolve a definite waistline for spring, 1927.

"The evening dresses will, in many cases, have circular skirt effects. For the slim and slender person, we shall return to what was known as the baby waist. For the matron we will retain the straight line in velvet and in chiffon, indicating a waistline by a loose rope girdle or by buckles or embellishments on the sides."

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Will you give me ten days to prove I can make a new woman of you

By
Annette Kellermann

When I was a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces. No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be some day starred in great feature films. Yet that is exactly what has happened. My experience certainly shows that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion.

The truth is, tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only 18 minutes a day through the same methods as I myself used. These startling, yet simple methods can now be used in your own home.

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly tell you how I can prove to you in 10 days that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful, how to make your complexion rosy from the inside instead of from the outside, how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow face, how to stand and walk gracefully, how to add or remove weight at any part of the body: hips, bust, neck, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from the many ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

Just mail the coupon below or write a letter and I will send you at once and without charge my interesting, illustrated new book, "The Body Beautiful." I will also explain about my special Demonstration Offer. Just tear off the coupon now, and mail it, before my present supply of free books is exhausted. Address, Annette Kellermann, Dept. 3810, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

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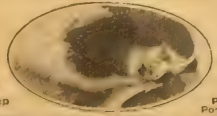

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Gold Medal Wm. 1926

BEFORE AFTER

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ANITA Bldg. Dept. 1032 Newark, N.J.

Maybelle Manning has a charming house. We sat in a room with a lovely 'feel' to it. Old pieces of French wood, windows draped in opalescent georgette and ashes-of-roses taffeta . . . odd divans . . . tall vases . . . Oriental rugs faded to a delicate dimness . . . now and then a slim and lovely girl . . . a model . . . drifted by in some gown of such stuff as dreams are made of. . . .

Maybelle Manning herself is young, smart, clever, alertly interested in what she is doing. She has that living enthusiasm that makes for creativeness and success.

"The best-dressed women on the screen," she said, consideringly, "I dress so many of them . . . and they are not always well dressed when they come to me . . . I try, always, to send anyone who leaves this establishment forth perfect . . . perfect in every detail . . . so that people will say not 'Who made your dress?' but 'Who designed your costume?'

"One of the best-dressed women I have ever known is Mrs. Jesse Lasky. She is dainty, petite, *perfect*. Every detail is exquisite and exact.

"Then there is little Anita Loos. She is so tiny. She might be either a little boy or a little girl. And she has, being so odd a type, to be extremely careful. She must go in for oddly shaped little collars, for odd but very simple little frocks. Nothing fussy, *ever*. Her hair-cut must be odd and peculiarly individual. If you *are* as individual as tiny Anita Loos, you have to be more than ordinarily careful to preserve that individuality.

"She has to wear either very juvenile little things or very bizarre little things. Always simplicity and straight lines. I recently made her a little sailor costume. Darling. Such a costume as a ten-year-old child might wear. Blue dress with tie and whistle. Straight blue coat, box effect, with chevrons and brass buttons, round sailor hat. She was adorable in it.

"Then there is Norma Talmadge.

"Norma dresses very badly in the daytime and at night she is lovely. She has a beautiful, alert head, exquisitely poised, eager—and it is lost when she wears a hat.

"For the evening Norma always wears either filmy, shivery white, or glittering white and silver, or she wears a gown of gorgeous fabric, a soft, voluminous taffeta, or again a gown of vivid definite color. She is never indefinite. She is never obscured. She knows herself in the evening.

"Carol Dempster is another girl who knows her type and sticks to it. I do not believe, as some people do, that a girl should adhere to one type of gown. I believe that she should adhere to it *until she finds something else that suits her just as well.*

"No one person is so limited that only one style becomes them. But every one has a general type of thing that most becomes them.

"Carol always makes me think of baby things . . . white fur . . . softness. Very few people can wear the things that Carol can wear and she knows what she can wear perfectly.

"Olden things, picturesque things, quaint things, ivory and old lace, pale grays, tight bodices and soft, full skirts. These are Carol's things. And she follows one requisite of smartness better than anyone I know. She is always perfectly turned out. By which I mean that she is correct and complete in every least detail. She never wears the same hat with two gowns. No one should, if they can possibly avoid it. A hat goes with one gown properly and one only. It belongs to one gown and should be kept for it. Also, she is complete in all the details of her costume. Her hat, her shoes, her bag, her gloves. She never mixes her costumes.

"Diana Kane dressed very badly when she first came to me. She had a perfect faculty for getting the wrong hats. She had too much of everything. We persuaded her to wear smart little tailored suits in the daytime, sport things. And in the evening we made her lovely things, two of white organdie.

(Two of the white organdie "things" were then and there modeled for me—and they were divine. Tight bodices, lovely, voluminous skirts, quite long, one with exquisite applique work in old blue and other colors, I think, with a band of blue ribbon tied oddly, right in the middle of the bodice, over the bust; the other made in much the same style but with what Miss Manning called "sea foam" on the deep hem of the skirt . . . it *was* sea foam . . . jade green, faintest of faint pink . . . exquisite. . . .)

"A strong tenet of faith with me," said Miss Manning, "is that women should always go in for subdued things in the daytime. Tailored suits are always good. Simple sports things. And in the evening they should open like flowers . . . be colorful . . . gorgeous. . . .

"Oddly enough, china red, flaming red, is best for blondes. It brings out the loveliest tints they have. And the old ivories, white, pale yellow, is best for brunettes.

"Bebe Daniels is beginning to dress extremely well. She tends toward the Oriental in type. She can wear ivory beautifully. We have made her a lovely old ivory silk of lustrous heavy fabric worked with threads of old gold. We made her a "fruit gown," too. A dark georgette trimmed with tiny clusters of fruit in natural colors.

"Blanche Sweet dresses very well. She knows herself, and that, as we have indicated, is the be-all and end-all of good dressing. She goes in for the very simple tailored things in the daytime and the gorgeous, flaring things at night."

We were then treated to a modeling of a white crystal evening gown with a wrap of royal purple and white fur which Miss Manning had "done" for the blonde Blanche.

"Most women," concluded little Miss Manning, "can learn to dress well, but I do not know that dressing well comes naturally to all women. A great many of us have to be educated in respect to dress, we have to come to know ourselves in this way as we do in so many others."

Madame Frances was sailing for Europe the day after we talked with her and she was, naturally, in something of a flutter.

But we did manage, seated in her immense gold-and-green salon, to induce her to mention two or three of the Ladies of the Lights whom she considers particularly well dressed.

Generally, Madame Frances laid great stress on line. It is her contention, as opposed to Harry Collins, that all women can wear all colors, providing only that they wear them to the right places and with the right lines.

"I dont suppose," she said, "that there are ten women in the world who cannot wear every color there is.

"So long as the line of the dress is right, which means that it follows the natural line of the body when possible and is adapted to humps or bumps when not possible.

"Line is everything. An eighth of an inch may make a frock all right—or all wrong.

"Alice Joyce is beautifully dressed. And she is marvelous to dress. She knows

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what she likes and what she wants, but, better still, she knows how to be told what she likes and what she wants. If she decides upon some particular model and we tell her we do not think it is the thing for her, she relinquishes the idea at once.

"She dresses with dignity, with charm, and always with the right thing for the right time and place. She can wear any color and any type of thing, but her line is peculiarly her own and is always conformed to.

"Corinne Griffith also dresses extremely well. She, too, has dignity, a certain pomp and circumstance.

"Norma Talmadge is particularly set about having her own way for private dresses, by which I mean dresses for private life. When it comes to clothes for the screen, she will always listen to me.

"She is especially fond of short-waisted things.

"When I dress girls for the screen, I always do so with the director in mind. I try to find out who the director is to be and bear in mind what sort of thing would be most likely to please him and inspire him. I try to give him inspiration by using a color, let us say, that will catch his eye. Mr. Herbert Brenon is particularly sensitive to this. He has said to me, 'She is so beautiful to the eye.'

"It has long been my ambition to dress the girls of America who cannot afford very expensive clothes. I should like to have a chain of stores or some such method of reaching them and giving to them the things that would make them smart. It might be a failure, this project. They might not care for the type of dressing I would advocate, because it would be extremely simple and unadorned. It is curious, however, that wage-earners are the women who are most adaptable to learning about dress. They are always eager to listen and to defer. It is the women in the social strata who have their own opinions and stick to them, right or wrong.

"For the girl in moderate circumstances it would be my advice, it *is* my advice, to wear the simplest frocks available. A one-piece affair, with two side seams, of a dark material is best. As severe as possible. Two hats. If possible, have two or more hats. It is far better to have two hats with one dress than half a dozen dresses with one hat. Hats do more to give a woman a different personality than any other article of apparel.

"If a girl has inexpensive clothes, it is also my advice to eliminate the additional fixings. The fewer touches she adds to her costume, the more refined, the smarter it will be. Accessories are always tawdry unless they are exquisitely chosen and utterly fresh. They only draw attention to their own and other deficiencies."

Thus the *arbiters elegantiæ* . . . the Makers of Modes who "turn out" the Four Hundred of the Screen and the Four Hundred of Society.

The veil of Vanity Fair has been lifted and a few carefully guarded secrets have escaped.

May you profit by them!

What Do Men Want?

What is the first thing a man looks for in a woman? Physical attractiveness? Cleverness? A good disposition?

Read what the motion picture men say about this in the November MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

NED WAYBURN

—whose inspirational guidance and help have contributed so much to the success of Gilda Gray, Ann Pennington, Marion Davies, Dorothy Mackaill, Jobyna Ralston and scores of other stage and screen stars, says—

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For many years Ned Wayburn, who is world-famous for having staged the best editions of "The Follies," "Palm Beach Nights," and over 500 Revues, Musical Comedies, Headline Vaudeville Productions and Moving Picture Presentations, has been developing dancing stars for the stage and screen. *Gilda Gray, Ann Pennington, Marion Davies, Blanche Mehaffey, Johnny Hines, Dorothy Mackaill, Jobyna Ralston (leading lady for Harold Lloyd), Helen Lee Worthing (now with Famous Players), Billy Dove, Katherine Perry, Jack Mulhall and W. C. Fields* are only a few of the leading screen stars who have had the benefit of Mr. Wayburn's unique method of training.

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Yet you need not experiment! Today you can use the dressing that more people rely on than any other! . . .

When 2107 people were asked what they used to keep their hair in place, the dressing which they overwhelmingly preferred to all others was—*Stacomb*.

From Coast to Coast you will find that people who want their hair to lie in place, yet never to look greasy or sticky, rely on this remarkable dressing.

Let us send you, *free*, a generous sample.

Stacomb will suit any type of hair, because it comes in *two forms*. You may prefer it in cream form—in the attractive jar or the handy tube. Or you may prefer the delightful new Liquid Stacomb.

But in either form Stacomb, you will find, is totally invisible on your hair, pleasant to use, and *really keeps your hair in place*—all day long.

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Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:
Original, cream form ☐ New Liquid form ☐

Name.....

Address.....

Making the Living-room Livable

(*Continued from page* 50)

for your wall coverings. Paper, paint, wash, each has its advantage—all are attractive. I should see to it that my ceilings are a very light tint of my wall color. I should see that my floors are darker than my walls, preferably a dark brown, either stained or painted or covered in one of the new attractive linoleums. For the walls themselves I should choose gray, tan or green. The gray might run any place from a gray-white to a French gray. The green should be quite light and perhaps a bit more blue than yellow and with a large amount of gray in it so as not to be too heavy or deep a color. However, of all background colors for general use I should choose one of the tans. These may range any place from a pale eggshell thru the ivories and creams to a true tan. Under no circumstances should a wall verge on to brown, however, for then it would become too dark to reflect light—and a cheerful living-room is always desirable. Creams are the most livable colors, because they harmonize with far more other colors than any other background color and are, besides, warm and easy to live with.

Painted walls are perhaps the most satisfactory. Walls painted over canvas are the ideal wall coverings and I would recommend them above everything else. Covered with an eggshell or dull finish oil paint, they may be washed when necessary and are always most attractive looking. Next I would prefer oil paint directly on plaster. If I were building a new house, however, for the first several years I would use a water paint on my plaster walls until I was sure that the walls had settled.

Wall paper has always been most satisfactory as a wall covering and is quite frequently the rival of painted walls. In soft tan or gray, absolutely plain or with an indistinct, soft design, wall paper is most attractive and forms a lovely background for the living-room.

Next I would choose slip covers if I had only a small amount of money to spend. I would have these slip covers made so well that they would look like permanent covers. They may be plain or finished on the bottom with a box-pleated ruffle. When you are having these made—or if you cut them yourself—have them fitted tight instead of allowing for shrinkage, for they will look much better if they are dry-cleaned instead of washed and they need not be done frequently. Slip covers will transform a room quicker than anything I know of, even if the price is not considered.

If I were fixing up a room, I would cover a davenport and one chair in bright linen or chintz in a color that harmonizes with my background. Block-printed linen is most effective for a davenport covering, but any of the inexpensive linens or cretonnes, if you are careful to use the colorings which the room needs, are excellent, too. I would cover one chair in a bright color—the color of one of the predominating flowers or figures in the cretonne. I would cover another chair in a striped material, using either these same two colors or combining other colors which the cretonne contains. In this way all of your chairs will harmonize and fit together and your room will be gay and cheerful. Many people I know who have charming homes leave their slip covers on their chairs and davenport both winter and summer as part of the permanent home decorations.

How about your lamps? Have you a couple of stiff and useless silk-shaded lamps on your tables far from any chair or have you convenient bridge lamps or table lamps just where you want them for reading?

Lamps may be becoming or unbecoming to the rooms' occupants. They may be useful or absolutely useless. If carefully chosen, they are most important adjuncts to a room. Chosen carelessly they are hideous—and useless as well. If I needed lamps and had only a little money to spend—or even if I had a lot of money—I think I should buy first of all a pair of wrought-iron bridge lamps with parchment shades, in cream, yellow or soft orange. These add beauty to a room and when placed behind a chair they are most excellent for reading—and cast a most becoming glow. If my room were large, I would have two pairs of bridge lamps or one pair of bridge lamps and a couple of other lamps on occasional tables in such a position that they would be useful for reading.

Too many people neglect comfortable pillows and cushions. Stiff and ugly cushions add little comfort to a room and nothing to its beauty. Make a number of soft, good-looking cushions, using real feathers if you can get them, and covering the cushions in plain material either satin or taffeta or sateen, using the colors that predominate in the colors of your davenport covering. Have enough pillows so that they may be tucked back of your guests and have them soft enough so that they will be comfortable when they are being used. Nothing is so ugly as a davenport or a couch too fully covered with stiff, useless pillows. And a room without cushions is bare, indeed.

To be comfortable, a living-room must have enough occasional tables. A little low table pulled in front of the davenport for books, for an occasional drink or for bon bons, is almost indispensable. If you use side tables for your davenport, you need not use the low table, but you will need it otherwise. Each comfortable armchair should have an occasional table near it, too. These occasional tables need not be elaborate. They may be round or oblong. They should be strong. There is nothing so inconvenient as a wabbling little table. These tables are in far better taste than smoking stands, and yet they will hold smoking things conveniently.

Have enough ash trays and have these and cigarets and matches on your occasional tables. This will give a keynote of hospitality quicker than any one other thing you can put into your room. A dish of bon bons or of salted nuts is an additional sign of hospitality that is most welcome.

In refurnishing your living-room you must not forget curtains. Curtains in gay colorings that blend with your furnishings are most important in your home so far as appearance goes. Keep your curtains simple. Straight valances and side hangings either drawn back or straight, according to the room, and simple glass curtains next to the window are all that you will need in the way of window decorations.

If you wish to add more furnishings to your living-room, I can suggest one thing

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

—a new comfortable chair. You may think your home is completely furnished, but I have seen very few homes where an additional comfortable chair was not welcome. In getting a chair, remember the men in the family or men guests, anyhow. Far too many women, when doing their buying, pick out chairs that are comfortable to women, but not necessarily so to the men of the household. Men like chairs that are low and long with seats deep and soft enough for comfort. Any of the English lounge or club chairs are ideal and almost any living-room could be made more attractive with the addition of one of these chairs covered in velour, corduroy, tapestry or linen. Then men in the family and their guests, too, will vote this a very splendid addition to the room.

Outside of occasional tables you will need another living-room table and in most modern homes I prefer a long, narrow library table either of walnut or mahogany, according to the other furnishings of the room. This may be an English, American or Italian design and should be straight and sturdy with a fairly large, adequate-looking top. On this table you may stand a lamp, a bowl of flowers and books or magazines.

Books and magazines! Far too few housewives realize what an important part these can play in a room's decorations. Low open bookshelves filled with books present to the eye as lovely a tapestry as I can imagine. Besides the comforting presence of books that you want to read, books are in themselves decorative. Nothing reflects so well the owners of a room as the presence of books. A pile of new magazines, a few books on the table and other books convenient on open shelves are as lovely a part of a room's furnishings as I can imagine. Stiff rows of books behind glass doors—and the magazines put out of the way before company comes—may be neat, but does not spell hospitality and charm. Keep books in sight. Outside of their intrinsic value, and I cant imagine being happy where there are no books, books will give an "air" to your home that nothing else can possibly give it.

If your home needs new rugs I would choose, first of all, one-tone rugs in tan, sand color or a soft brown-gray. My second choice would be Oriental rugs in dark, soft colors.

I think now, that your refurnished living-room will please you—that you will find it livable and charming, and beautiful as well. Soft light walls of ivory cream or gray—bright linen or chintz slip covers, cushions to harmonize—a new comfortable chair—occasional tables drawn up close to low chairs—long bookshelves, books, magazines, smoking things—a place to stand a glass or a book—flowers in low bowls—conveniently placed lamps in soft parchment colors or silk shaded—and I think you will admit that the picture is not only one of comfort but of beauty as well.

Your family wont mind staying at home if they have a living-room like this to stay in and you will find that guests appreciate it, too. As a hostess your own charm and personality will be reflected in the beauty of your living-room. A few new things, the getting rid of a few old things that are not attractive, a little money, a great deal of thought and perhaps time—and your living-room will reflect you as you want to be reflected and will repay you by giving you a background of comfort, charm and beauty.

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A—You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.

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Now it takes only a few minutes to bring back natural shade to faded and graying hair. You watch it creep back after using this clear water-like liquid—accept amazing free test

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No need now for crude, messy dyes judged dangerous to hair. They are noticed by your friends.

This new scientific way defies detection. Some 10,000,000 women have used it. You take no chances.

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We send you free a sample of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. You snip off a single lock of your hair and try it first on that. You see exactly what results will be. Thus take no chances. Which is the safe thing to do.

Or go to the nearest drug store today. A few cents' worth restores original color perfectly. Your money returned if not amazed and delighted.

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown.. ... medium brown.. . auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

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B86—Gent's 21 Jewel Bulova Watch; 14K Green Gold case. $45. $4.40 a Month.

Be a Bulova
B85 $28.50

FREE.

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DEPT 316 P 1660 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 103)

When Mr. Irving returned to his office, Harvey went to the booth telephone. It was now eleven-thirty, and he knew that Judith would be waiting to hear from him.

At the first jingle of the telephone bell, Judith had hurried down-stairs. She had spent the morning preparing to leave this room which had been her home for almost a year. She had cleaned out her bureau and packed most of her things. She had written her father of her plans and had done a little mending.

Now Harvey's message about Mr. Irving seemed too good to be true.

"A contract!" she had exclaimed. "Oh, Harvey dear, not really!"

Harvey explained about the options, but this did not distress her in the least.

And when she arrived at the studios a few hours later, Harvey thought he had never seen a more radiant face. It was as luminous as the morning.

He took her to Mr. Irving's office and introduced her with an ill-concealed pride. Then he left Mr. Irving and her together.

Judith's fears were allayed as soon as she met Mr. Irving. She knew immediately that she was not to deal with a man of the Goldstein ilk. Charles Irving was a very different sort. He was an odd mixture of shrewd business, fatherly kindness, pride in his position, and disillusions.

And on his desk was a large portrait of Mrs. Irving and their two sons.

"Well, Miss Tower," Mr. Irving began, "you seem to have promise as a motion picture actress. We cannot tell definitely from the little work you have done for us, but we want to sign you up so that no other company can get you.

"This shows that we believe in you. But frankly, this contract I am going to give you to read—and to sign if you so desire—means nothing except that we will give you fair parts in two pictures within the next two months and pay you two hundred and fifty dollars a week while you are playing those parts."

Judith listened carefully to all that he said to her. She knew that she was so inwardly excited that things were not as clear as they would otherwise be and she was anxious to understand.

"After that," Mr. Irving continued, "everything is up to you. Really, this contract is only an opportunity for you to show us what you can do.

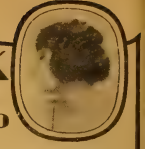
"And for giving you this opportunity we get your services if you do make good. That is fair enough, I think."

He handed Judith the contract and noticed that she was quite as lovely as any famous star who had ever been in his office. She had worn the little black crêpe with the lace collar and cuffs. And a large black straw hat was crushed over her hair.

"Now will you read this over carefully," he said, giving no sign of his approval. "I have already shown it to Mr. Dunn, and he is quite satisfied with it. If there is any legal wording that you do not understand, I will explain it to you or you are at liberty to show it to your attorney."

Judith read the several pages carefully. Out of the mass of legal phraseology she deduced the fact that she would receive seven hundred dollars a week at the end of a year if they retained her. But after every two pictures in which she appeared there was an option. They might exercise it or not, as they saw fit. However, with the beginning of every option there was a substantial rise in the salary figures until

(*Continued on page* 119)



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HUNDREDS of thousands of the very women most hesitant about coloring their gray hair now do so with Notox.
Because Notox is so natural that it cannot be detected—and this is why:
The Notox principle differs from that of the old-fashioned restorer that merely paints over the gray. Notox is a scientific coloring. It places pigment in the thread of fibres within the hair's lustrous covering—right where nature's color used to grow. Notox *has* to look natural because its *method* is natural.
Notox is specifically guaranteed to impart color to gray, streaked or faded hair, and guard all its former harmonious beauty of lustre and of silken texture. It is guaranteed permanent; its color withstands any condition or treatment that Nature's will—brushing, shampooing, sunshine, salt water, perspiration, Turkish baths, permanent waving, marceling. It is safe, it cannot injure texture or growth. The ease of application enables anyone to apply it with invariable success in the privacy of her own home.

FREE TRIAL SAMPLE

If you are discontented with your hair, send in the coupon and a free trial sample will be sent you, in a plain wrapper, together with the NOTOX BEAUTY ANALYSIS CHART. Pin a few strands of newly cut hair to the coupon to enable us to provide you with the right shade of NOTOX.

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Gentlemen—Attached are a few newly cut strands of my hair. Send me a trial sample of Notox of the proper shade, and Beauty Analysis Chart L-32.

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—disappointment, disgust, divorce, perhaps—and, if you marry and have children, what sort of children can you expect? If you are weak, nervous, sickly, watery-blooded, your children will be rickety, puny, scrofulous, sallow-faced weaklings of whom you will be ashamed.

Brace up man—make yourself fit for marriage. You can do it.

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Nature's way to health and strength will put you on your feet, give you new vigor and a feeling of manliness and make you a man a woman will be proud of. You can come back—no matter how low dope, disease and excesses have dragged you. Write today, telling frankly what troubles you.

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What Is Trumps?

(*Continued from page 65*)

rough points of bridge as played in Hollywood, I think it would be nice for the people who are always on the lookout for improvements in their own technique if I recorded a little of the game just as it was played. I feel that anyone who can get anything cut of it deserves to be helped.

Somebody threw in a deck and they all sat down.

THE LEADING LADY, a lovely girl otherwise: "Are we going to cut for the deal? Let's do. It's more expert." She laughs. "Speaking of cutting, what's this everyone tells me about Constance Talmadge never speaking to people she has met four or five times? As a matter of fact, I have met her myself and she never speaks. Beat that club if you can!"

The club cant be beaten. By either the players or the onlookers.

LEADING LADY: "I suppose you cant remember everyone, tho. Gracious, I dont meet half the people the Talmadges do, and every now and then I slip up on somebody. I didn't recognize the Harold Lloyds the other day until they got into their Rolls-Royce. They look so much like other people. I had to drive like mad in order to catch them to speak. Dear, dear, dear. What can I bid? One diamond, I guess. One weak little diamond, partner." She smiles knowingly across the table.

HER HUSBAND: "Pass."

COMEDIAN: "Harold Lloyd's a pretty good man. He's limited, tho. He and Chaplin. Do you know what is the matter with Lloyd and Chaplin as comedians?"

There is a slight pause as cards are sorted.

COMEDIAN: "Do you know what is the matter with Chaplin and Lloyd as comedians?"

COMEDIAN'S WIFE, an onlooker: "No, dear, what is the matter with Chaplin and Lloyd as comedians?"

COMEDIAN: "They're types. That's what's the matter with them as comedians. They're types. That's the reason 'The Gold Rush' didn't last two weeks when it played in Los Angeles. People are tired of seeing Chaplin in the same old thing. That's the reason he couldn't draw them in for two weeks downtown."

DIRECTOR: "It played over six months at Grauman's Egyptian, didn't it? I guess everyone saw it there."

COMEDIAN: "I'm not talking about how long it ran in Hollywood. I'm talking about its Los Angeles run."

DIRECTOR: "It's somebody's bid."

COMEDIAN: "Excuse me. It's mine. What did you bid, Lorice?"

LEADING LADY: "One diamond. One tiny, weeny diamond, partner. Jim Kirkwood says I always overbid my hand."

COMEDIAN: "What did *you* bid?"

HER HUSBAND: "Passed."

COMEDIAN: "Well, it's up to me and my partner bid one diamond. Well, I'll bid one heart."

LEADING LADY: "Oh, shoot!"

COMEDIAN: "I refuse to shoot out of working hours."

Comedian's wife laughs hysterically.

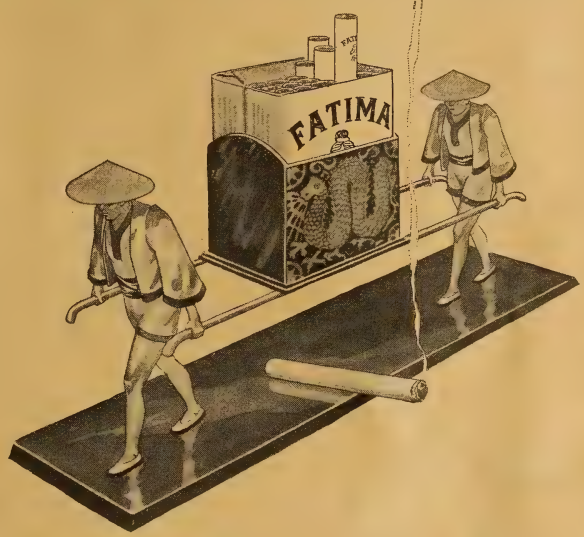
DIRECTOR: "One spade."

LEADING LADY: "Oh, shoot!" She fumbles with her cards in concentration. "Did anybody see 'La Bohème'?"

DIRECTOR: "I see everything Vidor does. He is a splendid stylist."

In three words...

NOT too much Turkish, not too little Turkish; neither over-rich nor commonplace . . . But *just enough Turkish* . . . there, in three words, is the secret of Fatima's extraordinary delicacy



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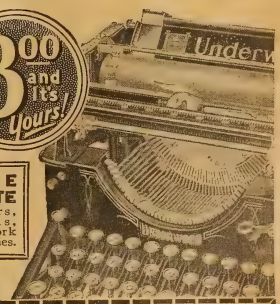

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LEADING LADY: "I dont like Lillian Gish, tho. I dont know what's the matter with me. Priscilla Bonner and all those girls just adore her. She's so flighty. She was supposed to have lived in that garret for years, and still she never could find the door without looking for it. You dont care, partner, do you, if I go two diamonds? Honors count almost as much as points." She smiles across the table.

HER HUSBAND: "Pass."

COMEDIAN: "Well, well, well. Let's see." He studies his cards. "I didn't like Jack Gilbert much in it. He's a nice fellow, I like Jack, but I thought he was pretty poor in that. Do you know what the greatest drawback to that boy's popularity is going to be?"

The others seem to be looking at their cards.

COMEDIAN: "Do you know what it is going to be?"

COMEDIAN'S WIFE: "No, dear, what is the greatest drawback to Gilbert's popularity?"

COMEDIAN: "He has no sense of humor. None whatsoever. He is clever in a rather volatile way. But he has nothing of the lighter touch. In my latest picture I play a Bohemian, myself. I want you all to see it. Of course, mine is more or less slap-stick, but underneath it all I think you will recognize more real Bohemian characterization than Gilbert's. I'm previewing Wednesday. I think you will agree with me it is going to start something new in the comedy line. Because what are the big pictures of the next year going to be?"

Pause.

COMEDIAN'S WIFE: "I dont know, dear, what are the big pictures of the next year going to?"

COMEDIAN: "Comedies. The big pictures of the next year——"

LEADING LADY: "I believe I bid two diamonds, and he passed, and it's your bid, Abe, isn't it, or am I wrong?"

COMEDIAN: "I'll pass. I passed long ago. Any producer will tell you that he cleans up on his comedies. If they didn't make their money on the comedies, they couldn't afford to produce artistic pictures. Comedy is Art's greatest patron."

DIRECTOR: "I pass."

LEADING LADY: "Oh, good! Oh, dear. I hope you have a lot of help, partner, because I told you mine was just a weak little bid. Oh, dear, you haven't *anything*. Jim Kirkwood said you could usually depend on your partner for *something*. But you haven't a single diamond!"

COMEDIAN'S WIFE: "There was so much talking I dont think he heard you bid a diamond, Lorice."

LEADING LADY: "I bid *two* diamonds!"

COMEDIAN: "I guess I should have stuck to my hearts."

DIRECTOR: "If I'd had that hand I'd have stuck it in my pocket."

COMEDIAN'S WIFE: "Well, he cant help it if he gets it in the deal, can he? You cant bid cards you haven't got."

COMEDIAN: "Please dont talk while we're playing, Anna."

She gets a look.

COMEDIAN'S WIFE: "Excuse me." Tittering. "Let's go over and play the victrola, girls, and let them get down to the game. When you're playing for money, you ought to concentrate."

And I dont know but what she's right, at that. Because no matter how much of a social game you make of bridge, it takes a lot of thought.

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(Each course is complete in itself.)

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Address.....

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No salesman will call on you.

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 116)

eventually the seven hundred dollars a week was reached.

"This is perfectly satisfactory," Judith said. She was in something of a daze.

Mr. Irving handed her his gold fountain pen and she signed her name.

Then Mr. Irving added his signature to the copies. He gave her one of them.

"Good luck, Judith Tower," he said. "I hope you will fulfill all the promise you give. Mr. Dunn will look out for your publicity in connection with the Lola Chase photographs, I expect. He will also explain things to you. And if there is anything which he cannot tell you about, do not hesitate to consult with me or my secretary."

Judith thanked him warmly and started for the door. She could hardly wait to show Harvey the typewritten pages that were rolled in her hand in a blue paper folder. Her contract! She would be a star!

"Oh, another thing," Mr. Irving said as he opened the door for her. "Mr. Dunn tells me that you and he are going to be married. That is fine. He is a smart man. I hope that you will have as much happiness together as Mrs. Irving and I have had. I cannot wish you more than that."

Judith was touched. Harvey had told her about Mr. Irving, but Judith had been skeptical about movie magnates after her experience with Goldstein.

Harvey was waiting for her in the outer office. The secretary was not there and he kissed her as she came up to him.

They read the contract over and were as thrilled and excited over it as two children.

"Come see the dressing-room I had Mrs. Brophy allot you," he said. "It is not a star's dressing-room, but I think you will like it. We can get a gay chintz for the windows and upholstery. They'll refinish the green furniture for you and it will be very charming. I hope I will be invited to luncheon sometimes."

Judith pulled his face down and kissed it softly. "I hope you wont wait to be invited," she whispered.

They walked across the studio lot. "Oh, it isn't true," Judith said happily. "All the heavenly things that have happened to me in the last twenty-four hours cannot be true. If only nothing happens to spoil them. . . ."

"Hush," Harvey commanded. "They're true, darling girl. And if we have each other, what *can* happen?"

By this time they had reached the dressing-room corridor, and Harvey paused before one of the doors.

"Thought I heard voices," he said. "That's funny," for they had both listened and not a sound was to be heard.

Then Harvey unlocked the door and opened it.

"Surprise . . . Congratulations . . . Congratulations . . . Surprise!" a dozen hilarious voices shouted. The room was crowded.

"You told them," said Harvey, singling out McAllister, who stood in the background grinning like a schoolboy.

The air was heavy with the scent of the flowers that stood about. There was a shallow basket of old-fashioned garden flowers. There were American Beauties. There was a silver basket of orchids.

In the next dressing-room, the adjoining door of which had been opened, there was a long refreshment table. A caterer's waiter stood behind it. There were cock-

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By Miss Karsten

For years I tried everything to remove wrinkles which marred my beauty, hindered my pleasure in social life and made me look old before my time, but without results.

One day a friend who had just returned from abroad gave me this wonderful secret discovered in Egypt, which preserved the youthful appearance of the fairest Egyptian Beauties. I tried it—results were amazing—I could not believe my eyes. After a few applications wrinkles and worry lines faded away. In 3 days my skin became firm and youthful freshness was restored.

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tails, tea, platters of tiny sandwiches, glace *petits fours,* ices, bon bons. . . .

The group milled about Harvey and Judith, showering them with good wishes. Inez Uland was there. She was very gracious to Judith. She had seen the country-club scenes an hour before, and she told Judith that she thought her delightful in them.

"If you keep the quiet charm you have today you will be a great success, Miss Tower," she said. "Mr. McAllister tells me that you are going to do some more work in our picture, and I am very glad."

Judith thanked her, and someone else came up to offer congratulations.

For over an hour Judith and Harvey talked with one group after another. A little after five o'clock the rooms thinned out. Judith was grateful to find herself alone in the room that was to be her dressing-room. She wanted to look about. She wanted to read the cards on the flowers. Harvey was in the adjoining room with two or three men from the advertising department. They were assuring him that Miss Tower was far too lovely and beautiful for him, and he was admitting it with a happy grin. And every now and then he would look in the other room, as if to make sure Judith had not escaped. Sometimes their eyes would meet and they would smile. In their smiles they told one another all the things they could not whisper, with so many people about.

Sonia Solana came in. She was on her way to her dressing-room from the studios. Her face was coated with a pinkish grease-paint. And she wore a leopard-skin coat and toque.

Harvey came in from the other room and introduced her to Judith.

"I saw you at the Ritz last night," she said. "Harvey is a lucky man." She shrugged an expressive shoulder. "And you—you are lucky, too, if you are going to marry the man you love."

Judith wondered if she would have sensed a bitterness in the words if Harvey had not told her Sonia's story the night before.

She had gone over to look at the flowers. Judith followed her and Harvey left them together.

"Such orchids I have never seen," Sonia said. "Ah, well, they will be nice to you until you threaten their shoes," she added, noting that a leading lady's card accompanied them. "Then they will turn to cut your throat. Watch them!"

She wished Judith happiness and left quickly. Judith was fascinated by her strangeness.

The men continued to cluster about the cocktails like so many buzzing bees in a flower garden. Judith thought perhaps Harvey was drinking too much.

An office boy paused in the doorway.

"Note for Mr. Dunn," he said. "Is he here?"

"He's in there," Judith said. "I will give it to him."

"I'll take it in," the boy said. "Miss Royce specially said I was to give it to him personally."

Judith stood back to let the youngster pass.

"Royce," she said the name over to herself. "Royce, that has a familiar sound. Where have I heard that name before?"

And, as she repeated the name, she became vaguely uneasy. Then she remembered. Joy Royce was the girl Harvey had introduced her to the night before. She had not liked her because she had adopted such a possessive attitude towards Harvey. What was she writing to him about? And why must the letter be delivered to him personally?

Judith walked into the other room. Har-

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Miss Georgia Ingram, Friedland's "Affairs of Anatol," Keith's Vaudeville

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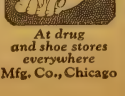

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Just a sprinkle of it in her tub, and she bathes in water as fragrant as a flower garden, and so soft it cleanses the pores as no ordinary water can, leaving her skin delightfully comfortable, radiantly healthy and smooth as velvet to the touch. Then for the rest of the day an almost scentless perfume clings about her, keeping her always sweet and fresh and lovable. Yet Bathasweet is inexpensive. 25c, 50c, $1.00 and $1.50 at drug and department stores.

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CHAPPING - SORES

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Resinol

vey had been reading the note, and as she approached, he jammed it into his pocket. She watched him do this and saw that, unbeknown to him, it fell to the floor.

"Will you have a cocktail, dear?" he asked.

"Please," said Judith. Anything—anything so that he would turn to the table and she might pick up that crumpled note unobserved. The other men had moved away and were talking in a group. They had not seen the note fall. She felt confident of that. And if she pretended to drop her handkerchief. . . . Anything—anything so that she could get the note that Joy Royce had written—that precious note that must be delivered to Harvey personally.

Some deep instinct warned her that her happiness was that moment suspended in the balance.

She dropped her handkerchief, as if by accident, and stooped swiftly to reclaim it.

Is it better for a man and woman to be frank about their pasts before they marry—or can happiness be built on a foundation of secrets? Read "Crazy Quilt" next month!

A Carol Dempster Breakfast

(*Continued from page* 55)

buttered toast and plenty of it, pastries and other highly caloried concoctions.

No, Carol says that she just doesn't feel like eating when she rises in the morning and the light breakfast she does prefer is more a concession to habit than to actual desire. After all, so many of our ancestors ate breakfast!

Usually Carol omits the coddled egg. Now and then, if she has a strenuous day ahead of her at the studio and the luncheon hour (which she does observe) is a problematical one, she includes it for energy's sake:

When blackberries are absolutely out of season, she resorts to the juice of two oranges chilled and served in a tall glass.

All fruit, Carol says, should be served as coolly chilled as possible. Including blackberries. She uses brown sugar, both because she likes it better and because it is better for you.

The whole wheat bread is cut medium thin, crusts removed, buttered and put back in the oven for five minutes, which process gives it a delicate and delectable flavor.

As for the coddled egg, naturally the first thing we demand of an egg is absolute freshness. As Carol has recently acquired a two hundred acre farm in the "real country" in New York State, she doesn't have to worry about the freshness of her eggs. She leaves that to the chickens.

At any rate, there are two or three ways of determining the freshness of eggs. If placed in a basin of cold water they should sink. If the large end is held against the cheek, warmth should be distinctly felt. The shells should have a roughness.

A coddled egg is a matter of putting some water in a frying pan or some semi-flat utensil. Bring the water *to* the boiling point, drop in your egg—there are rings that may be bought for the purpose, so that the egg doesn't drop—let it cook just long enough to film over with white, fold the white over it and remove it to a slightly buttered round of toast—whole wheat toast in Carol's case.

Thus does Carol start the day—lightly.

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TOM SIX says: *"Am getting the slickest shaves of my life since I started using KRISS-KROSS stropper. I wouldn't part with it for anything."*

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Kriss-Kross strops your blade on the diagonal just like a master barber. Pressure decreases automatically. Nickel jig flies up to notify you when your blade is ready, *with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take!*

And now for my smashing offer! For 30 days only, to introduce KRISS-KROSS stropper, I will give you an amazing new kind of razor free. Really 3 razors in one. Can be made straight or T-shape in a jiffy. Comes with 5 special blades.

Use these blades and keep re-newing them with Kriss-Kross super-stropper. If any one goes back on you I'll recondition or replace them *free!* This sweeping written guarantee solves your blade problem for all time. I mean every word when I say "I'll keep you in Razor Blades for Life."

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AGENTS!

Make big money as a Kriss-Kross representative. $75-$200 a week. Free gift razor is marvellous business booster. We have a unique sales plan that brings you extra profits while you sleep. J. C. Kellogg made over $200 in 7 days. H. King took in $66 one day!

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Taking stock of your beauty

—at the end of a perfect summer

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For quickly clearing and bleaching the skin—for removing sallowness, tan and freckles—for youthifying and beautifying both the complexion and contour—daily use of the following Helena Rubinstein preparations is especially recommended at this time of the year.

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VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM—a marvelous cleanser—removes dust and grime thoroughly—keeps complexion smooth, protected, healthy. Excellent for all normal skins, also the only cream that positively benefits an oily, pimpled or acne blemished skin. *4 oz.* 1.00, *½ lb.* 2.00, *lb.* 3.50.

To clear and whiten, follow with

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD—*"the skin-clearing masterpiece"*—lightens, purifies and refines the skin, bleaching away tan, freckles and sallowness. The ideal beauty cream for daily use, the year round—creates a fascinating delicacy and whiteness. 1.00, 2.50, 4.00.

For very obstinate freckles or a heavy coat of tan, use VALAZE FRECKLE CREAM. Bleaches, freshens and tones up the skin. 1.50.

For smart finishing touches, use the flattering VALAZE ROUGES in *Red Raspberry*, a brilliant, colorful tone, Red Geranium, a youthful color or *Crushed Rose Leaves*, a subtle conservative shade. *Compact* 1.00, *Rouge-en-Creme* 1.00, 2.00. VALAZE LIPSTICKS to match 50c, 1.00. Scientifically compounded to guard even the most delicate skins.

Discuss with trained and competent advisers at the better stores—or order direct from Dept. M-10.

Helena Rubinstein

46 West 57th Street, New York

PARIS LONDON
CHICAGO DETROIT BOSTON
NEWARK, N. J. PHILADELPHIA

Fill Out and Mail This Diagnosis Chart

Miss. Helena Rubinstein (M-10)
46 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me full individual instructions for correct daily care of my skin and facial contour. No charge or obligation involved.

Check the items which applies to yourself—

( ) Dry Skin ( ) Double Chin
( ) Oily Skin ( ) Puffy Eyes
( ) Average Skin ( ) Flabbiness
( ) Wrinkles ( ) Tan, Freckles
( ) Crowsfeet ( ) Coarsened Skin
( ) Sallowness ( ) Pimples, Acne
( ) Blackheads ( ) Hollows
( ) Enlarged Pores ( ) Dry, Red Hands

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
Dealer's Name .....

Hollywood Notes

(*Continued from page* 59)

The Girl with a Thousand Emotions

"LANGUAGE was given to us to conceal our thoughts," said Talleyrand; and "our facial muscles were given us to conceal our emotions," he might have added. The science of diplomacy and the game of poker are similar in that he who can make his face express what his heart does not feel is the most successful. Dignified persons never express any emotions—they talk, but their faces are as marble. It is not good form among the aristocracy to laugh or frown, or to express any emotion whatever. But let's get to the point—Mary Philbin will never be a good poker player, diplomat, aristocrat or dignitary. Not because she is a simple little girl and very much like a child, but because she just cannot make her face behave. She could not lie or deceive a person if she tried. Her face is an open book that anyone can read. Every thought and impulse promptly goes to her face—and she apparently knows it, because if you should ask her an embarrassing question, as I unfortunately did, she has a way of turning her head so that you cannot read the answer. She leads a quiet life in a very quiet way and enjoys life to the full. She is never bored. Everything interests her. While I sat talking with her, a lady-bug lit on her hand and she almost talked to it and petted it and urged it to "fly away home," before she realized that I was watching her. Then she seemed to be embarrassed.

When I first saw her, she impressed me as a simple girl of about sixteen and as very small and unsophisticated. Her feet and hands are long and thin, and her body is rather child-like in its belated development. She looked wistful and almost bashful. At first I thought she was only pretty and attractive, but after talking to her for an hour I would say that she is actually beautiful—fascinating and charming. When you see her act, you know that she inwardly feels every emotion to which flesh is heir. No player ever felt more. If you saw her in "The Merry-Go-Round" you will know what I mean, because you will remember that her face clearly registered every thought, emotion and shade of emotion that a face is capable of registering. In "Stella Maris" she played two rôles, showing a versatility that has rarely been equaled on the screen. She was not given ample opportunity in "Phantom of the Opera," nor has she had anywhere near the chances that Lillian Gish has had, who is her only competitor in her line. But Mary Philbin is yet in her early twenties and a great career is before her.

Normaisms

Norma Talmadge says men always like a polka-dot dress. She says other things, too . . . and we have known Norma to stick to her convictions for years. That's why we call some of her pet theories "Normaisms."

See the November MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Who's Who?

Who is the biggest flirt in Hollywood? Who is the best-dressed girl? Who is the most popular man?

There was a vote taken on these and other questions . . . just the way they do in collegiate papers.

See the November MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Did You Guess Right?

Raymond Griffith and Eddie Cantor confer between scenes of "You'd Be Surprised" and "Kid Boots," which brings Mister Cantor to the screen

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

THE SHADE PARIS IS RAVING ABOUT
PHANTOM RED LIPSTICK

A wonderful color, blending perfectly — new, beautiful and waterproof. Phantom-like in its application, natural in its effect. Gives the elusive touch of beauty all women crave. Soft as velvet. Reg. size, $1; Junior, 50c.

Beautiful Sample Miniature Lipstick in a gold case. Send this adv. 12c

CARLYLE LABORATORIES
F-30, 30 Church St., N. Y. C.

Mary Philbin
Universal Star

A PENCIL DRAWING of your favorite movie star or yourself. Send photo, from this or any other magazine, with $1.50.
WALTER BERG
515 Maple Blvd. Kansas City, Mo.

RADIO RING
MUSIC FROM YOUR FINGER
This exquisite ring with glittering many-facet stones IS A COMPLETE RADIO SET. Specially priced at only $1.00. Guaranteed to bring in locals clearly wherever you are, or money back.
APPROVED and ENDORSED by POPULAR RADIO Laboratories. Mail name and $1.00 bill or money order in full payment to Mr. Sym.
$1.00
ROSS MERCHAND CORP.
P. O. Box 10 Station I (Eye) New York, N. Y.
MAIL THIS NOW
FREE for a limited time—Radio Trouble Finder and Dictionary. How to revive "dying" tubes. 100 Radio ailments and how to cure them. Retails at $1.00. Copy free with each Radio Ring.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Develops Bust Quickly!
our scientific two-fold method gives guaranteed development quickly—easily
Venusform Method
for developing bust, neck, face, arms, hands and legs
Used with great success by thousands. Inexpensive, harmless, pleasant, yet quickly effective. Full particulars and proof (sealed) free. Write for special offer TODAY.
PARISIAN LABORATORIES
296-xxBroadway New York City

BUNIONS
PEDODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, banishes Bunions. Pain stops instantly. Hump vanishes as though by magic. You can have shapely feet and wear smaller shoes with comfort. More than 100,000 test cases prove this.
SENT ON TRIAL
To prove instant relief, I will gladly arrange to send you a box of PEDODYNE Solvent to try. No obligation. Just say—"I want to try Pedodyne." Address
KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. N360
186 N. La Salle Street Chicago, Ill.

I Offer You $12.00 a Day ~and a CHRYSLER 4 Coach
Write quick for new proposition. We offer $12.00 a day and a new Chrysler-4-Coach, for demonstrating and taking orders for Comer Suits. Smart Styles. Wonderful values. Work spare time. No experience required. Sample outfit free. Write now. COMER MFG. CO., Dept. V-319, Dayton, Ohio

$100 a week Selling Shirts
Fred Frankel, Ills., writes: "I earned $110 first week selling Carlton Shirts direct to consumer." You can, too. No capital or experience required. We pay 25 per cent, cash commissions daily and big extra bonuses.
WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES
CARLTON MILLS, Inc. Shirt Mfrs.
114 Fifth Ave., Dept. 117, New York

Fortune Telling Globe! The GENUINE CRYSTAL ORACLE
answers every question—Love, Marriage, Money, Luck. Mystifying, thrilling, fascinating game and entertainer.
$2.45 Combination Outfit includes 6 inches round CRYSTAL GLOBE, 168-page book on DIVINATION by Crystal, Dreams, etc.; also $1 Pack of Hindu Fortune Telling Cards. Send 20c for postage, pay balance when delivered. PARK PUB. CO., 15 Beekman St., New York Dept. MM-1

DON'T INJURE YOUR HAIR!!
With Dangerous Electric Waving
Waveline Makes Hair Wave As If By Magic
A Mineral and Vegetable Preparation Used by Men and Women Everywhere. Also Eliminates Dandruff and Gives Lustre to the Hair. No Mechanical Apparatus. Send for Jar of Waveline and Directions. $2.00 Money Order or Bills.
Hygienic Products Co., 3 Premium River Road, New Rochelle, N.Y.

The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page 67*)

We remembered something a manager of Betty's had said some years ago.

"You cannot make Betty careful about her illusion," he complained. "She seems to have no flair for the artificial."

And in this complaint we see the very charm of Betty Blythe. There is something spontaneous about her. She is a good sort. And she is just about as capable of creating a spell as we would be of playing the Queen of Sheba. However, paradoxical as it is, in this very naturalness she weaves a spell.

She has been in Europe making pictures for over a year. And now after a few weeks in vaudeville she has returned to Hollywood—and perhaps motion pictures.

"Of course, I'll do pictures over here again . . . if they'll have me," she said. That is Betty . . . most girls we know would not admit that there was the slightest possibility that they would not be welcomed home with open arms.

It was cool in the water. . . . But after awhile we climbed up on the marble side and philosophized. We pondered on what is the greatest thing in the world.

"It is youth," said Betty watching a very young creature whose slim body darted thru the water, "and the moments when you drive into the country on moonlit nights and sniff the hay . . . and laugh . . . and try to count the stars. You never know how precious such moments are until you remember them . . . retrospection gives you their worth.

"And it's something we may not manufacture. It comes as I said, spontaneously. It may endure one moment . . . it may endure five."

We have seen "Variety."

As a matter of fact, we saw it weeks ago. We were going to write our pæan of praise about it in this column last month but being cautious by nature we decided to wait for our enthusiasm to die down. And it hasn't. We still think it the greatest motion picture we have seen.

This is, despite the fact that we boast of an ancestral signature on the Declaration of Independence. Our aforementioned cautious nature deems this a wise preface to the things we are about to say.

It appears to us that we are as children compared to the Germans in the creation of motion pictures. We use the medium of the screen without grasping the possibilities of its art. Certainly the main thing that the movies can hope to do is convey mental attitudes in a pictorial way. You cannot photograph the convolutions of a man's brain and an actor is not always able to suggest them by facial expression.

In "Variety" it was desired to show an acrobat who plans to kill his partner. He might very easily fail to catch him when he swings high and jumps from his trapeze. But the acrobat is an exhibitionist. He is proud of his skill.

There is shown on the screen a close-up of many eyes . . . and you know that the man will not appear to blunder with those people watching him. He is too childlike in his constant effort to show off.

And so far as the acting goes, we expect to live many years before we see anything finer than the work done by Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti.

A. H. S.

Viola Dana Reveals the Secret of Her Beautiful Eyes
Miss Dana, world-famous for the beauty of her expressive eyes, accentuates the lovely sweep and length of her curling lashes by darkening them with the dainty toilet requisite she is here shown applying, "MAYBELLINE."
She has used "MABYELLINE" for ten years, both for street wear and in her screen work, and regards it as indispensable.
Millions of women; from charming girl to queenly matron have discovered how "MAYBELLINE" reveals the hidden beauty of their eyes.
"MAYBELLINE" is harmless. The popular Solid Form or waterproof Liquid Form, BLACK or BROWN, are 75c at all toilet goods counters.
MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO
Maybelline
Beautifies Eyelashes and Brows Instantly

Play Piano BY EAR ~in 90 days!
YOU can play real tunes from the start. No notes to puzzle you—no tiresome scales to practice. You need not know a thing about music. Even if you have never touched a piano, if you can hum or whistle a tune, we can teach you to play all popular song hits *by ear* at a very small cost. No need now to spend years practising under old time method. My new and original system teaches you easily and quickly. Write at once for
Free Booklet
to show you how easily in can be done.
This wonderful home course is offered at a ridiculously low cost. A little practice gives amazing results. You can sit down and play any Popular Jazz piece that you hum. Write us today.
ILLINOIS SCHOOL OF MUSIC OF CHICAGO
650 Hearst Square Chicago
Send NOW for FREE Book

Whiten Your Skin My Way

By Clara Bow

JUST RECENTLY I found a wonderful new way to clear and whiten the skin—almost overnight! As you know anyone appearing before the camera simply must have a sparkling white skin free from even the tiniest blemish. But now I no longer worry about sun freckles, sallow skin or tan, for I have found that a new discovery gently removes all blemishes, clearing and whitening the skin with amazing quickness. In hardly any time at all you can have that satiny, smooth skin which photographs so beautifully.

This Little Secret Ends Freckles, Blemishes

Almost overnight you can clear your skin of distressing freckles, redness, roughness, blotches, muddiness or any blemish. Soon your complexion will take on a clearness and a smoothness that will astound you.

You will discover that there is a hidden beauty in your skin. Dust, wind, and clogged pores may have blemished it. But underneath you will find a clear, vividly beautiful complexion. And in an amazingly short time you can bring it out.

So wonderful—so quick—are the results of this new, scientific crême that we absolutely guarantee it. Get a jar now—today. Use it for only five nights. Then if you are not delighted and amazed with the transformation your money will be instantly refunded. Now being used by millions of women.

If your dealer cannot supply you, just mail the coupon below. When package arrives pay postman only $1.

Just Try This 3 Minutes Before Bedtime Test

Right before bedtime smooth some of this cool fragrant crême on your skin. The very next morning look in your mirror! See how the skin has already begun to clear. Notice how quickly freckles, blackheads and other imperfections give way to unblemished milky clearness.

FREE Special Gift

If you will give us your dealer's name with your order, we also will send you a lovely gift absolutely FREE, with our compliments.

PARIS TOILET COMPANY
410 Oak Street, Paris, Tenn.

Golden Peacock Bleach Creme

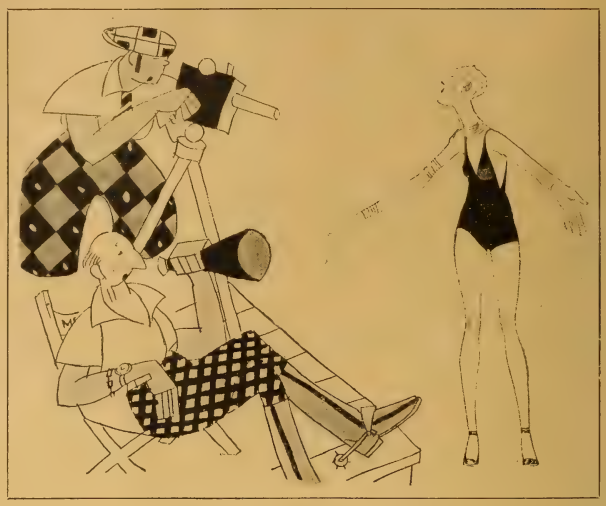
Paris Toilet Company,
410 Oak St., Paris, Tenn.
Send me a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Crême with your FREE gift. When package arrives I will pay postman $1. If not delighted my money will be refunded.

Name .....

Address .....

Dealer's Name .....

Class Will Tell



Ever since the CLASSIC entered the publication field, it has been called the de luxe magazine of the screen. There's a reason. It reflects class. With seventy-four of its pages devoted to Rotogravure, its readers are assured of seeing its articles and photographs presented in the most artistic and entertaining fashion. There's nothing old-fashioned or hackneyed about the CLASSIC. It is dedicated to the purpose of offering unusual, distinctive and sparkling pages. Moreover, it is generally recognized as the best edited of motion picture publications. It gets off the beaten track with its illuminating articles—which are written fearlessly and authoritatively. You cant afford to miss a single issue.

The October Classic

will feature the first of a series of absorbing stories about the old days in the movies—entitled "Them Were the Happy Days." There will also be a highly entertaining article about the "Broken Hearts of Hollywood."

Henry Albert Phillips will conclude his series of interesting interviews with leading British and Continental authors on the subject of motion pictures. In the October CLASSIC you will find the opinions of John Galsworthy, Margaret Kennedy and Lord Dunsany.

Another striking feature will present an interview with F. W. Murnau, who has come to America to make pictures. And Mal St. Clair will tell you his impressions of the stars he has directed—together with his own caricatures of them.

And a dozen or so other big features, including the second instalment of Faith Service's interesting Serial Story, "Painted People."

The CLASSIC passes them all. Order your October number now.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

Not for just a day—a week—nor a year —but ALWAYS

SUCH was the promise he had made and that she cherished. How worried she had been when her mirror told her that ghastly story that every woman dreads — yet which comes when most unwanted.

She thought that she, like others she had seen, was doomed to have that dreadful, dead, dyed-looking hair — something must be done before he, too, should know!

Now she looks back to that dreadful hour when the grey hairs were discovered and smiles — and well she may — for Rap-I-Dol, the "Master" Hair Coloring, has tinted those grey hairs as though they had never been — no one is the wiser and that naturally glossy shade, nature's rival, is her's—not for just a day, a week, nor a year—but always!

That is why Rap-I-Dol for over fifteen years has been used and recommended by the leading beauty experts in the United States and Europe —they know—their art demands the best that science can give them. That is why women—who know—are using Rap-I-Dol.

The natural gloss of Rap-I-Dol, its ease of application and its permanency are unequaled. It is the hair coloring that almost overnight took away woman's dreadful fear of having her hair tinted.

Rap-I-Dol colors the hair after nature's own fashion—permeating the inner layers and not just coating the outside. This means that hair that has been tinted with Rap-I-Dol may be subjected to any treatment—permanently waved, shampooed, and may be subjected to sunlight and electricity without being detected by the most severe critic.

RAP-I-DOL

The "Master" Hair Coloring

Rap-I-Dol does not contain para toluylene diamin

RAP-I-DOL CO., 518 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Attention: Yvonne Rebeaux

Kindly send me your Charm Digest which I understand is sent gratis — together with further information regarding Rap-I-Dol.

Name_____

Street_____ City_____

Ask your Beauty Shop about Rap-I-Dol. Send in the coupon for the Charm Digest. Yvonne Rebeaux of the Rap-I-Dol Expert Department will gladly answer all your questions.

All correspondence will be sent you in plain envelope — strictly confidentially.

Proud to say "This is Mother"

The reward that comes to many mothers—unconscious tribute from the younger generation to the woman who has retained her youth

THAT youth can longer be *retained,* as experts know and urge, is proved on all sides today. It *is being done* by women everywhere. Start now with the simple skin care printed at the right. The result in youthful charm and skin clearness will amaze you.

MODERN mothers have learned not to look their part. Competing in youthful allure with daughters of debutante age, they prove that charm no longer admits the limitation of years.

That is because protective skin care has become the rule of the day. Natural ways have supplanted the *often aging,* artificial ways of yesterday. It's been discovered that Youth can be safeguarded.

The following rule is probably credited with more youthful complexions, past the thirties and into the forties, than any other method known. Leading beauty experts agree that skin beauty starts with skin cleanliness, pores that have been kept healthfully clean. In fairness to yourself, try this, with the softening lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palmolive.

Do this for one week
Mark the difference that comes

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They must be washed away. If not removed, they clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Brett Litho. Co., N.Y.

MOTION PICTURE

NOVEMBER — 25 CTS

WHAT DO MEN WANT?

Why Do Society Girls Fail in the Movies?

Do You Believe in Haunted Houses?

See Page 19

HAT CREATURE! A Triangle Story with a New Twist

Beauty— safeguard it

Do as all the world is doing—preserve the natural loveliness, which even sunlight cannot rob of its charm, by following this proved rule in skin care

PALMOLIVE is a beauty soap made solely for *one* purpose; to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is the second largest selling soap, and has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Remember those facts when tempted to risk an unproved soap on your skin.

A BEAUTIFUL complexion lost is hard to call back again. A beautiful complexion safeguarded, and made *more* beautiful, is a simple matter in skin care.

Women all over the world have found that to be true. The thousands of pretty skins you see everywhere today overwhelmingly prove the point. Nature's way is the only true complexion insurance.

Start by ending artificial ways in skin care. Follow natural ways as foremost skin authorities urge. The most widely advised skin care of today starts with the *proved rule* below. Just the simple rule of keeping the pores open, and the skin gently cleansed every day, with the soothing lather of Palmolive.

Follow this rule for one week—
Note then the changes in your skin

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. The clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackhead and disfigurements often follow. They mus be washed away.

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THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.

Retail Price 10c

Another Notable Picture

From the Man
Who Directed
"THE IRON HORSE"
Presented by

FOX FILMS

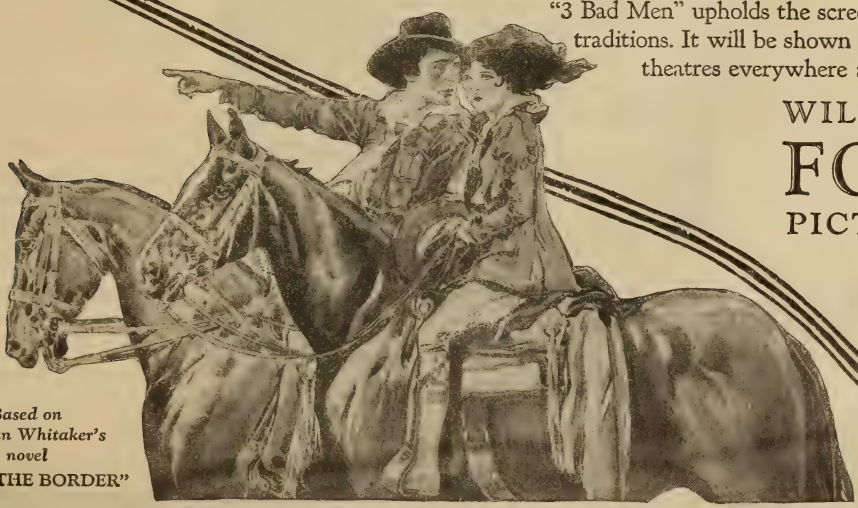
THE ability to catch with the camera and portray on the screen those traits which proclaim us all kin—that is one of the marked achievements of Director John Ford. Just as the epic story of "The Iron Horse" was larded with this rich vein of human interest so

"3 BAD MEN"

now a magnificent, colorful screen story of the West in the making, again reflects Director Ford's understanding of the human heart. Three bad men—grime-crusted, crime-hardened, wanted, but how tender and lovable they are in their self-appointed task of guarding from danger a young girl who has ventured beyond the safety zone! Tom Santschi, Frank Campeau and J. Farrell MacDonald (he of the cocked eye) as the trio, GEORGE O'BRIEN, OLIVE BORDEN, Lou Tellegen, Alec Francis and others, are the main personalities in a picture which includes prairies seething with men and cattle, horses and vehicles, with action rampant.

"3 Bad Men" upholds the screen's finest traditions. It will be shown in leading theatres everywhere and it is a

WILLIAM
FOX
PICTURE



Based on Herman Whitaker's novel
"OVER THE BORDER"

THE STAR OF 1926-7

RENÉE ADORÉE

YOU liked her in
THE BIG PARADE
YOU loved her in
LA BOHEME
YOU'LL adore her in

B·L·A·R·N·E·Y

Directed by
MARCEL DE SANO
adapted by
ALBERT LEWIN
from the story
"IN PRAISE OF
JAMES CARABINE"
by
DONN BYRNE

IN this ringside romance
THIS lovable star makes a
PICTURE you'll never forget!
SHE plays an Irish Lass who
IS forced to fight for Love . . . .
EVEN her most ardent admirers find her
MORE appealingly human, more
ADORABLE than ever before!
YOU will thrill at Donn Byrne's story—you
WILL revel in every reel—you will
LOVE the winsome star who wins
HER battle with Fate!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

Allons!

The big parade of questions

I hope you win the big prize

A PRIZE worth winning is worth striving for—is it not so? For you I have chosen most desirable mementos of motion picture stars and I have made my questions *most difficult!*

For the lady who sends me the best answers to my questionnaire I have chosen as a reward a vanity case similar to one I myself carry. And the cleverest gentleman shall receive a cigarette case very much like John Gilbert's own.

And I have fifty of my favorite photographs ready to autograph for the fifty "next best" contestants!

Allons! Here comes the Big Parade of Questions and here are my best wishes for your success.

Renée Adorée

Renée's six questions

1 In what pictures have Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro been co-starred?

2 Who is the original "Nell Brinkley Girl" and what is her latest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture?

3 What is the title of the first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer "western" and who is the featured player?

4 Where does Rodolphe first meet Mimi in "La Boheme"?

5 Whom do you regard as the greatest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer director? Why? Answer this in less than 50 words.

6 What are the three famous Ibanez stories transferred to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer during the past year and who directed them?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York. All answers must reach us by November 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in value with that tied for.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Motion Picture Magazine

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton in 1910—Trademark Registered

Vol. XXXII | NOVEMBER, 1926 | Number 4

Adele Whitely Fletcher
Editor

Colin J. Cruikshank, *Art Director*

The Passing of Rudolph Valentino

By

(*EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS*)

WE come to a sad task in writing of the passing of Rudolph Valentino. For we know a grievous loss. He was an actor, beloved by his associates. He was a brilliant personality, admired in the farthest corners of the earth. But more than this, he gave of the golden coin of Romance with largess. And the world is poor.

There will be less gay adventure on the screen now that Rudy has gone. To thousands of lives, frustrate because of enforced narrow limitations, he brought the unattainable. He was always a gallant figure. He was the soldier who presumed to love a mighty queen and to be loved, in return, by her. He was the brave toreador in whose eyes there were dreams to match his prowess. He was the incarnate spirit of Romance.

As a young lad, he came to this country from his native Italy, girded with a belief in himself. He stepped from obscurity to fame with the easy confidence of youth. No wonder he believed in the magic of Tomorrow. Sometimes it does bring that which Today has denied. And who could know this better than Rudy?

We had scheduled an interview with Rudy for this magazine. In it he mentioned some mistakes he had made in his career. He said he would do very differently if he had things to do over again. He seemed a wise man. We shall never publish the interview. It would be too sad. But there is tragedy in the fact that life is often over by the time we have learned how to live.

At his funeral the mighty of many professions stood tearful and with bowed heads to mark his passing. And outside of the little church a multitude gathered from near and far.

But we could not help thinking how death is less sad when it claims someone who has known a fulness of life. Rudy stood upon the High Place to which so many aspire and which such a pitiful few achieve.

And he never knew, his physicians say, that he would be no more.

Death was kind to him as he slept, a man fulfilled of every high young dream that he had kept since childhood.

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Motion Picture Magazine

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An entirely new kind of lipstick

HELENA RUBINSTEIN
—internationally famous beauty-scientist—noted for her Valaze creations and youth-bestowing treatments and preparations.

Cupidsbow

THE SELF-SHAPING LIPSTICK
Created by HELENA RUBINSTEIN

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—that ends fussing and shaping and reshaping and smudging!
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This intriguing new lipstick can be had in containers of stunning Chinese Red with a band of gunmetal black — extremely fashionable in Paris and New York and so smart to take from your bag in this day of exotic hues. For those who prefer them—silvered and golden casings, both also banded with black, are equally as handsome.

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3. Tone and Brace.
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The Bulletin Board

The News as We Went to Press

BERT LYTELL will forsake pictures in December, and begin a tour in Keith-Albee vaudeville. Bert's first love was the speaking stage, and he returns to it periodically. Last winter he had the leading rôle in a play which ran for several months in Los Angeles.

IT was Raymond Griffith's lucky day, not long ago, when Paramount assigned James Cruze to direct his next picture. What Ray needs more than anything else is a director who will insist on being something more than a figurehead, and Cruze can be depended on for that. Robert Benchley, the dramatic critic of *Life*, who is out in Hollywood trying to apply his wit to the films, is going to do a story for Griffith. It will probably follow the Cruze production.

WARNER BROTHERS have decided to adapt their Vitaphone to the uses of the deaf and blind. They are going to allot twenty-five orchestra seats in their New York theater to the deaf, and are installing telephonic headpieces on each one, so the deaf people can tune in until they get the music at the volume best suited to them.

The blind are also being allotted twenty-five seats, fitted with telephonic headpieces and wires connecting with a microphone back-stage. A speaker will describe the "actors, scenes, costumes, and the action as the picture progresses." It will have to be a pretty rapid speaker to cover all that ground. We should think it would be much more fun for the blind to stay at home and have someone read aloud to them.

THE Paramount School is no longer the only institution where the avid public can learn about movies. The New School for Social Research in New York is now offering a course on moving pictures—"the history of their development, and the structure and functions of the motion picture as an art and as an industry." The course is in the form of twelve lectures to be delivered by Terry Ramsaye, who, according to the Director of the New School, is the one man in the world qualified to give this course. Mr. Ramsaye is the author of "The Romantic History of the Motion Picture," and we have no doubt his lectures will be absorbing. But after all, there is no offer of a contract to those who pass the course, and no opportunity to watch and learn to know the stars. It seems to be a purely academic affair, a new delight for the intellectuals, rather than a wedge for movie aspirants.

AFTER "Stella Dallas," it is only natural that Belle Bennett should consider mother rôles her forte. And accordingly, she has signed with Fox to play the title-rôle of "The Story of Mother Machree." And as this is an Irish picture, to be directed by the sentimental Mr. John Ford, we may as well get out our pocket handkerchiefs and prepare for a good cry.

REX INGRAM has returned from Europe, whence he fled several years ago threatening never to return. Metro-Goldwyn would much prefer to have him do his directing in Hollywood, but Mr. Ingram is wedded to his beautiful studios in Nice, and just came over to argue the thing out. He may do a picture in New York before returning to France, but if Ingram's determined expression means anything, Hollywood will not see him again.

PARAMOUNT is making a picture that will not have a single familiar face in it. Karl Brown, the director, has spent four months in the hills, making a picture based on the customs of these primitive people, with the natives themselves as the only members of his cast. Helen Mundy, a sixteen-year-old mountain girl, and Forrest James, also of the hills, have the leads. The tentative title of the film is "Stark Love."

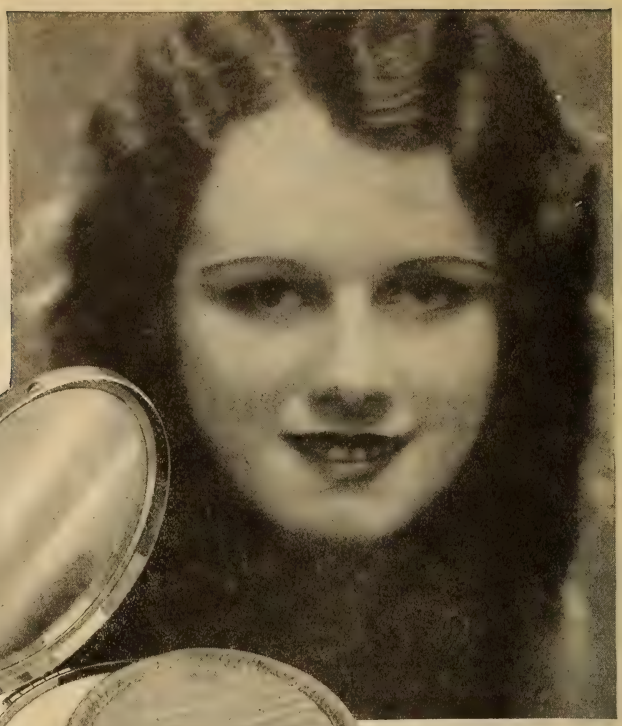
$10.00 for the Best Title to this Picture

You may send as many titles to this picture as you like—not more than ten words long. All answers must be mailed by October 20 and no titles will be returned. Address them: Title Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York

Entertainment
BILLY DOOLEY
BOBBY VERNON
JIMMIE ADAMS
ANNE CORNWALL
HERE ARE THE STARS who are playing in the spirit of fun in joyous two-reelers produced by Christie for your amusement.
WATCH FOR THEM on the programs of best theatres everywhere. If you don't see them you are being cheated of some great twenty-minutes of DIVERTING ENTERTAINMENT
Released through EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
PRODUCED BY Christie
NEAL BURNS
FRANCES LEE
JACK DUFFY
VERA STEADMAN
The name Christie on Comedy is like Sterling on Silver

UNKNOWN BEAUTY

Many lands can boast their beauties of the stage and screen—But in America lovely ladies flower like the unknown blossoms of the fields. And, in this land of charm—there is TRE-JUR, a little group of toiletries in quality, outstanding—in value, unequalled—dedicated wholly to enhancing loveliness.



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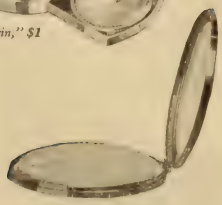
"Twin," $1



"Thinest" Single, $1.00 Double, $1.50

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Tre-Jur presents "*The Little One*"—a compact that sets a fresh record for Value. It's the handiest "single" yet devised—a two-inch silver-toned case, graceful, slender and lovely.

An ample supply of powder—and *such* powder . . . exquisitely soft and friendly to the finest skin. You'll love its secret fragrance, for lovelier scent was never known.

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If not sold nearby, any Tre-Jur item will be forwarded by mail, upon receipt of price. A generous sample of Tre-Jur Face Powder sent for 10c—stamps or coin. HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, INC., 19 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.

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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

Ruth Harriet Louise

NORMA SHEARER

There is a quality about Norma, a distinction, which places her apart from other stars—and it isn't just because hers is one of the few unbobbed heads remaining in Hollywood. It goes beyond mere externals. You will have a chance to study the Shearer charm in "Upstage"

W. F. Seely

JACK HOLT

Jack Holt knows his type and he's going to stick to it, no matter what startling changes may go on around him. His fans love him as that military, tight-lipped gentleman of so many Westerns—and that's all that matters to Jack

Irving Chidnoff

ESTHER RALSTON

Beauty was the wedge by which she pushed her way into films. Everyone doesn't agree that this perfect blonde can act. Maybe not—but she's got what it takes to make a star, and one much sought after. "The Quarterback" is the most recent of Esther's pictures, which come in quick succession

James N. Doolittle

MILTON SILLS

"Men of Steel" was a very personal triumph for Milton Sills. He adapted the story, and then gave one of the finest performances of his career. He has set himself a high standard to live up to in "The Legionnaire"

MARY PICKFORD

Mary has more or less given up her position as Hollywood's brightest star, to become an international figure. But that doesn't mean that she's not still beloved as the eternal little girl of the screen. She and Doug have just returned from their world tour, and there are promises that they may make a picture together

Ruth Harriet Louise

ANTONIO MORENO

Handsome and dashing and almost Gilbertian is Tony these days. We don't know whether this accounts for the recognition he's been getting as a popular leading man, or whether it is an outgrowth of that success he has so long deserved. Watch out for Tony as one of those fellows who always get their man, in "The Flaming Forest"

DOROTHY MACKAILL

In "The Patent Leather Kid," Dorothy will again play opposite Richard Barthelmess, who not so very long ago gave her her first big chance in "The Fighting Blade." Perhaps Dick can help her to recapture the spirit of those fresh and unsophisticated days

Ruth Harriet Louise

SALLY O'NEIL

Here's another girl who was plunged into prominence before she was ready to cope with it. Since Marshall Neilan first exploited her in "Mike," second and third leads have been the portion of this very young Sally. Being saucy and piquant are her chief talents now, but time may change all that. Her next is "The Mysterious Island," that undersea picture

Shadows of The House of Mirth

By
Dwinelle Benthall

GOING Rome a little better, Hollywood was built, or is built, or to be very exact, is being built, on seventy-seven hills more or less. Fortunately the country round is full of them, so that our beloved Picture Capital will never have to cramp her style, and the Studio Toilers can climb to their eeries as long as their brakes hold.

Lila Lee and James Kirkwood moved in when they were a bride and groom. He was recuperating from his severe accident. And it looked for a time as if they had broken the spell

Haunted Houses

We say we do not believe in ghosts ... in evil spells ... Yet who would wish to live in the grim House of Mirth after reading this story?

In the early days Theodore Roberts camped on the top of a hill that overlooked the Lasky Lot, and what was then about all there was of Hollywood. Sessue Hayakawa built his "Castle" just around the corner. Kathlyn Williams, the Tully Marshalls and Larry Semon climbed just a little higher on the same street, and

Mary Miles Minter went to The House of Mirth to get away from her mother's avarice . . . she had lost the happiness she used to know when she drove about Hollywood with her sister years before

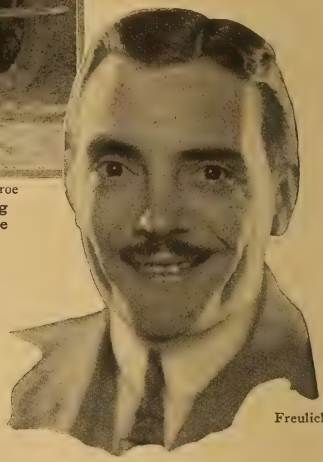
It was a honeymoon house . . . for a honeymoon that lasted such a little while. And when Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert were gone, a sad little ghost of happiness lingered behind

C. H. Monroe

The time there was serious illness in a neighboring house, Rubye de Remer, then a tenant of The House of Mirth, stopped giving parties

The house came to have a reputation and commanded a fabulous rent. The late Max Linder moved in. There was one party when six lions from the Universal Zoo were imported for an evening . . .

Rayhuff Richter



Freulich

The road goes no farther. The little house perches on the top of Hollywood's highest hill. All the windows are stained glass. Many have come laughing up the hill to revel for a time . . . and then pass out in shadow

Reggie Denny went as far as anyone could, until Noah Beery climbed clear around the hill and built a fascinating place on the other side of it—which looks out over hills and more hills, with its back quite turned on Hollywood. They felt that they had achieved the summit—the hills above them were just the necessary scenery for the sunset—not practical for building at all, but somebody found a route to another tier, and houses and gardens began to dot the higher hillsides—houses that clung to the slopes miraculously—from whose windows one could glimpse the sea fifteen miles away.

On the very top of the highest hill is a little brown house, like an owl, and just beneath it is another house—"The House of Mirth," the neighbors call it. You see the nearest neighbors are not "Movie People," and all the people who have lived in The House of Mirth have been "Movie People"—and thereby hangs a tale.

"The road winds up-hill all the way—yes, to the very end——" There, one finds two flights of steps, one up to the little Owl House, and one down to The House of Mirth, and a stone dropped from the porch of the Owl House would almost fall down the chimney of The House of Mirth, so you see they are very near neighbors. The road goes no farther—you cant pass by. Just so far you can come, then you stop—and later back down. Everybody who comes to The House of Mirth backs down—and you should hear them doing it after a party! Such parties! It's the most perfect house in which to give a Hollywood party in Hollywood.

All the front windows are stained glass—no chance for prying eyes—and the back windows look out over the top of the world—privacy supreme.

One summer's day five years ago, the first tenants moved in. Rubye de Remer and her retinue—a big, fat, colored "Mammy" and a tall, thin, colored "Pappy"—and Mr. de Remer—the neighbors called him that.

Then followed a series of parties such as never had been known in those parts before. Parties in which the good-byes were mingled with invitations to breakfast. At first the

(*Continued on page* 88)

During Sigrid Holmquist's reign the house became an unfailing source of hospitality. She gave with both hands . . . Money just went. Bills piled up and up and up

DIAMOND TOM MIX

By
Janet Reid

He hails from the Great Open Spaces. But he is more Brummelish than Brummel . . . more Beauish than Beau . . . and he would put a Bond Street tailor to shrieking shame

WHOEVER it was that mouthed the platitude about anticipation being better than realization had better be psychoanalyzed, put into the hoosegow or otherwise educated.

'Tisn't so.

We know, for the simple if insufficient reason that we were sent to interview Tom Mix.

You all know Tom.

You may say, "Well, what of it? You have had to do worse. What does that prove?"

All right—ready for you: It proves that you never can tell—about a man.

There again some omnipotent wiseacre is proved to be wrong. It has been said by such an ignoramus that you never can tell about women. You can. You always can.

We know, because we have spent the time of day with Pola Negri and Greta Nissen, Alice Joyce and Lillian Gish, Anna Q. Nilsson and Lois Moran . . . and we have usually got just what we expected to get. No less. No more.

Moreover, we never had to be carried out from whatever hotel, café, apartment, street corner or Rolls-Royce we happened to be received in. Carried out on a stretcher, to give you the straight dope.

We were always able to walk out even as we had walked in, with a certain characteristic jauntiness.

But in the case (Case history No. 999,999) of Tom Mix, such was our ignominious and tragic dénouement that it required a stretcher and four well-set-up orderlies to remove us, the while we beat the air with futile hands and cried "The sun! The sun! How pale the sun . . . how pale!"

The remainder of said tragic dénouement we spent in a hospital ward. An observation ward. There followed an eventual release tho we still wear glasses copiously smoked with soft coal and are delicate about looking at anything brighter than a Woolworth turquoise.

It was like this:

Our Editor said to us, in an unguarded tho by no means malicious moment, "Have a talk with Tom Mix. . . ."

"Ah, yes," we replied inoffensively, "about the Great Open Spaces, you mean. The Great Open Spaces where men are men and women are squaws and . . . out where the West begins . . . with the shooting of *Dan McGrew*. . . ."

"You've got the dope," said our Editor.

Alas, he never knew what dope was to be ours. He never dreamed the day would dawn when he would print an interview without words.

* * * * *

WE went to the Hotel Biltmore, New York City.

We thought that a bit odd, a bit out of drawing . . . Tom Mix at the Biltmore . . . we're fussy and we like things so-so. . . . It would have been more seemly, we thought, if it had been the Hotel Elk, Iroquois or, perhaps, Algonquin.

Not to make a pun, because we're not allowed, but there would have been a sense of reservation about it!

Still, we let that slide. We put it down to the fact that the Biltmore has nice large suites and that these suites were doubtless proving better grazing-grounds for Tony than would the rooms of lesser hostelries.

We thought, too, that the spaciousness would prove a freer reach for that big

(*Continued on page* 101)

International Newsreel

Miss Dorothy Stokes, who purred to the studios in her Rolls-Royce

P & A

Julia Lydig Hoyt, who was one of the first of the social leaders to shake the glitter of society from her robe and turn to the screen

Why Do Society Girls

They have come to the Kleiggrounds of the *élite* with beauty, But they have failed.

By BEATRICE

"RICH Society Heiress Goes Into the Movies!" "Millionaire's Daughter Leaves Home for Hollywood!" "Society's Pet Abandons Life of Luxury for Film Career!" And so on. And so on.

How often has the insatiable, million-eyed public greedily devoured these eight-foot head-lines over their morning coffee. Another thrill! Another delightful, juicy morsel to cull over on the way to the bridge club, the typewriter, the tea-table, the switchboard, or the links. Here's a sensation for you!

What do you think of that, eh? A rich girl with everything in the world

International Newsreel

Mrs. Thelma Morgan Converse . . . now a titled lady . . . played quite a part in Gloria's "Society Scandal." She is shown here in a costume she wore to an exclusive supper dance

Russell Ball

Alice Harriman, who recently died in Paris, had forged ahead of all her society sisters as a screen actress. But for her tragic passing . . . who knows?

International Newsreel

Mrs. Morgan Belmont worked with D. W. Griffith in one picture. She has not been in the studios since

Fail in the Movies?

light Kingdom from the stamping-smart clothes, and charm of manner. What is their lack?

WILSON

she wants: clothes, automobiles, jewels, parties, theaters, travel and beaus—and nothing to do—going into the movies! Can you beat it? Why, she must be crazy! We know from all the interviews in the fan magazines and the newspapers that going into the movies is no cinch! Of course, *she* can get in because she's an heiress, but even if she can get in without the usual difficulty, we know it's pretty hard work.

There's money in it—yes. When you think of some of the salaries that the stars make, according to the papers, it makes you want to rush right out and buy a bottle of poison. But what does a rich girl need with money? And besides, heiress or not, she's got to be good. She cant get away from being a society pet. We might go to look at her once for that reason, but after that, unless she can make us forget Gloria Swanson or Mary Pickford, we wont go back to see her, that's all there is to it!

Even if she has twenty millions in her own right, that doesn't

(*Continued on page* 115)

Underwood & Underwood

The Princess de Bourbon, beautiful and regal, was willing to work. She played bits for a short time, working as an extra . . .

Faustine had lacquer black hair with blue lights in it . . . white skin like gardenias . . . red lips . . . and something of a foreign accent

That

Caroline's husband was in the motion picture business . . .

Faustine was a star . . .

And this story about them is a very modern version of the old triangle . . .

CAROLINE was indignant. She felt that she had every right to be. All her girl friends said they wouldn't stand it for a minute if they were in her place . . . the way Harley Pennock was raving over that slinky movie vamp, Faustine. Faustine! Anyone would know that she had got that name out of Swinburne. Hadn't Caroline read a piece by that name only last winter when The Women's Literary Club "took up" the poets? Faustine . . . a bad woman, too; one for whose soul God and the Devil had thrown dice or shot craps or something. Sacrilege! Blasphemy!

Caroline had had her qualms when Harley first went into the motion picture business. She had been afraid, then. But after the first two or three years she had sort of settled back, had stopped worrying. After all, if that was Harley's "line" and he made good money at it, which he did, what was there for her to do or say? So long as he behaved himself. Besides, Harley had good hard common sense. No one got by with much where Harley was concerned. Caroline took a deal of comfort in that reflection. Harley was, as he said of himself, "hard-boiled."

At first he had been in the script department. One of the clerks working on the continuities. He had done two or three original stories, had turned out some dozen excellent scripts and was now chief scenarist of the Super-Excel Film Corporation, drawing three hundred and fifty a week. It had enabled them to buy a darling little house in Great Field, Long Island, and Caroline dressed better and "went" more than did any of the friends of her girlhood who had married men "in trade" and were compelled to consider their check-books, have their dresses made at home and go to matinées and operas for a "treat."

If they felt sorry for Caroline in her mink coat and "little imports" because her husband was "mixed up" in the movies, why Caroline could afford to feel just as sorry for them in their last-year cloth coats with near-fur trimming, even if their husbands were securely fixed in trade.

The first couple of years at the Super-Excel

Creature!

Caroline felt that Harley was safe in the studios . . . because he was used to beautiful girls. He told her it was the men who never came up against good-looking women who fell the hardest

By
Gladys Hall

Illustrations
by
Douglas Ryan

Harley made great fun of the movie queens. The stars. The lesser lights who came and went and for all of whom he wrote parts in his scripts. He said they were a bunch of "tinsel queens" and told Caroline verbosely that they had "no brains," were "common," were "poseurs," and he wondered whether they really thought any common-sense Anglo-Saxon business man would ever take them seriously. So far falling in love with one of them . . . pooh, pooh!

Caroline was comforted. Allayed. After all, it is the man and not the environmental dangers that makes for safety or danger. She began to feel that Harley could be depended upon in a seraglio.

He often told her, too, when he had been late for dinner a few nights running or when, perforce, he had lunched with Felicity Folly and her director, he often said at such times that men in positions like his were the safest bets of all.

"It's the man who never comes up against good-looking women," he said, "who is apt to fall the hardest for the first bob-haired stenog who steps his way. But a fellow like me . . . seeing these vamps and cuties every day and all day . . . why, say, a fellow like me is as safe as nails. We get used to 'em. Fed up on 'em. We know a good thing when we have it. . . ." At which point he would pause to beam fondly at Caroline. At which point, too, Caroline would preen and bridle a bit. After all, she *did* make a good appearance. She wasn't one of these natural beauties who awake in the morning looking what you might call their very best, but she did "keep up" and looked years younger than her age. Miss Edythe, the girl who "took care" of her at the beauty parlor, said that she had never seen anything like it!

At which point, too, habitually, Caroline would take further pause to reconsider what Harley had said. She would go back over it and pick a weak spot here and there: "I thought you didn't think they *are* good-looking? Or cute . . . or anything. . . . You say you dont, but when you get talking you say that you *do*. . . ."

"Oh, well," Harley was contemptuous, "Oh, well, I mean that I suppose *most* men . . . the average man, you know . . . would say they are good-

s looking or cuties . . . that's what I meant, honey, *the average man* . . . some poor dub who isn't used to a lot of glitter and such stuff. Of course, *I* dont. Not personally. Why, I often say to myself, 'What would these dollies look like in the early mornings? What would they look like before they got to the old make-up box?' That's what I often say, sure fire."

It didn't occur to Caroline that this monolog with Self must involve considerable absorption in the matter. In the end, she would be placated.

Now and then, too, Harley had gone on location with some unit making a picture for which he had done the script. He always contrived to take Caroline along. Never wanted to go without her. He took her even when it meant money out of his own pocket. Caroline had observed him closely on such excursions and had never been able to find, try as she did, one thing to discomfort her. She felt, she told "the girls," that Harley's attitude was "perfect." Of course, the movie girls didn't see that he was actually despising them under his urbane good nature. He couldn't let them see his real attitude. That wouldn't be good business. No, his manner was friendly and nice. Cordial, even. But *she* could see. She, who knew him so well, could tell.

* * * *

And now, after these satisfactory years, now here was Harley actually forgetting himself so far as to rave over this new "vamp," this Faustine creature with her lacquer black hair, her preposterously curved torso, her slanted blue-green eyes, her pursed-up, affected-looking mouth, her hands with nails long enough to put a Manchu lady to shame and confusion.

It began quite abruptly. The even tenor of their days was suddenly and sharply stabbed into by thin knives of fear. . . .

One night at dinner: "We've signed a new star, Carrie. Vamp type. Term is out of date, I know, but it suits her. Gee, Carrie, wait until you see her. She'll knock you for a goal!"

Ill-advised remark! Unprecedented praise! Carrie had a momentary, indignant vision of herself hurtling to a goal.

She prickled in every least pore of her body and brain. The finely pointed nose of her suspicious instincts sniffed and snuffled at the suddenly threatened conjugal atmosphere. She might be said to have bayed, as will a hound on the scent of that secret, Fox.

The evening resolved itself into a questionnaire. Caroline, a cross-word puzzle on her knees, pencil poised in air and with as calculated an attitude of casualness as she could achieve, fired question after question at Harley.

"What type do you say she is?"

Caroline dressed better and "went" more than did any of the friends of her girlhood who had married men "in trade" and were compelled to consider their check-books

"What type do I say *who* is?"

"Now, dont pretend you dont know who I am talking about, Harley Pennock. Dont pretend you have forgotten. That doesn't go at all. That . . . that thing . . . that creature . . . you know, the creature you say is signed up at Super. . . ."

"Oh, you mean Faustine . . . for Heaven's *sake*, Caroline, what a way to refer to anyone? What's the big idea? Stomach out of order? Anyway, I told you once . . . black hair . . . that sort of lacquerish black, you know. Sleek and shining, with blue lights in it. White skin. That dead white skin, you know, sorter like gardenias. The kind you said you wished you had once—remember? And red lips and one whale, I mean peach, of a figure. And sorter a foreign accent. I tell you, Carrie, you've never seen the like of this one. You wont believe your eyes!"

Caroline was strained with superiority. Her pencil described a little gesture of superiority in the vibrant air between them. Her elbows and knees, the arch of her throat, the suggestion of her double chin, all were little arcs of superiority, of delicate disdain.

"Oh, yes, Harley," she said, in as syrupy a voice as her constricted throat could manage, "Oh, yes, I'll be able to believe *my* eyes. *My* eyes wont deceive *me*. I'll be able to see *thru* it all."

"See thru what all?" Harley was irritated. Really, Caroline was unpredictable at times. Particularly in the last few days.

"See thru this cheap creature who seems to have upset your perspective, my dear Harley."

Harley always knew that Caroline was particularly irate when she called him her dear Harley. He knew that he was, at the moment, quite the reverse of dear. But he said, "I dont know what you mean."

"I know you dont. Harley Pennock, stop reading that paper and talk to me. Are you *ashamed* to talk to me? That's it, I guess. Is there something you cant *say* . . . ?"

Harley dropped the paper. It crackled with exasperation. So did he. He didn't know what to make of Caroline at times. He watched her, waiting with outward martyrdom and inward trepidation for what was to come next. Unquestionably he was "in for it." As he waited—and watched—he observed for the first time that Caroline's eyes were set too close together, that she had more than a suspicion of a double chin, that her fingers were inclined to be stumpy, well, short at any rate, and that her hair seemed to be growing thin right where the glow from the lamp struck it on the crown . . . it had never been any particular color, anyway. . . .

(*Continued on page* 82)

WHO'S WHO

We published a story a few months ago in which we showed that motion picture personalities are not always what they seem on the screen.

What about them in their home town then? What are their personal claims to distinction?

We took a vote among our staff writers after the manner of collegiate papers with these interesting results.

LLOYD HUGHES
Handsomest man

GLORIA SWANSON
Most compelling personality

CONSTANCE TALMADGE
Biggest flirt

CHARLIE CHAPLIN
Most unpopular with interviewers

RAMON NOVARRO
The most seclusive

CHARLES MURRAY
The wittiest man

NORMAN KERRY
Most perfect military figure

MARY PHILBIN
Most unexploited artist

MILTON SILLS
Most intellectual

ERICH VON STROHEIM
Most brilliant man

ADOLPHE MENJOU
Best-dressed man

VILMA BANKY
Most beautiful girl

JOSEPH SCHENCK
Most popular man

MAE MURRAY
Most beautiful figure

MARY PICKFORD
Most beloved personality

POLA NEGRI
Most brilliant woman

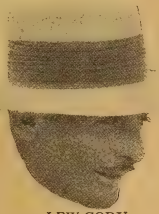
RONALD COLMAN
The aristocrat

GRETA GARBO
Girl with most brilliant future

CLAIRE WINDSOR
Best-dressed woman

JOAN CRAWFORD
Best woman dancer

MARION DAVIES
Most popular girl


LEW CODY
Best host

MRS. ANTONIO MORENO
Best hostess

JOHN GILBERT
Most versatile actor

LILYAN TASHMAN
Most dashing

COLLEEN MOORE
Most unassuming girl

TOM MIX
Most popular with interviewers

FRED NIBLO
Best orator

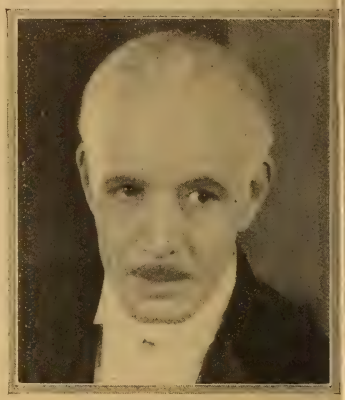
HAROLD LLOYD
Most unassuming man

WHAT DO MEN

Do Men Really Look for Someone "Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad"?

Spurr

Edmund Lowe wishes to be delivered from the girl who always worries about how she looks



"Youth" was cited by Lewis Stone. And he goes on to say that some middle-aged women have more youth in their spirit than flappers

There are still men who prefer the old-fashioned girl. Ronald Colman is one of them

By DORIS

ANITA LOOS and her best seller would have us believe that gentlemen prefer blondes. Let that pass! What other preferences? There are any number of bromides about the masculine point of view on women. But, after all, it is an important matter. And a census of opinions from various prominent males in motion picture circles not only discredits the old wives' tales but sheds some light on the subject.

John Gilbert

WHENEVER I tackle John Gilbert on a story like this one, I take a big swig of T. N. T., chew a few nails and get generally hard boiled before I ease up on him.

This time I cornered him in his dressing-room, going over fan mail.

"Shades of Cæsar!" he moaned, as I fired my first shot, "you here to ask me *such* a question? Who am I that I should say what it is in a woman that attracts a man?"

"Now, *John!*" glowered I. (You see this is where the T. N. T. and nails come in.) He looked closely at me and decided I was not going to be bluffed. . . .

"Well," he sighed resignedly, "if you would like to know what kind of a girl it is *I* like, it is a pal! A girl that will ride and walk and talk and live life as I want to live it. Free-spirited and full of life and enthusiasm.

"She mustn't be too sweet or too temperamental but a creature of moods and whims. A breezy, refreshing counterbalance to my nature."

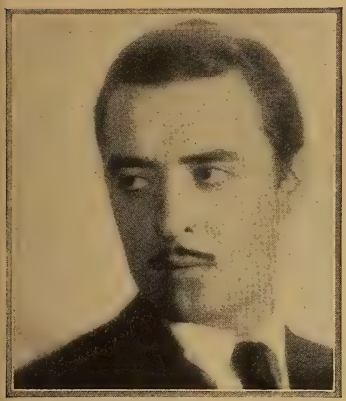
Then—with a pointed, needlelike glance in my direction, he added venomously, "Above *all* she *must not* ask silly, idiotic questions and insist on an answer!"

I silently folded my notebook and as silently stole away!

Ronald Colman

"BLONDE, Brunette or Titian! I care not, just so she be fair to me! I like the old-fashioned, gently bred, womanly woman a bit the best as to type, I think. A woman who is sincere in her friendships and affections. Oh, by *all* means she *must* be sincere!"

WANT In the Woman They Marry?



Davies
Reading the things Jack Gilbert says, we do not believe that opposites attract

Kesslere
Lew Cody is sentimental about the girl he would marry

How About the Beautiful But Dumb Type? Do Men Honestly Find Her Attractive?

Denbo

This Ronald Colman howled across a desk to me! We were sitting in a busy publicity office. The ever poised and at ease Ronald was trying to concentrate on woman and her often sung charms, while set-dressers, newspaper representatives and art directors came bustling in, talking over plans on "Barbara Worth."

Thru the often opened door droned noisily the sound of the saw-mill across the way. "I think it is personality in a woman that means more to me than anything else!" yelled Ronald. "The girl that attracts me is the one whose personality is natural and rings true."

"Thank you!" I screamed.

"You're welcome!" he called—with a cough, "let's go have some lunch!"—and we did.

Tho we had a quiet, comfortable hour's chat across the luncheon table, Ronald only repeated his first choice of feminine charms.

Lew Cody

Lew was standing on the lawn of the M. G. M. Studio after luncheon one day. I said, "Lew, tell us what you know about women!"

He said, "What's the matter, haven't you anything to do for 365 days or has the heat of this day gone to your head?"

I made myself more specific, after which he said: "Oh, if that is what you mean, my dear. Every man in his heart of hearts cherishes the memory of his mother and the older he grows the more he admires 'his mother's memory qualities' in women!"

That's the delightful thing about Lew when he makes a sentimental speech, there is a solemness in his expression that makes you feel it comes from the depths of his being.

Bill Boyd

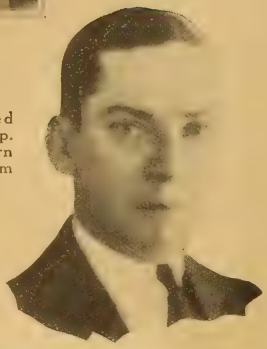
Bill Boyd, with sideburns and uncut hair as he is to appear in "The Clipper Ship," smiled sheepishly as he answered my question with—"Wouldn't it be easier if I showed you a picture of what it is about a woman that attracts me? Because the whole thing can be seen in this young lady! . . ."

Spurr
Huntley Gordon saw his ideal once. He has never seen her since . . . but he remembers. He would insist upon her qualities

Spurr

"Gentleness," sighed Walter Pidgeon. Walter has many married friends

Charlie Murray thinks there are more attractive qualities in women than there are stars in heaven. He cannot decide



"Beauty," opines Ned Sparks, "is only skin-deep. In the summer a sunburn peels . . . why pick them merely beautiful?"

"It is the mothering instinct men love in their women," insists Charles Farrell

Of course, what he was proudly displaying to me was a picture of his bride wife, Eleanor Fair. (Ain't love GRAND—even in the movies — sometimes!)

Anyway, I was gentle with him and said: "I quite agree with you, Bill! But—if you were to meet three girls at once—one would most likely attract you more than another? Eh?"

"Yes," smiled Bill, "the one that looked most like her!" At my groan he laughed and said, "More specifically the typical American girl. Self-reliant, affectionate, little, motherly pal."

Now serious, Bill continued, "The American girl to me typifies the supreme combination. They watch their personal appearance and are fresh and clean and full of fun. Ready to ride, or walk or swim or dance or cook or sew or—raise babies—and to do each efficiently and well."

Bill certainly has the "low-down" on American women!

Lewis Stone

Lewis really surprised me! He is such a sort of sophisticated, lovable, cultured gentleman of the screen. I saw him at the Santa Monica Swimming Club. I asked him the fatal question.

He answered with accustomed brisk courtesy, "YOUTH, my dear, YOUTH. Every man if he told the truth would say first, last and always—YOUTH.

"That is," as he saw my amazed countenance, "not necessarily youth according to years but youth of the Soul. I have met middle-aged women that had more real youth than the flappiest of flappers.

"Youth is enthusiastic over life and its problems and possibilities. It is always interested in human nature and its reactions. In fact, real youth is so busy and interested in life going on around it, it has no time to think of self and build up an impossible ego. This is why I believe every man—if truthful, would say youth was woman's most potent weapon."

Donald Biddle Keyes

William Boyd recently married Eleanor Fair. Need you hear the things he thinks ideal in a wife enumerated? You've seen Eleanor!

Huntley Gordon

Hollywood's prince of good fellows and the screen's perfectly abused husband, Huntley Gordon, was on the golf course. That's the only place you can catch him when he's not working and Huntley wont talk if he knows you are there to hear him.

I stopped him by yelling "FORE" over his shoulder. He called back, "No, two will do!" Then we sat on the eighteenth hole and I asked him if he had ever met his ideal.

My feet hurt and I was tired, so I didn't care whether he had or not, but strangely he warmed up to the subject. "Do you expect me to describe *you* or do you want me to tell you the truth?" he asked me with a laugh.

I smiled sort of weakly—I dont usually play eighteen holes in one afternoon and a smile was all I could manage—"The whole truth and nothing but the truth," I recited weakly.

(*Continued on page* 93)

When von Stroheim returned to the screen after months of retirement merely to direct, we made the most of it. Half a loaf is better than none . . . But "The Wedding March" is something to be anticipated. In it Erich plays *Prince Nicki* . . . as well as directing the production

He is up to his old tricks again, you see . . . We can think of no one who suggests high life with more deft touches than Erich. Take the scene below . . . what could speak more eloquently of the night before than the ice-bag? What, indeed?

Fay Wray, who plays *Mitzi*, a little wine-garden girl, is a von Stroheim discovery. She has been on the screen for some time, but this is her first prominence

Hughie Mack plays *Anton Eberle* . . . and Dale Fuller is cast as a *Mrs. Schrammeli*. . . It is a typical von Stroheim cast, Zasu Pitts also playing a prominent rôle

We wonder if von Stroheim's masterful direction will do as much for Fay Wray as it did for Mary Philbin in "The Merry-Go-Round"

Von Stroheim Reappears on the Scene

The Great

An Impression of a Casting Director's Office when there has been a Call for a Large Number of Extras

IT is a funny sight.

An agent has had a call from a motion picture studio for a large number of extras. One hundred and one peculiar types stand about waiting for the red ticket that will send them to some studio. This ticket represents the five dollars they will receive, minus the agent's commission.

Ah . . . but that is not the point. Once again a Great Opportunity. Every now and then an extra makes good. Every now and then a bit well done brings stardom. What if hundreds have remained obscure? Hope eternal!

The scene never varies. . . .

Everyone has made an attempt to present a prosperous appearance.

There is the lean youth, stamped by Manhattan, pale of face, with a tight belted suit. . . .

The office boy is monarch of all he surveys. He sits behind the wicker gate, chews gum and reads the sporting page. He is blandly insolent and impervious to the various wiles practised on him by the girls . . . and the entreaties of the men

Every new arrival causes consternation. Only so many are needed. Extras are well versed in the law of supply and demand. And they will tell you that the supply, in their experience, has always been greatly in excess of the demand

Opportunity

Chorus girls made up and ready to go on . . . typical little Broadway trotters. . . .

There is the old careworn burlesque queen with her bedraggled feather boa, now looking for aristocratic dame parts. . . .

And colored gals from Harlem. . . .

Also Harlem sheiks willing to portray anything from a desert monarch to "Uncle Joe" for five dollars.

Look again . . . it does not seem quite so funny now. It seems slightly ironic. . . . It seems a little pathetic, too. . . .

Drawing by
Robert Orr
From a Suggestion
by
B. F. Wilson

The erstwhile Shakespearian tragedian with the gray locks may be on the verge of starvation . . . his cuffs may be frayed . . . but he will gaze with proud contempt on the hoi polloi about him

The Favorite Moreno Luncheon

LUNCHEON with Mrs. Antonio Moreno is more of a function than is usually the case in the homes of film stars, as Mrs. Moreno is neither on a diet nor in a hurry to get back to a studio. A leisurely hour is devoted to the meal, served almost formally by Filipinos. Mtho Tony is the most Spanish of the Spanish, wholly American meals are enjoyed in his home.

The Moreno dining-room is worthy of a paragraph in itself. Overlooking the valley of the city, it boasts a color scheme of neutral shades with pastel green predominating thruout. At the long windows hang apple-green drapes. The chairs are high-backed, of the old Spanish period, the table correspondingly long and narrow. On its shiny surface Mrs. Moreno arranges a centerpiece of mixed flowers from her garden. The service is of linen, individual pieces at each plate.

It is in such a delightful surrounding as this, that Mrs. Moreno seats her luncheon guests and offers her favorite mid-day menu:

The Hostess

MENU

Fruit Cocktail

French Chops

Potato Fillet **Peas**

Melon in Season

Demi-Tasse

The Host

Fruit cocktail: In Mrs. Moreno's cocktail, grapefruit predominates. Dice it into small bits. In half quantities add other fruits: orange, apple, pineapple, and grapes with seeds removed. Squeeze juices of all fruits together and pour over mixture until well moistened. Sugar to taste. Serve in glass or silver compote.

French chops: Broil lamb chops until well done. *Do not season until removed from* stove. Immediately before serving add salt, pepper, butter and dash of paprika. Serve with parsley.

Peas: If peas are fresh, care should be taken not to cook them in cold water. Allow water to boil before adding peas. This preserves the color. Salt before draining water. Served with or without butter.

Potato fillet: Pare and slice potatoes. Cut into small fillets about a quarter of an inch square and as

(*Continued on page* 104)

The Moreno Dining-Room

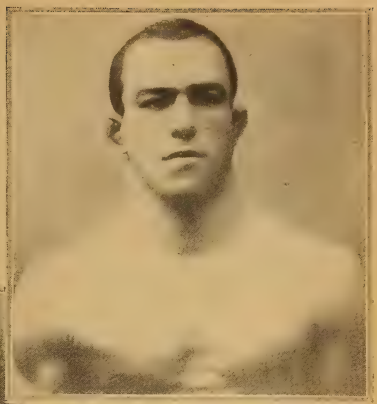
Immigrant

American custom officer says, "How much money you got?" I had three bucks, but I said, "I got pocket fulla jack"

Bull is sentimental . . . he has preserved the clothes in which he landed in America. He posed for this picture in them

Great big rock, big as a house, I move and every day I hear, "Bam! Get outta way, you damn whop! Sis Boom!" and they blow off dynamite and I run like hell

Pick and Shovel Artist



Wrestler

Charlie Cutler, big wrestler, says he meet all comers and pay dollar minute to man who can stay with him. I climb on stage and stay seven minutes. Boy! Seven bucks! That is a lotta dough. This is my racket

Three Stages in Bull's Career

My Life by a Long Shot

By "Bool" Montana

My life story is going to be different than most movie actors. I am going to give my age. Forty years old! I was born in Voghera, Italy, near Milano, and was a kid there for nineteen years.

When I was a kid eleven or twelve I was like all kids, I dont like school. The old man he says, "Louie, you better go to work." I say that's good. I want to be a shoemaker, so the old man get me a job with a shoemaker. He pay me three cents a week to pound leather. I work a year with him and the next Christmas my boss he says, "Louie, I give you raise. Next year you get four cents a week." I say that's good.

I work for him about two months when one day I am to deliver pair of shoes to army officer. The officer tip me four cents and I go buy one of these things with rubber bands, you know what I mean . . . slingshot. I get back to the shop and hide the slingshot under my apron. Next day the boss he says to take pair of shoes to man in the country. I start to walk down the road thru woods and I see a bird on a tree. I lay shoes down beside the road. I put a rock in the slingshot, pull back rubber and PINGO! I miss bird and he jump to another tree. I shoot, shoot, shoot, and every time I shoot, bird jumps to the next tree, you know what I mean. So pretty soon I am ten block from the shoes. When I come back, there is only one shoe. Holy smoke! You can imagine when I get back to the boss with one shoe! He fire me and my old man beat me up. The old man says, "You better work on the ranch." I say that's good, and I work on the ranch.

When I am nineteen I tell the old man that I think I go to Germany. He says no, that all kids who go to Germany come home broke and have to buy new shoes, you know what I mean. So he says you go to America. I get on the boat and come to this country.

When I get off the boat in America, the custom officer come to us and says, "How much money you got?" Everybody was suppose to have ten bucks. I have three. When he come to me he says, "You got money?"

I say, "Sure. Plenty, my pocket is fulla jack!"

He says all right and dont look at my money. They give me big box lunch, a big handkerchief and put red tag on my coat. I tie the handkerchief around my neck, put my hat on the side of my head and walk down the shore with all the whops. Everybody along the shore

rubber at us. I am such damnfool I think they come to watch me get off and I put my chest out and walk like a swell. To me it was like a big parade, you know what I mean.

I have three bucks and I go to Connecticut where a friend of mine works and he tells me I get rich in this country. I soon find out he is crazy. I go to work in a rock quarry. That place is hell. Great big rock, big as a house, I move and every day I hear, "Bam! Get outta way, you damn whop! Sis Boom!" and they blow off dynamite and I run like hell. I worked on the derrick pulling rock out of the hole. Pretty soon I get job in a shop. That was 1907 and everything tough . . . panic, you know what I mean. I lose job in shop, so I go back to the quarry. The foreman, he is from my country. He says, "Hello, Louie, what I do for you?"

I say, "I wantta go to work."

"Look," he says, "Who's got your job!"

I look and there is a horse doing my job. I use to wind the windlass on the derrick, but now the horse is pulling up the rock. "That's too bad," I say and go to New York.

In New York I meet a bunch of whops and they tell me I am big and strong and they take me to wrestling show. There is Charlie Cutler, big wrestler. He says he meet all comers and pay dollar minute to man who can stay with him. I climb on stage and stay seven minutes. Boy! Seven bucks! That is a lotta dough. This is my racket, I say, and next night I stay with him six minutes. I buy a pair of shoes and pay room rent for month.

Spike tells me Doug Fairbanks, a big movie guy, wants to see me. I say all right, and I go to see Doug. That's how I get to be an actor

Then I meet a guy who says he wants to be my manager. He is a big crook, but I dont know that. I am just big damnfool, you know what I mean. He says we go to Buffalo and get match. I say that's good. But, he says, we cant pay car-fare, we bum. I say all right and we start to bum freight-train to Buffalo. It is cold and I nearly freeze riding in box car, and I get hungry. God! But I am hungry! We stop in the yards at a little town. I jump off the car and run over to a freight-car on another track filled with cabbage. I grab two cabbage and eat . . . I bet you in five minutes. As we come to Buffalo, the train stop in the yard for minute and the manager says, "Louie, go hook those two bottles milk off the porch of that house." The house is about a block away so I run over to porch to lift milk and when I get up there it is not milk at all but a couple of white statue rabbits. I swear and go back.

We cant get match in Buffalo so we go to Jamestown. This manager is big crook I look like hell with pants worn out, you know where I mean. Just like big bum, so I cant go to swell hotel. The manager goes to hotel and tells clerk I am new wrestler known as "Terrible Turk," and not to care if I look like bum because I am tough and what you call eccentric Then I walk in hotel, get a big swell room, nice soft bed and everything swell. The manager says he is going out to get match

(*Continued on page* 106)

One time I am sick of California and want to go back to New York. So Doug says all right, and he buys me a big overcoat because it is winter back in New York

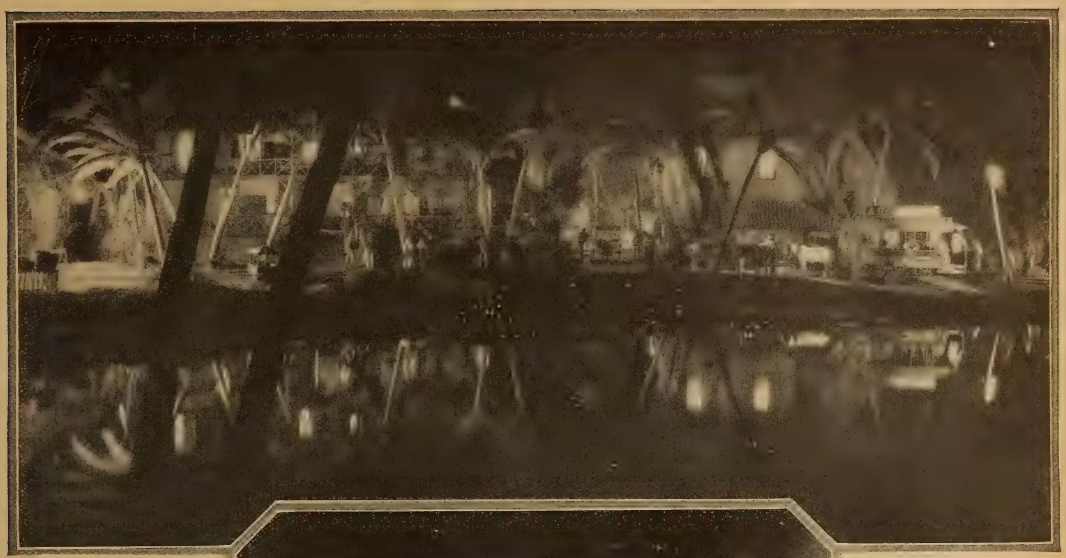
Photographs by Brown, L. A.

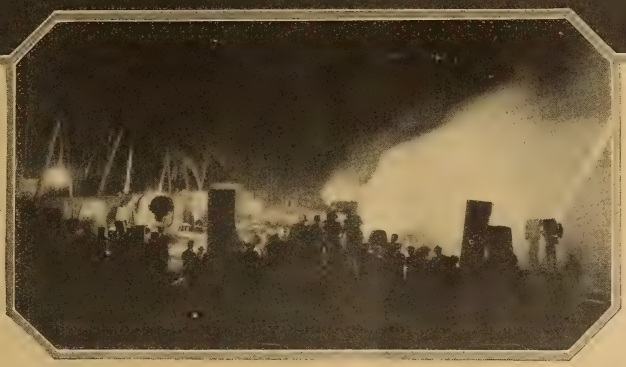
Show This to the Men in Your Family

It does not matter what the ages of the men in your house . . . they will chuckle over Bull's life story.

There is something about his telling of the simplest incident that makes it funny. As a matter of fact, we feel that this biography in the vernacular contains interest for everyone. But it will be the men in the family who will enjoy it most.

The Editor.





Above is a scene from "Across the Pacific" as it will be shown in your neighborhood theater. It is the very essence of romance

On the left is the same scene, looking at it from a different angle . . . from *behind* the cameras. It isn't quite so romantic

On Location at Night

By Dorothy Hampton

A Comparison Between a Hectic Location Scene . . . and the Idyllic Setting It Eventually Appears on the Screen

WADING knee-deep in sand to the Warner Brothers' location spot by the sea, we saw:

Huge arc-lamps and Kleigs throwing a blinding glare over a few huddled canvas tents. Cameramen, directors, prop boys, running here and there in and out of the deep shadows.

Great moths, June-bugs, whirring, buzzing insects flying madly around the brilliant lights. The sandy shore alive with wiggling, excited, light-seeking crabs and other crawling creatures.

Hundreds of men in blue flannel shirts and khaki trousers sitting, lying, standing, uncomfortably amidst the crabs, waiting for the command "Camera."

This call sends them scurrying into little groups, singing, playing boisterous tricks on one another as tho in great glee over a few days' leave from the strain of fighting! Most of these men are veterans of the World War, wearily playing at war "for the movies."

Palm-trees made out of eucalyptus-trees, painted and clayed to make them look like palms, are stuck here and there in a straight line for three miles. Tropic jungle effect is gained out of a lot of sand with sticks, plants, etc., stuck in it!

Native girl—Myrna Loy—huddled in a canvas chair squealing over the crabs and bugs, waiting for the call to become alluring and "nativish" with Monte Blue.

(*Continued on page* 94)

Upper left is a black satin dolman effect of my own design. Antelope felt turban from Agnes. Top, center—two views of Dorothy Mackaill's emerald velvet and lamé reversible evening wrap, trimmed with green dyed fox and white.

Upper right, excellent lines for the stout woman, worn in "So's Your Old Man." It is beige crêpe romaine, cocoa grosgrain trimming, and pale beige gilet.

Below, at right, is Greta Nissen's moiré frock in sage and darker green.

Center group, bottom row, left to right—Norma Shearer's crystal fringe and opal-hued figured lamé evening gown is cut in tiers and scalloped. In the center is Greta Nissen in a supple silver cloth gown made over georgette to form the bodice; and shaded tulle in the popular tiered skirt does the rest. Right of center is Alice Joyce in Frances' mouse-color satin cut in diamonds. The color contrast is secured by applying pieces of opposite ways of the goods.

On the extreme left is Blanche Sweet's cape and frock of black satin-back crêpe with velvet trimming and high collar fastened with brooch.

Above, and to the right of Miss Sweet, is Dorothy Mackaill in an odd little coat of beige broadtail with a fitch collar.

Center is Norma Talmadge, wearing Agnes' high draped turban of velvet. Altho these hats are striking, they are hard to wear, but will doubtless have an influence on the later collections.

As Others See Us

An Open Letter to a Country Cousin

By GRACE CORSON

Grace Corson is a fashion artist of great prestige. She was previously associated with Harper's Bazaar and her entrée to the Fifth Avenue shops and ateliers, together with her motion picture contacts, makes her the ideal fashion editor of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

DEAR COZ:

Brandishing his arms overhead and with a fanatical gleam in his hitherto kindly eye, Adophe Menjou advanced upon me. But, jammed between hot lights, three trunks and a camera, I could only cower, while "Why *did* I wear this hat?" and "Oh Lord! My mascaro is flaking. I'll be weeping in a minute" went scuttling thru my mind.

Thru the haze I heard a voice: "Give you some 'dont's' for men? I'll give you plenty, *plenty!*"

And thus we gathered, for our various male cousins, brothers, husbands (I mean husband), the information anent English collars, suspenders and other masculine folderols.

But I must admit, Patsy darlin', that just for a minute I thought . . . you know his reputation. . . . Oh, well!

After that I watched him (In "Ace of Cads") look weary and sad while Roy Hunt barked thru a megaphone "One-two, etc . . . thirty, thirty-one, *cut!*" completely drowning out the softly sobbing violins.

Luther Reed, the director, told me it

(*Continued on page* 96)

(Upper left) Black "moiré" vanity case of shell-like composition. $3.75. (Upper right) The "onyx and ivory" composition. This has mirror top, powder and lip-stick. $2.50 (Both vanities from Terri.) (Center) Popular zipper pouch bag with mirror and purse. Soft leather in brown, tan or black. $2.95. (Bottom) Black or tan combined with baby calf, mirror and suspension purse inside. Unusual value at $2.95. (Both bags from Arnold, Constable.)

For Men Only

Some Do's and Dont's Regarding Masculine Attire

By ADOLPHE MENJOU

ALWAYS wear suspenders!!! (Excepting for sports.) It is the only way to "stay put."

Always have cuffs on your trousers.

Always have at least two buttons on a single-breasted suit. Never only one. *Never!*

Never have too many buttons on your cuff, even four is extreme.

Never wear sports clothes in the city. But you may wear fancy linen or plain linen waistcoats with a single-breasted suit. Whenever possible there should be contrast between the tie and shirt.

Hats should be in harmony, of course. For instance, brown shoes, brown hat, etc.

A new tie is the twenty-two-inch bow tie. Most are from thirty-one to thirty-four inches. (Mr. Menjou's own tie, a Trewlett, was a polka dot, tied just once with but two ends and no loops, and his

(*Continued on page* 96)

Lilyan Tashman's new and clever frock from Chanel has its fulness in front, as it should be, this season. The back is plain. Of heavy crêpe Elizabeth in Chanel red, jungle green or navy blue, with crêpe de Chine slip. An exact copy of this frock may be bought from Arnold, Constable & Company thru Miss Corson's shopping service. Sizes 16-44. Price $25.00.

Shopping Service Instructions on page 96

The Chronicle of a "Hen Party" at Norma Talmadge's

By
FAITH SERVICE

Melbourne Spurr

Hans Kraly does the scripts for many of Norma's pictures. He and Norma were down at the train to see Constance off on her postponed wedding trip

Normaisms

WE arrived at twelve-thirty and found Norma in bed.

The colored maid admitted us and Norma called sleepily, "Come in!"

We went in, inquiring anxiously, "What's the matter? Have you the flu? Grippe? Kleig eyes, or what?"

Nothing was the matter, of course.

We will never become star-wise, no matter how many decades we may pursue this honorable calling. We still naïvely believe that when a gal is in bed at high noon she is in need of a clinical thermometer.

Norma arose at once, a vision in pink crêpe de Chine and real lace and cropped, curly hair. And she ordered forthwith a mammoth luncheon.

It is a wise star that knoweth her own guests. Over a long period of annual feedings Norma has remembered that, in the spring, we always expect chicken and asparagus and strawberry shortcake and various sundries. She knows that anything less would be considered an insult. There has never been anything less.

Behold us, then, seated about a festal board in the flower-filled living-room of Norma's suite at the Hotel Plaza, New York City.

We began at once to talk about—Men.

Just girls together. You know how girls are.

Norma did most of the talking. We did most of the eating—we mean listening.

Norma said, apropos of something-or-other, "Men like best the women who *do* things. They say they dont, but they do. Really. They respect us more . . . girls who work. They *admire* us more and you've got to have a man's admiration if you want to keep his love. That's sure. Admiration may have a long life without love, but love without admiration is a corpse before the funeral.

"Men say, 'I like the woman who stays at home . . . the feminine woman. . . .' They may like 'em, but watch 'em stay home with 'em.

"On the other hand, women like men who take them places. They like men who are considerate of them, thoughtful, watchful. Any half-grown moon-calf can stage a love scene but it takes a *man* to show a woman the attentions that make him worth her time.

"That's what makes it difficult for the average, stay-at-home married woman. There are exceptions, of course, but the average married woman in a small town has to sit at home night after night watching her husband read the evening papers, monkey around with a hammer or mow the front lawn. They've been waiting all day for evening and husband to coincide and that is what they get for their waiting.

"Men seldom understand this. They dont take the trouble to. They know that the Little Woman will be there, night after night. They know that she has no place else to be. What of it?

"They think of the evening as a pleasant time to relax, take forty winks, talk a bit about their day's triumphs and turn in. But for the Little Woman the evening is the time of day to which she has most looked forward. She has got 'dressed up,' she has carefully placed some lipstick and powder on the little old face. She has sprayed herself with perfume and has hoped for the best. She doesn't get it. . . .

"Yes, siree, the business and professional women have changed the tune for women to dance to. In many ways. In more serious ways. There was a time when, if a girl had a love affair either before or after marriage, she was tabu. She was 'out.' 'Nice people' didn't want to know her. She was marked for life. Nowadays, girls mind their own business. If they have any affairs before or after marriage, it is nobody's business but their own. If they are the sort that are inclined to go in for this sort of thing, they are not much worse off for it than were the men of the same ilk in the preceding generation.

"I dont say that this is right . . . but it is *equally right*, and that is something.

"But what is still more important—girls in the business or professional world seldom do 'this sort of thing.' They have other matters on their minds. They can take men and love as once men took women and love—casually. Men and love are no longer 'Woman's whole existence.'

(*Continued on page* 89)

Thus Spake Norma

Men like:—

Women who do things
Polka-dots
Black dresses
Waist-lines
Coy frills of lace
And feathers

Joseph Talmadge Keaton is on the steps of the Schenck beach house with Norma. His grandmother, "Peg," stands by the swing. And his mother, Natalie Keaton, rests in the swing with another house guest

All Aboard the Limerick Liner

Far from *buying* his pleasures, this one—
Herbert Brenon—gets *paid* for his fun,
For picking out beauties
Is one of his duties

Dotty Gish doesn't care if her
voice
Gives nobody cause to rejoice.
"On the screen," she averred,
"I'll be seen, and not heard,

Miss del Rio's warm welcoming
glance
Is not caused by her latest romance.
Only roast beef on rye
Puts that look in her eye

You can tell by the eyes—that's
how I know
This isn't a fair young albino,
A Ku Klux, or a swan—
But Miss Alberta Vaughn

See Page 86 for September Prize Winning Limericks

Are you going to be one of the lucky passengers on The Limerick Liner? We have $50.00 to divide among five writers of clever lines. Remember that the line you submit to complete a limerick must rhyme with the first two. Send as many as you like before December 20. Address: Limerick Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Crazy Quilt

By

ADELE ORMISTON

Illustrations by Henry Pilgrim

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters on Page 76

IT was the last scene to be filmed on Judith's second production. This time her rôle was slightly more important. And again McAllister was her director. Judith knew this was to her advantage. Mac had taken a sincere interest in her work and tutored her whenever he sensed a lack. She had come to be looked upon as his protégée in the studios and her only fear was that this might make for antagonism in other directorial quarters.

Mac was explaining the action of the next scene to Judith and the assembled company.

"You never dreamed that your old father cheated at bridge until this minute," he explained to Judith. "And the fact that your sweetheart is playing at the

The edge of the chiffo-robe struck her head and she slipped to the floor. There was the rushing of many waters in her ears . . . she seemed to be falling thru steep, dark places

$200 IN PRIZES

Do you think the title of Crazy Quilt fitting for this story? Write us your opinion. Two hundred dollars in prizes is offered. There are further details on Page 78.

"You mention the tragedy of civilization," he said, with feeling. "I would like

same table and is also aware of your father's substitution of a card makes matters far worse. It is a horrible moment!"

He rehearsed the others in the broad sweep of the scene's action and then turned to Judith to explain his conception of what her attitude would be under such trying circumstances.

In the last two months she had frequently been surprised at Mac's knowledge of feminine psychology. But this time she disagreed with him.

"It seems to me," she said when he had finished, "that a girl would laugh and talk excessively under such circumstances. She would pathetically try to cover the situation with the social weapons at her hand.

"And she would also feel a deep pity for her father. He is, of course, humiliated at being discovered. And his cheating comes from the fact that he is childishly unable to lose. It is nothing worse than that as I understand it."

Psychologically, McAllister admitted that Judith's analysis was quite correct. But he warned her that such action would be extremely difficult to put across. He again suggested the more conventional close-up of pain and hurt in the eyes and a twisting of the mouth.

"You cannot photograph thought very well," he said, "and audiences will understand my way. They are familiar with that sign language. They have been translating hurt looks in movie stars' eyes for years."

His manner was semi-humorous but Judith knew that he was afraid to try it her way. At the same time she was convinced that her way was more effective and, at the same time, more intelligent.

"Let me try it my way," she said, "And if it does not please you—if you feel that the girl's reaction is not conveyed, we can do it over again. Surely it is worth trying."

"You win," groaned McAllister with a certain affection mingling with his despair. "We'll rehearse it once for the others. You had better walk thru the rehearsal and save your stuff for the shooting. At times like this it is best to depend entirely upon inspiration."

The extras watched Judith enviously as she talked with the director. Her good fortune was a byword on the Acme lot. Every now and then someone like Judith stepped from the ranks to prominence. Sometimes, as in the case of Valentino, they won great fame. And every uninspired and drab extra who had haunted studios for years merely to eke out a precarious existence fed on the ambrosial hope that he too would one glorious day step from impecuniary obscurity to glory.

The rehearsal progressed. Judith walked thru the action as she had been instructed. But she was becoming imbued with the feel of it.

Now they were ready to shoot. The tubes overhead filled with light. The actors took their places. McAllister went back to his chair beside the camera.

One of the musicians on the side-lines was tuning his violin.

to use that idea for my next feature story. Mind? I'll mention you, of course"

A diamond wedding-ring when she would have preferred a gold one . . .

Secrecy about her address until an exclusive one might be given . . .

Never any mention of her married state . . .

A robbing of Peter to pay Paul . . .

A robbing of Paul to pay Peter . . .

"Quiet there," McAllister's voice was terse. "Dont play until I give the signal. When Miss Tower begins her action after seeing her father cheat, I will raise my hand. Be ready!"

There was quiet now punctuated only by the staccato beats of a hammer on another set. Judith was as tense as a race-horse waiting for the spurs.

"All right," called McAllister, "C-A-M-E-R-A!"

Everything proceeded as rehearsed. Judith's aristocratic old father took an ace from his sleeve with a bungling attempt at slyness and won the trick. The hand was ended. The game was over.

Then suddenly the old man became aware that both his daughter and her sweetheart had seen him. He looked with a guilty furtiveness from one to the other.

Judith's first instinct seemed to be to spare him. She reached over and gently took his hand. She said something casual yet affectionate.

The musicians called soft music from their instruments at the signal. And the people in the scene caught the tension. There was a lull. A hush. Judith felt it. She turned to the others who were supposedly guests in her home. She began to talk.

She talked faster . . . faster. She laughed louder . . . louder. She was her father's loyal daughter, using the weapons at her hand to cover her chagrin.

The music became crescendo. It beat her now hysterical tempo.

Her father went over to a corner, unhappy because he knew the pain he had caused his daughter. Judith impulsively moved towards him. Her hands were outstretched to succor him. And as she did this, she turned for an imperceptible moment to her sweetheart. Her eyes were supplicating. They asked him to stand by her and understand the childish trick of an old man.

Again the violin was muted. . . .

"CUT!" McAllister clipped his command emphatically.

There were tears in Judith's voice by this time. It all seemed very real to her. She chaliced the emotions of the girl in the story.

The company did not talk in the interim. The camera ceased grinding but the lights still flooded the scene with their shadowless brilliance.

"We will take it again. The same, please."

McAllister spoke more quietly than was his custom. It was as if he felt that something so sensitive and fragile had been wrought that even the vibration of his voice might break it.

Again the company went thru the drama of the scene. And again Judith's intensity hypnotized every last one of them.

"That will be all for today," McAllister said, dismissing them. "Lights out."

Judith came over to get her make-up box from the chair. She hoped that Mac would not speak to her. For her eyes stung with unshed tears. And her body

(*Continued on page 76*)

A DAUGHTER IN THE MOVIES

Sadye Miller Tells What She Did About It

Sadye L. Miller

I realize things are changing. Girls of today know so much more about the world and life than they did when I was twenty. And so they *should*. Pat says I am not *quite* so bad as I was . . . not *quite* so mid-Victorian

IT was *I*, who—all unsuspecting as to how Fate was "setting the sails"—brought Patsy out to California with me for a visit, one summer.

But it was Pat, *herself*—plus her desire to go into pictures—who was responsible for that visit's lasting five years . . . and for the transplanting of the entire household, from St. Louis to Beverly Hills.

Nor was it done without a struggle. . . .

When the subject was broached to her father . . . he rose up in righteous indignation.

"Leave St. Louis?" "NEVER!"

"And as for Pat's going into the Movies!!!"

(There had never been a professional in the family, and rumors of wild and wicked Hollywood were on every hand.)

The House of Miller shook on its foundations!

But I had always backed the children up on anything worth while, that they were sincere in wanting to do . . . and I discovered that Patsy had had for a long time, a secret yearning to do picture work.

When we first arrived, we had been eager to visit the studios. We were fortunately able to go thru them all—to watch them working.

And Pat's whole heart and soul was in it. . . .

She *knew* . . . she . . . she was *absolutely* sure, that she could succeed. . . .

And with the confidence . . . the enthusiasm . . . and the ignorance, of youth, no other thought ever entered her mind.

They had noticed her at the studios. Had asked to make tests. Had wanted to put her in little bits. . . .

So after the first shock—(it was so far removed from anything we had ever thought of, for Pat)—I took my stand. . . .

I let her do a few things . . . and then Goldwyn offered her a two-year contract.

We talked it over.

"If it is the thing you want to do—we'll stay and give it a trial," I decided. "If it *doesn't* go—nothing is lost."

And finally her father gave his consent.

So we came out here to live . . . that Pat might always have her home. . . .

I had been very close to her . . . and I did not see, after all, why this should make any difference.

Nor has it.

Patsy was fifteen, then. And in these five y ars . . . aside from the hours she has been before the camera . . . her life has gone along very much the same as before.

She has had her home . . . her studies . . . her outside interests . . . her friends.

When she first began her work on the screen . . . doing atmosphere, and small parts . . . getting her experience . . . I was always with her. Everything was so new . . . to *both* of us.

But now that she has reached the grown-up age of twenty . . .

(*Continued on page* 103)

Rudy always seemed so gloriously alive that we feel the pictures made of him in death lack his incarnate spirit. This photograph was taken in his California home before he left for New York on his last journey

In Memoriam—Rudolph Valentino

By FAITH BALDWIN

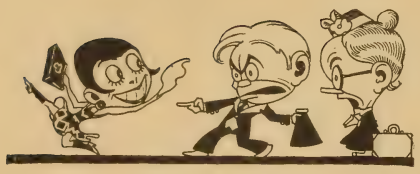
He is not dead for whom the thousands weep!
  The strong, young body only lies at rest,
The dark eyes closed in lovely, ancient sleep,
  The warm heart stilled within the quiet breast,
Where trees and flowers fragrant vigil keep
  Above the couch of their beloved guest.

As gently as Love's tender hands, earth lies
  On his dark head . . . and leaves his spirit free
To win the greater goals of Paradise,
  And know the triumphs of that Mystery
Which, veiled beyond our mute, horizoned skies,
  Grants Youth's brief flame bright Immortality.

THAT'S OUT

An Amusing Commentary on Motion Picture Things

By TAMAR LANE



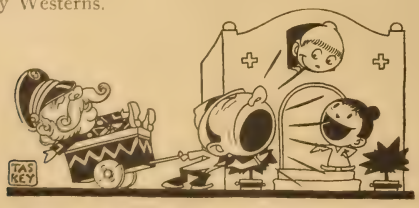
Limbs *vs.* Brains

"LEGS will make way for brains upon the screen," says Sam Goldwyn in an inspiring publicity announcement.

Let's hope that Sam is right. But first some one will have to invent a way to photograph brains in a shapely manner.

REFLECTING upon what has been done to Pola Negri, we shudder to think what will happen to Lya de Putti and Emil Jannings now that they are to become fixtures in the Hollywood film colony.

Lya will probably end up playing in Christie comedies, while Jannings will be featured in a series of wild and woolly Westerns.



The Last Laugh Is on Hollywood

F. W. MURNAU, famous German director who made "The Last Laugh," has just arrived in Hollywood with a great fanfare of trumpets. The film colony is wining him and dining him and making an all-around hullabaloo in general.

The funny part of it all is that this same F. W. Murnau was in Hollywood no less than two years ago. And he had under his arm the now famous picture, "The Last Laugh." But there was no brass band to meet him at the train, there were no dinners given in his honor.

He went about Hollywood unheralded and unsung, because Hollywood has ever been unable to discover real merit in anything until it has been labeled and exploited for them like a freak in Barnum and Bailey's circus.

Moral: It isn't what you really are that counts in Hollywood—it's what you can make them think you are.

APPARENTLY the screen is in for a series of millinery pictures.

No sooner has it been announced that "The Green Hat" will be presented upon the silversheet, than along comes M-G-M with "Tin Hats" and Johnny Hines with "The Brown Derby." Now it is announced that Lew Cody is going to be featured in "The Grey Hat."

There is undoubtedly going to be a wide selection of headgear for the well-dressed man or woman to select from this fall when they journey to the cinema.

"IT is not so long ago," says Michael Orme, an English writer, "that each successive film I went to see included a swimming-pool orgy, until one might be excused for thinking that every wealthy individual in America preferred to give his dinner-parties at the edge of his private swimming-bath, wherein maidens disported themselves almost as scantily clad as the nymph.

"At another period, I remember, there was quite a run on elaborately wrought metal gates—presumably of gold—that hid the heroine's silken couch behind their intricate tracery. Now I am quite prepared to believe that Hollywood goes to bed thru golden gateways."

(*Continued on page 87*)

Summer-Time All Year Round

By Stephen Gooson

(Interior Decorator First National Studios)

Do not let the bleak winter scene outside penetrate into your home . . . with the proper surroundings hearts can be kept as gay as summer weather

IT'S easy enough for the average housewife to make her home look attractive in the summer-time. A gay chintz pillow here, a slip-cover there, windows wide so that the green out-of-doors has a chance to get in, low bowls of flowers from the garden. The effect is lovely. But, alas, it is lovely only a small part of the year. The average house is rather apt to be a drab affair when winter comes.

There is no reason why, if you study your surroundings a bit, you cant bring summer into the home even in dull, cold days. We are not all rich enough for private conservatories, it is true, so that we might have quantities of fresh flowers all year round. There would be no problem if this were the case. Even always having bowls of fresh flowers is beyond the purse of many of us. Fresh flowers are the surest way to bring cheerfulness and beauty into the home, but these things may be achieved in other ways, too.

Flowers, however, are one of my fads. I believe that if more people knew not only their decorative but their psychological value, they would be introduced with far more frequency into most homes. Some people believe that it is necessary to have huge bowls of flowers about in order to gain any effect at all. This is exactly opposite the truth. The real truth is that a big bunch of flowers

In winter or summer, the sun-room should have growing vines . . . ferns . . . with ample cushions supplementing the wicker chairs. Bright cretonnes and chintzes . . . And the less cluttered it is, the better

stuck into a bowl or vase is usually inartistic and clumsy-looking. You can gain a far lovelier effect with far fewer flowers. If I were a young housewife and had only a little money to spend on my home, I would get several graceful bud vases of crystal glass, of green glass or perhaps of plated silver and I would put one or two graceful flowers in each slender vase. I would have, too, a low bowl with a "flower stone" in it and instead of sticking this full of flowers I would put in it a few graceful buds or blossoms. Half a dozen flowers of the simplest variety together with a few green leaves makes a far more delightful ornament than any bust or head or empty vase could ever make. Added to these I would get one tall and rather heavy vase and I would keep it filled, too. In the winter in the big vase I would put graceful bunches of autumn leaves, lovely sprays of evergreen or some of the bright berries that you can procure in any climate in the winter if you take a walk thru the woods. Even a few blossoms wont prove too prohibitive if you learn their amazing decorative value. A single spray of flowers placed on a table near the window or on a mantel will brighten the whole room—and they will bring almost unbelievable cheer into the spirits of the occupants of the room, too.

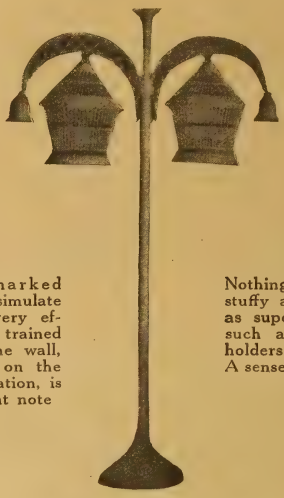
The next touch of summer that I would add to a home would be bright, useful cushions. The average sofa pillow after a few months of wear becomes dingy. Too often, too, in buying sofa pillows, the housewife buys dull, "practical" pillows of figures or changeable taffeta or satin or silk and these, tho comfortable, do not add appreciably to the appearance of the home.

If I wanted to bring a spirit of brightness and cheerfulness and summer-time into a general living-room, I would, first of all, add bright cushions. I would pick a color that I was using in my room and "pick up" this color by adding cushions of a brilliant hue that corresponded to it or to one of the more neutral colors in the room. For example, if my room were done in tans and browns, I would add two brilliant orange cushions and two brilliant blue-green ones—the blue-green as a direct compliment to the orange. If my room, on the contrary, was cream with touches of soft green or brown, I would add brilliant cushions of yellow and henna. For a room done in creams and tans, cushions of red and purple would be brilliant and colorful, tho red and black would be good, too. Two pairs of cushions, two of each color, will bring up the general tone of a room quicker than anything else I know.

Please make your cushions plain! They may be round, square or oval and, if you like, for variety, you might

(*Continued on page 97*)

Cement floors, marked into squares to simulate tile, are really very effective. And ivy, trained to a trellis on the wall, such as is seen on the left of this illustration, is always a pleasant note



Nothing makes a room so stuffy and uncomfortable as superfluous articles, such as wicker flower holders and bird-cages. A sense of space is always restful

Comfort + Charm

Today comfort and charm are synonymous . . .

Chairs that invite you to rest in them because they are made with the lines of the human body in mind . . .

Cigarets and books at hand . . .

A lamp that may be switched on for evening reading . . .

Colors that will be cheerful—and restful . . .

These are the little things that make a home attractive.

Every month Stephen Gooson will contribute a practical article on decoration in the home. He brings years of experience and study to his advice . . . and he is, today, the designer of the sets used in First National productions.

The Editor.

Chidnoff

LOIS ADOPTS A SISTER

Four gather around the Moran table now instead of the previous two. Lois and her mother, Mrs. Gladys Moran, have adopted five-year-old Betty Evans. The adoption papers have been taken out in a Pittsburgh court and Betty is now Betty Moran.

Betty has an elder sister, Helen, who is fifteen, and she has also become a member of the Moran household. Helen has not been legally adopted but she is to receive every advantage of education and home surroundings

The Question of

Waxman and Bull

Ramon Novarro was almost the last one we expected to see with a mustache. But when he came to play a man about town in "A Certain Young Man" . . . well, what could he do when an attractive young lady passed if he had no mustache to twirl in the time-honored manner?

Louise

It is so long since Jack Gilbert appeared without sideburns, a goatee, or at least a mustache, that this smooth-faced portrait of him looks unfamiliar . . .

Apeda

We cannot think what Ben Lyon would have done if a rôle had necessitated his growing a mustache a few years ago. He just couldn't have done it, for he was a young lad and, as the song goes, his beard was not grown . . .

But take Ronald Colman. There was a time when Ronald did not wear the badge of manliness. We think him more attractive with it. Some men are. . . . It is just as well, for the vogue of the mustachio seems to be returning

the Mustache

Apeda

Tony Moreno is the mustached type—dark, Spanish. Still, it is only recently that he has been wearing a mustache—just since the vogue began

Evans

Freulich

It makes Percy Marmont look as deucedly English as his name. . . . Percy, however, is smooth-shaven most of the time

Autrey and Muray

Pat O'Malley found that a mustache was a great help to him when he wanted to look like a Russian Grand Duke. . . . It might be well to tell husbands and boy friends to start a mustache, provided they haven't already done so

If actors are the same harbingers of the mode that actresses are—and they are—the smooth-shaven male will be *démode*. It makes a great difference in Edmund Lowe

The Lady of the Manor

Corinne Griffith has contrived to invest her Beverly Hills estate with the charm of age. And this is pleasant in a land where new houses of vivid stuccos predominate. The house is of English manor architecture, built of fieldstone and stucco and seasoned timbers. There are great trees. Curving walks. And fragrant, old-fashioned gardens. It is like Corinne . . . for she seems to belong to traditional things

The Editor Gossips

And Suggests a New Game for Those Who Dont Play Bridge . . . or Even Those Who Do

Mabel has been away from the studios, too . . . reading books about a wide variety of things, gardening and encouraging Hugo to keep fresh colors on the Ballin palette, too long idle

Hugo has been painting murals and writing books . . . but now Gloria Swanson has him under contract to design the settings for her version of "The Eyes of Youth"

IT is pleasant to write of the Ballins again . . . of Mabel, of Hugo.

For months they were out of motion pictures. They retired to their house under a big pepper-tree, just outside of Hollywood. Hugo wrote novels and painted murals. And Mabel read books about a wide variety of things, microbe hunters, essays by Carl Van Vechten . . . took care of her own garden . . . and encouraged Hugo to ignore offers from motion picture people and continue with his painting and writing.

For when the motion picture magnates found that Hugo and Mabel were really doing very nicely and appeared quite independent of them, they began to wonder if they were not superior people and if they had not made a mistake in letting them get away.

But Hugo and Mabel were not tempted by the offers. Two or three big commissions came Hugo's way. There was a room to be painted . . . the dome of a new State capital needed murals. . . .

Mabel was overjoyed to find beautiful colors splashing the Ballin palette again.

Then one of the biggest publishers wrote about a control of Hugo's novels.

However, the quiet, peaceful days in the house under the big pepper-tree were not to go on and on undisturbed.

Albert Parker signed a contract to direct Gloria Swanson in "Eyes of Youth." He immediately wired Hugo to come to New York and design the settings. Hugo thanked him for the offer but refused. He turned again to the colors on his palette—to his typewriter. . . . Mabel found a fascinating new book, "The Relic," translated from the Portuguese. She read it to Hugo when he was weary after a day before a new canvas. They thought what a delightful motion picture it would make —if it could be made as a motion picture. But, of course, it couldn't. Censors.

Another wire came. This was from Gloria.

And a few days later Mabel and Hugo packed their trunks and locked the windows and doors and entrained for New York.

At the last minute someone asked Mabel if she would remain and make a picture. Such a foolish Someone. With Hugo going to New York, Mabel would never think of remaining, whatever the picture or the rôle or the salary.

They are frightfully in love with each other after years of matrimony. And that is so often an antidote for love. We think it is because they both have the same precious sense of humor.

Neither of them could ever find anyone else with their kind of humor.

If an authority tells Hugo that he wants a Queen Anne house for a setting long before Queen Anne herself existed, Mabel and Hugo do not act very superior or very cynical or very caustic. They look at each other with the most sober faces. But little smiles crinkle in their eyes. That is quite safe, you see. It is hard to be sure about these smiles, even after you have known Mabel and Hugo for years.

They came to dinner the other evening. The maid was ill and things were the way things are when the maid is ill. But it did not matter. We did not feel the least

(*Continued on page* 114)

Pictures That Will Soon

Tin Pan Alley, where pianos in try-out studios constantly bang out tunes, is the stage for Corinne Griffith's next story, "Syncopating Sue." In it she is afforded lighter moments such as she charmed her audiences with in "Classified." Lee Moran is her customer

When Eddie Cantor and "Kid Boots" delighted crowded houses for a long season, it was to be expected that they would both come to the movies. With Mr. Cantor in this scene are Natalie Kingston, Clara Bow and Mr. Van Meter

The gentlemen critics are inclined to lose their impartial critical faculty when Marie Prevost appears in a riding habit, as she does in her new picture, inappropriately enough called "For Wives Only." The title hardly seems to define its appeal

In "Upstage," Norma Shearer is the young girl who comes to the Big City. A novel twist is promised in this story in which the girl makes her way on the vaudeville stage

Shadow the Screens

"Tin Hats," according to those who have seen the film rushes, abounds with that camaraderie that existed among the troops. Not that this scene proves anything of the sort . . . the foot in Conrad Nagel's face belongs to social Bert Roach

One thing we know about "The Ace of Cads." It is a story about charming people, for Alice Joyce and Adolphe Menjou head the cast . . . and they are both certain to be charming, whatever the coloring of their rôles

Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky . . . and Harold Bell Wright's story, "The Winning of Barbara Worth"! Mr. Colman plays *Willard Holmes* and Miss Banky, *Barbara Worth*. Henry King is the director and Samuel Goldwyn the producer. Splendid!

A native girl with lotus flowers in her hair . . . A soldier with unfulfilled dreams in his eyes . . . Myrna Loy and Monte Blue in these two rôles . . . This is the stuff of which "Across the Pacific" is made

Ellis

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD PICTURE

Your memory of motion pictures previously filmed is like your memory of songs previously sung. If you are not careful, you give away your age. However, even tho *you* may not remember it, the old Vitagraph Company filmed "His Official Wife" long ago with Clara Kimball Young in the title rôle. When the Warner Brothers took over the Vitagraph Company, they secured the screen rights to all the stories . . . and "His Official Wife" is to come again to the screen. Irene Rich and Conway Tearle carry the new version of this old story

The trouble is that all the handsome men with reputations that are worth anything at the box-office are under contract. When Gloria Swanson faced the casting of her version of "The Eyes of Youth," she was in a quandary . . . who could she get to play opposite her? Then one night she went to see "Kitty's Kisses," one of the summer shows on Broadway . . .

Photograph by Kesslere

And prominent in the cast of "Kitty's Kisses" was a young man named John Boles, good to look upon and all that sort of thing. Gloria made inquiries. He was from Texas . . . a university man . . . had never been on the screen . . . but had played several seasons in musical comedies. Gloria gave him a screen test. . . . Now John is in the movies. As Gloria's leading man

Miss Swanson Presents John Boles

The Picture Parade

BEAU GESTE—Mystery Drama—90%

THIS is as gallant a story told by shadows on the screen as it was when told by the author, Wren, between the covers of the popular novel.

Herbert Brenon has kept the same intangible spirit that the book possessed. He focuses your interest upon the screen in the first episode and holds it thruout, even if the remainder of the story is not so thrilling and mysterious as the prolog.

Because of a cloud that hangs over the honor of their name, the three Geste brothers join the Foreign Legion, a regiment comprised of self-exiled men from all nations . . . a regiment that marches under the French tricolor to hold desert forts against marauding Arabs.

Considering the material at hand, it was rather up to Herbert Brenon to make an excellent production of this popular mystery novel. He had considerable drama and suspense in the story, to begin. And he was able to assemble an excellent cast. Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton and Ralph Forbes are the three brothers. Noah Beery contributes a masterful portrait of the cruel commanding officer. And William Powell etches his performance of a despicable member of the regiment, a thief and liar, with sly, crafty strokes.

Alice Joyce as the aristocratic owner of the priceless jewel that is stolen also gives a commendable performance, enhancing it by a beauty and sincere dignity that is charming to behold.

More than all of this, the production has a great pictorial beauty. We recommend "Beau Geste" whole-heartedly.—*Paramount.*

INTO HER KINGDOM—Drama—80%

IS motherhood the greatest estate that any woman, be she artiste, serf or queen, can enjoy? Wise men have said that this was the case because it suited Nature's tyrannical scheme of things to have it so. Life must go on.

And this idea, plus the fact that Russian royalty mysteriously disappeared during the Soviet uprising, is the substance of "Into Her Kingdom," the latest Corinne Griffith production.

You will undoubtedly find entertainment and diversion in its pictorial appeal, even tho you will agree that the story is flimsy stuff.

The fact that you are interested and hope that the lovely dethroned Grand Duchess Tatiana will come to appreciate the virtue of Stephen, a revolutionist, is a tribute to the cast.

Without the direction of Sven Gade . . . the lavish settings which are nevertheless within the realm of possibility . . . and the fine acting that is generously contributed, this would have been a far less interesting picture. It is not the plot that recommends it.

Einar Hanson gives a forthright performance, born of what seems some understanding of the Soviets. That is a relief. He is all that Miss Griffith predicted of him.

Claude Gillingwater gives his usual dignified performance.

And Miss Griffith as the Grand Duchess charmingly animates a rôle that might easily have become preposterous. There is a sincere intelligence and sensitiveness to her characterization that saves it from dropping into the realm in which the sob sisters thrive. We have always felt that the critics would give more of their limited space to praise of Miss Griffith as an actress if they had less occasion to spend adjectives in lauding her beauty.—*First National.*

BATTLING BUTLER—Comedy—80%

RIGHT up Buster Keaton's street is his newest opus, adapted from a musical comedy which had its share of success on Broadway a couple of seasons ago. Much merriment is evoked from the stone-faced comedian's efforts to camp out *à la* Ritz. As a pampered youth he believes in luxuries. Naturally on the camping jaunt he takes his valet as well as a complete wardrobe of suits for every occasion.

Buster times his appearances as hunter, fisherman and dinner guest in fine sequence, and each exit from his well-equipped tent (it has all the modern conveniences) is provocative of much laughter. A laugh straight from the diaphragm greets him when the mountain girl has to escort him back to camp after he has escorted her home.

The piece gallops along with pleasant gags and doesn't show any sagging quality until the prize-fight episodes are reached. Then it becomes a little monotonous. However, Keaton jumps into the breach in time to keep it peppy. He has some rollicking moments in trying to train for the fight—and again when he enters a ring or three.

If you must know what it is all about—well, the mountain girl's heavy and hardy relatives mistrust him for a weakling. His valet then palms him off as the prize-fighting Butler. And in the end Buster makes good with the gloves.

The story is just made for Keaton and he does very well by it—and in it. Snitz Edwards renders first aid as the valet and Sally O'Neil makes a charming mountain girl.—*Metro-Goldwyn.*

A GUIDE TO THE GOOD PICTURES

WE will publish our reviews in a uniform size so that they may be filed for future reference. They are written by critics whose viewpoints are unbiased. The ratings should be of special assistance.

Ratings: Excellent, 95%; Good, 80%; Fair, 70%; Poor, 50%

LADDIE—*Romantic Drama—80%*

IF you go to see "Laddie" because you thought the book was "such a sweet love story," you will surely be disappointed. For the romance has been unfortunately entrusted to two people quite incapable of handling it delicately and sympathetically. John Bowers is a stocky and stolid *Laddie* and Bess Flowers as the Fairy Princess of the Big Wood simpers in her ruffles and curls like the leading ladies of ten or fifteen years ago. But the background for their story, which seems really to have been the chief concern of everyone connected with the picture, is far more successful. The lovely country scenes and the simple, home-spun life of the farm are delightful and in the true spirit of Gene Stratton Porter. The real heroine of the story is *Little Sister,* played in a straightforward manner by a rather military and very engaging little girl named Gene Stratton. She is Gene Stratton Porter's granddaughter. Eulalie Jensen, Ernest Torrence and John Fox, Jr., as the Bad Boy of the family, give excellent performances. The continuity is inexpert and unconvincing, but you will enjoy this for its quiet humor and sincerity, if for nothing else.—*Film Booking Offices.*

THE SCARLET LETTER—*Drama—90%*

LATELY there have been some critics who have made a fetish of disparaging Lillian Gish as an artiste. Yet we believe that her work is infinitely greater than it was heretofore when extravagant words were written by her name. Then her work suffered because of a series of fluttery mannerisms and tricks which colored whatever rôle she played. Surely they did not serve a wide variety of rôles.

Today this criticism of Lillian Gish is comparatively passé. She has abandoned the greater portion of such repetitious mannerisms and emerged a greater actress.

Which brings us to "The Scarlet Letter," that tale of suffering perpetrated in the name of Christianity.

If this production does not shadow our personal conception of the Hawthorne story . . . and if Lillian Gish is not our idea of *Hester Prynne,* the persecuted heroine, both are nevertheless intelligent, convincing and sincere.

Hester Prynne, you will remember, is the Puritan seamstress whose youth rebels only to be bruised by the ironclad morals and conventions of the colony in which she lives.

There is one scene in which *Hester* is taken from the prison to the scaffold where a scarlet A for adultery is to be sewn upon her gown. She walks down an aisle cleared for her in the crowd, her baby in her arms. We do not ever remember seeing anything more poignantly sensitive than Miss Gish's conception of this scene. She is not a broken creature even tho she knows a timidity because of the hard, unrelenting faces that stare at her. There is a shadow of disdain upon her face . . . she suggests the queen being mobbed by commoners who can never really destroy her because she possesses something far beyond them.

Lars Hanson, who plays the *Reverend Dimmesdale,* gives a most commendable performance. And Karl Dane of "The Big Parade" fame in the rôle of a barber and chirurgeon is a bright spot in an otherwise grim dark pattern.

"The Scarlet Letter" will not be ranked with the great pictures, but it should win a very real reception from the American people. It is a faithful interpretation of one of our greatest classics.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN—*Romantic Drama—75%*

RICHARD BARTHELMESS has brought another spiritless but very correct and well-behaved picture to the screen. It's all very well for Dick to go on making these half-hearted and dreadfully dull things if he wants to take the consequences in loss of popularity. But it's too bad he drags such awfully good stories to the bottom with him. Someone else could have made Jeffrey Farnol's novel into a romantic and witty and exciting and utterly charming affair. Dick's version is very perfunctory story-telling. It stops for no explanations, yet gains nothing in speed or interest by this neglect of detail. There is none of the pictorial charm which should certainly be the escence of any Farnol picture, and hardly a hint of the Farnol humor and whimsicality. And those few hints are rather jabs. Dorothy Dunbar utterly fails to capture the spirit of the lovely *Cleone Meredith,* and Barthelmess does little but smile his property smile and pose determinedly, even while looking slightly sheepish in his unbecoming period costumes. We are among those who hold that a book should be faithfully copied—unless the director has something better to give.—*First National.*

THE DUCHESS OF BUFFALO—*Comedy—85%*

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK presents Constance Talmadge in "The Duchess of Buffalo." He presents her "with Tulio Carminati," who looks like Conway Tearle, only not so much so. It is a First National picture, a Sidney Franklin production. You would think that it would be a wow. But it isn't. It may have been the system of refrigeration in the Capitol Theatre, but we think it was our critical faculty that made us fidget during the lively antics of our old favorite, Constance. She is not at her best. Nor, we believe, is Tulio. He is called upon to act like an adolescent simpleton. He couldn't help it. It was the part he played. Even Chester Conklin, funniest funny man of them all, wasn't so funny as usual. Maybe we are not interested in an American girl who, as the skittish titles inform us, danced "without avail" in America and "without a veil" in Russia—result, Lieutenant *Vladimir Orloff* of the Dragoons falls in love with her as likewise does his superior, the Grand Duke *Gregory Alexandrovitch*. In different ways, of course. It is a story without benefit of originality. And there is a snowstorm composed of flakes the size of silver dollars. Maybe they have 'em like that in Russia.

PALS FIRST—*Romantic Drama—80%*

EDWARD CAREW apparently realized that he had sure-fire movie stuff in this story of mystery and mistaken identity—for he didn't trouble to give it more than an adequate presentation. It is very good entertainment, nevertheless. A young hobo, with two pals, enters the house of a wealthy Southern family and is mistaken by the servants for the "young master," whom they thought dead. You can imagine the complications that ensue—or perhaps you cant quite imagine them all, and in that case you will have much more fun at the end. There is a girl, in the person of Dolores del Rio, who has never believed her lover dead. Dolores is disappointing in that she reveals none of the fire, on the screen, that her off-screen personality promises. But she is beautiful and sweet. Lloyd Hughes as the mysterious hero has a rôle which we suspect is just about as big as any his talents could cope with. But he plays it with becoming manliness and affability. The familiar comedy of the tramp in the gentleman's shoes is overdone. Alec Francis is excellent, as always, as an elderly and wistful and very nice tramp.—*First National.*

HER BIG NIGHT—*Farce—90%*

THIS spirited comedy augurs well for the future of Melville Brown, Universal's erstwhile scenario writer, who has directed only two pictures. No brighter comedy has appeared on our screens for seasons. It is fresh and gay and very swift-moving, and wrings almost continuous and delighted laughter from the audience. Laura La Plante's *métier* is frivolous comedy and she is perfect as the shop-girl who finds out what amazing things can happen to you if you resemble a famous movie star. Laura grows more engaging with every picture. Her vivacity is bracing enough to turn almost any picture into good entertainment, but in this case it is matched by the pace of the story. Einar Hanson, from Sweden, hasn't much of a chance to demonstrate his talents, but he manages to continue the excellent impression he made in "Into Her Kingdom." After all, the light breezy things come to the screen with merit too seldom. And without making any great pretenses this picture is delightful. Dont miss this picture. It is thoroly delightful.—*Universal.*

THE GREAT DECEPTION—*Melodrama—70%*

IT is only natural that war pictures should abound these days, yet it does seem reasonable to expect something a little more mature and authentic than this hectic tale. It is rambunctious drama, full of spies and double-eyed villains and falling air-planes, and is unique only in the fact that for the greater part of the picture it leads the audience into a very decided sympathy for the enemy. The hero, an English boy who has been educated in Germany, becomes a spy, apparently for the Germans but really of course for "the country he loves best." He gets caught—naturally—and in the midst of all this red-hot action, farce is resorted to in order to get the hero out of an insoluble situation, in the hope of getting the audience to forget the implausibilities in a laugh. Unfortunately, the laughter of the audience, too, is rambunctious, and often breaks out most impolitely in what the director would like to have you regard as stirring moments. Really a dull and silly picture, acted tonelessly by Ben Lyon and Aileen Pringle, and not worth your attention.—*First National.*

THE HONEYMOON EXPRESS—*Comedy Drama—80%*

THE movies never tire of that grub-to-butterfly theme which has served so often of late. In this Warner Classic there are two metamorphoses—the mother transformed from frumpy middle age to beautiful youth and the daughter finally won away from mannish attire and revealed in all the splendor of her sex.

This is an unskilful comedy, hardly worthy of the sacrifice of Helene Costello's hair, which was bobbed for the occasion. Irene Rich is pleasing as the mother who finally rebels against being used as a door-mat by her whole family, and by breaking away and living her own life wins back their affections and a romance for herself as well. Willard Louis, her husband, is left forlornly among his bottles—a rather sad last appearance, as he managed to make even that old reprobate a sympathetic character. Virginia Lee Corbin didn't do as much with her portrayal of the unwise flapper—she was merely and completely common thruout.

Old in theme and clumsy as the picture is, it still manages to hold and entertain. If you are not inclined to be too critical, you will probably find this diverting.—*Warner Brothers.*

THREE BAD MEN—*Western Drama—75%*

THIS was evidently intended to have that epic quality which distinguished "The Four Horsemen" and "The Covered Wagon." It deals with the gold rush, in the literal sense of the word, when the pioneers of the West were first permitted to cross the border onto the Indian reservations where gold had been found. And certainly some reckless and very effective scenes have been shot of this mad stampede for riches. But alas for the story—it is anything but epic. It never quite established its mood, wandering about uncontrollably in the usual manner of John Ford. It is pretty poor stuff—sentimental, melodramatic, laboriously humorous. The theme is that there's a little bit of good in every bad man, and that's how our heroine manages to live in the tough town of Custer without coming to any harm. Olive Borden confirms the suspicion we've had right along that she cant really act at all. She was so concealed in blazers and boots that there was nothing to distract our attention from her acting, and the truth was out. J. Farrell MacDonald and Frank Campeau rejoice in character parts, and George O'Brien is a sort of hero.—*Fox.*

ONE MINUTE TO PLAY—*Comedy Drama—85%*

WE expected this to be just a glorified newsreel featuring Red Grange and his football, and to our vast surprise it turned out to be a real picture which would have been entertaining with or without the football. It's a college story—one of those movie colleges, of course, but we've seen so many of them now that they begin to look more authentic than the real thing. The picture is peppy and light-hearted, and Red comes thru with a performance that has made us his ardent fan. He is not handsome or polished or any of those things, but he behaves with an unaffected ease that would put some of our seasoned leading men to shame. And he is modest and thoroly likable—in fact, he outshines Richard Dix completely so far as we're concerned. The plot reveals a new and convincing angle of the college-boy theme, and works up to the usual climax on the gridiron, which need not be described. The title and any of Red's press notices tell the story—suffice it to say that if you get a kick out of football, this will provide a great thrill. A real comedy that will surely please you.—*Film Booking Offices.*

THE WALTZ DREAM—*Comedy Drama—90%*

A UFA production, directed by Ludwig Berger. An adaptation from the famous Oscar Strauss operetta, "The Waltz Dream." But ye gods, what an adaptation! What subtlety!

A slim story, perhaps, of an inhibited little Princess of Flausenberg taken to Vienna a-husband-hunting by her lecherous old father. Father is to do the hunting. They return to Flausenberg, where there is a wedding ceremonial, or a series of ceremonials as clever, as sophisticated as anything we have ever seen. And there they are. The cold little Princess, consummately portrayed by Mady Christians—an interesting young person, by the way. The dashing and appealing *Nicholas Count Preyn,* also dashingly and appealingly played by Willy Fritsch. He pines for things—and women—Viennese. The cold little Princess pines for *him.* There your problem is skilfully and subtly worked out. But, as usual with UFA productions, it is the people in the cast who count, who are real and in whom you are absorbingly interested. This story is in lighter mood than most UFA's, but even so it has its poignancy, its undercurrent of sadness that is also true to life. DONT MISS IT.

(*Continued on page* 105)

Motion Picture Junior

Vol. II. No. 5 November, 1926

One day my uncle took my twin and me down town, looking like the picture on the left hand . . . with curls and funny little dresses

He had our curls cut, bought us little boy suits, and then we had the picture on the right taken. See how different we look. When we got home and our mother saw us, she cried

When I Was a Little Boy

By J. Warren Kerrigan

I was the youngest of eight boys, my twin being half an hour older.

But it wasn't long before I looked like his big brother—I grew so fast!

See this picture of my brother and me, taken when we were between three and four—look at our long hair and funny little dresses!

That picture was taken one day when we were visiting an uncle in Canada, and when my mother showed it to him, he shook his head and said: "Why these are not little boys—they must be little girls!"

And the very next day, uncle took us down town, without telling my mother, and had our curls cut. Then he bought us some little boy suits, had us dressed in them and had our pictures taken again.

This other picture shows you what we looked like then!

You can imagine how our mother cried when she saw us come in! But we thought it was fine. We didn't want any skirts hanging around making it hard to climb things.

My sister, Kathleen, being the eldest of the big family, was grown up when I was a kid.

I can remember how we went to see her play at Macauley's Theater in Louisville, where we lived, and how proud we were of her!

One night, Kathleen played *Portia* in "The Merchant of Venice." I went back of the scenes and watched all the actors and actresses going on and off the stage and dreamed of how some day I'd do that, too. My sister had such lovely dresses and looked so beautiful and played so well that the people were cheering in front, and I remember that the cab in which we drove home was full of flowers.

There was one great "K" made of all sorts of flowers that was put in on top of the rest. My twin and I thought it the most gorgeous thing we had ever seen.

There were great double-parlors in our house, with sliding doors between, and in one of these we used to give shows, when we were kids, the other being the theater and the doors being the curtain.

My sister's wardrobe was very large and she kept a great many costumes at home, so we used to borrow them. I'd dress my twin up in long-trained gowns with collars that were so high you could hardly see his face, and he'd be the heroine while I was the hero. We'd turn the table upside down—that was a mountain. A chair on its side made a cave, and an old sofa was a pirate ship. My mother never cared what we did—we could have any-

(*Continued on page* 104)

Mistress Nancy Kelly

Watch This Little Girl

How would you like to have the honor of "putting a big city on the motion picture map"?

That is exactly what little Nancy Kelly, of Queens, Long Island, has done for the city of Lowell, Massachusetts. You see, Nancy, who is only four and a half years old, was born in Lowell. After playing two small parts in pictures with Gloria Swanson and Richard Dix, she was selected from nearly a hundred other children to play one of the big rôles in "Mismates" for First National, in which Doris Kenyon and Warner Baxter had the two leading rôles. Little Nancy did her work so well that she is one of the big figures in the picture now that it is released and already the people in the city of Lowell are proud of their little girl who has at last placed Lowell on the motion picture map. Nancy plays the part of a boy in her last picture and plays both sad, emotional scenes in which she has to cry, and then turns around and plays in other scenes in which she is a regular comédienne. Little Nancy is a born actress and all the players and Director Charles Brabin told her mother that she is one of the real screen "finds" and should have many picture successes to her credit before she gets thru.

Watch Mistress Nancy!

The Junior Answer Man

Joe Frank Cobb Answers the Questions Sent to Him in Care of Movie, Jr., 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York

ADA L. — Gloria Swanson's next picture will be "Eyes of Youth." That is her right name. You can write to her at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City, New York.

LILLIE M. — You can write to Jack Pickford at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California, for his picture. "Our Gang" works at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City.

CLIFFIE K. — I bet you have great fun roughing it. I agree with you that camp life is the thing for us boys. Your favorite Snub Pollard isn't playing in pictures at just this time.

CHARLES JOSEPH. — Hoot Gibson was born in Tekamah, Nebraska, in 1892. Wesley Barry was born in Los Angeles, eighteen years ago. He is five foot seven inches tall and has red hair and blue eyes.

H. B. Warner knows the most exciting stories . . . stories that make thrills go wriggling up and down your spine. And his children hear one of these stories as a special treat on the days they have a good report from their nurse

JOEY B. H.—Farina isn't a "she." He was born August 9, 1920, and his real name is Allan Clay Hoskins. His little sister, who is almost three years old, is going to join "Our Gang."

EUGENE MCN.—Did you know that Fred Thomson was a minister before entering pictures? You will see Billie Butts with him again in "Lone Hand Saunders." Write to him in care of F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

ALBIE.—Rin-Tin-Tin's next picture will be "A Hero of the Big Snows." You pronounce his name as Ran-Tan-Tan. You can address Vilma Banky in care of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, California. Mary Brian is at Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, Long Island. She is playing opposite Johnny Hines in his next picture.

PAT.—I bet it was thrilling to ride in an aeroplane. I've never been up in one, but would love to go. That was Spec O'Donnell in "Little Annie Rooney." He is playing with George Jessel and Patsy Ruth Miller in "Private Izzy Murphy."

BIDDY.—You can write to Virginia Marshall at Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. She is not mentioned in the cast of "Lazybones." Sessela Johnson was little *Bess* in "Riders of the Purple Sage."

WEE WEE.—You can write to Gloria Swanson at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York. Jack Holt, Pola Negri, Betty Bronson and Esther Ralston at Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Norma and Constance Talmadge at 7200 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks at Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California. Norma Shearer, Harry Carey, Mae Murray, Lillian Gish, and Jackie Coogan at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

CHARLES G.—You can write to Clara Bow at Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, California. She is twenty years old. Her next picture will be "Kid Boots."

MAXINE W.—Leslie Fenton's next picture will be "Upstream" with Dolores Del Rio and Shirley Mason. You can write Mr. Fenton at the Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

MILDRED B.—That was Harrison Ford who played *Ketlar* in "That Royle Girl." Since then he has appeared in "Sandy" with Madge Bellamy; "Hell's 400," "Up in Mabel's Room," with Marie Prevost and "The Nervous Wreck," with Phyllis Haver. You can write to him at Metropolitan Studios, 1401 La Palmas Avenue, Hollywood, California.

PUSS.—Mary Korman is twelve years old. Our next comedy will be "Uncle Tom's Uncle."

DORIS B.—Richard Dix has brown eyes. Colleen Moore was born August 12, 1902.

NILES WELCH ADMIRER.—None of the players you mention are playing in pictures right now, with the exception of Robert Agnew. You can write to him at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. He is playing in "Down the Stretch," with Marion Nixon.

FLORENCE B.—Glenn Tryon is at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Lois Moran is playing in a picture with Ben Lyon called "The Prince of Tempters." You can write to her at Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, Long Island.

We Will Be as Angry as Felix—

We were going to say we would be as mad as Felix . . . but we remembered that we said we were mad once when we were a little girl. Our mother told us that we might be angry, but that only animals got mad.

What will make us as angry as Felix seems here? Letters asking us about the prizes in the Felix contest! Every time we have a contest we ask people not to write asking about the judges' decision or any thing else. If we answered one question we would have to answer all of them . . . and to do that we would need a whole army of secretaries. And we only have one.

So please do not write asking us about the Felix contest. We will ask Mr. Pat Sullivan to hurry about his decision. And we will print the news of the winners in the first possible issue.

Felix is in a frightful temper . . . just the kind of temper we will get in if people write asking us about the prizes in the Felix contest

NEWS OF THE

By MILTON HOWE

OUR old friend, Elinor Glyn, whose future activities have been cloaked in much mystery until now, has aligned herself with Paramount. Madam Glyn's first donation to the new firm will be a story titled, "It." Elinor took this totally innocent neuter gender pronoun and applied it to the masculine and feminine genders. This action created quite a furore and the resultant publicity has made the little two-letter word so popular that it has become sufficiently well known to warrant using it as the title of a picture.

Some time ago we thought the application of the word "It," as defined by Elinor, was going to create a sensation, so we followed up with the word "Was," which applies to those who had "It," but that "Was." We may sell our word to a rival company as a sequel to Elinor's drama.

The miracle of it is that Helen Wills and Richard Dix met each other one summer day at Forest Hills . . . . posed for news pictures together . . . and were not reported engaged. Helen was playing on the courts of the West Side Tennis Club when Dix and his company arrived there to take some scenes for "The Quarterback"

Two blonde extra girls were sitting in the lobby of the Hotel Gilbert in Hollywood. They were discussing a certain casting director. Evidently the director had promised one of them a job, but managed to be out every time the blonde called to get it.

"You know," said she, "I have chased that liar all over Hollywood and I haven't been able to catch him. If there ever was a 'Vanishing American,' he's the baby!"

I HAVE heard this gag before, but never applied to the czar of the industry.

Two ministers were discussing the motion picture business. "You dont happen to know Will Hays, Jr.?" asked one.

"No," replied the other, "but I do know Will Hays, the elder."

I HAVE often wondered what the Will Hays' organization did for a living, and I have just found out. Will takes the blame for the movies, which is a tremendous assignment for one man.

The latest news is that many people over the country are registering objections to Mary Pickford's picture, "Sparrows." They claim that the children in the picture must have gone thru terrible privations while the film was being made, and they say the kiddies were not humanely treated.

(If these deductions are based only upon the childrens' appearance on the screen it is something of a left-hand compliment to the realism of the acting.)

If every complaint registered was corrected, the motion picture screens of the country would be filled with scenics, and then someone would kick because there was a tree in the way.

Carmelita Geraghty and Lois Wilson bring perfect understanding to their rôles in "The Great Gatsby"

Noonday on the desert . . . with Ronald Colman visiting Vilma Banky on the veranda of the bungalow she occupied while on location for "The Winning of Barbara Worth"

CAMERA COASTS

and ELIZABETH GREER

A DAY or two before Viola Dana started work in her first picture for F. B. O., she received two calls from the studio. The first was from the wardrobe department and the second came from the publicity department.

In answer to the publicity man's request that she appear for still pictures, Vi replied, "I'll see you as soon as the wardrobe department finishes with me. They want to give me a fitting, and all I'm to wear in this picture is a wig and two handkerchiefs. Maybe they want to put my laundry mark on the handkerchiefs."

Norma Shearer gives an impression of Monta Bell . . . and Monta Bell gives an impression of Norma Shearer

MAE MURRAY'S next picture is to be titled "Valencia" after the song, not the orange. In California we have Valencia oranges, which I am told were named by the Spaniards before the song ever came out.

A story is being written around the title. I haven't found anyone who knows the words to the song. The nearest I can come to the lyric is, "Valencia—Ta-da-ta-da-ta-da," and that is as near right as anybody in Hollywood can sing it. I hope the story is better. It is to be a tale of old Spain where hearts are hot and both parties are jealous.

I DO not remember Jenny Lind, but she was the siren of her day, which was in the 1850 period of American history. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are to make a film of her life.

P. T. Barnum brought Jenny to this country. First she appeared as a dramatic actress with great success and later made her début as a singer with even greater success, so M. G. M. think the story of her life will be the success of all successes.

A NEW young leading man with auburn hair and blue eyes came to Hollywood this month with a Lasky contract tucked under his arm. He leaped right into the leading rôle opposite Bebe Daniels in "The College Flirt," and is now playing opposite Pola Negri in "Hotel Imperial." It is his first experience before the camera, so there is a reason why James Hall is not popular with the ambitious crowd of young actors who have been working for years to get a big part.

Before coming to Hollywood, Hall was the juvenile in "Merry Merry," a New York musical comedy success. He is handsome and must screen exceptionally well, judging from the parts that are lined up for him. He is scheduled to play the leading rôle with Bebe Daniels in her next picture.

I got a glimpse of the newcomer working with Pola, and he has the stuff which makes popular screen idols. The underground rumor is that Pola's latest, "Hotel

Mrs. Luther, Irene Rich's mother, and Jane and Frances, Irene's two daughters, visited their mother and Conway Tearle at the studios when "His Official Wife" was being filmed

Fred Niblo insists upon realism . . . and this scene of Tony Moreno and Greta Garbo in "The Temptress" promises to provide a thrill when it reaches the screen. Note the angle of the camera

Remember Naomi Childers of the Grecian profile! Well, she's a wife and mother these days. And here is Luther Reed, her husband, who has forsaken scenario writing for directing. If he is as good a director as he was a scenario writer, splendid winter entertainment is assured. Adolphe Menjou consults him about a bit of business in "The Ace of Cads"

Imperial," is going to be the best picture she has made in some time.

When Cecil B. De Mille's big production, "The King of Kings," which is based on the life of Christ, reaches the screen, H. B. Warner will be seen in the rôle of Jesus of Nazareth.

De Mille is planning to make this picture the biggest production on his program this year. An immense amount of money will be spent in making the picture. One of the first things De Mille did was to buy three dozen Bibles and distribute them among the people who are to work in the picture with the request that they study them at every opportunity.

There is a café just outside the Lasky studio known as "Madam Helene's," where all the yokels visiting Los Angeles for the first time go to gaze upon the stars when they take an hour for lunch.

Madam is realizing well on this place. The day I was there yokeling with the yokels, she socked me a very elegant sum for a chicken-salad sandwich and a cup of coffee. I picked up the check and was about to protest by slugging the cashier over the head with a chair when I read on the back of the bill the following quotation from some eminent author. I believe it was Mr. Rockefeller:

"The recollection of quality remains long after the price is forgotten."

In this matter I shall never emerge from the forgetting period into the recollection stage. If there were music or dancing, I wouldn't be so crabby. Ray Griffith was the only star in the place, and I believe he must have been entertaining some of his mother's friends from back East or else he had spotted a piece of silverware he wanted.

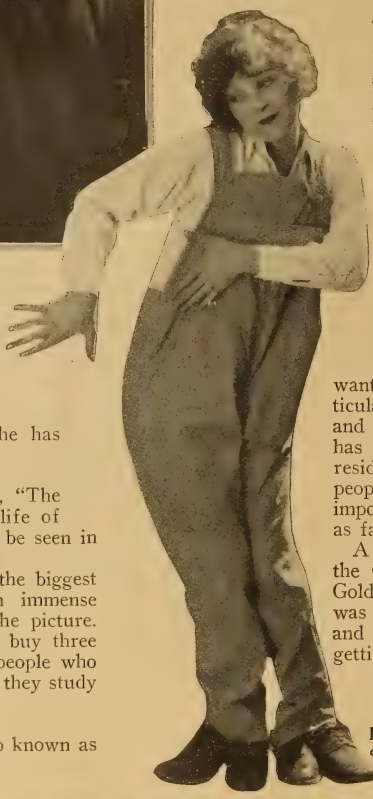
Discharged servants of movie people have more fury than a woman scorned. The latest one to register action is Jackie Coogan's ex-chauffeur.

After being told that he was out of employment, the gentleman returned a few nights later and was caught hiding in a bush on the lawn by the night watchman. He pulled a gun and fired three shots at the guard and then fled in an automobile. A week later he committed suicide.

I dont know why the Crown Prince of Sweden came to this country unless he wanted to find out what the particular attraction is about St. Paul and Hollywood. St. Paul always has been known as a high-class residential place for the Swedish people, and now Hollywood is importing all the Swedish artists as fast as they develop.

A grand luncheon was given the Crown Prince at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. There was only one breach of etiquette and that wasn't caused by a star getting his finger caught in the

(*Continued on page* 118)



Ladies and Gentlemen . . . the only four-footed star in captivity! Marguerite de la Motte charlestons under pedal difficulties

Mr. Balboni poses as an irate boss when Holbrook Blinn and Ruth Roland loiter over their lunch. . . . "The Masked Woman" must be filmed

Lillian Gish, Oct. 14, 1896

Buster Keaton, Oct. 4, 1896

Alice Joyce, Oct. 1, 1890

Lloyd Hughes, Oct. 21, 1897

Irene Rich, Oct. 13, 1894

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

Let Marion Meyer Drew see if the stars forecast success for you in the movies

Milton L. S., December 1:

I am sorry that your answer could not be printed sooner, but few people realize the time consumed in the printing and distribution of a magazine of the scope of this publication. Your horoscope shows much change thruout life and you would do well to take up work in which these travels or changes could be a part of your work. You have a distinct connection with dramatic matters shown in your chart and I would suggest that you go to New York, according to your plans, and try to get into the advertising or exploitation end of the theatrical business.

Francisco V., December 1:

So you think I give "rich detail," do you? Absolutely the only thing I base it on are

(*Continued on page* 95)

EDITOR'S NOTE: **All comments made in this department are based on astrological rules, but neither the writer of this department nor this publication can assume responsibility for statements made therein, because inaccurate data are sometimes furnished, even tho the sender believes them to be correct.**

You must send: your date of birth . . . your year of birth . . . city or nearest town and county of birth . . . your sex and the hour and minute of the day or night when you were born.

Have You Heard About the VITAPHONE?

. . . the new invention that will bring an orchestration by the finest musicians in the country to the small town theater?

By ELIZABETH GREER

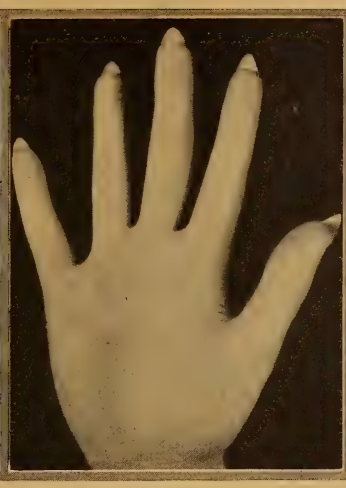
WHEN we were very young, there was occasionally an exhibition of "Talking Motion Pictures," which meant that shadowy figures went about their business on the screen, while from somewhere above or behind it issued a voice that wheezed and cracked along in its own time, regardless of the tempo of the lips from which it was supposed to flow. It wasn't much fun listening to this device, and tho the optimists among us murmured, "What a wonderful invention!—think what that will mean when it's perfected!" most of us refused to take it seriously and certainly didn't stay for the second show.

Then we forgot about it completely, until fifteen years later, as the subtitles say, Warner Brothers presented a sensational thing called the Vitaphone at their opening of "Don Juan." Orthophonic Victrolas have accustomed us to the almost perfect reproduction of natural voice tones and musical instruments, but no one was prepared for the almost perfect synchronization of sound and motion that the Vitaphone accomplished. A speech by Will Hays, a symphony orchestra, a singer, a violinist—all these different mediums of sound were registered by the Vitaphone and reproduced so that they filled the auditorium and created perfectly the

(*Continued on page* 105)

The audience at the premiere performance of the Vitaphone which accompanied the first showing of "Don Juan" in New York was most thrilled over the perfect reproduction of Giovanni Martinelli's rendition of Vesti la Giubbla from "Pagliacci"

C. Grove of the Bell Telephone laboratories is shown looking at the wax disc upon which sound vibrations will be recorded. The electrical system of recording employs a high quality microphone of an improved type, an electrical amplifying apparatus and a record cutting mechanism which appears in this picture



WHOSE HANDS?

Read the Analyses—and See If You Recognize the Owners of These Palms

By F. Vance de Revere

WHAT an expressive, sensitive hand we have here, denoting an individual whose feelings are deep but buried beneath a calm, well-poised exterior. The owner of this extremely sensitive hand would be frequently misunderstood and misjudged by others and, when misjudged, would feel it keenly. A person of moods, one who descends to the lowest depths of despair and, at other times, rises to the heights of rapture. An individual who would respond quickly to sympathetic influences, highly inspirational, and with a restless, active, emotional nature. One who is very responsive to beauty, in every shape and form, especially susceptible to the effect of both color and music. Notice the very pronounced angular formation at the base of the thumb; this would indicate a splendid sense of tune and rhythm and appreciation of music, also musical ability. The hard, firm palm would indicate that its owner leads an active life and is seldom lazy. The network of many lines, also the color makings of the palm, shows a very nervous condition at the present time; this person has, evidently, been under great strain or has been worried. Notice the extreme waistlike shape of his thumb, showing a very tactful person. The third finger dominates and gives evidence of decided dramatic ability. This hand has the mystic cross in the palm, giving an interest in the mystical, occult or the unusual. It also shows a very intuitive nature. There is executive ability, as well as the dramatic ability.

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F. Vance de Revere

IF this hand corresponded in type with the face and figure of its owner, it would belong to a person of good height, lean and muscular, with a face of greater length than breadth. It is a youthful hand, restless, emotional and full of energy of purpose and enthusiasm; very independent in spirit, unconventional, with a love of daring to seek the unknown. The broad development at the base of the fingers gives practicability. The mixed finger-tips would indicate ability in many directions; such an individual, if you can get her to talk, proves interesting, for her experiences are many and varied and such an individual is usually keen and amusing. There is great love of creature comforts shown in this hand. The first and third fingers being even in length, gives a very ambitious nature. The thumb should be longer to give strength to the character. The long finger-nails would indicate an inclination to be visionary and shrink from looking facts in the face, especially, facts which are distasteful. These long nails also show a very impressionable, artistic nature, one fond of poetry and music. Long-nailed people seldom have the physical strength of the short, broad-nailed person. The nails would show a very individualistic nature which would disregard and not care about other people's opinions of her actions. A "Live and let live" sort of person.

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THIS type of hand, with its square formation; square at the wrist and at the base of the fingers also with square finger-tips, is a very useful, capable hand. The face and figure which corresponds with this hand is broad, well rounded, and of good size. It personifies physical strength, hardihood and endurance; weaklings seldom have this type of hand. The hard, firm palm signifies energy and physical activity. This is the type of hand sometimes found on a pugilist, altho the short index-finger would indicate a nature more gentle and submissive than one would expect. Great perseverance, determination, good judgment, common sense and general practicability, with an interest in agriculture and commerce; domestic in taste, with love of home, family and friends but not generally demonstrative in affection altho really affectionate, highly paternal and sympathetic. Such a person would be staunch in friendship, strong in principles, sincere and honest in business. This hand gives indication of a nature whose greatest fault is in the inclination to disbelieve all he cannot understand. He must be given logical reasons for things. These characteristics are plainly shown in his thumb, the long first phalange, square and rather stiff, showing a nature not easily swayed or moved and the good long second phalange, showing a logical turn of mind. The third finger dominates the others and note also its spatulated tip, which gives dramatic ability. The thick, full third phalanges of the fingers denote great interest in food.

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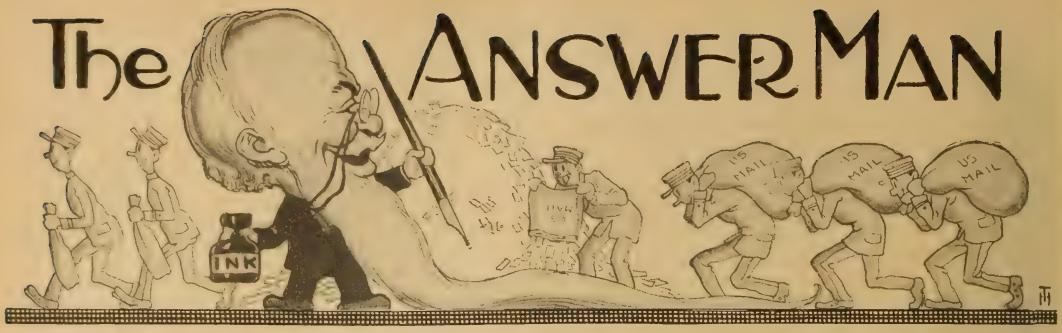
F. Vance de Revere

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*On page 86 you will find photographs of the stars whose hands were analyzed last month. And next month you will find the answers to these character readings.*

The Answer Man



THE WANDERER.—So you like Greta Garbo. Wait until you see her with John Gilbert in "The Flesh and the Devil." Yes, and some are wise and some are otherwise.

CLARA R.—R. U. Clara? Billie Dove in "Little Jennie." Well, I've learned that it's not what you say to a woman, but the way you say it that makes her believe you.

RUFUS R. M.—Thanks for the picture, Rufus. Jacqueline Logan is playing the rôle of *Mary Magdelene* in Cecil De Mille's "The King of Kings."

EVA L. G.—So you like Alice Joyce and me best of all movie folk. I admire your choice. You say you have seen Miss Joyce in 137 pictures. Cant tell you anything about Virginia Marshall, except that she's with Fox.

BALTIMORE LADY.—Your letter was mighty interesting. You say you dont understand why there are so many foreign pictures and stars. Dont you like Lya De Putti? Women aren't the only ones who marry for a home.

DELL HAMPTON.—Away with thee! Please dont ask me to bob my whiskers. My one treasure in life. Yes, Corliss Palmer played in "Her Second Chance." Conrad Nagel's next is "Captain Harding."

BUTTERFLY.—You sure do ask enough questions about Anna Q. Nilsson. Her first leading man, I believe, was Guy Coombs in the old Kalem days. Eugene O'Brien is playing with Leatrice Joy in "Nobody's Widow."

KATHERINE S.—I wish I could comply with your request to put Vilma Banky at the head of the thermometer—but that wouldn't be fair.

GUADALUPE.—You are all for William Boyd. He is playing in "The Yankee Clipper." Elinor Faire weighs 123 pounds. So you like our covers by Stone and Paddock. Thanks for your water-color. I, too, hope you will make a cover for us some day.

MARIE H.—Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time; for that is the stuff life is made of. That is Alberta Vaughn's real name. Betty Compson is to play in "White Cargo" with Conway Tearle.

CLEOPATRA.—Are you really serious? You say you love moving pictures and would become an interesting mate for an actor. Well, I didn't think I was in the matrimonial business. No, there is no hope.

PHYLIS ANNE.—Well, I find that people who know most about love are the ones who have never had it. You would have to go to Hollywood, and I wouldn't advise that. No, I shall never forget "Stella Dallas."

JOHN GILBERT'S WORSHIPPER FOREVER.—Well that's saying a lot. No indeed, New York City is no cure for nervousness and impatience. Haven't seen so many stage-plays—saw "The Great Temptation," "Lulu Belle," "Scandals" and "Loose Ankles." Bert Lytell is starring in "Obey the Law."

GENEVIEVE L.—So you have the A. E. C. Club at P. O. Box 272, Wilmington, California. Thanks for allowing me to be an honorary member. I wish I could be an active member, but if you saw this desk full of correspondence to answer. Whoooo!

ETHEL L. F.—No, you tell that someone they are all wrong—Colleen Moore and Ben Lyon are not related. Harry Earles was the baby in "The Unholy Three," but he really is a man—only not full grown.

SIS.—Hello—you've got the right number this time. They say telephone operators are always bound to have the last word. That's why females are always employed in that capacity. And you say your ears are still burning from the garden scene in "Sea Beasts." Walter Pidgeon was the "sheik" in "Mannequin."

GRACE E. L.—Well, I dont know how you all feel in Australia, but in New York divorce doesn't bring a man down from his pedestal. Mary Brian in "The Street of Forgotten Men."

MILDRED.—That's some canary paper you have. You can get a picture of Laurence Gray at Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, Long Island. Mary Philbin is playing in "The Bargain Bride."

LORAINITE.—You know what they say—it takes will-power to love a fat girl. Warner Brothers are producing E. Phillips Oppenheim's "The Enviable Millionaire" under the title of "Millionaires." George Sidney, Vera Gordon, Helene Costello, Louise Fazenda and Jane Winton are in the cast.

F. S. M.—Yes, a club has been formed in memory of Wallace Reid. The president is Ray E. Harris, No. 1920 S Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

KATHLEEN Q. O.—Your letter was a gem. I'm afraid we would be a peculiar world if we didn't believe in marriage as an institution. Your suggestion may work out for a few individuals, but not for the masses. Corinne Griffith and Einar Hanson in "The Lady in Ermine."

RICHARD T.—Thanks for the clipping about Mary Fuller. That was eleven years ago when she was in the height of her glory. Last I heard of her she was in California doing some screen work.

RICHARD DIX FAN.—Yes, and you cant always tell a dogwood tree by its bark. Adolph Zukor, president of Famous Players-Lasky, arrived in this country from his native Hungary at the age sixteen, and he is not yet sixty years. He made as much as $2.00 a week when he first arrived, but now he makes considerably more than that and doesn't have to work half as hard. Why, Reginald Denny is to play in "Fast and Furious" from the Peter Milne story.

G. M. E.—So you want to see Mary Pickford in more grown-up pictures. Lewis Stone is playing with Doris Kenyon in "The Blond Saint." Ralph Graves in "Gobs."

RAINBOW.—Thanks for "Star Dust." It is getting better every month.

BETTY COMPSON FAN.—No, Betty Compson was never married to anyone before her marriage to James Cruze. Betty Compson and Clive Brook played in "The White Shadow."

M. J. W.—Whoa there! You say maybe a man's wife is a nag because her husband is a jackass! ! That was some letter you sent me. Jack Holt is playing in "The Man of the Forest." Clara Bow is playing in "It." Gloria Swanson's first for United Artists will probably be "Eyes of Youth."

YES NOTEY.—You letter was great. There is always the need for the man to go higher, if he has the capacity to go. Harold Lockwood, Jr., the sixteen-year-old son of the film star who died during the influenza epidemic of 1918, is entering pictures. His first will be with Colleen Moore and Kenneth Harlan in "Twinkle Toes."

SUSAN M. D.—Why, Pearl Regay was the Indian dancer in "Rose Marie." She was born in North Carolina and her real name is Ellen Rose.

TILLIE D.—Oh you cant bore me, the more the merrier. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is nineteen years old. I'll try to remember that—"Mississippi stole Missouri's New Jersey, what would Delaware?" "I dont know, but Alaska." See you later.

(*Continued on page* 74)

HEAR YE, HEAR YE!

All you folks who have questions to ask, come this way and you shall be heard—and answered. I have learnt a lot during the last eighty-two years, and it's all yours for the asking. Been answering ??? here for the last fifteen years and still going strong. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear here, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address, and mail to me, The Answer Man, care of* Motion Picture Magazine, *175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Her Majesty, The Queen of Roumania

granddaughter of Queen Victoria, stateswoman, author, beautiful and stately, says: "Beauty can be thoroughly guarded by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Two Reigning Queens Noblewomen Society Leaders The Younger Set

Her Majesty, The Queen of Spain

who also has signified her pleasure in Pond's Two Creams, is the embodiment of queenly majesty and beauty—tall, fair, distinguished in dress and bearing.

The Duchesse de Richelieu

of a prominent Baltimore family and wife of the head of one of the noblest old houses in France, says: "Pond's Creams keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely."

WOMEN of royal blood, of noble birth, of high position whose destiny demands that they face the world with skins as clear and delicate as dawn, pursue a time-tested method of caring for their skin, of keeping their loveliness safe from weariness and strain, inclement weather, grit and dust.

Pond's are the Two Creams they use. Forming a complete method of caring for every normal skin they should daily be applied as follows:

First Step: During the day whenever your skin needs cleansing—especially after exposure to weather, wind and dust and always before retiring—apply Pond's Cold Cream generously. Let it stay on a few moments. Its fine oils will penetrate the pores and bring to the surface the dirt and powder which clog them. Wipe off cream and dirt and repeat the treatment, finishing with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice. If your skin is dry, after the nightly cleansing, pat on more Cream and leave it until morning.

Second Step: After every Pond's cleansing except the bedtime one, over your freshly cleansed skin, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream thinly. Your skin has a new and delicate finish now, an even, satiny tone, and is perfectly protected from harsh weather, soot and dust. Fluff your powder on! See how long it clings, with velvety smoothness!

Cleanse, freshen and protect *your* skin the gentle, safe Pond's way.

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth

wife of the speaker of the United States House of Representatives, daughter of the late President Roosevelt, declares: "A clear skin may be safely and surely had by the use of Pond's Two Creams."

Miss Elinor Patterson

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Medill Patterson of Chicago, successful as "The Nun" in "The Miracle," says: "Pond's Two Creams are perfect, fragrant, sure in fulfillment."

Miss Marjorie Oelrichs

New York debutante, connected with several of New York's oldest families, and a chic and charming person, says: "Pond's is the method I follow."

Every normal skin needs these Two famous Creams. POND'S COLD CREAM *for cleansing,* POND'S VANISHING CREAM *for smoothness, protection, a delicate powder base.*

Free Offer: *Mail coupon if you would like to have free trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams with instructions for using.*

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. L
143 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams and instructions for using.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 72*)

ANNA BELL.—Why, Alfonso XIII is the present King of Spain. Queen Victoria Mary, daughter of the late Duke of Teck and wife of George V, is the present Queen of England. So you didn't like Cullen Landis in "Peacock Feathers." Yes, he has two children and was married to C. Mignon LeBrun, but they are separated.

ZAK, PARIS.—*Wee, wee, merci.* Pola Negri was born January 3, 1897. You like all the players. Jack Pickford will play the rôle of *Clyde Griffiths* in "An American Tragedy," in pictures, while Glenn Hunter will play *Clyde* on the stage. You must be living a very interesting life. I guess Paris is the life all right.

BARONESS LOLA VON S.—Welcome to the throne, her majesty. No, I have not seen Mady Christians in "Walzertraum" as yet. It is being shown in New York at this writing. Your letter was very interesting, and I could read it very easily. Thanks for the photo.

MRS. MARGARET S.—Thanks for your letter.

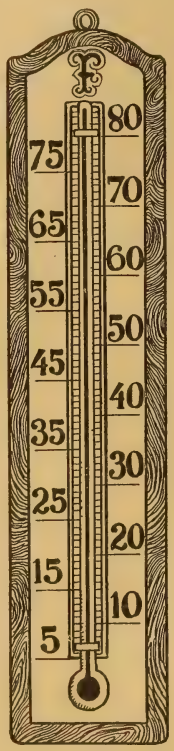
NO. 13.—So you are calling me down for using the same poem as the CLASSIC Answer Man used. Ha, ha, again, we are one and the same. John Barrymore in "If I Were King."

CYCLONE.—All right, let's go. Ben Lyon born February 6, 1900; Ramon Novarro, September 20, 1899; Colleen Moore, 1902; Bebe Daniels, January 14, 1901. I'm going to show your letter to the boss, maybe he will give me a raise.

DOTTIE THE DARNDEST.—Why Dottie! You know face powder never tastes as good as it smells. Dont speak of it—my whiskers. I should say they are hot. I have the electric fan blowing on them all year round. Yes, Antonio Moreno is married to Daisy Canfield Danziger. You want to know where you can find a duplicate of Antonio. That's all there is, there isn't, etc. You know digging for facts is better brain exercise than jumping at conclusions.

HOBO-GAL.—Well, how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding ring. No, I am not married, and you cant prove it by me.

Watch Them Rise!



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Richard Dix maintains his supremacy. And Colleen Moore supplants Anna Q. Nilsson

WILLIS A. B.—Here, here—you say, "What did the comb say when it goes thru hair?" Answer: "Thanks for the buggy ride." Is that dignified? Madge Bellamy, Alan Forrest and Matt Moore are working on "Summer Bachelors" for Fox, directed by Allan Dwan. This picture is being produced at the Fox New York studio in 55th Street, which has been reopened.

SIR LAUNCELOT.—I must say your verses were exceptional. I enjoyed reading every one of them. Hope you kept a copy—you should type them and keep them in a scrap-book entitled "My first verses." George O'Brien is 26 years old. Write to me again, any time.

H. L. R.—Anyway, swallowing one's pride never caused indigestion. Ann Forrest has played in "The Great Accident," "Love's Boomerang," "The Faith Healer" and "The Great Impersonation." She was never a star. Sorry I cannot help you on the other twenty-five questions. Space is short, time is short, and it's mighty warm right here.

HELENYE F.—No, this is no easy job. Even if my job is soft, that is no excuse to lay down on it. Metro-Goldwyn are to produce "The Great Galeoto" with Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry.

BILL BOYD VICTIM.—Well, the chap who looks both ways on a one-way street is sure a pessimist. Bill Boyd was born in 1898. Priscilla Bonner is playing in Harry Langdon's "The Strong Man," which was made under the working title of "The Yes Man." Carmel Myers has been added to the cast of "Tell It to the Marines."

JOHN C.—Well, if I'm not glad to hear from you. You still want a cover of Charlie Chaplin. I'll have to tell Miss Fletcher. Well, I guess it's "Ben Hur." Write me often, John, I like your letters.

DORIS P.—The Cape Cod Canal runs from Buzzard's Bay to Cape Cod Bay, a distance of 13 miles. You refer to the May, 1925, issue of the Magazine. Yes, Billie Burke is coming back on the stage next season in "Padlocked." That certainly is timely.

DOROTHY P. D.—Well, you want to know all about Bill Boyd. He was born in 1898, 6 feet tall, 176 pounds, light hair and blue eyes. You seem to have all the requirements. There's nothing lacking. All you need is the job.

LUCKY NUMBER 13.—Tullio Carminati, a new Italian leading man, who made his American début in "The Bat," has signed a contract with Joe Schenck and his first picture under that arrangement will be "The Duchess of Buffalo."

Your Hair Appears Twice as Beautiful—*when Shampooed this way*

Try this quick and simple method which thousands now use. See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair.

Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all the wave and color. See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

THE alluring thing about beautiful hair isn't the way it is worn.

The real, IRRESISTIBLE CHARM is the life and lustre the hair itself contains.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color, and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

You will find that after a Mulsified shampoo your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

More than a Shampoo, it's "BEAUTY INSURANCE"

Mail This *Coupon and* Try it FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 26M-43
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid. Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

Name.....

Address.....State.....

Canadian address: 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ontario

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 45)

trembled with her unspent emotion. She was afraid she would cry and be thought foolish.

McAllister did speak, but he asked for no answer. Perhaps he understood.

"Your way was best, Judith," he said. He placed a fatherly hand on her stooped shoulder. "It was best, damn it, because you are an artiste."

Judith smiled her thanks. Her voice was not to be trusted.

But it was to be years before she was to appreciate the professional sportsmanship of McAllister in that moment. She was to work with lesser men before she could sense his greatness.

McAllister was a trouper.

She went down-stairs to her dressing-room immediately. And by this time she had mastered the hysteria.

It was a pleasant room. Harvey had seen that it was renovated for her. A crisp green organdie hung over the window. And the furniture was of a soft green enamel with a yellow in the chintz upholstery.

It was not of large proportions. But Judith managed to keep it free from the accumulation of odds and ends that invariably clutter dressing-rooms. She spent most of her time here. Therefore she tried to keep order.

She took off her make-up and got into her street clothes. Harvey would be along soon now. They were going to stop for a bite to eat and then attend the showing of the first picture in which she appeared. It was playing at one of the Broadway houses.

McAllister had worked a mildly interesting part in this story for Judith, and while Harvey and she had seen it innumerable times in the projection-room, they were anxious to see it with an audience.

Harvey had been as occupied as Judith during their two months of married life. Mr. Irving had given him an opportunity in the scenario department and he was now working on the script of Judith's next picture. He thought of it that way. But on the lot it was referred to as Hugh Kendrick's next. Hugh was to star. Judith was to be his leading lady.

Score one for Judith. The Acme people had exercised their first option. And after a few days' rest, Judith was to be promoted from second rôles to leading lady. Her salary would jump to three hundred and fifty a week.

If three months before anyone had told Judith Tower that she would soon receive that sum of money every seven days, she would have hoped they were not dangerously insane but been convinced that they needed close observation.

Now she spent her idle moments trying to divide that sum into a satisfactory settlement of their debts. And every division found it insufficient.

She gave her attention now to a design she was sketching for a new evening gown. She had found a skilful seamstress who had previously been with one of the big dressmaking establishments. She was barren of any originality but possessed of a perfect capacity for executing the ideas of others. Judith had not been optimistic enough to hope finding anyone as ideally suited to her needs when she had inserted an advertisement in the papers.

Harvey had wished her to open an account with one of the ateliers. Harvey was always insisting upon one extravagance or another. And Judith usually accorded with his suggestions. They were living beyond their means, but she had implicit confidence in Harvey's advice.

Bluff. Bluff. Bluff.

She unwound the tape which covered her wedding-ring so that it would not be seen on the screen. She had not taken the ring off since Harvey slipped it on that afternoon in the office of the Justice of the Peace.

She was sentimental about things like that.

The ring was a brilliant diamond band. Judith would have preferred a gold one. To her a wedding-ring was a traditional symbol. She had not let Harvey know of her disappointment, however. He had paid a large sum of money for this brilliance. Judith knew that. They were still sending intermittent checks to the jeweler.

Judith had learned many things. She had traveled a long way in the short time that had elapsed since she signed her contract and married Harvey Dunn.

Debts. They were very different from debts in Westport. There were no more derbied dunners. Instead, Judith had reason to fear heavy envelopes with engraved flaps and the suave men who urged you to charge things. She could not decide which were worse—the courteous little notes calling your attention to bills which you had, of course, overlooked, or the bigger shops where you were urged to select anything that pleased your fancy. This quite regardless of the fact that you were already heavily in their debt.

However, Harvey seemed equal to the intricate and shifting pattern. He rather insisted upon extravagance. He made the rules. Judith lived according to his Hoyle.

For instance, they had gone to live in a suite of rooms in a family hotel when they were married.

"Dont give this address to anyone, Darling," Harvey had immediately advised her. "You will be at the studios most of the time, considering the fact that you begin your second production on the heels of this. Let everyone communicate with you there.

"Later on, when your option is exercised, we can take a studio apartment in that building over on Sixty-sixth Street. Right now we could hardly swing it.

"And another thing, Judy! If newspaper and magazine people call up and ask for interviews—and God grant they will—always make an engagement for tea. That cannot cost very much. You can explain that you are busy at the studios all day. Take them to Sherry's or the Japanese Gardens at the Ritz. Never less than these places, unless we change our living arrangements in the meantime. Then you might have them come to the house. Provided it is what it should be."

Judith had evidently appeared disturbed at these plans, for he had come over and cupped her face in his loving hands.

"Dont look so worried, dearest," he had pleaded with her. "It is a game—a crazy game. Play it to the limit."

So it had been from the very beginning that Judith had looked to Harvey for advice. Some things about it she disliked. But she knew that Harvey was wise in insisting that she play a rôle outside of the studios as well as before the camera. She remembered that Goldstein of Excelsior had hinted that it was best to go in for something of this sort.

So it went. . . .

A diamond ring when she would have preferred a golden one. . . .

Secrecy about her address until an exclusive one might be given. . . .

(*Continued on page* 78)

Synopsis of First Chapters

JUDITH TOWER, the great-granddaughter of Lola Chase, a once famous and beautiful actress, uses $1200 left her by her mother to go to New York and break into the movies. She gets a bit in an Excelsior picture, and proves she has her great-grandmother's beauty and talent. But the producer, Marcus Goldstein, offers her a contract on terms she cannot accept, and she leaves that studio forever. The next day she gets work as an extra at another studio. She falls into conversation with Harvey Dunn, a young publicity man, and has lunch with him. He introduces her to ***McAllister, the*** *director, and promises to see her before she leaves the studio that night. Meanwhile he overhears some scandal linking her name with Marcus Goldstein, and does not return to the set. Judith is hurt and unhappy. The next day, remorseful and unable to forget her, Harvey sends her gardenias and an invitation to dine with him the following evening. She accepts, and realizes she is deeply in love with him. They dine at the Ritz, and he declares his love and asks her to marry him. She accepts, and feels her happiness is perfect. He confesses his momentary distrust of her, and she forgives him. In the Ritz lobby they meet Joy Royce, an actress, who greets Harvey with a proprietary air which disturbs Judith momentarily.*

Harvey urges her to use her relationship with Lola Chase for publicity purposes. He convinces McAllister she is a "find," and together they convince Irving, the producer, who gives her a contract. Harvey tells of their engagement, and they are given a surprise-party in Judith's new dressing-room, at which Sonia Solona and the other stars welcome and congratulate her. While Harvey is drinking in the next room, a note is brought for him. The boy says it is from Miss Royce, and to be delivered personally to Mr. Dunn. He takes it to Harvey, who reads it and tries to slip it in his pocket as Judith approaches. Unnoticed by him, it drops to the floor. Judith's one thought is to get the note. She drops her handkerchief over it, and stoops to pick it up.

No. 2—Lines and Wrinkles

No. 1—A Double Chin

No. 3—Flabby Muscles, Crêpy Throat and Drooping Under Chin

Your Chin Line Reveals Your Age

How a drooping, double chin can be restored to youthful grace. How the telltale signs where age shows first can be erased

THOUSANDS of women are saying, "I look ten years younger—it is almost miraculous," after a few simple home treatments under the guidance of Dorothy Gray.

This remarkable person—famous on two continents for her discoveries in facial rejuvenation—now extends her services beyond the confines of her New York Salon on Fifth Avenue.

If you have a double chin, as shown in picture No. 1, you can banish it. If you merely have indications of its coming, you can prevent this handicap to beauty in a short time—at home—inexpensively.

Dorothy Gray's Double Chin Treatment comes in a single box—5 precious preparations—accompanied by the Dorothy Gray Patter and the Dorothy Gray Chin Strap. Each preparation is for a definite purpose. Each has an exclusive formula. Complete directions accompany the treatment.

If you wish to correct flabby muscles, crêpy throat and drooping chin line, as shown in picture No. 3, Miss Gray offers another special treatment box containing 6 preparations, including her famous Circulation Ointment and the proper non-drying astringents and nourishing and tissue building skin foods. With this treatment is included the Dorothy Gray Patter and special directions.

If you have lines and wrinkles, as shown in picture No. 2, Miss Gray offers a treatment box containing 5 special preparations with careful instructions.

These three treatments, as outlined, enable you to duplicate in your own home the treatments given at Miss Gray's famous Salon.

These are the three basic treatments for youth prolongation. Of course, Dorothy Gray has perfected other treatments—so whatever your facial or complexion problems, she can help you.

Now her complete treatments as well as her individual preparations are sold in the leading department and drug stores — or you may order direct. Formerly only a fortunate few could partake of her services in her New York Salon.

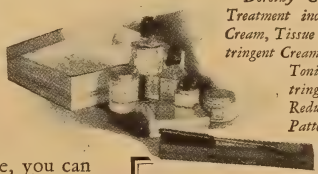
Now, wherever you live, you can duplicate her treatments in your own home—thanks to her plainly printed instructions.

You can erase years from your face, or—if you're so very young—you can prevent the first telltale signs of age.

Dorothy Gray's clientele has multiplied ten times over the last two years—a reward for her twelve years of service in specializing in facial rejuvenation. Every one who tries her treatments and preparations acclaims her genius.

Diagnose yourself. What of your chin line? Does it reveal an unpleasant sign of premature age? What of lines and wrinkles? Have you flabby muscles and a crêpy throat? There is a special Dorothy Gray treatment for remedying each condition.

These treatment boxes can be bought at all leading department and drug stores or you may order direct, via the convenient coupon below. Or you may visit any of her Salons and buy them at: New York (753 Fifth Avenue); Atlantic City (1637 Boardwalk); San Francisco (The White House); or Washington, D. C. (1009 Connecticut Ave.).



Dorothy Gray's Double Chin Treatment includes her Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Russian Astringent Cream, Orange Flower Skin Tonic and Russian Astringent, together with her Reducing Chin Strap and Patter.

70

DOROTHY GRAY, 753 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

- ☐ Please send me more information regarding your treatments.
- ☐ I enclose $10.85 for which send me one box containing a treatment for reducing a double chin.
- ☐ I enclose $5.85 for which send me one box containing a treatment for lines and wrinkles.
- ☐ I enclose $11.60 for which send me one box containing a treatment for relaxed muscles, wrinkles, crêpy throat and droop under the chin.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page 76*)

Never any mention of her married state. . . .

And a robbing of Peter to pay Paul when Paul became insistent, and a robbing of Paul to pay Peter if he should write courteous notes. . . .

Her life had become a tissue of falsities. But it had, at the very same time, become more and more colorful and enchanting. Judith did not worry excessively. Her husband and her work absorbed her.

She bent over her sketch. The lines were swiftly drawn and simple. That was the essence of what she wished in the gown itself. It was to be a fragile web of gray chiffon, suggesting the simplicity of a sheath. Loose flowing sleeves. . . .

Harvey came in as Judith crayoned the slippers of her model in jade. He stooped to kiss the sweep of her copper hair on her white neck.

"That *is* effective," he praised.

Judith's labor was rewarded. Harvey approved. What more?

"With a heavy string of jade, it would be lovely." She spoke impulsively, and then wished she had been silent. She dreaded what she knew Harvey would propose.

"That can be arranged," he said. "The biggest jewelers can be prevailed upon to rent things. Sometimes they will loan them. It is very simple. What would you like? A necklace and a slave-link bracelet?"

"Oh, no!" Judith spoke quickly. "It is not important that I have jade. And I wouldn't like to do that, Harvey. Really, I wouldn't, dear."

But already Harvey visualized his beautiful wife with jade about her neck and encircling her white arms.

"Why not, Judy?" he asked. "Jewelers are glad to have beautiful women wear their jewels. And the cost for one evening would be small."

Judith shook her head. "Whatever it would be, it would be too much," she said insistently. "We owe a great deal now. More than we can pay for some time. You know how I loathe debts. Do let us conserve a little here and there. I have jade slippers. And the gown might really be more effective without any ornamentation."

He laughed indulgently at her subterfuge.

"You are a goose," he said. "Our debts are nothing. And they wont last long. You seem t have no idea of your worth to this company. It is important that you have luxuries. They belong to you. That I cannot give them to you myself is the pity."

He was convincing her again.

"I hate the debts, too, Judy. But they're part of it. We are not being dishonest, darling. You understand that everyone does this sort of thing, dont you? It is business."

When he talked like this, Judith invariably felt like a silly child from the country. In spite of her success, she had an inferiority complex where Harvey was concerned. He was always so sophisticated and confident. And she knew that he had been holding his own in this fast-moving circle when she had been serving chicken suppers and strawberries at the festivals of the Westport Episcopal Church.

She felt that he spoke truthfully, too. She had every reason to feel that the Acme company would continue to exercise the option in her contract. And with every option her salary increased.

As a matter of fact, it was only now and then before she dropped off to sleep at night that Judith was overwhelmed with any fear. Sometimes then she would imagine that the public had not liked her . . . that options were not renewed . . . and that everything crashed.

Other times she remembered Joy Royce. Judith still had the note Joy had sent Harvey the day before they were married. It had referred to the things Harvey and she had meant to each other in the past . . . to Joy's undying love for him . . . and to his erstwhile declarations of love for her. She had learned that he was to marry Judith the following day and had reproached him bitterly.

Judith had picked this note up from the floor when Harvey had dropped it, but she had never spoken to him about it. As a matter of fact, she honestly believed it to be comparatively unimportant. She knew that Harvey had lived before she had come into his life. And now she believed, utterly, in his love for her.

What is more, Judith's mirror told her that she need not fear competition with any woman. She was beautiful enough to cause a man to be unfaithful. She was hardly a woman of whom any man would weary.

That was that.

"I have brought you two gifts," Harvey announced. It seemed to Judith that his every thought was directed toward her pleasure and advancement.

He was inordinately proud of her. He hardly knew what to make of her beauty and ability and the glamour she cast. He acted sometimes like an old hen who hatches a duckling and stands clucking on the shore to watch the miracle of it swimming.

"More presents!" Judith put away the sketch of her new gown and was aware that she would wear it with borrowed or rented jade.

"First," said Harvey, like a child playing some gorgeous game. "I bring you an address. It is a most exclusive . . . a very smart . . . an ultrafashionable address."

So. They were going to move into that duplex apartment. They had planned to do this when her option was exercised, of course. But she had half hoped that Harvey would take cognizance of their indebtedness and postpone this move for the time.

But no. . . .

"On Monday next," announced Harvey, "we move into one of those studio apartments we have always wanted. It is a small apartment. The living-room and foyer and a speck of a kitchen are downstairs. A bedroom and bath open on the little balcony which overlooks the living-room.

"And it is furnished!"

Judith was interested. It would be a home of their own. Surely they were entitled to this. The hotel was not inexpensive.

"It was a stroke of luck getting it furnished and everything." Harvey lounged in one of the wicker chairs and it creaked beneath his tall burden. "Lydia Betts, the writer, had it and she will be abroad for

(*Continued on page 80*)

$200 in Prizes

ON page forty-three of this issue is a story called "Crazy Quilt." It finds its human drama in motion picture people. We are offering two hundred dollars in prizes for the best compositions of not more than three hundred words which express opinions as to why "Crazy Quilt" is a perfect title for this story.

The rules are simple, but we urge you to read them carefully.

Rules of Contest

1. No person may submit more than one composition.
2. This contest is open to all people except employees of Brewster Publications and their relatives.
3. No composition must run over three hundred words.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. List your name and address at the head of every sheet of paper used.
6. Address compositions to Crazy Quilt Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
7. No communications about the contest will be answered.
8. No compositions will be returned.
9. Compositions may be sent any time up to February 1, 1927. But we suggest that you read the entire serial before submitting your composition. It will run for six months, concluding in the February issue, so you will receive hints about the title from time to time.
10. In the event of two or more letters being of equal merit, equal prizes will be given the writers.
11. The two hundred dollars will be divided as follows:

Prizes

$100	First Prize
50	Second Prize
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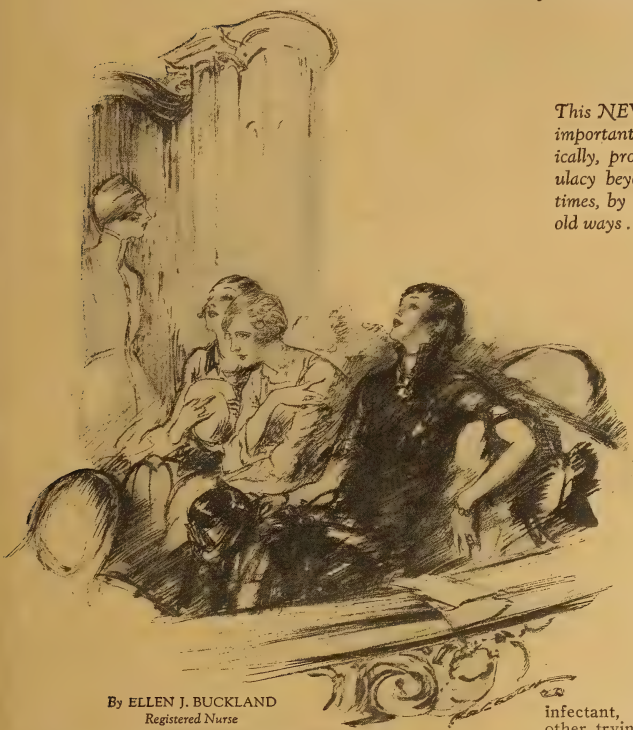
—*the hazardous use of makeshift methods*



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By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

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No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 78)

the next year. Only four hundred a month, Judith. Actually, it is being given to us."

At the mention of the rent, fear winged in Judith's heart. But she remembered that she had felt the same way at the mention of other things they had done in the past. Yet they had managed.

"It will be pleasant really to have a home, even if the things in it are not our very own," she said. She was a little wistful. "I never did like the hotel. The people sitting about in the lobby are grayish and depressing."

Harvey had her in his arms now. He never seemed content with her elsewhere.

"Of course, they depressed you," he said. "And you never complained, either. Bless your heart. I do love you, Judy. I do . . . oh, I do!"

He was a little boy. Judith was a mother. His surging need of her never failed to bring this maternal response. To matter so much to another person was rather terrifying. Judith thought it almost unfair for them to need each other with such a vast need. She did not forget the frailty of human nature.

"Oh, Judy dear," he said contritely, "I've gone and smeared all your lip-stick."

"It doesn't matter," she said, and went over to her dressing-table to repair the loving damage.

Harvey picked up the motion picture magazine he had brought in with him. He glanced over the pages while Judith straightened up her make-up tray. She covered the little jars of purple salve for shadows beneath the eyes . . . the tube of pale pink grease-paint . . . the large tin of powder . . . the lip salve . . . the cheek rouge . . . the mascaro.

"Anything especially interesting in that issue?" Judith was still fascinated by the motion pictures magazines, just as she had been in Westport, when she had practised every economy to buy every issue of every publication.

Harvey smiled portentously as he handed her the copy.

"You judge," he said.

The magazine opened as if from habit at a page on which Judith saw her own photograph and one of Lola Chase.

"Harvey!" She was beside herself with joy and unbelief. "Harvey, my dear, why didn't you tell me?"

He was delighted with her delight.

"It is your other present—the other surprise," he explained.

And, heads together, they read about the great-granddaughter of old New York's favorite who was to be in the movies. There was the photograph of Lola Chase in the little poke bonnet made of fresh violets.

"I divided the photographs of Lola Chase exclusively among the motion picture magazines," Harvey explained. "We're pretty sure to get a good break in every one of them. And it will help to have this publicity when your first picture is being shown. A good tie-up.

"May I have a drink as a reward for my industry?" he asked. "I finished the first half of the script today. Where is the good old bottle?"

Judith checked the admonition that came to her lips.

"It is behind the hat-box," she said.

Harvey poured himself a man-sized drink.

If any instinct within Judith was greater than her love for Harvey Dunn, it was her hatred of drunkenness. And already in their two months together, she had experienced two occasions when Harvey had not been himself. How far from himself he had been, Judith was never to let anyone know. Following both times he had been repentant and so humiliated that she had felt sorry for him.

She recognized the utter absurdity of saying anything about a casual and single afternoon drink. And she dreaded giving any semblance of a nagging wife.

She pulled her hair out from under the sweep of her black hat.

They had lingered so long that they would have to hurry or they would be late for the second performance.

However, the subway took them downtown quickly and gave them three-quarters of an hour to dine. They had not yet indulged in the extravagance of a motor. That was the next expenditure on the program. Harvey did not feel that an inexpensive car would do.

They reached the theater as the first show patrons were coming out. Harvey's pass admitted them. The ushers were holding the waiting crowd back of the velvet ropes until the orchestra had emptied of the first audience.

"Let us sit in the back row," suggested Judith. She was nervous at the prospect of seeing herself on the screen with an audience. She wanted to be unobtrusive until she had felt her way.

Harvey did as she asked.

Two or three of the critics on the New York dailies had mentioned her début in this film, but they had reserved judgment regarding her until her next appearance. They unanimously granted that she seemed to have potentialities and that she was effective. But they concluded that her first rôle was unimportant and made no demands.

Both of them were restless while the divertissements were shown. The newsreel, with the President receiving a delegation of Boy Scouts . . . with a parade of floats in some carnival . . . the ruins of a factory after a fire . . . and slow-motion pictures of a race-horse seemed to stretch into eternity.

But finally the prolog came, and then the feature film.

Judith was hypercritical of her shadow. And she vaguely remembered that quotation of Burns, "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us to see irselves as ithers see us!" She wondered if he had sensed what an uncomfortable process it would be.

She noticed that her hair was not smooth in one scene. But it is not likely that anyone else in the theater was aware of it. However, she could see nothing else on the screen.

Another time she thought she walked awkwardly.

She was superconscious of every move and gesture she made. It was as if she was looking at her slightest defect thru a magnifying-glass. And she was to find that it was always like this when you watched yourself on the screen.

There was a young couple next to her. They held hands when the lights went out. Judith knew this because the girl's bangle bracelets would jingle every time she moved her arm.

"There's a story about that girl in the new MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE," the girl said. Judith held her breath in an intense desire not to miss one whispered word. She nudged Harvey with that wifely portentousness that he had already come to heed.

Nothing more for a moment. Then the man commented.

"Attractive, I think."

"She knows how to wear clothes, all right," the girl granted. Judith was actually surprised to hear this. She had thought the wardrobe gown hung badly.

"See, Judy," said Harvey, "they're going to like you. You have that something, dear. You have it. Sure as Fate."

Judith hoped he was right. She hoped that others would feel as kindly disposed toward her as this young couple appeared to. But she wanted to get out of the theater. The picture was ending. She thought she would like to escape any possibility of recognition.

They hurried toward the lobby. But just as they reached the door, someone called to them. It was Dolores Cortez. Her husband was with her. Harvey seemed genuinely glad to see them. And Judith was excited over the meeting. She had always gone to see Dolores on the screen when she lived in Westport. She had been one of the first vampires.

"Introduce me to your wife," Dolores commanded Harvey. "I wish to tell her that she has a brilliant future."

She smiled at Judith with warmth as Harvey effected the introduction.

Charley Martin, the husband, also had kind things to say.

Judith marveled over him. She wondered why Dolores had married him. He was a drab person of a slight frame, with pale blue eyes and straw-colored hair which receded from his forehead. And his false teeth clicked when he talked.

"By the way," said Dolores, "I am giving a tea-party to the press tomorrow. At my apartment. I am going on a vaudeville tour for a few months, you know. And I thought I would like to see some of the magazine and newspaper writers before I left.

"Wont you both drop in? I'd love to have you."

Harvey offered his regrets and explained that he was working on a scenario that was due to go into production in a few days.

But Judith accepted gladly.

"I heard something about you going out on the vaudeville circuit," Harvey said. "Going to play in a sketch?"

"Yes," said Dolores. "It is a dramatic thing. After I had signed the contract, the Excelsior people wanted me for a picture. It was a fine rôle, and I would have liked to play it, but naturally there was just nothing I could do about it."

Judith had become aware that several people were standing watching them. Others turned to look again as they passed. They had recognized Dolores and she was in her glory. She talked a little louder so that she might be overheard.

Charley Martin beamed with his pleasure.

"There is as much privacy to this stardom stuff as to Irvin Cobb's gold-fish bowl," he complained, but no particular irritation marked his tone.

"Look," said someone, "she is with the girl who played that part in the picture tonight!"

It was Judith's baptism of fame. She flushed. But she enjoyed it, in spite of the fact that a few minutes ago she had

(*Continued on page* 108)

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That Creature!

(*Continued from page* 26)

Funny, he had never noticed these things before.

"Everyone said, Harley Pennock, that sooner or later you would be taken in by one of these . . . these movie creatures. Everyone said that I would regret my implicit confidence . . . my faith in you . . . Everyone said that . . ."

"I wish to God you would quit quoting what 'everyone says,' Caroline. Haven't you a mind of your own, without drawing on the minds of others every time you want to start a fight?"

"Oh, I haven't a mind *now?* Is that it? I'm a dumbbell, a moron, am I? Well, dont you fool yourself, young man; I have a mind of my own, all right, all right, but it doesn't mean anything to you. *You* listen and believe only other people . . . *you* are taken in . . . made a fool of . . . by creatures like . . . like that thing at the s-studio!"

Caroline was suddenly and violently dissolved in tears. Dismal tears. Unfortunate Caroline, who had never been taught by mother or director to weep becomingly.

Harley, snorting, returned to his paper. It was so unbelievable of Harley to do just that, that Caroline stopped weeping and sat stunned. Harley had always "come around," had always comforted her, been repentant and solicitous when she had had to resort to tears. He had never been unmoved. He had never been unagitated. He had never in all their life together sat coldly thru her tears.

"Now," thought Caroline, desperately, "*now* I *know*. That creature has got him in her toils. . . . *This* is absolute *proof*. Oh, the nasty *thing* . . . oh, the *nasty* thing. . . . Oh, I hate him. . . . No, I dont. . . . Oh, what shall I *do!*"

Caroline consulted with Wynne Summers. They lunched at the Ritz.

Caroline knew that Harley didn't like Wynne Summers; didn't "approve" of her. Huh! Who was Harley Pennock *now* to disapprove of Wynne Summers just because she had got a divorce from her husband to marry that good-looking Peter Delafield, and then hadn't married Delafield at all, but Larry Summers, whom she had met while in Reno? Goodness knew how many divorces that Thing at the studio had been guilty of! She felt that she would just like to hear Harley Pennock make any further comments about Wynne Summers. Let him try it!

If anyone could give her sound advice, Wynne could. She was super-sophisticated, wise in the ways of men. She would know just the method to cure Harley of his ridiculous infatuation for that creature. For, by this time, Caroline had worked it up into an infatuation.

Caroline toyed with words and French pastries. She felt that she was being casual and clever, despite the fact that her heart was breaking.

"Men are such babies," she said, as one making an idle observation.

"Bet you. All of 'em. All cut from the same piece of material. Same bolt of goods. Dont know enough to come in out of the snow."

Wynne always said cute little things like that, in a brief way, in her thin, brief voice.

"I know. Harley believes anything he's told. He pretends not to, but he does. I know him so well. I can see right thru him. It's awfully amusing."

Caroline felt that the awful amusement didn't register so well in her voice, which had a tendency to break because of the nervous tears pressing back of it.

"What's he up to?"

"Oh . . ." Caroline gave a little thrill of laughter . . . she had to to cover the amazement she felt at Wynne's pointed stab to the truth . . . "Oh, he's not 'up' to anything! He'd better *not* be! Nothing like that. Only, I was *so* amused last night when he came home from the studio and told me about some new vamp they've signed up on a starring contract. You should have *heard* his description! My dear, you'd have *died!* Give you my *word!* It was a *scream* . . . my stodgy old Harley . . . 'Lacquer-black hair . . . skin like gardenias . . . red lips . . .' something like that . . . I didn't pay much attention, but I *was* amused. Imagine my good old Harley saying things as poetic as that. Why, he's never been able to tell me what a woman had on before . . ."

Wynne Summers blew fantasies in smoke across the table. Thru the mauve veiling her slate-blue eyes seemed to soften perceptibly. Her thin voice rounded to a softer note.

"Worried?" she asked.

Her voice had a maternal accent, really. Caroline felt that Harley had been all wrong about Wynne when he had called her "a heartless little cat" and other opprobrious terms. He just didn't know (anything).

"Yes, I am," she said, unexpectedly even to herself, meeting earnestness with earnestness; "I really am. Oh, not so very seriously, but I just cant bear to see Harley lose his—his perspective, you know—and, frankly, I dont know just what tack to take. You have to treat men like children—babies——"

"You have to show 'em. Like babies. Yes. Christmas-tree balls are not to be eaten. Hurt if you do. Santa Claus doesn't exist. Candy can be poisonous. Marbles are not to be swallowed. All that glitters is not gold. That's your line."

"But, my dear, what do you mean? How——"

"Oh, have her out. To the house. Expose her. Strip her. Denude her—of fascination. Make him see that the lacquer-black crown is just—hair. Make him see that the red lips are an expensive brand of lip-stick. Make him see that the gardenia skin is good old calcimine. In short, make him realize that this Faustine person is just an ordinary, every-day creature. A *woman*. Get me?"

"Yes, I *think* I do."

"Start a campaign. Go easy. Little by little. A word here. A word there. Meet her. Have her down. Strip her of glamour. That's all you have to do. It's easy. Any woman can strip another woman of glamour if they keep at it long enough. Women know how. By instinct. Easy, tho. Go easy. You can do it."

"Oh, I see what you mean . . . if I can pull it off . . . it *is* a good idea . . . just make him see that this—this Thing—is an ordinary, every-day woman . . . not so good in the morning . . . *commonplace*, really. . . ."

"That's the eye! Sure fire. He'll drop the scales from his eyes in no time. You'll turn the trick."

"Wynne, you are clever!"

"That's my stock in trade. Go to it! Good luck!"

It was difficult to "go easy." It was such a temptation to say bitter, scathing things. But Caroline held herself in check. She had never realized that she had so much self-control. She kept saying to herself that she must tread lightly . . . lightly. . . . She took extra pains with her hair and nails. Had them done twice a week instead of once. She had facials, too. She bought new lingerie, peach-colored. She acquired a new brand of perfume. An Eastern attar.

She was pleasant to Harley. Had the dinners he liked most. For a couple of nights she didn't even mention Faustine. Just chatted easily of this and that. Harley was pleasant, too. Even affectionate. No one could have guessed that there was anything menacing beneath the silken texture of their lives.

On the third evening she said, casually, "How is the new 'find' coming on?"

"Oh, Fausta? She's great. She's going to be the sensation of the movie year."

He knew right away. His mind was on it, on *her*. He called her "Fausta" now. Caroline swallowed a roc's egg in her throat. She summoned up the thin, reassuring voice of Wynne Summers. She said, "Cant we have her down for dinner some night? I'd like awfully well to meet her."

Harley laughed, shook his head. "'Fraid not, dear," he said. "Fausta is the Rolls-Royce type. She belongs to that setting. Cant imagine her here. She's not the sort that a plain, ordinary man like myself would mix in with. It would cost a year's salary to entertain her for the evening."

"Dear"! The shameless hypocrite! So he couldn't imagine her "here"! It was good enough for her, Caroline, but, oh, no, not good enough for "Fausta"! Ohhhh!

"Oh, I'm sure she'd enjoy it. Just by way of—of *contrast*, you know. I'd do my best. The home atmosphere, however humble, might be restful."

"Cant see myself driving her out in our Buick, somehow. No, I dont think she's our kind, Carrie."

Caroline won another battle with herself. She let the subject drop. She would have to go to the studio herself, meet the Creature, issue her own invitation. It was worse, far worse, than she had imagined. When once a man looks upon a woman as unattainable, inaccessible, shrouded in mystery . . . why, it was the most inflammatory attitude of all. . . . She said, "The peonies are coming along nicely . . . I think we'll have to have them staked up."

It had been *too* amusingly easy. So easy that Caroline had gone home from the studio torn and shredded with fear and rage. The creature was coming . . . was coming because of Harley. That must be it. It was the only explanation. Harley had been right about her not being their kind. She was even more coated in glamour and calcimine and accent and remoteness than Harley had said. She was the kind who simply would not visit a little married couple in a little suburban home unless . . . *unless* . . .

Well, it was going to be a desperate game to play. It was going to require every last ounce of energy and resource and skill possessed by Caroline.

Harley drove Faustine down. He had spent an hour and a half in the bathroom that morning. Caroline timed him. He

(*Continued on page* 84)

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Isn't it just as important to always appear at your best, as it is to look well for a particular occasion? Commence its use today, and learn how effectively the astringent and antiseptic action discourages blemishes, wrinkles, freckles, tan, flabbiness and muddy complexions. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts.

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Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son,
430 Lafayette St
New York

That Creature!

(*Continued from page* 82)

had come forth reeking of lilac vegetal, shaved a baby-pink, powdery and sheepish. He had put on one of his new silk shirts and a gay tie. He had grumbled because the crease in his trousers was an inch awry. Caroline had watched him adorn himself, her heart like lead, her hands like congealed ice.

The maids were out. Caroline had planned it so that they would be. She had made preparations for a picnic sort of supper to be prepared by themselves and eaten on the sun-porch. She would arrange things so that the filmy Faustine would have to daub her hands in flour, would be unable to prevent the heat from the stove making her perspire. She would dispense with the gracious law of hospitality and make her alien guest "one of the family." Harley would see that the inaccessible creature was merely a woman who wouldn't be either inaccessible or especially desirable over the kitchen sink. Oh, she would do it all with gay apologies, of course; but it would break down gossamer pretenses.

She would talk frankly, too. That would be her "line." She would say, in her best breezy manner, "Oh, come, now; you cant fool *us!* What *is* your real name? I know you will feel more at home if you will just be yourself." Something like that. Harley would see—the old fool!

Harley and Faustine came in laughing. Quite gay, natural laughter. Evidently Harley had lost his adolescent fear of the glittering tinsel queen. Evidently he had begun to find out that she was mere flesh-and-blood woman, after all. Caroline gave her first thanks that their car was an open one. Open cars are so unbecoming to the artificial types.

"Hey-o, Caroline!" he called.

Caroline came running to meet them. She ran in her most girlish way, with little, trotting, impulsive steps. She felt that she looked quite charming in her white linen with a string of jade-green beads, her hair marcelled over the thin spot on top.

"Hulloa, there!" she called. Harley looked at her in surprise. He hadn't heard her trill like that in ages. He had supposed her over it. It had never suited her.

"Want to go and wash up, my dear?" she asked Faustine. "You're all hot and dusty, I suppose."

Faustine didn't look hot and dusty, but that couldn't be helped. The implication was there. An unpleasant implication. That would help.

Faustine was in white, too. Which was unfortunate. White seemed so much more startling on Faustine. Brought out the arresting blackness of her hair, the white of her skin, the blood-red of her mouth. Besides, it was white *georgette,* clingy, filmy, drapery.

Faustine greeted Caroline gaily. "This is great fun," she said. She rolled her R's a little, but she would drop that after a while. Caroline would wear that down. "I dont need to do a thing," she said; "have enough fussing to do at the studio . . . let me come out and help . . . it's been æons since I've had an opportunity to do things in a home kitchen. . . ."

"Æons"!

Harley had once said that Caroline's vocabulary was too limited.

Faustine tossed off her hat, revealing coils of sleek black hair. Not bobbed and not in the least disturbed by the wind. Her skin shone with a pale (and dustless) radiance. Her mouth was vivid and pulsing in that wraithy whiteness. Unhealthy, Caroline thought. She remembered to have heard that men like healthy women. Still, there was *Camille.* . .

Faustine and Caroline and Harley were in the kitchen. Caroline had kept the windows closed all afternoon so that it would be hot. Faustine didn't seem to mind. Caroline recalled that there are women who never perspire. Unfortunately, she herself was not among them.

Faustine insisted upon mixing the salad dressing. She moved about with signal expertness. She was deft and sure and laughing. "I used to make my salad dressing for Daddy Sunday nights," she said. "I feel that I may as well be myself with you people, Mrs. Pennock. Why not? Of course, I had to earn my living . . Dad isn't well . . . things were not easy at home. . . . I found out that a girl named Elsie Fowler, from up-state, hasn't much chance where the big money is. I think that, where women are concerned, big money goes to the poseurs. Men haven't got used to paying women for what they are worth, intrinsically. They have to be fooled, a little. As they have always been fooled in other phases of life. Socially. Domestically. I figured it out that way. And I said to myself, 'Righto, it shall be a pose—a pose that pays. You see, it has! I named myself out of Swinburne . . . I adopted an accent . . . it slips now and then, but there are so few to note the difference. I kept it carefully concealed that I had gone to Mt. Holyoke College and had been a schoolteacher for a year. My press-agent did the rest." Elsie Fowler laughed. "He wrote articles alluding to the Russian Steppes . . . the last of an impoverished royal name . . . the first thing *I* knew, I was signed up under a big contract."

They were at the supper table. The salad was notably delicious. Faustine had to do most of the talking, because Harley was laughing all the while, for no apparent reason . . . and Caroline couldn't think of anything to say. Everything that she had planned to say, or insinuate, Elsie Fowler was saying for her. Without insinuation.

She glanced at Harley now and again, expecting to meet his eyes, expecting to get the subtle signal, "So, this is all there is to it! Well, I'm damned if you weren't right!" But she couldn't meet Harley's eyes, because they were riveted on Elsie. They seemed to be laughing and grave at one and the same time. They seemed to be amazed and reassured. She couldn't remember ever having seen just that expression in Harley's eyes before. They seemed to be wondering. . . . Well he might wonder! After all the absurd exaggerations he had gone to . . . and then to find out that Faustine was only Elsie Fowler from up-state!

How they would laugh over it together!

"I dont see how you do it . . . how you manage to keep it up. . . ." Harley's voice was admiring, eager. That was just his way. He had always had a perfect manner with these . . . these people.

"Yes, it *is* hard work. Harder than I imagined when I began. It's acting all the while, on the job and off. I often think, too, that some of the interviewers, the women, at any rate, see thru me. . . ." (Well, Caroline should *hope* so! "See thru her"—indeed, *yes!*) "I often think, too, that they understand and, so, keep silence. They realize, no doubt, that one must make a living in the cleverest way one can. This was my way. . . ."

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

"You know," it was Harley's voice again, still with a warm note of laughter, "you know, I was scared to death to have you out here. I wouldn't invite you. It was Caroline who insisted. Men—plain chaps like myself—are rather afraid of—of—well, the sort of vamp type, you know. Expensive . . . too much for us. I said that you were the Rolls-Royce type. It was Carrie here who prevailed upon me . . . against my will . . . we're pleasantly surprised, aren't we, Carrie?"

"Oh, no," Caroline laughed, lightly, brittlely "Oh, no; I knew, Harley, that Faustine would be—what she is."

Try as she would, Caroline could not suppress an unpleasant note from creeping into the last three words.

"What she is" became an unpleasant actuality, to be met and dealt with as summarily as possible.

It occurred to Caroline that Harley didn't take it quite that way.

Elsie laughed. "The idea!" she said. "I hadn't an idea I was fooling Mr. Pennock. And you should have seen me riding around in Dad's tin lizzie at home. Why, I love being here! It's the first time since I've been in New York I've had a chance of being myself. I hope you'll let me come again."

"You betcher!" said Harley Pennock.

But she never did.

Wynne Summers and Caroline were lunching at the Ritz. Caroline was in mauve gray from head to foot. She felt that it became so recent a divorcee and, besides, it was becoming. That man, Peters, Wynne had told her she was "a symphony."

Caroline was treating, as she usually did. Wynne was never very flush with money. But Caroline had a substantial alimony and nothing to do with it but have a good time.

Wynne was saying, "I feel rotten. Sort of my fault. . . ."

"Oh, no, you mustn't feel that way, dear. Of course, it is much better as it is. Harley and I were never suited, temperamentally. He sort of kept me in, restrained me from being my true self. I often told him that we should separate. I suppose that worked on him to some extent"

Wynne blew away the smoke. Her slate-blue eyes were a little harder than usual.

"Want to tell me what happened?" she said. "Straight stuff, I mean."

"Why not?" Caroline's voice was brittle, too, thin, like Wynne's. "Not much to tell. That—that Creature came down to supper one night. We got it together, picnic fashion. As you suggested, I wanted Harley to see that she was just a woman, after all. He saw. I didn't have to work at all. She spilled everything about herself. Tore away the veils with her own hands. I thought Harley would see . . . he did. He saw that she was a woman—accessible, not inaccessible Attainable, not unattainable.

"That's about all. She never came down again. Harley began to act more peculiarly than ever. Then, one night, he came right out and told me. Said that he had been attracted to Faustine from the beginning but would never have thought of her as a woman, to be won, if I had not had her down to the house. Said that he would have thought of her as a beautiful painting, a strain of music, a myth. Then, when he saw her at home, he realized that she was human after all. Human. Real. A woman. His detached attraction became—*love*."

"Hmm . . ." said Wynne Summers. She added, "I'll have to jot that down in my note-book. It's a new one. Worth remembering."

Help Your Teeth

Avoid teeth discoloration and remove food particles by using WRIGLEY'S Chewing Sweets after every meal.

Besides being a most economical and delicious sweetmeat — Wrigley's is just the thing for tired, weary workers. Vim is restored, hope renewed, and the whole day brightened by its cool refreshing taste.

Wrigley's aids digestion, soothes the throat —helps that dry, parched tongue.

Sweetens the breath of smokers and makes the next smoke taste better.

Long-lasting

Low in cost

Good for you

Comes to you fresh and full flavored, clean and wholesome

in its sanitary wax-wrapped sealed package.

G70

Many lovely skins are marred through this one mistake

LOOK about you at the skins that are dry, rough, red and prematurely wrinkled, and in most cases you can attribute the unpleasant condition to lack of knowledge on one important subject.

The vital necessity for preserving the natural oil of the skin is a fact that many women donot know. They have learned the importance of keeping the pores thoroughly cleansed, open and active, yet by using cleansing agents that are too harsh they are unknowingly destroying this precious oil and preparing the way for disastrous results. Robbed of its protective oil, the skin becomes dry, cracked, rough and leather-like—a prey to many of the more serious forms of skin disorder.

Resinol Soap should be used by every woman who values her complexion because it meets all the requirements of skin cleansing. Its soft, luxuriant lather most thoroughly cleanses the tiny pores —you can really *feel* it clean—yet its action is so gentle, the delicate oil is preserved and the skin remains soft and supple. It has a distinctive fragrance—it is healing, soothing, and at the same time stimulating—all of which is possible only because of the Resinol properties it contains.

Resinol Ointment is a ready aid to Resinol Soap because in addition to being widely used for rashes, chafing and more serious skin disorders, thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away occasional blemishes. Resinol products are sold by all druggists.

Would you like to try Resinol Soap and Ointment FREE?

Then mail this coupon today

Dept. H-8, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Name .....

Street .....

City.....State.....

The Answer to October Hand Analyses

Neil Hamilton

THE long hand, with long slender fingers, belonging to a tall, lean, muscular man with an oblong face, was Neil Hamilton's hand. Face and hand correspond in great detail, showing the same characteristics thruout. This gives added strength to these characteristics and also gives strength to the character. There is nothing complicated or complex in this character; a wholesome, honest, sincere nature, loyal, affectionate, kind, and with good understanding of human nature. Dramatic and artistic taste are found in face and hand alike, also an interest and liking for mechanical things. A serious, conscientious, conservative individual.

All rights reserved
F. Vance de Revere

Alice Joyce

THE hand belonging to the person who would accomplish things by the use of her brain rather than by the use of her hands, was Alice Joyce's hand. This hand showed love of the artistic and artistic taste, but not the ability to represent in the arts by use of her hands. Great distaste for friction or quarrels is indicated in her face as well as in her hands. Face and hand alike indicate a very emotional nature; a person of moods; one who is very sensitive and feels deeply. Both face and hand, vocationally, show ability in many directions.

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F. Vance de Revere

Lois Moran

THE hand, which belonged to one of the very young and very new girls in the Movies, one who is different and not readily or easily understood by others, was the hand of Lois Moran. Her face and hand both give evidence of a very serious person; one who takes life too seriously for her own good. The hand and face differ in many details, making a more complex nature and one not easily read or understood. For example, the short fingers would denote an impulsive nature, whereas in her face there is control, repression and poise, in fact, a complete comparison of both, would show many variances.

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F Vance de Revere

Prize Winners for Limericks Published in September Magazine

The new Swedish beauty, La Garbo,
Has radical notions of garb—O.
All her modesty needs
Is a few strings of beads—
That's the reason why she got the job—O!

E. LLOYD,
New York.

If Mae were a Japanese miss
She would have to wear costumes like this.
As her legs and her arms
Are her principal charms,
All her fans would be paper, I wis.

E. M. SCOTT,
Paterson, N. J.

With the price of Bebe's bouquet
Most girls a month's rent could pay
And still have enough
For a coat and a muff---
Yet her orchids will last but a day.

JANET MORSE,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tho they say to be seen while in tears
Is a thing every pretty girl fears,
Florence Vidor refused
To look gay or amused
For emoting makes movie careers.

MATT RAYMOND,
Enfield, Mass.

Pauline Starke thought, "I'm far too demure,
Without sex appeal, fame cant endure."
So she proved she had "It"
And at once made a hit
Now her clothes, like her troubles, are fewer.

EMILY HOOVER,
Washington, D. C.

A Popular Candied Date (Candidate) Seeking Election

is the prize-winning title for the picture which appeared on page 8 of the September issue. It was contributed by J. Archibald Dunlap, Nashua, N. H.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

That's Out

(*Continued from page* 48)

SPEAKING of Murnau makes us wonder what America will do with him now that he has arrived here. American producers have a peculiar habit of signing up foreigners because of an outstanding ability in some particular line, and then assigning them to an altogether different type of work when they arrive in this country.

Murnau's forte apparently being a remarkable ability to picture dramatic action without subtitles, he will no doubt be placed in charge of the *Fox Animated News* or the *Literary Digest's* "Topics of the Day."

SOME well-meaning individual has just organized a company to make films especially for children.

The idea is a good one, but he is a little late with it. All of our leading film companies have been doing that exclusively for the past several years.

The thing to be done is for someone to organize a company to make a few pictures for grown-ups.

A MOVE has been started to build a chain of theaters which will show only short subjects, and no films of over three reels in length.

Some steps should be taken at once to stop this. If theaters start showing short pictures of the same quality that we are now getting, the patrons will no sooner be comfortably asleep than they will have to wake up again.

JUDGING from the past records, the successful producer is not one who can make the best pictures, but the one who can get an outlet for his celluloid.

Will Wonders Never Cease?

A CENSOR board has at last been discovered with a few grains of common sense. Sad to say, however, the board is in far off Australia.

IN approving the screen version of "Anna Christie," which many other places have banned, the Australian censor board stated: "We look with more favor on a film which handles a dramatic situation powerfully, if sometimes a trifle realistically, than on one which, tho not directly objectionable, juggles with the facts of life and seeks to endow its less pleasing features with a meretricious splendor. A censorship would not be fulfilling its functions in a very capable manner if it sought to discourage genuine drama, tragedy or comedy."

American censor boards might use this policy to good advantage.

WHAT is funnier than a movie star who has been abroad for the first time (for three months) and who on her return keeps saying, "In Europe they do this," "Abroad they dont do that"?

Or another who, after spending five weeks in Italy and France and two in Germany, exclaims how dreadful it is to return here and listen to Americans speak English.

HAPPINESS

Which road leads to it . . . Success? Wealth? Fame? Marriage? Children?

See the December MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE on the news-stands by November first.

FREE:

A wonderful little book that gives new beauty secrets. Free, with every jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Four Simple Ways
to improve your skin
—NOW!

By FRED INGRAM Jr., Ph. C. B. Sc., (Pharm.)

I. From 16 to 30 you need from 7½ to 8 hours sleep at least four nights out of seven. At 30 to 50, 6½ to 7 hours will do with a daily short rest after lunch or just before dinner. If you would have beauty after 30—get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compete with loss of sleep.

And you simply *must eat* each day either lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrots, spinach, oranges, white cherries, grapefruit, lemons or tomatoes. Your doctor will tell you just what combinations are good for you personally. Sleep and these foods are a sure foundation for beauty.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and hands—at least once a day, lukewarm water and any good soap (Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap is fine). *Then* use Ingram's Milkweed Cream on hands, arms, neck and shoulders. Rub it in gently. Don't rub it off. Use only at night before retiring—wear old gloves on hands. You will be astonished. Your friends will comment on the remarkable change in the appearance of your skin with this simple common-sense treatment. Under no conditions use any other cream while you are making this test.

III. For the face, give our cream two weeks' exclusive use. Write the date on the label so that you may watch results carefully. Use no other cream of any kind. Wash your face at night with lukewarm water and Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap. Rub cream in gently; don't rub it off. Use morning and night, using water only at night to cleanse face. Blotches, blemishes, blackheads, redness, tan, wind, and sunburn will go if you follow the diet suggested and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream exclusively.

Women today will tell you this simple treatment gets results. We have thousands of letters over a period of 40 years that back up our statements. And today thousands are enjoying the beauty insurance which this simple method brings.

IV. If you have a good beauty shop operator, stay with her. But insist that she use your own jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Infections are dangerous. Not one woman in a hundred has a scientific beauty operator.

We are always glad to answer questions—to help those who have been unsuccessful in their search for skin loveliness. Particularly those who want to protect their beauty over a long period of years.

If you are in doubt, take no chances. Do your own facials, arms, neck, hand and shoulder treatments at home. We will teach you how in our little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

YOUR ARMS shoulders neck and hands

may be beautiful, ivory white . . . often in TWO WEEKS!

AS last year, afternoon and evening frocks leave the arms, neck and upper back exposed. To be truly charming, beautiful—*you must have this!*

Smooth, satiny, ivory-white skin—*so utterly charming to men!*

Ingram's Milkweed Cream has done just this, for over a million women—in this country *alone*. Use it daily on your hands, on your arms, neck and shoulders. You too will notice pleasing results, often within two short weeks.

Read the four common-sense beauty secrets in the column at the left. It tells you *how*. Then obtain a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream at your favorite store. Get it in the 50 cent or dollar size. The dollar size is more economical. Start using it now. And remember:

You need only one cream . . Ingram's!

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885

Windsor, Ont., Canada — 621 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

WURLITZER

Girl of 13 Makes $75.00 a Week!

Alice Higgie, a 13-year old Chicago girl, made $75.00 a week in vaudeville last summer. Her musical act is constantly in demand for clubs, lodges, hotels, radio studios and private entertainments. For a 15 minute act she receives $15.00—*a dollar a minute!* Read what she says—"Playing a musical instrument is lots of fun. I wish everybody knew how easy it is and how quickly you can learn, especially with Wurlitzer instruments—they are so easy to play."—Alice Higgie.

New Offer

Learning to Play Made Easy Free

We now furnish a Scholarship Certificate Free with each instrument. This Certificate permits you to secure a complete course of lessons at a special reduced price in one of the country's foremost correspondence schools of music. Whether you want to play for pleasure or for profit, choose your favorite instrument and send for this New Offer now! Use the Coupon below.

Free Trial in your own home on any Wurlitzer instrument. Easy payments if desired.

Send for Free Book

Illustrates and describes every known musical instrument—more than 3000 articles, many of them shown in full colors. All genuine Wurlitzer instruments—buy direct from Wurlitzer and save money. Special offers on complete outfits.

We also give you our Free Trial, Easy Payment plan and special Free Scholarship Offer. No obligation.

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Send this Coupon

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1528

117 E. 4th St. Cincinnati 329 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago
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Send me your Free Book on musical instruments. Also your Free Trial, Easy Payment plan and special Scholarship Offer. No obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Instrument.....

WURLITZER

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Shadows of the House of Mirth

(*Continued from page 20*)

neighbors didn't mind losing sleep, because they had a lot of fun just satisfying their curiosity, but after awhile they got tired of it and notified the police. Rubye curbed her social instincts somewhat. But the only time she really stopped giving parties was one week when there was serious illness in the little Owl House—somehow she heard of it, and not a sound of revelry came from The House of Mirth until the crisis was past—besides, she sent the tall, thin dark "Pappy" over with offerings of ice and brandy such as couldn't be procured by any prescription—Rubye was kindness and consideration itself, but her picture career flickered out, and one morning the express wagon came and was piled high with trunks from The House of Mirth—and Hollywood knew Rubye no more.

But new tenants came—the house had acquired a reputation and commanded a fabulous rent. Max Linder moved in. Max entertained with a grand gesture. He always wanted to pull some original dénouement for his parties, and his farewell one capped the climax. All evening, anyone who had cared to listen from the porch of the Owl House, could have heard his impassioned farewells to each and every girl at the party, and to every one he said—"It is because of you, I go—"

In the small hours, wheels came creaking up the hill. Then the sound of low voices, the clank of chains, then a crescendo of piercing feminine shrieks.

Max had imported six lions from the Universal Zoo to amuse his guests. Lions in a drawing room might have been his French idea of the spice of life, but it just about turned his party into a panic. A few days later Max was gone from the hill, and afterward came that tragic news from Paris—Max Linder and his wife had taken the "Short Cut"—what seemed to them "the way out"—a double suicide.

But that was in Paris—the shadow only lightly touched The House of Mirth. Another tenant came, a fair-haired girl whose work on the screen had earned a fortune, and who was just then beginning to demand an accounting of the spending of that fortune from her Mother—Mary Miles Minter.

Mary didn't give many parties—she had come to the top of the hill to hide as much as possible from reporters—to hide, as it later developed, from her Mother. Her legal tangle became more and more involved, but it didn't keep the neighbors awake at night. They were just getting used to nights of unbroken sleep when the shot rang out—crashing one of the stained-glass windows in the bullet's entrance.

Fear gathered in the corners of the sunny rooms. A woman's hatred and avarice hung over the gay yellow house, making it worse than a prison for her daughter. The girl was afraid to stay alone—afraid to venture out, even into the garden. One day she was gone. Her lawyers decided she would be safer in New York, and so Mary Miles Minter, who was once considered the possible and very probable rival of Mary Pickford, left Hollywood. Is her picture career ended? It seems quite likely.

Painters, paperers, decorators came to The House of Mirth. It was being done over. Gay chintzes, wicker furniture—feminine, frivolous, lovely things were carried in. A dark-haired girl wearing a bright sweater was seen about. The neighbors whispered—"It's going to be a Honey-Moon House." It was—for Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert. Those brilliant, tempestuous, bitter sweet days! That honeymoon that lasted such a little while. The House of Mirth remembers all about it, and when Leatrice and John were gone, a sad little ghost of happiness lingered behind.

It was still there when Lila Lee and James Kirkwood moved in. They were the quietest people that ever lived in The House of Mirth. James was ill, you see, recuperating from a severe accident, and Lila was a very new and very devoted little wife.

And the neighbors said, "Here are 'Movie People' who seem just like other people. When James recovered, he and Lila were very busy making pictures and used to leave the hill every morning at eight o'clock for the studio—and nights they were too tired for parties, and The House of Mirth seemed about to lose its reputation for excitement when suddenly the Kirkwoods went to New York, and a new tenant arrived—Sigrid Holmquist, a Scandinavian beauty who had forgotten more about parties than Rubye de Remer had ever known. She was making "The Light That Failed," and it was said she had a promising screen career—"'Tis not that she loved Fame less, but that she loved Joy more." I dont know what her parties began with, but they were punctuated with bacon and eggs at various stages. She herself cooked the bacon and eggs—and the aroma of bacon hung in the air from midnight to noon.

During her reign The House of Mirth became an unfailing source of hospitality. Anyone who was hungry dropped into Sigrid's for a meal. She gave with both hands—her bounty knew no limits. If you admired a satin negligée, it was yours. If you wanted twenty-five dollars, or a hundred, and it was in her purse—it was yours. Whoever asked for it first, got it, irrespective of legitimate claims. Money just went. Bills piled up and up and up. Finally the smash came, but Sigrid wired somebody in New York, and the next thing the neighbors heard, she had gone to Paris.

Once more The House of Mirth was empty—waiting, and the neighbors said "What next?"

Who will come laughing up the hill to revel in The House of Mirth—to revel for a time and then pass on in shadow? We counted them over on our fingers, these shadows — suicide, love turned to hate, lost happiness, accident, bankruptcy—and yet we still call it "The House of Mirth."

A Big Butter and Egg Man is moving in——

Are you reading "Crazy Quilt" . . . the fascinating story of motion picture people . . . and motion picture studios . . . and fortunes made and lost overnight?

See page 43.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Normaisms

(*Continued from page* 41)

"Of *course,* men are going to say that they prefer the 'stay-at-home girl.' They are going to say it, but they are *not* going to mean it. They say it because the stay-at-home girl is still dependent upon them.

"The little married woman who says, 'Tom, dear, do you mind if . . . well, do you care if . . . well, CAN I HAVE A PAIR OF SHOES NEXT MONTH?' is becoming obsolete. It is a slow process but a sure one.

"It would never have been so bad if men had ever thought that women did need and should have the things they had to ask for. But what man, no matter whether rich or poor, but hasn't said, 'Oh, you dont need a pair of shoes next month! Why, good gracious, you just had a pair three months ago tomorrow. . . .

"Or, who hasn't overheard this, 'George, I'm sorry, but I cant go with you to the dinner tonight—*I haven't a thing to wear!*' The answer being, 'My God, that's what you *always* say!'

"The real answer being that, of *course,* she 'always says' that because it happens to be true. And even if it shouldn't be true, according to the male point of view, what of it? What business has it been of his? When there has been but one business in the family, he has jolly well made that one his. No mistake about that.

"Of course, I am not talking about the few silly women who are constitutionally extravagant and ridiculous.

"With the professional or business woman, what man would dare to utter a protest if she expressed the opinion that she needed a new fur coat, let alone a pair of shoes? Nine out of ten of the men married to working women will say, 'Fine, I'll go with you and help you pick it out.' And if they were unwise enough not to say something of the sort, the independent woman would go and pick it out anyway.

"It is natural with men to object to the things women want to do and buy and *be. They always object.* On general principle, it is a part of the male tradition."

We whispered, chickenishly, "What kind of clothes do men like best?"

"Polka-dots and waist-lines. I never knew it to fail. I dont know what it is about polka-dots but they always 'get' the men. I've never had a polka-dot dress, particularly one with a waist-line, that Joe hasn't especially admired it.

"Men like black, too. You ask them that and they will invariably tell you that they prefer bright colors. Really, they dont know *why* they like a thing half the time. There's no use in asking a man about dress; there's only use in dressing for him. Oh, yes, and men all like lace, too. Coy little bits and frills of lace inserted here and there. And feathers . . .

"Men always say that they like long hair, too. No matter how ugly a girl's hair may look and be, if that girl says to any man, 'Shall I bob my hair?' the answer is invariably and emphatically and quite unreasonably 'NO!'

"It's natural with 'em to object to the things women want to do. . .

"And then, too, most men have a mother-complex. Theoretically they will pick out as desirable in their wives and sweethearts the things their mother used to do and have and wear. They do this because they feel safer when there is no change. They are a little bit afraid of the 'new woman,' men are. But they love the new woman, too, and what is more, they *admire her.* And the newer, the better."

Thus *Kiki.*

And she oughter know!

Does outdoor life ruin feminine charm?

Grantland Rice answers:

"There are many thousands of women who through golf, tennis, riding and other forms of sport have added much to their attractiveness and caught the observing masculine eye which otherwise might not have looked again.

"But few men care for the Amazon with brick red face and leather skin. A natural glow or glint which the sun gives adds directly to attractive looks when proper care and attention is given to the skin."

IT is a rash woman who would discount the advice of America's foremost sporting writer.

"Proper care and attention to the skin" is, after all, a simple matter if you follow this rule: Whenever you come in from any prolonged exposure to the elements, and always at night, massage your skin generously with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. Let it thoroughly penetrate the pores. Then wipe it away gently. It cleanses as nothing else can. It erases the effects of parching wind and blistering sun, leaving your skin youthfully soft, supple and fine.

You'll find Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream the right one for this daily care because it is made of the finest ingredients—blended with all the skill of thirty-six years' experience.

This same skill and insistence on *quality,* has brought great popularity to D & R's New Perfect Vanishing Cream. Apply a layer of this dainty cream and rub nearly dry before you go out. It holds your powder evenly, gives your skin a lovely clear translucent look, even under merciless outdoor light, and protects you against the ravages of wind and sun. For those who do not already know these Perfect Creams intimately, a free offer of trial tubes is made in the coupon below. Cut it out and mail it today

D & R Perfect Cold Cream comes in 35-cent, 60-cent, and $1.00 jars. Also an extra large jar for $1.50. Perfect Vanishing Cream in 60-cent jars Both creams in inexpensive tubes.

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PERFECT COLD CREAM
PERFECT VANISHING CREAM

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214 West 14th Street, New York City or
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Please send me free trial tubes of your two creams

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Say It With Letters

Have you a kick against the movies? Then dont suffer in silence. Write us a letter about it. Have you a favorite that you want to tell the world about? Then remember that it isn't fair to keep the good news to yourself. This department is devoted to your opinions and you are the boss of this page

Happy Endings Are Misleading

REALLY your offer at expressing one's opinion is so engaging, that in spite of my poor English, and bad spelling, I pull together whatever brain the four years' dancing career left in my head (you see they pretend that dancer's brain descends in her extremities) and decide to write you about a kick which I have got against the "Happy Ending" by George Fitzmaurice, or Happy Ending in general. First of all, according to my modest thinking, nowadays movies have got the high mission that only books had until this century—to educate and regardless if that is arabian way of living or architecture of Babilonia, or love story, if the film is not true to reality, the motion picture cant occupy the important rôle in the Universe they claim to assume. Why should they bluff about noble men and constant women? To make people sorry about their personal wreck in life, and bitter about inferior life-mate they have got? Why! It is better that the girl sobs in the car after an unhappy ending in the movies, than ruins forever her life because of the boy she imagined to be as noble and honest as a screen hero. And, exactly the same with boys, why should not they be careful picking out their wives when all their future might be depending from this step. I am only nineteen, but I would be ruined hundreds of times if I had not as a background to my personality all the wonderful Russian literature realistic and true, droll and gloomy—exactly as the life is. To be pessimistic or at least incredulous has a great advantage of never being disappointed or disillusioned, never getting the painful shock in meeting the real face of the Life. One says. Everybody is unhappy, why should I be an exception? and everything is taken easy, and one does laugh a great deal. Or else: Everybody is so happy, why am I such a darned exception! Tears follow that exclamation, usually. Now, why fool the people with happy endings? And artistically it sounds so bad! Happy endings because the majority of movie fans are shop girls! Poor Shakespeare! Where would be these wonderful heartrending tragedies, if he thought of the tastes of his audience? Well, I stop right here—the real artist does not follow the tastes of the mob, but takes the leadership, so did Wagner, Leonardo da Vinci, Beethoven, etc., and so have got to do movies, if they want to be considered as artistic and educating. To finish with what I have got to say that good artistic picture with logical, realistic ending, especially sad I remember for all my life the one's with forced happy endings, those innumberable marriages are so mixed up in my head, that even the final kiss (which is always director's masterpiece of originality) does not help me to discern what was all this fuss about.

Well I am afraid here are more than three hundred words, and in such a home-learned, lame English that I feel really ashamed and a kind as if it was true what they say about dancer's brains.

OLGA SOLOVIOVA,
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

YOUR opinions on subjects relating to the movies and their players may be worth actual money to you, if you can express them clearly in a snappy letter of one to three hundred words. A five-dollar prize is awarded for the best letter of the month, which will be printed at the head of this department. One dollar is paid for the excerpts printed from others. Write us an interesting letter, giving reasons for your likes and dislikes. Sign your full name and give your address. We will use initials only if requested.

Send to SAY IT WITH LETTERS, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I Wonder Why

(1) Why cant Cecil De Mille turn out a film that is not showy, nor scriptural, nor sexual?

(2) Why cant the screen give us real mothers? I am tired of seeing boys and girls from fifteen to twenty-five being clasped to the bosom of a seventy-year-old Ma. Dont these women marry before forty-five? I am not caviling at American films. English Movie Maters are even more aged.

(3) Why do heroines, looking as blasé and sophisticated as they make 'em, always believe the lies the villain or vamp tells 'em, and then in the fifth reel sob out "I did not know," on the hero's manly bosom?

(4) Why does Kenneth Harlan always come on the scene panting? Does he *run* to the studio? And why doesn't he smile oftener?

(5) Why doesn't the Hero arrive too late to save the heroine or *vice versa?* Painful perhaps, but more true to life.

(6) Why doesn't Gloria Swanson play in a film that does not once necessitate the revealing of her pedal extremities? The latter are shapely, but the public have had a surfeit of such close-ups.

(7) Why ever did Rex Ingram allow young Novarro to escape? They were twin souls, those two, and now Ramon is relegated to the banal. A pity!

(8) Why doesn't Lillian Gish play a human girl for once?

(9) Why cant we have re-issues of Wallace Reid's films?

M. F. G.,
London, England.

Maybe She Has Two Expressions

IN a Screenland's June Book, 1926, there was a beautiful portrait of Leatrice Joy. It had a very *sad* expression.

It contradicts a statement made by her brother a few weeks ago in a Sunday paper. He said how happy and gay she was.

A. W.,
New York City.

Their Bark Is Worse Than Their Bite

MY grudge isn't against films or players, but against box-office titles. Many a time, when we want to make the movies a family treat and take our three young hopefuls along, we can find nary a show that SOUNDS suitable for three small boys to see, much less enjoy.

Lurid titles everywhere; hectic subtitles! So, being in movie mood, we bribe the cook to stay an extra night with the children, and go on alone. To what? A perfectly harmless picture, entirely mislabeled. A picture that has parts that would interest children, and is followed by an uproarious comedy. Perfectly proper family amusement, but misrepresented in title and advertisements.

True we can always play safe on Douglas Fairbanks, Thomas Meighan, Buster Keaton or Harold Lloyd, but there are many other pictures we all might enjoy, but for the titles.

It isn't that I'm wanting all pictures made safe for children! Sophisticated plays have their place, and many things that we enjoy were never meant for young minds to appreciate. But I DO wish that titles would not deliberately mislead us, and that we were not scared off by hinted scandals that never materialize.

M. W. H.,
New Orleans, La.

Stop the Soft Stuff

I AM terribly disappointed to read the item about John Gilbert. in your article, "They are not what they seem," in the September number of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Gladys Hall says that

(*Continued on page* 114)

When it's hunters' day at the horse show—and the best jumpers in the land are soaring over the hedges
—have a Camel!

No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest—made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

WHEN it's the most exciting day at the horse show. When the famous hunters take water jump, wall and rail in faultless performance. *Have a Camel!*

For, all the world over, no other cigarette cheers and satisfies like a Camel. The golden enjoyment of Camels makes every happy holiday happier, adds the sense of well-being to every friendly occasion. Camels are made of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown—they are the cigarettes that never tire the taste, never leave a cigaretty after-taste. Millions who could well afford to pay more will smoke only Camels.

So as you join the gay throngs at the horse show. After each thrilling event—know then the enjoyment of the finest in cigarettes.

Have a Camel!

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

© 1926

The Irresistible Challenge of dark-fringed Eyes

A compelling, age-old lure
that never fails!

A world of fascination lies in teasing, half-tamed eyes, veiled by a heavy fringe of dark, luxuriant lashes. The clever woman has long ago learned beauty's secret of bringing out the loveliness of her eyes by darkening the lashes with WINX!

Have *you* ever tried applying WINX to *your* lashes and seen the new lure in your eyes? If you haven't there's a thrilling experience in store for you.

Touch up your lashes ever so lightly with WINX—immediately your eyes will become fascinating, beguiling. Applied with brush attached to stopper of the bottle, WINX dries instantly and will not rub off or smear, for it is waterproof! Black or brown, 75c. U. S. or Canada.

After powdering trace a bit of WINXETTE (cake form) through the eyebrows, thus adding character and charm to the face. Black or brown—equipped with one row brush and mirror, 50c.

ROSS CO., 242-K West 17th Street, New York

Offer! *Be beautiful! Mail the coupon at once with 12c for a generous sample of WINX. Another 12c brings you a sample of PERT moist (cream) Rouge—the rouge that is waterproof and lasts all day.*

ROSS CO., 242-K WEST 17th ST., NEW YORK
Enclosed find 12c for a generous sample of WINX.
Another 12c brings a sample of PERT *moist* Rouge.

Name_____

Address_____

City and State_____

Please PRINT Name

WINX

Waterproof

What Do Men Want in the Women They Marry?

(*Continued from page* 30)

"Well, then, I met her in England a number of years ago." He got that far-away look to his eyes that is fatal—and the sun was going down—I wanted a shower—and so I said—"Yes?? YES??"

He came to earth with a hurt thump. "Poise and Tact! They are the two essentials in a woman to me. This lady I spoke of was famous for her tact, her poise and ability to handle any situation, no matter how embarrassing."

"What a wonderful interviewer she would make!" I murmured admiringly. Huntley sighed and finished quickly, seeing I was not going to make a good listener for long. "She was my ideal and even tho I have never seen her since, nor met another, I always hold her in my thoughts as the acme of womanly charms."

Walter Pidgeon

WALTER, big and brave and handsome, was tinkering with the Hollywood Athletic Club Radio one noon when I sidled up and sprung the thrilling question.

Walter looked longingly at the radio and then politely and pleadingly at me. "Must I answer?" he meekly asked. I nodded my head sternly.

"Well, then, I like gentleness more than anything else in a woman! Of course, I dont mind if they are attractive to look at as well as gentle and sincere! You see 'self-preservation is the first law of human nature' and I have some married friends that tell me temperament and tempers are the two T's in Matrimonial TNT."

With which sage remark Walter returned with evident relief to the radio. After listening in on a few shrieks that might have been a Chinese High School play in China—or almost *anything*, I left him. He seemed sure he had the Fiji Islands.

Edmund Lowe

ED and I were eating location lunches while he was marching in Hollywood France to find out "What Price Glory had—if any."

I waited until we were on dessert and then sprung it. "I like a good scout with a good heart. You know there is something irresistible to a man about a woman who can be a real pal, enjoy his companionship in a comfortable, easy way. Deliver me from a woman who is forever worrying about how she looks and what she says. I guess that's why I married Lilyan Tashman! She's the best little scout in the world!" He finished enthusiastically.

I nodded my head solemnly—my mouth was full of banana.

Ned Sparks

CANT you place him, girls? Well, he's the screen's most confirmed bachelor. He wont even let a woman enter his apartment at any time!

That's why Ned should be able to talk on women so beautifully. Ned is a riot himself. His wit crackles like a forest fire and so, of course, he says it's the sense of humor that counts! "Beauty is only skin-deep—and when they get sunburned every summer they peel—so what's the use?" shrugged Ned—very irreverently, I think.

Ned looked at me as tho I was a new species of insect under a microscope when I asked him to tell me what it is about a woman that attracts a man. He would only mournfully relate the above—nothing more.

Charlie Murray

CHARLIE MURRAY, bless him, is one of the screen's dearest gentlemen, and if yon dont believe me, ask Hollywoodites, anywhere at any time.

"You ask me to pick THE things about woman that attract a man—and *me?* Is it possible anyone has answered you in any language—but that of the Soul. Why, bless 'em, to me there are more attractive qualities in women than there are stars in the heavens.

"For these many years I have been married to one little woman, she is gentle, intelligent, a loving character—in fact, I agree with the one who said—'Women are the noblest work of God.' You never reach the fulness of their natures even in a lifetime of companionship."

Now dont you agree with me Charlie Murray is a real red-headed gentleman?

Charles Farrell

"TENDERNESS and a calm, quiet nature," says Charles Farrell.

"What man doesn't love tenderness in a woman? Who can be so capable as a woman when she is cool and poised in nature? When in trouble is it not man's first thought to go to his loved one for tenderness and sympathy? It is the 'mothering instinct men love in their women!'" I think he's right, after all is said and done!

Are You Interested in Love?

If not, you will have no time for a story Dorothy Manners has contributed which tells of a half dozen or more current romances in the film colony.

Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen are engaged. And Dario, the seer, advised them not to wed. . . . But . . .

See the December Motion Picture Magazine

On all news-stands by November First

Girls! This New Translucent Rouge immediately brings out your natural beauty and charm

A single application works like magic

SCIENCE has advanced another step forward in the development of the most startling beauty secret ever offered women—a wonderful new Translucent Rouge that brings out the natural beauty of your skin without clogging up the pores and without giving it that painted opaque look.

New—Translucent—Beautiful

The pores of the skin under a magnifying glass look like small valleys and mountains and it is in these valleys that the skin breathes and thereby stays in a healthy condition.

How, then, can one expect to have a healthful and beautiful skin if these little valleys are continually filled up with grease and hardened powder rouges? Mad Cap Rouge is neither a grease nor a powder and will not clog up the skin pores.

The skin is naturally translucent. Mad Cap Rouge is also translucent and when applied simply tints the skin a beautiful pink, letting the natural beauty of the skin show thru. Its application has a soothing, healing effect on the skin. It produces a glorious color and is used and recommended by beauty specialists everywhere. *It is also waterproof and stays on 24 hours.*

Try It—Beautify Your Complexion

We ask you to try Mad Cap for a few days at our expense and see how it will give you the complexion of women you have always envied. You will note the great difference after the very first application and then, if you are not absolutely delighted, we will welcome the opportunity of refunding your money.

Absolutely Guaranteed

Send us no money. Simply fill in and mail coupon and when package arrives pay postman 75c. Use Mad Cap a week and then, if not absolutely satisfied, return to me and I will refund your money. Mail coupon today.

KOLAR LABORATORIES, INC.
8 South Seeley Avenue Chicago, Illinois

KOLAR LABORATORIES,
8 S. Seeley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, postage paid, 1 jar Mad Cap Rouge. I will pay postman 75c. If not satisfied, I will return it and you will refund my money.

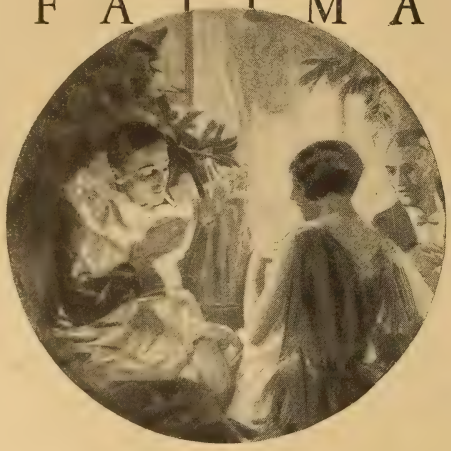
Name_____

Address_____

Ever notice?

SOONER OR LATER most men reach a point, in everyday matters at least, where price is no longer all-important. They begin to look around for "something better." And it is by no means an accident that just at this point so many men turn to Fatima

FATIMA



"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make"

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

On Location at Night

(*Continued from page 37*)

Monte is one of the bold brave boys in blue and khaki.

Men are standing on the side-lines having "crab fights," as a huge loud-speaker radio sends forth the voice of one of the soldiers singing jazz songs and comic parodies between scenes. This is the only diversion from—the crabs, whirring bugs—and stinging sea-breeze!

A big open tent—back in the shadows—on our way home. Mess hall preparing midnight lunch for the "bunch." Stew, rice, potatoes, beans, cobbler and coffee. One round of hot black coffee—and home! Sigh of relief over fresh white sheets, soft mattress — no crabs — no bugs — sleepy thoughts—"Poor gang on location." . . . Oblivion.

As It Will All Appear on the Screen!

Soft, glowing moonlight on foaming waves, booming in to shore. A moon-bathed beach, lined with palm-trees rustling in the soft tropic breeze. Miles of little huddled canvas tents faintly seen in the shadows.

Full-throated men voices raised in rollicking song and boisterous laughter. Strong men at play!

The serious battle for life and country is pushed into the past. Tomorrow is the first day of leave after days, weeks, months of cruel, relentless, death dealing in a tropic clime.

There is the man, the native girl, moonlight, tropic beauty, romance and love.

No bugs, no crabs, no creeping sand! Nothing to break the serene beauty of the tropic night! Illusion!

Manufactured romance! God Bless the Movies! Long may they live!

Pola Negri's Dinner-Parties...

. . . They're events in the film colony. Joseph Hergesheimer was moved to lyric prose over a Negri dinner he attended.

Of course, half the secret of these dinners is Pola's excellent cook. . . .

And next month we will give a menu of one of these dinners and the recipes of the various dishes which comprise the perfectly balanced courses.

Get the December MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE . . . and surprise your friends the next time you give a dinner-party.

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Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Paper, etc. Save money. Print for others, big profit. Complete outfits $8.75. Job press $11, $29, Rotary $149. All easy, rules sent. Write for catalog presses type etc. THE KELSEY CO., P-44, Meriden, Conn.

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Bobbed or Long
Makes you appear years older. Then
Why Have Gray or Faded Hair
USE B. PAUL'S HENNA
ALL SHADES FROM BLACK TO BLOND
COLORS gray hair in ONE APPLICATION.
Returns youthful color so you can bob it. Bobbed hair takes years off your age, but not if it's gray. Not affected by salt water, perspiration, oils, tonics, shampoos or previous dyes. Does not stain scalp or rub off. Composed Henna Herbs. Harmless. Easily applied at home. 14 shades. P. P. $1-60. White Henna for lightening hair grown dark, $2.25. Pilocarpine Hair Tonic (powerful stimulant), $5.00. Free Advice—Booklet.
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EXAMINE FREE
Startling Cash Diamond Offers
$68.50 3¼-3/16 Ct.
This guaranteed 3/4 less 1/16 ct. genuine diamond at a low price none can beat—$68.50. A solitaire of big blazing brilliancy in handsome ring. Has guaranteed loan value $55. A fraction of Market Price. This or any of hundreds of equally big diamond bargains sent for absolutely free examination at our risk.
A Fraction of Market Prices
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Free Bulletin lists diamonds for cash, low as $60 per carat. Not all, some of finest quality at low bargain prices but of course more money. List tells of Guaranteed loan values, gives complete descriptions—exact weight, color, quality. List is free. Send TODAY.
For FREE LIST fill in below, clip this ad and mail today.
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Mail to-Today! JOS. DE ROY & SONS, 3450 De Roy Building, Only Opposite Post Office Pittsburgh, Pa.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

(*Continued from page 69*)

the answers to those questions printed in the foreword to this department, altho when someone writes an interesting letter, naturally I react to it, like everyone else. Your horoscope is indicative of a very pleasant personality backed up by a rather revengeful or vindictive temper, which you want to control because it may get you into trouble during the next three years—difficult ones for you at best. I would not advise you to try to get into the movies; you have more ability as medical man, banker or lawyer.

Norma E. C., August 11:

Your horoscope is a very fortunate one in spite of some difficulties during the coming year. You have good aspects for public appearances, friends in high places, and a very strong indication of marriage to a wealthy and worth-while man—the two qualifying words not necessarily synonymous, you know. It would be so easy for you to be successful in public life that it seems rather unfair that you, who are somewhat indifferent about it—I whisper in your private ear that you are a trifle lazy—should have the gifts of the gods handed to you willy-nilly on a solid gold platter while so many hard-working and ambitious folk struggle along thru a lifetime without an iota of the praise that comes to you naturally. Get busy, sister, and use some of this ability; also pass the applause along to others.

Altona C., July 21:

I haven't a doubt but that you like the emotional and artistic side of dramatic work, but how do you think you'd like the traveling about over the country week in and week out, two days in Chicago, two weeks in Atlantic City, a week in Cleveland, a week in Erie, a week in Pittsburgh and then a tour of one-night stands lasting three months thru the entire South? Not so much fun and yet the above is a verbatim list from a letter which reached my desk this morning from a comparatively successful actress. You like home and comfort too much to enjoy these changes and inconveniences. Why not use your talent for speaking in the welfare work that is equally strong with you? You'd be a great deal happier in the long run if you did.

Elsie deW., April 17:

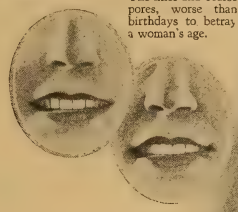
I consider your chances of professional work sufficiently strong to advise you to see about the ways and means of entering one of the big German companies producing such marvelous films at present. You may not be able to enter film work for another two years, due to conditions in your horoscope, but the talent is there and some very pronounced success in a foreign land. You are already abroad, so now make the rest come true. Be very careful of your throat at all times, particularly this fall.

Edwin C. R., September 21:

That's the right idea, Edwin. There isn't anybody who wont respond to a little judicious flattery and telling 'em they have a sense of humor is one of the sure-fire ways to convince others that you are a discriminating youth with a great future ahead of you. Let's see what the horoscope says about it—you cant jolly the

(*Continued on page 100*)

CASHMERE BOUQUET



Close-up of a velvet smooth skin. No "age-lines" or coarse pores.

The lines and coarse pores, worse than birthdays to betray a woman's age.

Now—This fine "hard-milled" soap keeps your skin smooth··fragrant··youthful

Look closely at an exquisite complexion. Notice its clean, fine texture. Pores are practically invisible.

The Safest Beauty Treatment

Cleanliness is the surest way to enviable skin. But cleanliness is not mere application of soap and water. Care in the soap you use is most important. Choose Cashmere Bouquet as the soap for your face and hands. It is "hard-milled," which means the cake is hard and firm—not the least bit squdgy. With Cashmere Bouquet only enough soap penetrates the pores to cleanse them. Thus no soap stays in the pores. It all dissolves, bringing dust and dirt out with it, leaving the pores clean and unstifled.

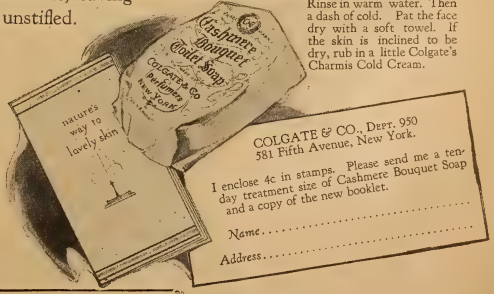
Expert dermatologists, physicians who know all about skin, say water and the right soap should be used every day to keep skin smooth and youthful. Cashmere Bouquet is the right soap. Its fragrant lather is so gentle, so cleansing, that it fairly caresses your skin and leaves it soft and lovely. Careful special processes make Cashmere Bouquet safe for your daily use. This "hard-milled" cake is pressed into almost marble firmness. Secret essences are added to give that indescribable fragrance.

Try this Treatment—Watch Results

Wet the face with warm water. Work up a thick Cashmere Bouquet lather. Massage this into the skin with the fingertips until the skin feels refreshed and alive. Rinse in warm water. Then a dash of cold. Pat the face dry with a soft towel. If the skin is inclined to be dry, rub in a little Colgate's Charmis Cold Cream.

A Book of Beauty Secrets

This unusual booklet has been endorsed by an authority on beauty. Every statement is approved by an eminent skin specialist. Send for your copy and a trial cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Fill out the coupon.



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and $1.

Stillman's Freckle Cream *Double Action*
REMOVES FRECKLES
WHITENS THE SKIN

The Stillman Co., 33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet, "Beauty Parlor Secrets."

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Bobbed Hair?

Lovely! But—

Unsightly hair on the back of the neck spoils the effect. This is easily and harmlessly overcome in a few minutes with the well-known and well-liked Del-a-tone Cream or Del-a-tone (powder). For nearly twenty years millions of women, beauty specialists and physicians have preferred safe, sure Del-a-tone for removing unsightly hair from face, neck, arms and limbs. Apply, and in a few minutes hair is all gone—skin white and velvety smooth.

The new Del-a-tone Cream is the only snow-white, fragrant hair-removing cream that removes hair in three minutes. A test will convince you that it is best.

Removes Hair

DEL-A-TONE

CREAM or POWDER

At Drug and Department Stores or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper for one dollar or sample in plain wrapper, ten cents.

THE DELATONE COMPANY
Dept. 711, 721 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.
NUL deodorant sample Free, Write

As Others See Us

(*Continued from page 39*)

An Open Letter to a Country Cousin

was some sort of trick camera stunt by which gradually changing the lights an actor can appear to age twenty years minus any change in make-up.

Yes, I'll get to fashions in a minute, but not until I've asked you to try and picture Lois Wilson, the demure, in flesh-silk-lace unmentionables, as she smashed wine glasses and waved a Sauterne bottle. Dont be alarmed, dear, your Lois is still as sweet as a mayflower. It was only a scene for "The Great Gatsby" and after each rehearsal or show she would call for more water for her "wine bottle."

Everyone on the set envied her that day, from Herbert Brenon in his shirt-sleeves to your own cousin in an exceedingly clinging satin.

We may shop together soon if she is still in town . . . and I have made tentative arrangements with Alice Joyce for another shopping excursion.

The latter, by the way, convinced me of the joys of being a movie star when she said, "I've several frocks very similar to your black satin dolman, and they're the smartest things I have."

(My one such frock is almost thru at the elbow.)

But really, dolmans are the leading influence in both coats and dresses. Bloused backs and tight hips, tiered skirts, peplums and front draperies are being featured too. Sleeves are either long and tight or quite elaborate.

And now, Patsy, your fashion lecture is really beginning, about hats, furs, shoes, gloves, materials, colors and so forth.

Materials for day wear will be probably plain and plaid velvets, dull canton satins and moiré. Moiré is doing well in New York now but may not last thru the season.

Plain straight little frocks of velvet and tailored cloth dresses will be good.

For evening . . . pastel satin for frocks, moiré, lamé and metal brocade. Shawls promise to be well liked as wraps.

The skirt length, now from twelve to fourteen inches from the floor, may be quite a bit longer, particularly for evening, if the Paris houses may be judged from their August showings.

Colors.—Browns, all shades . . . much coffee, beige . . . green, the dark shades . . . reds, Burgundy and all wine colors . . . and, of course, black will be much favored.

Hats.—At last hats show definite signs of being more elaborate. The tall draped turbans, tho very striking in several tones of colored velvet, are not universally becoming. But brimmed hats are making an effort to come back. There will be more velvet hats, but felt and grosgrain continue to hold their own. Feathers, too, are shown in long, sweeping lines from one side down over the shoulder.

Purses are most popular in the shape of the pouch bag, in satin and soft leather, tho the envelope still continues.

Shoes are smartest when of soft dull, black kid. All shades of brown, and even moiré again, are shown. Styles are somewhat more elaborate for day wear and decidedly so for the evening. These are often beautifully pearl-embroidered or elaborately bejeweled. Pastel tones are best.

Gloves continue to be plain. The fancy cuffs are not good form.

Hose will, of course, tone with the shoes. Some of the newest shades are "alesan," a soft tan . . . "even glow," a castor gray . . . and "Dorado," a golden brown.

Furs will be dyed in lovely colors for evening. H. Jaeckel has been showing some unbelievably beautiful effects in soft fox, tinted the palest green, mauve, peach, etc.

For day wear beaver will probably predominate, and in the long-haired furs whole skins will trim wraps and coats . . . tails and all.

Jewelry! Paris is jewel-mad. Smart women here who can afford it, are having jewels made in sets for gowns instead of gowns for jewels, as before.

Red stones, rubies, garnets, etc., are favored. Coral is being revived. So is crystal. These are the most worn, but slave chains (and this is good news for those of us who cannot afford to support a "yen" for costly jewels) are bigger and better than ever.

And that, darling, is all for now. I've a cramp in my wrist. Next time I shall try to have ready several inexpensive little Christmas gifts that you may send for.

My love to everyone,

GRACE.

Some Do's and Dont's Regarding Masculine Attire

(*Continued from page 39*)

collar, English Worcester, was made attached to the shirt.

Collars should be made on the shirt, not attached.

There should never be vents in either business suits or dinner coats, only in sports, where they are, of course, necessary.

In full dress *never* wear an opera hat, and always wear a white vest and *always* when in the company of a lady, full dress should be worn.

A black vest always with a dinner coat . . . and in all evening dress the collar must be of the coat material, never of silk. The lapels only, in silk.

And *never* wear a double-breasted dinner coat.

Thus Menjou.

Shopping Service

Anyone wishing to take advantage of Grace Corson's expert shopping service in connection with the articles mentioned on page 39, may address Miss Corson, care of Shopping Service, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Send either a check or money order, payable to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, for exact amount of the desired purchase. . . . Be sure to give color, size and other additional details . . . and do not fail to write your name and address plainly and in full.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Summer-Time All Year Round

(*Continued from page* 50)

even add a three-cornered cushion, which is considered a bit amusing just now. I would make these pillows myself if I were at all handy with my needle, if I were a young hostess, and I would make the edges plain—just with ordinary inside seams or I would make boxings, that is, a plain three-inch band where the sides are put together. If you feel that your cushions would be too plain this way, you might bind or pipe them with another color, thereby bringing in a note of contrast.

A slip-cover of bright linen or chintz or cretonne, introducing the color of your pillows combined with the other colors in the room, will be another thing which spells of spring-time. Some people use slip-covers in the summer only. I am in favor of using at least an occasional slip-cover all the year round. A dingy chair can be so rejuvenated by a slip-cover that it will not only look like new but will add a great deal of charm to the whole room as well.

Up until now I have only discussed bringing summer-time into the general living-room. If you have room for it, there is a far lovelier way of making the home seem as if it were always summer—and this is by having a regular summer room—a sun-room—all the year round. Many people have sun-rooms—and, alas, too few of them know what to put into them. The average sun-room, even if it has steam heat so that it may be used all year round, looks little enough like sun and summer. The average sun-room usually contains a set of dull wicker furniture not very well chosen, an awkward wicker lamp—a table, perhaps a piece of left-over furniture from another room—and that's all. The result is that it's bare and uninviting even in the summer-time. And in the winter, unless it is actually needed for space, it is neglected altogether. If your sun-room is properly decorated, it can be so surprisingly successful that your guests will almost hold their breath when they get their first view of it. Even if you haven't a regulation sun-room, if you can take a small den or study or any other seldom-used room in the house, you can work this same transformation.

In making an all-the-year-round summer room, the first thing is that the room shall be as light as possible. The real sun-room will be light, of course. If the room itself is dull, you must manipulate cleverly so that the room will have the appearance of having a great deal of light and cheerfulness.

Walls, then, first of all. You need not be so conservative with color in your sun-room as you would have to be in the other rooms of the house. Your sun-room may be your odd room—slightly bizarre, even, and still charming. To make the room cheerful, the walls must be as light and gay as possible. If I were decorating a sun-room, I would make my walls a cheerful light yellow or a soft green. These colors are both perfect for sun-rooms. If I wanted my walls papered, I would use a paper with a cream or pale green background sprayed with bright flowers and birds. I would make my woodwork the same color as my walls, tho a little deeper in shade. This two-tone effect will give variety and charm to the room. I would make my ceilings cream. The floors might be any of half a dozen things. If the floors are wood, I would stain them

Here's the Remarkable *New* way of removing Cleansing Cream

that experts say makes an almost unbelievable difference in the fineness of your skin

No more oily skins. Your make-up holds hours longer than before. Instead of towels, cloths, or paper makeshifts, you use this deliciously soft new, wholly different material —27 times as absorbent!

Please accept a 7-day supply to try

MODERN beauty science has discovered that the *way you remove* cleansing cream has an almost amazing influence on the texture and softness of your skin.

Now a new way has been found —one that ends oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. That holds your make-up fresh for hours longer than before. That largely ends skin imperfections and eruptions.

Virtually every prominent motion picture star employs this method. Foremost beauty specialists are urging it as marking a new era in skin care.

The only way that removes germ-laden matter from the pores

This new way is called Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*. A new kind of material; different from any other you have ever seen; developed in consultation with leading authorities in skin care solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

It comes in exquisite, aseptic sheets of handkerchief size. You use it, then discard it.

It is the first method known that removes all cleansing cream, dirt, grime and germ-laden matter from the pores.

No more soiled towels

Soft as down and white as snow, it is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary towel. It ends the "soiled towel" method that is dangerous to skin beauty. It avoids the harshness of paper makeshift ways.

Because it removes all dangerous matter and grease from the pores, it combats greasy skin and nose conditions. A greasy skin often means cold cream left in the skin which the pores constantly exude.

No oily skins

A blemished skin largely indicates a germ condition of the pores. You must clean them out. Old ways—towels, etc.—won't do it.

Those remove but *part* of the cream and dirt, rub the rest back in. Thus your skin not only is endangered, but may seem several shades darker than it is.

In two or three days you will be surprised at the difference Kleenex will make in your skin. In its fairness, freedom from "shine," in the way your make-up holds its charm and freshness.

Send the coupon

The coupon brings a full 7-day supply without charge. Please use it. What it brings will amaze you.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes:

Boudoir size, sheets 6 x 7 inches . 35c

Professional, sheets 9 x 10 inches 65c

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ABSORBENT
KERCHIEFS
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO., M-11
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—as offered.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Gargle

ASPIRIN

Dissolve two "BAYER TABLETS OF ASPIRIN" in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle thoroughly.

Swallow some of the solution. Don't rinse the mouth. Repeat gargle every two hours if necessary.

This is an effective gargle proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians.

For TONSILITIS *and* SORE THROAT

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package. Look for the "Bayer Cross."

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

A FULL YEAR TO PAY

Charge it!

Wear While Paying

PA3—Lady's wrist watch latest style solid 14 Kt. gold, highest grade 17 ruby and sapphire jewel movement, life time guarantee. Featured at $22

PA4—Fiery blue white diamond—best quality 18 Kt white gold—artistically carved, hand pierced, lady's mounting. Featured at $49.50

PA7—Three large perfectly matched genuine blue white diamonds, two French blue sapphires, 18Kt white gold dinner ring, exquisite design. Price $42.50

PA8—Three perfectly matched blue white diamonds set in a beautifully hand pierced mounting—18Kt. white gold—latest creation. Featured at $36.75

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10 DAYS FREE TRIAL
Pay only $1 to your order, and your choice comes to you parcel post prepaid on 10 Days Free Trial. Then pay postman only $1 more on delivery, and after free trial pay balance in 12 equal monthly payments. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.
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"Royal Book of Gems"
Thousands of special valuations on genuine diamonds, watches and jewelry illustrated. Your request immediately on request
No red tape. No delay

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH Co
ESTABLISHED 1895
ADDRESS DEPT. LC63. 170 BROADWAY, N.Y.

"The Palmer Course would have saved me years of labor."

Jim Tully

JIM TULLY, whose work recently appeared in five different magazines in the same month, one of them *Liberty*, says: "I recall writing my first short story . . . it was a tale of the ring called 'Battle Galore,' and Clayton Hamilton gave me advice on how to 'build it up.' . . . I am certain that the Palmer Course would have saved me years of labor."

Think what it would mean to you to have at your elbow as you write, a man who can impart to you that elusive something that makes characters live and stories grip—what most writers spend years to acquire. That, and more, the Palmer Institute can give you. Though you study in your home, in spare time, you find Palmer Courses uniquely personal.

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No salesman will call on you

dark and add cheerful rag or rush rugs. Matting rugs are most satisfactory and look like summer, too. A tan matting rug in oval or square design with a black border with, if you like, one other color in the border will make the room cheerful, calm and summerlike.

THE floor itself might be of tile—and this is the ideal sun-room floor. Square tiles, a bit irregular, with a mat finish in blue-green or red, is the perfect floor for the sun-room. Few of us may have rooms with tiled floors, however, as tiles are expensive. The next best floor for the sun-room would be of cement, marked into squares to simulate tile. This really is not an attempt at imitation, so you needn't be afraid to use it. A red cement floor and green or light yellow or cream walls make a color combination that is most attractive all the year round.

Cane and rattan furniture are both nice for open porches but if I were furnishing a sun-room to be used in winter I believe I would choose fiber or wicker—and wicker would be my first preference. The weave of wicker is closer than that of cane or rattan and it has a sense of coziness that the other summer furniture does not have. Too, it comes in most pleasing and artistic designs and is quite comfortable as well.

I would not accept any of the regular "sets of furniture" but for my sun-room would choose the pieces I liked and then select the color for them. I would have no rocking-chairs in my sun-room, first because in nearly all cases rocking-chairs are in bad taste and, second, because a better-looking room can be secured without them. I would choose, first of all, a pair of comfortable armchairs and I would try these out and let a tall man try them out to be sure that they are comfortable. Too many wicker chairs, tho decorative enough and comfortable for the small woman, are almost useless for resting-places for a man of average or above average build. Next I would choose a table and I would see that this table was large enough for magazines and books and cooling—or warming—drinks as well.

Now I would add a comfortable couch, a settee or a divan. One very large chair would be good, too, if the porch were large enough for it. To this wicker furniture I would add a pair of straight chairs in either wicker or wood and a nest of occasional tables. I would have all of this painted the same color excepting the occasional tables which might be of a contrasting hue. I would not buy a wicker lamp nor such superfluous articles as wicker flower holders or wicker bird-cages. Nothing makes a room so stuffy and so uncomfortable as a room that is too crowded with wicker. By combining wood in graceful lines with the wicker you can achieve lighter and more pleasing results than if all wicker were used.

I would choose the color of my wicker with care. Black wicker with light walls is always pleasing. Nor have I ever seen a sun-room done in natural wicker that was not pleasing if the colors that were used with it were well chosen. In fact, I think these two standards are my favorites in wicker. I do not like brown wicker because it resembles wood too much, and so long as you are using material that can be painted, there is no use applying a wood stain to it. Any of the antique effects in wicker are good if the color is right. Black antiqued with gray gives a very attractive effect. Stained gray is splendid—one of the best. Blue antiqued with gray until it is a silver tone is lovely, too.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Ivory wicker antiqued with a deeper ivory is nice, but a trifle too "dressy" for the average home where it will be in use every day.

AFTER you have chosen your wicker and have had it stained or enameled, then choose the cretonne for window drapes and for cushions. To achieve a most summery effect I would use big, splashy, brilliant cretonne in floral designs, in which orange, black, green and yellow, with perhaps splashes of lavender, occur. These colors will usually give you the best results. I would use cushions of this material on all of the chairs, as well as on the couch. In addition I would use a straight valance and, if the room needed it, side curtains as well. If the windows were small or if there were not enough windows, I would use simple glass curtains of soft orange yellow or green instead of cretonne at the sides of the windows. If the room were green, I would use yellow or orange curtains, and if the room were cream or yellow I would use curtains of green or orange.

I would have extra cushions of the cretonne for both beauty and comfort—for a wicker chair is comfortable only if there are enough cushions. I'd use plain colored cushions as well, choosing bright colors—and those which predominate in the cretonne used for cushions and curtains would be best.

If you like to swing and your porch is large, you could get a big swing or porch hammock in the same cretonne or one that tones in with the cretonne you are using. This would be appropriate for the room and useful as well.

I would use plain wrought-iron lamps—perhaps a pair of bridge lamps would be best—and on these I would have parchment or silk shades in bright yellow, a pale cream or orange. These bright shades will make the room seem cheery and summerlike, too.

I would keep the room simple. I would use no pictures on my walls at all, tho if possible I would put in a shelf to hold flowers. If it proved at all practical, I would build a trellis at one end of the room and I'd put a flower box on the floor beneath it and in this I would plant ivy and with care you can have the ivy climb up the trellis on the wall and stay green even in winter. Besides this I would have a few potted plants all winter long in my sun-room. These do not make much extra work and they add beauty and a summer quality to the room. And of course I'd have cut flowers when I could.

Can you visualize your sun-room? Bright walls, gay cushions and curtains, comfortable wicker furniture, lamps, occasional tables drawn conveniently near the wicker chairs, a few flowers, a pile of magazines, books, pleasant drinks and tinkling glasses. In such a room I am sure you would find that the winter on the outside never could penetrate within and that hearts were as gay as summertime, too.

What About Your Bedrooms?

Too often we concentrate upon our living-room . . . and neglect the bed chambers.

So much can be done with a bedroom . . . it can be given a quiet charm and a serenity which in themselves speak of rest.

Read what Stephen Gooson, the interior decorator of First National Pictures, suggests for bedroom decoration in the December MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE . . . on the news-stands November first.

The health and beauty of the hair

depend chiefly upon the condition of the scalp. Normal capillary circulation and nerve tone mean well-nourished roots — strong, vigorous hair shafts—lively, lustrous hair. Important also, of course, that the scalp be kept really clean. Excellent for these purposes is Liquid Silmerine. Rubbed into the scalp it has a wholesome tonic effect, invigorating tissues, improving circulation. And it effectually eliminates dandruff, dirt, excess oiliness. Always use before shampooing.

For the strength and welfare of your hair—for intensifying its natural color—for keeping it delightfully soft, silky, with a gleamy gloss and sheen—use Liquid Silmerine regularly. It's a toilet requisite. **For straight hair—men, women, children**—Silmerine is the ideal dressing. Keeps hair smooth and neat all day and evening—without being greasy or sticky. Makes unruly hair easy to manage.

For keeping the hair wavy or curly—even under most trying conditions—Silmerine long has enjoyed a splendid reputation. Use with utmost confidence.

Large bottle, with adjustable cap, $1.00, at drug stores and toilet counters everywhere.

PARKER BELMONT & COMPANY
2350 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

Liquid Silmerine

Gives a neat, well-groomed effect

Bring out the hidden beauty

Do you know that just beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon? Mercolized Wax will gradually, gently, peel off the devitalized surface skin, revealing the youthfully fresh, white and beautiful skin underneath. It leaves no trace but that of increased loveliness. The new complexion is a perfectly natural one, not to be compared at all with a make-up.

It hastens Nature's efforts. Shedding worn-out skin is Nature's way of renewing the complexion. Tiny cutaneous particles come off day by day. When this skin shedding begins to lag—as it does in time—complexion troubles begin. Nature may then be assisted by simply applying Mercolized Wax. The Wax actually destroys the mask of dead scarf skin—causing no discomfort. It makes the pores breathe; livens up the whole countenance. All of a sudden **you seem to have lost 10 to 20 years from your age.**

Freckles, pimples, liver spots, moth patches, etc., of course disappear with the discarded cuticle. Isn't this better than attempting to hide or cover up skin defects, and stifling the pores with a soggy mass of creams or other cosmetics?

Mercolized Wax will give you a new skin of **enchanting beauty and girlish charm**—bearing not the slightest evidence of artificiality. One that will give you complete confidence in your appearance—one, indeed, that will make **folks turn a second time to look at you** in passing.

And all these results are accomplished by using just one box of Mercolized Wax—less than that, in fact.

Try it today—95c a box, with full directions, at any drug or department store.

MERCOLIZED WAX

Removes Wrinkles In 15 Minutes

Sounds too good to be true? It is true; you can prove it this very day. If you want to see wrinkles, creases, sagginess completely disappear from your face in 15 minutes, just mix a spoonful of Powdered Tarkroot with a spoonful of lemon juice and apply this soothing mixture to your face. Then sit down before your mirror and have the surprise of your life!

See the Age Lines Vanish!

The hated lines go away like magic. Behold, now, what you looked like when young! Watch the sagginess correct itself. Enjoy the strange, delicious sensation of stimulation, support and plump, smooth firmness. When you wash off the application, your face looks much younger.

The effect is far better than that of the most expert face massage.

For Baggy Cheeks and Chin

Instead of making the face flabby, as frequent massaging tends to do, it does the very opposite. Reduces flabbiness of cheek, chin and bagginess beneath the eyes. It fills out hollows and improves facial contour wonderfully. It obliterates worry, care and age-marks! And there's nothing quite so good

For Blackheads, Oiliness

or coarse pores. It leaves the skin velvety soft and smooth, with a healthy, girlish tint.

Tarkroot acts upon an important physical principle, invigorating skin and underlying tissues, making them much firmer. It is not a cosmetic, for you wash it off after it has done its work, the skin appearing natural, glowing, refreshed.

Costs Less Than 3 Cents

an application when purchased in the original package. So Tarkroot certainly is not expensive to use.

Tarkroot produces such really amazing results it is difficult to tell the whole story without appearance of exaggeration. Only the actual experience could make you believe all it will do. Buy a package from your druggist today.

Quickly Erases Wrinkles

Dearborn Supply Co., 2350 Clybourn Av., Chicago

TARKROOT

Improves Facial Contour

Makes the hair easy to dress

Better than brilliantine

Whether your hair is bobbed or long, the fashionable effect is easy to get when you use Glo-Co Liquid Hair Dressing. You comb your hair exactly as you want it, and it *stays* that way.

Use Glo-Co Hair Dressing before a curl or marcel. Keeps your hair in curl, and prevents split and broken ends. Use it on the children's hair too. Keeps the most unruly hair in place all day. It is good for the scalp as well as the hair. Your doctor would recommend it. Helps do away with dandruff and stimulates the hair roots to new growth.

Use it always before a shampoo. Apply to the scalp to loosen the dandruff, then wash with Glo-Co Shampoo. The cleansing, antiseptic lather frees the scalp from dandruff and bacteria, and makes the hair like silk. Use Glo-Co Hair Dressing again to comb your hair. Sold at drug and department stores and barber shops. If your dealer cannot supply Glo-Co Hair Dressing and Shampoo, a full-sized bottle of either will be sent for 50c. Glo-Co Company, Inc., 6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, California.

*GLO-CO

LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

SEND NO MONEY

Genuine Full Cut Diamonds

Terms If Desired—6 Months to Pay. Outside U. S. Cash with Order

$25

New No. 6132

This Reg. Trade Mark guarantees you genuine diamonds.

No. 6132 — Solid Gold Men's Initial or Emblem Ring. 2 Genuine Diamonds 4-100 each. 14-Kt. White Gold Top. Gold Emblem (any Lodge) or any initial (Old English) yellow or white Gold, inlaid in Genuine HOPE RUBY Also, in Black Onyx

$25

No. 6598

No. 6598 — Ladies' Ring Genuine Black Onyx with Genuine Full Cut Diamond. 14-Kt. White Gold.

$15

No. 6598. — Any initial (raised gold) or Fraternal Sign, Rebecca, Mason, Star, etc. K. of C., emblem inclosed of initial if desired. Send number of ring, size of finger, initial or emblem desired and ring will be sent for inspection.

Ask for Free Catalog

Buffalo Jewelry Mfg. Co.
"The Mail-Order House"
Dept. 101
501 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

(*Continued from page* 95)

stars, you know. The verdict there is that your talents are about equally divided between writing and acting. You have the ability to get the ladies on your side—a big thing in the success of any actor or writer, and also enough analytical ability to judge the favor of the multitude at its true worth. I would suggest to you that you finish a college education if possible, take courses in journalism and try for fiction work. You would find that the purely emotional appeal of the stage would not satisfy you in later life.

Laranda S. P., April 11:

Now, listen, my dear; you have the Moon in the sign Virgo, technically speaking. When translated into every-day language, this means that you have a personality—shown by the position of the Moon always—which is aloof, reserved, snobbish, if you like, and highly critical and fastidious. Underneath all this the fiery position of your Sun in the sign Aries makes you want to express animation, emotion and fire, but you cannot break thru that barrier which your own soul sets up about you. Understand this in yourself and make it work for you. You can write, for Virgo is a writing sign and some of our best authors have the Moon so placed, but you probably will never be able to act, for acting requires abandon—and that you have not. Dont waste time wishing for things you have not, but use the talents you were handed when you left the pearly gates.

Mrs. E. B., August 31:

What makes you think it's too late for you to do what you want to do? You are not tripping over your whiskers yet, you know, and, in fact, the vast majority of mankind does not know what life is all about until they have passed thirty, anyway. Get busy and go to art school. Dont tell me you cant manage it, for I know very well that one can do what one sets out to do if the desire is sufficiently strong. Just as long as you sit on the front porch and watch the procession go by, you'll be a dissatisfied and none too pleasant woman. You should be right in the parade yourself. This is iconoclastic advice and may not set well with the family, but that I leave to you. If you cannot attend school you can at least take a correspondence course and still manage to get the dishes washed on time.

Miss Winnipeg, May 20:

Probably you have some genuine dramatic talent. You have a difficulty in the position of the restrictive planet Saturn in the part of the horoscope connected with the public reception of your work, however, and it will always be hard for you to gain the support of your audience. I will say in absolute truth that once having gained their favor you can retain it. This is advice to make up your mind to a long struggle if you once embark on a stage or screen career. My own opinion would be that it would be wiser for you to be content with your present laurels and settle down to the task of making some good man better.

P. C., November 29:

Why waste time in studying to perfect yourself in such a difficult field as illustrating if you intend to drop it as soon as

(*Continued on page* 102)

Banish drudgery from this task

Scrubbing and scouring the toilet bowl is a most disagreeable task. Yet it is dangerous to neglect it. Let Sani-Flush do this work for you. It cleans quickly and surely. Banishes foul odors. Removes sediment from the hidden unhealthful trap.

Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush in the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush. The job is done!

Sani-Flush removes marks, stains and incrustations. No hand work, no dipping water. Harmless to plumbing connections. Always keep it handy.

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Light or dark rubber. For over 20 years they have relieved swelling, varicose veins and rheumatism promptly. Worn next to the skin they induce natural heat, stimulate the circulation and give a neat and trim appearance. They give wonderful support and are a protection against cold and dampness. **Anklets** $7, extra high $9. **Stockings** $12. Send check or money order—no cash. Write for Booklet.

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

MUDDY, OILY SKIN

quickly improved and usually cleared entirely if properly treated with

Resinol

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Diamond Tom Mix

(*Continued from page 21*)

strooooong man, Tom, when practising his lariat, four shooters or whatever impedimenta it is that go with being a man's man.

We were clad in a cotton frock as best befitting the atmosphere of the Great Outdoors and we bore in mind, too, that out where men are men "frilly" women are despised tho kidnapped and everything.

We wanted to fit as well as might be into the frame of sage-brush and cactus and prairie-dogs or whatever it is they have out where the West begins.

* * * * * * *

Now, right here, we want to warn you that once the door of the Biltmore suite opened to us we can veraciously report no longer because—*we could see no longer.* Not the blind staggers contracted from Tony . . . no, no, not that . . . but read on . . . read on . . . you may as well, you haven't anything else to do . . .

At first, after the opening of the door, we couldn't understand why the hand of God had smit us so suddenly and so horribly right at an apex in our journalistic career. Then, as thru a glitter dimly, we began to realize that our ophthalmia came from looking straight into the concentrated heart of—a diamond mine.

Tom Mix was wearing the diamond mine.

We peered. We ogled. We tried to rub the diamond dust from our affronted optics. We strove with our lashes and brows and the backs of our quivering hands. We saw—or we *think* we saw—now mind you, we only think—we cant be sure—we never *will* be sure—but we think we saw, emblazoned in splendor, a stomacher sheathing a stable waist-line—an escutcheon encircling the Mix waist—a sheath—a script of diamonds spelling out the name T-O-M M-I-X!

It took us some time to recover enough to penetrate over the threshold. Cataracts were roaring in our ears. We didn't like to ask if we were in the right suite—as maybe we were not—for fear the fearful splendor—the diamond dream—would fade away and we would find ourselves in the lusterless dark fingering a ninety-eight cent string of department store pearls.

We peered once more. Upon a finger, the general tone of which, we think, was brown, there blazoned forth another sun of the earth in rays of scarlet, jade and topaz . . . here . . . there . . . everywhere . . . facets of light . . . points, splinters, modicums, veinlets of *light!*

All of them, *all of them,* emanating from the person, presumably, of Tom Mix.

And thru them, we caught fractional glimpses of a figure more Brummelish than Brummel, more Beauish than Beau, a figure that would have put a Bond Street tailor to shrieking shame . . . a figure clad in palest cream—the coat lined with mandarin scarlet and picked out, bound, lapelled in the same vivid tone . . . patent-leather extremities . . . boots that strapped with cream straps under elegant patent-leather boots . . . and, near-by, a sombrero of mammoth proportions also "done" in cream, also picked out and corded in mandarin scarlet.

From an adjoining room, in the direction of which we feebly turned our spinning head, came so strong a glitter and glare that we shudder and turned back again, but not before catching what must have been the aura and penumbra of Mrs. Tom Mix.

* * * * * * *

It was at just about this time that cold compresses were pressed down upon us and we were carried forth, a stricken creature who, not having been raised on diamonds, could but see them and die.

You can take it or leave it. It may have been a delusion but we believe it to have been Tom Mix. And *that's* where the West begins. . . .

Some Follies girls were over at the Famous Players studio posing in a tableau. Adolphe Menjou stood watching them. One girl, Susan Fleming, attracted him. He beckoned to her . . . offered her a screen test . . . and then proceeded to give her a leading rôle in his new picture, "The Ace of Cads." She is shown here with Alice Joyce in a scene from that production. Lucky for Susan . . . And smart of Adolphe, according to those who have seen her in the film rushes

Transform Your Skin!

I have the honor to present a new kind of cosmetic . . . an amazing skin whitener . . . that often brings bewildering beauty to an ordinary skin in just 3 to 6 days. It not only clears your skin of every blemish . . . it simply transforms your skin from ordinary texture to smooth, luminous, ivory whiteness.

NEW KIND OF LOTION
Whitens . . Clears . . Smooths

Some skins are dull, sallow—some are tanned, freckled, reddened—weather has roughened and neglect has robbed some skins of freshness and smoothness—rare indeed is the clear white skin! But now every woman who wants a glorious complexion can have it.

My marvelous discovery whitens the skin to almost milky-whiteness. It smooths the skin to flawless, velvety texture. In 3 to 6 days all trace of freckles, tan and sallowness fade out. Blackheads and imperfections disappear completely.

Never before have women had such a cosmetic. Never before have such amazing results been possible. From all over the world comes praise of this new preparation—even, from American and English women in China, India, Australia. They call it the most important beauty discovery of the age.

Test It . . . Whiten Your Neck

Use my Lotion Face Bleach to whiten your face, hands, or the back of your neck, where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. Test it—see what a striking improvement just three days make!

Large Bottle . . . Fully Guaranteed!

Send no money. Simply mail the coupon, and when the package arrives pay the postman only $1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic six days, then if you are not more than delighted, I will refund your money without comment. Tear out the coupon now and mail it today to (Mrs.) Gervaise Graham, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

GERVAISE GRAHAM *Lotion* FACE BLEACH

(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM,
Dept. M-11, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago

Send me, postage prepaid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only $1.50. If not delighted after six days' use, you will at once refund my money. (You may enclose money order or check, if you expect to be out when the postman calls.)

Name.....

Address.....

WILL YOU ACCEPT

this new Scientific Way to gain or reduce quickly?

With every Health-O-Meter (*the new scientific bathroom scale*) you now receive free the most amazing and yet the simplest weight control course known. Inquire at any leading store carrying Health-O-Meter.

No excuse now for being fat. There is a new way—and the only one approved by the medical profession—that brings back the beautiful and alluring body you had when a girl. And most surprising of all it takes only a few weeks. Thousands of women have proved it. So we ask that you, too, test this safe and pleasant way to reduce. If you are not amazed and delighted the test is free.

We are manufacturers of the Health-O-Meter Automatic Scale which is necessary in reducing or gaining scientifically. You weigh every day—at the same time—without clothes. Public scales are useless. With the purchase of each scale this new method of reducing is given free. If you do not lose 5 pounds the first 2 weeks return the scale and course and get your money back.

Complete 5-year guarantee with every scale

THE CONTINENTAL SCALE WORKS,
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Tell me about your free test in reducing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Please print name plainly

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AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-858, Drexel Ave. & 58th St. ©A S 1923 CHICAGO

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

(*Continued from page* 100)

you can make enough money at it to get to Hollywood? It doesn't sound sensible to me. You have a very interesting horoscope but I dont believe you have given me the right time of birth because your ideas, your very characteristic handwriting and your letter formations do not at all coincide with a chart made for a few minutes before midnight on the 29 of your month. Your horoscope shows that your best work is dramatic criticism; your handwriting points to design and mechanical skill. Which is right? Personally I think the clocks were wrong and that you entered the world some minutes after midnight, which would bear out the artistic career as the proper one for you. Your difficulty is not being able to stick to one thing.

J. J. K., February 12:

There is no particular method by which I can tell from your horoscope the amount of so-called "sex appeal" which you may or may not possess. I would venture to guess that if all the girls smile and stare at you, as you say, it's probably because you either give them the eye or else look funny to them. If they bother you very much, it might be wise to wear goggles. Your horoscope shows you that just as soon as you marry all this annoyance will cease, for you will get a wife with a temper of her own and the minute any strange female trespasses on her premises there will be a hurry call for the ambulance.

Frances R., April 24:

(You know, this chap just ahead of you is really a nice kid, only he ought not to go around telling people how crazy everybody is about him, dont you agree with me?)

Your horoscope indicates government work, writing, business or something very technical and practical rather than stage work or teaching as the proper career for you. You have a strenuous time ahead of you in your work, a very interesting and unusual set of experiences. Some time when you get around to it, study Astrology, for it will explain a good many problems which will otherwise be dark mysteries to you. The aspects next December are not favorable for you, so avoid danger at that time and take immediate care of any symptoms of throat trouble. But dont take up the movies; you would not agree with them at all.

R. A. G., February 15:

I disregarded your request to use the envelope because I cannot undertake to answer people personally thru the auspices of this department, and your letter deserved an early reply. You would be very successful in motion picture work and I advise you strongly to keep on with it, but at the present your aspects are not right for cutting loose from your friends in the East and trying your fortunes in Hollywood. There is a temporary condition here which makes it difficult for newcomers, and your own chart just now is very adverse. Just keep drilling along until next winter, meanwhile getting in touch with any friends you may have out here and preparing a way to make yourself known to directors and managers on the Coast. Look at the horoscope in the light of a lesson; your lesson just now is to learn to wait, then when you go on to the next class next year you will get some better breaks.

$500.00 in one Month for Drawing

Careful, conscientious training by members of our faculty made this possible. Today, trained illustrators who draw pictures for magazines, newspapers, etc., both men and women—earn $200 to $500 a month.

The present splendid opportunities in this field have never been excelled. Thousands of publishers buy millions of dollars' worth of illustrations every year. Illustrating is the highest type of art. If you like to draw, let your talent make your fortune. Develop it. It takes practice, but so does anything worth while. Learning to illustrate is fascinating to anyone who likes to draw.

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Every young man and woman with a liking for drawing should read this *free* book before deciding on their life's work. It is illustrated and tells all about illustrating as a profession and about the famous artists who have helped build the Federal Course. It also shows remarkable work by Federal students. Just write your name and address in the margin below, mail it to us and we will send you a copy of the book *free*. Do it right now while you're thinking about it.

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RESHAPE YOUR NOSE!

You can surely and safely mold your nose to beautiful proportions with the

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The ANITA Co.
ANITA Bldg. Dept. 1132 Newark, N.J.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

A Daughter In the Movies

(*Continued from page* 46)

and is a star . . . and almost all her time is given to her work . . . I know that she is perfectly all right without me at the studio.

She always calls me up at noon . . . to let me know how things are going. And when she is thru, her father generally runs in for her.

With her days so busy, I do all her shopping. We are, luckily, about the same size, and have very much the same tastes. So I take her fittings, after the first one, and pick out her clothes. They are sent home and she selects what she wants.

And raising a daughter in the movies is no different from out—that I can see.

Like all mothers . . .

You want her to have high ideals of life . . . and try to live up to them.

You like her to know nice people.

You want to know where she is, and whom she is with.

You like to be as much of a companion to her as possible, to keep up with her interests, and to look at things from her view-point.

I know all Pat's friends—charming, clever, lovable boys and girls—both *in* and *out* of pictures.

And our home is always open to them.

We like them to come *here* for their fun.

I want the house lived in, and I dont mind in the least how much the floors get scuffed up, doing Charlestons and Carolina hops.

About a few things I am strict—and they all know, and abide by my rules.

One is, that Pat must be in bed at a reasonable hour when she has to be up for work early the next morning. And if they stay too late, I just shoo them out.

And Pat will be the first to leave a party, in order to be in bed before twelve. For her work comes before anything else, and she is never late on the set.

She has a decided mind of her own—and the courage of her convictions.

She has never cared to take a drink, and so she *doesn't*, nor will she go anywhere when she knows the crowd is uncongenial.

I do not feel that I am responsible. She just *is* that way.

But one thing I have always tried to make both children feel—that they should be *leaders*—not followers. To do what they know is right—and stand by it. That what other people do is not our concern. It is only what we do ourselves.

We talk everything over with Pat, very frankly.

I realize things are changing, that we are constantly going ahead, in ideas and in achievement, and that girls today know so much more about the world, and life, than they did when I was twenty. And so they *should* . . . because they are thrown more in contact with it.

But it's like a dash of cold water at first, getting used to the things they know and openly discuss. *Then,* it's all right.

Pat says I am not *quite* so bad as I was . . . not *quite* so mid-Victorian.

But I still worry about her. A mother just cant help it.

I do not like her to be out at night. On the rare occasions when she has had to work late, I am so afraid of automobile accidents. There are so many reckless drivers.

It is not that I am afraid of anything *Pat* might do. I am always sure of her good judgment.

We have never had any trouble with Patsy. She has been too busy, with her constantly changing interests They have absorbed all her spare time and energy.

The house is periodically being rocked

Between Pat and Brother, who is sixteen, there is always a lively competition . . . for he goes in for the same things and tries to outdo her. Right now it is tennis . . . Below are Brother, Pat and Mr. Oscar Miller

Staub

BE *alluring!*

Give Yourself That Irresistible Charm Which Once Swayed Empires and Conquered Kings!

Such intriguing beauty, so History tells us, came from the use of a rare, white mineral earth found only on the Island of Lemnos, off the coast of ancient Greece.

It Worked Like Magic!

Just a few applications brought such exquisite loveliness to complexions that it was pronounced Sacred by the Priests of Diana who gave it the name of Diana's Earth. Later, by Royal Decree it was reserved exclusively for women of noble birth.

PEACH BLOOM

Since that day Diana's Earth was thought lost forever. But just recently the miraculous happened! An American Mineralogist, while surveying near Hot Springs, Ark., was astounded to find another small deposit of this precious beautifier.

Now, at last, your complexion can have that alluring charm and loveliness of early ages, for genuine Diana's Earth, now called PEACH BLOOM, has been re-discovered.

BEAUTY *GUARANTEED!*

Regardless of the present condition of your skin, Peach Bloom will restore quickly the beauty Nature intended you should have. And this magic improvement will be so apparent once you have tried PEACH BLOOM that you will never again be without it.

The coupon below carries our Positive Beauty Guarantee, which likewise applies to your purchase of Peach Bloom from any Drug or Department Store, Beauty or Barber Shop in the United States.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

PEACH BLOOM MINERAL CORP.,
208 N. Wells St., Dept. 53, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me postpaid a 12-Treatment jar of PEACH BLOOM for which I am enclosing $1. If after three treatments my skin fails to respond to the extent expected, I may return the unused portion and my $1 will be immediately and cheerfully refunded.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

For beauty at your finger tips
A NEW
LIQUID NAIL POLISH
will not peel or discolor

No other liquid nail polish resists wear as does the new Hyglo. Different from any you have used. Its modish shell pink lustre is not marred by water. Easily brushed on, it lasts for days without the slightest sign of peeling or discoloring. **35c** At Drug and Dept. Stores

NEW COMBINATION PACKAGE
Contains HYGLO Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, Manicure Stick, Emery Board and Nail White. **50c**

Ask for the new
HYGLO
Liquid Nail Polish

SEND 10c FOR PURSE SIZE

HYGLO, 121 West 24th St., New York, N.Y.
☐ Enclosed is 10c for purse size package of the New HYGLO Liquid Nail Polish.
☐ Enclosed is 50c for the New HYGLO Combination Package.
Name_____
Address_____

by outbursts of enthusiasm over some new hobby, from tennis to playing the ukulele, or redecorating her room.

And we all "stay with the guns" until it is mastered. She never leaves it until it *is*.

Between Pat and Brother, who is sixteen, there is always a lively competition . . . for he goes in for the same things and tries to outdo her.

Both children have one habit of which I do not approve. They go to bed with their books, at night, and read. But it gives them so much enjoyment that I cannot say anything.

We have never regretted taking the step that brought us out to California.

Pat is happy. She loves her work . . . and now that she is under the direction of Lubitsch, she feels that she has been rewarded for all she has put in these five years.

He has just started the picture, a French comedy, and she can hardly wait to get to the studio in the mornings. For characterizations are the things that interest Pat. And no one can give them quite the *real* and *subtle* touch that Lubitsch can.

And in the studio, I have not found the atmosphere—the influences (that outsiders seem to feel exist) have hurt Pat in the least.

Instead, she is learning some of the real essentials of life—without which no one can succeed.

She is learning to meet the rough places, the disappointments, the discouragements, good-naturedly.

For work does not always run smoothly, and things are not always pleasant.

And she has come in contact with some fine, big-hearted people who have gone far out of their way to help her in her work and whom we are proud to have as friends.

The Favorite Moreno Luncheon

(*Continued from page* 34)

long as the potato admits. Drop into boiling grease. When nearly done, remove potatoes with skimmer and drain. Boil grease again, drop potatoes back and fry until done. This operation permits the potatoes to swell and puff.

Melons: All melons should be served chilled, not iced.

Motion Picture Junior

(*Continued from page* 64)

thing we pleased to play with so long as we played at home.

I remember that one day I built a chariot. It was a pretty good chariot—but it wasn't big enough for me, so I had my twin ride and I was the horse.

When I was back home a few months ago making personal appearances, the neighbors all came and asked me if I remembered how I used to dress my brother up in Kathleen's costumes!

They used to call me "Hotstuff" at home—"Hots" for short.

As I grew bigger, the other boys my age would come over to play with my twin and they'd all say: "Oh, Hots, make us a lemonade stand!" or "Hots, wont you build us a fort?" but they'd never let me play with them. I was too big. When I was fourteen I was six feet tall.

So I wasn't a kid long enough, really, to have much to tell.

WRINKLES GONE IN 3 DAYS

They vanished so quickly I was astonished at the wonderful results ~
By Miss Karsten

For years I tried everything to remove wrinkles which marred my beauty, hindered my pleasure in social life and made me look old before my time, but without results.

One day a friend who had just returned from abroad gave me this wonderful secret discovered in Egypt, which preserved the youthful appearance of the fairest Egyptian Beauties. I tried it—results were amazing—I could not believe my eyes. After a few applications wrinkles and worry lines faded away. In 3 days my skin became firm and youthful freshness was restored.

This Priceless Secret Yours

Why **look old!** Why allow wrinkles, blackheads or pimples to mar your appearance when they can be harmlessly removed as if by magic? No massaging — no painful electric treatment — no harmful lotions. **Ruga Creme** will amaze you — bring back new youth to your face. Try it!

FROWN LINES

CROW'S FEET

LAUGH LINES

PIMPLES-BLACKHEADS

Special $5 offer Now $1.69
only one jar to a person

Our Laboratories have secured a limited supply of these costly ingredients. **10,000 $5.00 jars of Ruga Creme** at this special offer to introduce. Just pay postman **$1.69** to cover laboratory expense plus a few pennies postage. If after third treatment you do not notice a decided improvement, return balance and we will refund your money. Don't miss this amazing offer. **Just send name and address TODAY!**
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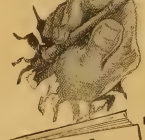
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Donald Barton, physical director of a great University now offers his **fully demonstrated and secret "KEY TO THE NEW LIFE"** **Here at last** is the simple but scientific system of exercises for mind and body that anyone can understand and follow. Barton system shows you the new easy way to **get the things you want** — the open door to Beauty, Charm, Vigor, Health, Wealth.
WRITE FOR FREE BOOK
Even after the first exercises you notice a marvelous improvement in the way you feel. Write now for free book, "How to Get What You Want," to
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Federal Bldg. TORONTO, Canada, Dept. 11M60

PERSONAL Appearance

is now more than ever the key note of success, both social and business life. **Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women** both young and old, will be glad to hear that my new appliance will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will soon save you from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old-fashioned splints or braces, with buckles or straps, hard to adjust, but a scientific, modern device of proven merit, used and recommended for the last 4 years by physicians everywhere.)

Write today for particulars, testimonials and my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST
1385 L, W. U. Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Have You Heard About the Vitaphone?

(*Continued from page* 70)

illusion that the sound was coming from the artists who simultaneously appeared on the screen. And the instrument, they say, is as easy to operate as an ordinary moving picture projection machine.

But the registering of the sounds is a little more intricate. The first step is accomplished by a high quality microphone, with an electrical amplifying apparatus and sound-registering mechanism. It is not necessary for the artists to crowd before the microphone in unnatural positions, as registration may be carried on at some distance from the source of the sound. By means of electrical currents, the registered sound waves are then picked up, passed into an amplifier, and by means of loud speaking telephones these vibrations are transformed into sound.

The synchronization is accomplished by a master camera, which controls the sound registration apparatus, and grinds continuously while the other cameras are taking close-ups. But the reproduction of sound does not necessarily have to be made at the same time that the scenes are photographed. For the music, or whatever the sound may be, can be cued, and then registered in synchronization with the film. This would make it possible to provide musical programs or other accompaniments of sound for any picture which has been made in the past.

The Vitaphone is the wonderful invention that the optimists of years ago prophesied, tho as a matter of fact its mechanism does not resemble those old and feeble attempts. Its tones are clear and resonant, its volume perfectly regulated, so that the sounds and the figures on the screen give life to each other, and create an almost perfect illusion. It is destined to have a tremendous effect on moving picture presentations.

The immediate purpose of the Vitaphone, however, is not to introduce talking movies. We believe they are inevitable even tho they do not intrigue us personally. It is our conviction that the motion pictures belong to the art of pantomime.

But in the almost immediate future the Vitaphone will serve exhibitors and audiences in small towns where the capacity of the theaters will not permit a large, expensive orchestra. By the installation of a Vitaphone equipment, these theaters will be able to have the musical score of whatever feature they are showing played by splendid musicians.

There is a humorous twist to this, too. Moving picture patrons have been crying "Banish the prolog!" Many have preferred to take their movie fare in small houses, to escape the interminable programs of third-rate music, dancing and song that are dealt out in the large picture theaters.

Now there will be no escape. Atmospheric prologs will be within the grasp of every exhibitor.

However, should the moving pictures themselves be accompanied by dialog, and converted into the spoken drama, it would mean a complete change in the technique of picture making. The aim of directors now is to tell their stories with as little recourse to words as possible. Pantomime is the important thing, and the whole trend of pictures has been toward accomplishing perfection in that art. If the Vitaphone became established as an integral part of moving pictures, it would mean the breaking down of the old standards and establishing of a new ideal of the screen.

The Picture Parade

(*Continued from page* 63)

THE MYSTERY CLUB—*Comedy Melodrama—85%*

IF you love mystery stories but have given them up, along with your coffee, because you cant sleep afterwards, try this one. It is fast-moving, baffling, amusing, novel—but never gruesome. A club of wealthy gentlemen decide, all in a spirit of fun, to take up crime in an amateur way. On realizing that crime isn't quite the joke it seemed at first, they try to abandon the plan, and how the thing gets out of their control is what you must go and find out. As is the case with most detective stories, the dénouement isn't entirely satisfactory, for there isn't time to go back over all the points you'd like cleared up. There is a romance in it, of course. And it has been given a pleasant cast, including Matt Moore, Edith Roberts, Mildred Harris and Warner Oland.—*Universal.*

THE SHOW-OFF—*Comedy Drama—70%*

WHAT was expected has happened here—and that concerns the inability of the camera to catch the psychology of the central character from which the play and picture took its name. Anyone who saw the spoken version must have wondered how *Aubrey Piper's* laugh could be recorded on the screen—and the genuine pathos behind his futile effort to misrepresent himself.

"The Show-Off" is a disappointment in that it has lost much in its transference from stage to screen. It loses a great deal of its subtleties and shadings—qualities difficult to capture when they have been woven so deeply in dialogue. Again, Ford Sterling has a tendency to burlesque the title rôle. Which is excusable this time.

The picture evokes sufficient laughter to score most anywhere—and Ford Sterling makes *Piper* a self-satisfied, demonstrative person given to boobish outbursts. It is Gregory Kelly, however, who captures the acting honors in a minor rôle. Lois Wilson is mostly decorative as the heroine.—*Paramount.*

MARRIAGE LICENSE—*Romantic Drama—85%*

FROM the stage-play, "The Pelican," Frank Borzage has turned out a picture which has many flaws in taste and technique, and yet it has a soul. There is drama, and the interest never flags. It is a rather maddening testimonial to the self-sacrificing devotion of a mother and the eternal ingratitude of children. And it has its love story. Romance is pretty nearly dead on the screen these days, but Walter Pidgeon is one of its most capable exponents, and he does well by his small part. Alma Rubens gives an unexpectedly interesting performance. Her tendency to overplay merely makes the portrait more convincing. Emily Fitzroy is a horribly false note in the cast, and Richard Walling, rescued from behind the cameras, is a great deal too young and plump and babyish to be considered seriously.—*Fox.*

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My Life by a Long Shot

(*Continued from page 36*)

and leave me in hotel. I stay there for two weeks and the clerk come to me and says where is your manager. I say he went out to get match, and the clerk says I better get out and follow him, so I am thrown out of this swell dump. I quit being Turk and go down and talk to whops in the town. One nice Italian boy helps me get a match and I pick up thirty-eight dollar and go to Pittsburgh.

There I meet a promoter who gets match for me in Rochester and I make hundred sixty-five dollar for losing match. The big bum I wrestle with he throw me off platform onto piano. But I dont care I make all this money, so I go back to promoter. He gets me another match and I flop the guy and win two hundred and fifty bucks. I should get more because the theater is packed and my share is one-fourth, but I am just a dumb whop, you know what I mean. The promoter pay me in one dollar bills. That night I go to the hotel, lock the doors, spread the bills all over the bed and lay down on top and go to sleep. Boy! I never have seen so much jack! This is the racket for me.

I go back to New York and when I meet my friends they say how did you get out, Louie? You better hide. I dont know what they mean, but I find out there is a guy with the same name as mine gets twenty years in the big house for sticking up a bank. I say, Aw! Whatta hell is the matter, I dont hold up bank. So I hang around awhile to show them I am not the guy who robs banks.

I get a job working in a show at Coney Island, five bucks a night. The second night I go to work I look at the sign on front of the show. It says:

"Jim Galvin, The Irish Giant."
"Leo Pardello, Italian Champ."
"Neil Oleson, Terrible Swede."
"Bull Montana, Middlewest Champ."

I go to the Jew and I say you dont put up my name. He says sure your name is Bool Montana. I say where do you get that stuff. I am Louie. He say Bool sounds better, and I am such a dumb-bell I dont know so I say all right, that's good. Then I say where is my five bucks for last night? So he give me the five bucks. I dont know it but the Jew has put a piece in the paper that day and says I am Stanley Ketchel's sparring partner. That night he introduces me to big crowd in front of the show. He says, "Mr. Bool Montana, Middlewest champion."

Everybody yell, "Hurray, Cowboy! Hurray, cowboy!" and I go over big, so I dont think the name is so damn bad and I go in and flop the guy I am matched with.

I meet another manager and he says, he wants me to go to Boston and wrestle. I say that's fine. I got to Boston and meet the champ of New England, who has the same manager as mine. We have a match before a big crowd and I flop the champ of New England. My manager he gets madder than hell and says what did I flop the guy for? I was supposed to let him flop me. The manager fired me and I go back to New York.

I went to George Bathner's gym and fool around. One day Doug Fairbanks come and they introduce me to Doug Fairbanks the big movie star. I dont look at him much and go on and work. He tells one of the boys I am great type, and I dont know what he is talking about.

I get a match the next month in Newark and I win two hundred fifty bucks. Boy! I go out and buy swell new suit with brown derby and horseshoe diamond and big cigar. Boy! The sweet mamas all fall for Papa Bool. Everybody think I am great guy and all say how you do it, Bool? I am walking down the street one day and Spike Robinson stop me and say Douglas Fairbanks want to see me in his office. I say who ta hell is Douglas Fairbanks. Tell him to come and see the Bool. Then Spike says Doug is the big movie guy I meet two months ago, I say all right I go to see Doug.

I go in Doug's office and John Emerson, the director, he is there. I say what you want? Doug says to John, "Isn't he a perfect burglar type?"

"I believe he is a real burglar," says John.

So they give me a job to work for seventy-five bucks a week. I dont work the first week, and they call me the second. I go up and they give me check for the first week I didn't work. I dont want the check and they say I get it for signing contract. Boy! Seventy-five bucks for doing nothing! This is my racket.

I go to work and Von Stroheim, who is John Emerson's assistant, puts on my make-up. That night I have big match in Newark. I go home from the studio and try to wash off the make-up. It dont come off so I have to go and wrestle. Everybody kid me when I come to wrestle in make-up. The boys stand up and whistle and say, "Oh, Papa Bool, isn't he sweet! Papa Bool better go up on Fifth Avenue and wrestle." I am mad as hell and I go back to Doug the next day and say I am thru with the movies. He says whatsa matter, Bool? And I tell him I cant get this damn stuff off my face, so he show me how to take it off with cold-cream. I keep on work in the picture, and they tell me I am great actor.

When the picture is finished, Doug says, "Bool, how you like to go to California?" That's good, I say and we go to California. I work as Doug's trainer. After about three months I say I am sick of California and want to go back to New York. I have saved up about six hundred dollar, so Doug says all right and he buys me a big overcoat because it is winter back in New York.

In New York I meet the doll I used to go with. She want me to go with her again. I tell her no, that I am big movie star now. I stay in New York about three weeks and I am sick to go back to California. I write Doug and he says to come back. I go to see the dame who has bothered me all the time. I go up to her room and I have on a brown derby and a cardboard suitcase. She raise hell with me and throw my cardboard suitcase out the window, six stories down. It is raining and I start to run down the stairs to pick up my suitcase and as I am going down she throw an alarm-clock and it smash right thru the brown derby. I go outside and find everything busted all over the street. I pick it up and say I am glad to get away for California.

I work with Doug again and he get me jobs with other companies. Everything goes fine since then. I just finish work eleven weeks in "A Son of the Sheik."

Oh, Boy! Papa Bool is setting pretty now, you know what I mean.

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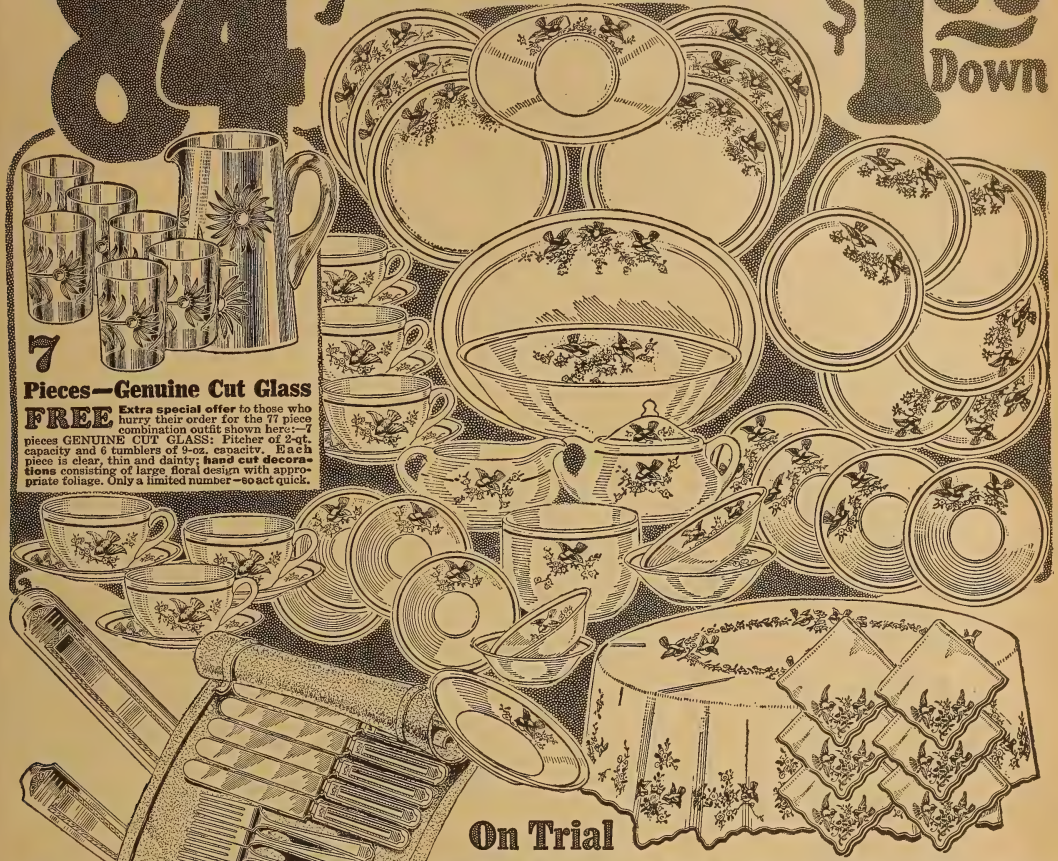

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77 pieces you need in your home every day. And, if you act at once, the 7 piece Genuine Cut Glass set is **free** besides—84 pieces in all!

44-Piece Bluebird Dinner Set

Has delicately tinted design of Bluebirds and foliage in natural colors. Each piece is twice fired and has a snow flake white glaze of great brilliancy which cannot craze. The set consists of 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 dinner plates, 9 in. diameter; 6 fruit saucers, 5 in. diameter; 6 oatmeal nappies, 6 in. diameter; 6 salad plates, 6 in. diameter; 1 meat platter, 10¾ in. long; 1 round vegetable dish, 9 in. diameter; 1 cream pitcher, 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pieces); 1 butter plate; 1 utility bowl, 1 pt.; 1 pickle dish, 6 in. in diameter. Each piece has a dainty blue edge and is beautifully shaped.

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A silver service that will give you years of satisfaction. A pleasing pattern and popular polished finish. Each piece heavily silver plated on nickel silver base. Made for us by William Rogers, Ltd. Set consists of 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 dessert spoons, 6 teaspoons, 1 sugar shell, 1 butter knife. Packed in handy flannel roll.

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A large table cloth 60 x 60 in. and 6 napkins, 18x18 in., made of strong, durable linen finished cotton in pure snow flake white that will launder beautifully. All edges neatly scalloped with overlapped stitch in blue. Both tablecloth and napkins have band painted design of Bluebirds and Apple Blossoms in their natural color, absolutely guaranteed fast colors. Harmonizes perfectly with dish set.

And remember: The 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Set is FREE, if you send at once. Shipping weight of entire outfit about 60 lbs.
Order by No. G8741A. $1.00 with coupon; $2.00 monthly; Total price $19.95.

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For 19 years women have told women about Marmola Prescription Tablets. Told how easily, how pleasantly they ended excess fat. No exercise, no dieting required.

Mark the result today. Countless women keep slender with Marmola. You meet them in every circle. Over-fat figures are the exception now. People are using over one million boxes of Marmola every year.

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MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 80)

wanted to escape the possibility of this thrilling thing.

Harvey, too, was evidently pleased. Both he and Charley Martin preened. Discreetly, of course. They were the conquering males . . . enjoying their superiority over the other men who stood about, even if their claim to this superiority was a trifle vicarious.

"I'll expect you at four-thirty tomorrow, then," Dolores told Judith when they parted. "At five East Fifty-sixth Street."

Ordinarily, Judith and Harvey would have enjoyed the walk of several blocks to their hotel. But tonight Harvey deemed it advisable to call a cab. The public eye was focusing upon Judith. Her personal liberty was slipping from her.

"Poor old Dolores and Charley," announced Harvey, as he lit a Camel and hitched about, endeavoring to find some comfort in the springless seat.

"Why *poor* old Dolores and Charley?" asked Judith.

"She's thru," Harvey's tone left no room for argument. "Her vogue has passed. She was too obvious to last, as a matter of fact. And I dont believe they have saved much. Every sycophant in this game—and there are enough of them—took advantage of their largess when they had money. I hate to think of the thousands that slipped thru their hands."

"But why would they give her that vaudeville contract?" Judith was evidently puzzled.

"The vaudeville men will take anyone on who has any claim to fame today . . . even if it is remote," Harvey explained. "They cannot get head-liners for their bills. They need big names. All the good vaudeville performers—all the old head-liners—are in the revues in New York. No one who is worth anything has to go on the road any more."

"But she said Excelsior wanted her." Judith was persistent in her endeavor to find some hope for Dolores. She had rather liked her.

"Maybe they did." Harvey seemed doubtful. "Poor, old thing . . . she'll probably spend money she can ill afford in teaing the press tomorrow. Anything to get her name in print."

They were quiet for a minute. Then Harvey said:

"It must be a bitter pill to swallow when you have to go for the greater part of your life at less than you were. That's what is bound to happen to so many in our game.

"Take Dolores. She was never an actress. She was a fluke. She had an exotic face and body and damn poor taste in clothes. Nothing else. I have seen directors ready to tear their hair when they were putting her thru the paces of a difficult scene. And they always ended by cutting the action just before she had to show any emotion."

It depressed Judith to hear this. She knew it was true, only too true. Yet here they were, already borrowing from tomorrow. She wondered if it might not be a mistake, after all. Certainly, she would insist upon saving a certain portion of her income just as soon as they could get on their feet. She supposed it would not be possible to begin just now, however.

"I'm pleased to go to her tea," she said as the cab stopped at their hotel.

"That's good," said Harvey. "You haven't done anything but work in a long while. I'm glad you're going. Only I wouldn't be seen with Dolores too much, if I were you. She is passée. And you are judged by your associates, you know.

"If you go with unimportant people, you will be accepted as unimportant, too."

Judith thought Harvey's ceaseless awareness was extraordinary. She thought how stupidly she would have stumbled along without him.

He noticed that she had grown serious.

"Cheer up, old dearest," he said. "Going to Dolores' tea-party tomorrow wont do you a bit of harm. And you will meet all the magazine and newspaper people. They'll be a source of tribulation to you before you are thru with this game. Depend upon it."

"Why?" asked Judith. "Especially?"

"You are bound to forget a face or a name once in a while, you will meet so many people," Harvey said. "And you'll know it when you do. Hurt feelings vent themselves in various ways. When one special writer gets after you, just depend upon it that you didn't recognize him somewhere."

"It sounds terrifying," laughed Judith. "I might take a memory course, or buy a note-book. . . ."

Harvey laughed, too.

"You might do that. However, I'm not worried that they wont like you. Foolish of Dolores to invite you tomorrow, if you ask me. She's trying to be a good sport."

CHAPTER VI

It was after five o'clock the following day when Judith arrived at Dolores Cortez' apartment. There had been so much to do. Her seamstress had arrived early that morning for fittings and instructions about the new gray gown. And after she had gone, Judith had taken advantage of her uncustomary leisure to do some packing preparatory to their removal to the apartment on the following Monday.

Then she had written to her father, asking him to look up their old servant, Lillian. She often needed someone with her at the studios. And she felt it would be less expensive to have Lillian than one of the very high and mighty servants to be secured thru the city agencies. She knew that Lillian would help her dress between scenes and look after the apartment also. Lillian would cook their meals and be careful about the food bills.

Harvey had been frankly dubious about the advisability of bringing in a darky from the country, but had finally agreed to Judith's plan.

When she had done all this, Judith had decided that both her hair and nails needed attention. She had telephoned the hair-dresser and secured a four-oclock appointment.

However, she did not worry about her late entrance. She knew that Harvey would rather approve. It was dramatic.

She had dressed with care. One of the new gowns she had designed was of white crêpe, heavily embroidered with white silk flowers. It was severely simple, with long, tight sleeves and a V-neck. Judith wore a sapphire-blue felt hat. And at her neck she fastened a brooch of lapis lazuli. Her blue slippers were of the same intense color.

Dolores' apartment was in one of the remodeled houses. Half a century ago one family had lived in the rooms of the four stories. But now every floor had been renovated to serve a family. And the rent of each apartment was great.

A trim maid admitted Judith.

Despite the late summer day outside, the curtains of wine satin were drawn

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across the windows. And the room was lit only by the tall white tapers in several gleaming candelabra.

Bowls of deep red roses and heavy lilies stood about.

And Dolores was pouring from a low coffee table that was drawn up to the lounge on which she lounged, rather than sat.

Judith thought she was quite lovely to look at. She had brushed her hair loosely from its center part and coiled it about her ears. And her tea-gown was of batik in which many colors swirled in a fantastic pattern.

She greeted Judith informally.

"Judith, my dear," she said, "do come and sit down beside me. You look as young as Charley's daughter who is away at school."

Judith felt this might be a compliment, but she was slightly disconcerted by it. She had rather hoped that she looked more than her years. She wished to be considered sophisticated and interesting rather than naïve and youthful.

The room was filled. Groups of men and women stood about, talking and laughing. Shortly after Judith's arrival they wandered over, on one pretext or another . . . for fresh tea or a cocktail or a *petit four* or a bonbon.

"I have been telling them about you," Dolores admitted, between introductions. "They rather forced me to. I said that I had met you last night. That started it. The public is no more interested in us than the magazine and newspaper people.

"But you, Judith, cause an unusual stir in this group."

Judith hoped she was not disillusioning anyone if what Dolores said was true.

"Where is Mr. Martin?" she asked finally, when it became evident that no host was to appear.

"Charley?" Dolores raised her eyebrows. "You did not expect to find him about, did you? He loathes parties, my dear. Loathes them. And he would be most out of place here."

Looking across the room, Judith quite credited this. And she remembered what Harvey had said about Dolores and Charley being impecunious. She wondered how they managed this expensive sort of thing.

There were hot-house flowers everywhere. All sorts of drinks, too. The men mixed themselves cocktails and highballs with a free hand.

Helene Astair dropped in for a few minutes. She and Dolores had once shared the same dressing-room. Helene's rise had been slower than Dolores'. She had just about reached her crest and had recently signed a contract with Excelsior.

Judith thought her a beautiful creature. Her gown was of a fragile flowered chiffon. Her slippers were adorned with sparkling buckles of a rare design. Her large black lace hat was evidently an import. Her bag was of gold mesh with an emerald clasp. She wore several jeweled bracelets. A tear-shaped solitaire. And about her neck was a string of pink pearls with a diamond clasp.

Down-stairs, a Pierce-Arrow cabriolet with a uniformed chauffeur awaited her. She had driven in from her summer place at Great Neck.

"Monte Winthrop came down over the week-end," she told Dolores. "Have you seen his new yacht? It is gorgeous. He sailed down."

She was vivacious, and Dolores appeared almost wistful beside her.

"Aha," whispered a girl who was a critic on one of the newspapers. "Monte Winthrop again! I'll bet they do marry when he gets his divorce. I dont blame him. His wife is such a frump. She does

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Fine, full cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy securely set in solid platinum ring, which is richly carved and exquisitely pierced in a lacework effect . . **$235.00**

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⅜ carat	50.00	2 carats	290.00
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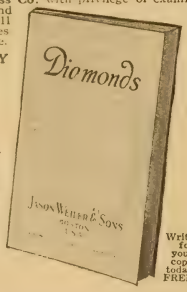

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not even try to make herself attractive. And when you stop to think that practically every woman in the land is mad over him—well, you cant blame the handsome devil for feeling that the Little Woman is a total loss. She is."

Judith was thinking of what Harvey had said the night before about motion picture people being tragic because they achieved the crest so young and, after a decade of fame at the most, spent the remainder of their lives as less than they had been. She thought there was another side to this story.

Robert Landis, a feature writer of note, was standing with her.

She mentioned something of this to him.

"There is something thrilling about it all," she said. "Motion picture people are able to have beautiful clothes and homes and motors while they are still young. Things must lose their savor when enthusiasm fades to the calm acceptance of age.

"Yet most people must give their youth to hard work and a rigid economy in order that their old age may know a security."

Robert Landis was interested.

"You mention the tragedy of civilization," he said, with feeling. "I would like to use that idea for my next feature story. Do you mind? I'll mention you in it, of course."

"It is tragic, as you say," said Judith. "And, of course, I shall be delighted to be mentioned in your story."

She smiled. He was to remember that slow, little smile.

"Already," she told him, "I appreciate the value of my name in print."

Miss Chambers, the girl who had expressed herself so freely on the Astair-Winthrop matter, rejoined them.

"I would like to see you some day next week, Miss Tower," she said. "My magazine has assigned me to write a story about you."

Judith thought, "I must remember this moment. It marks a mile-stone in my career. I am to be interviewed. Harvey will be delighted."

"What time will be best for you?" she asked graciously. "I will be at the studios every day next week. And it is difficult to talk there. Perhaps you could come to my apartment for tea?"

She was glad they would be in the apartment for this event.

"That will be fine," said Miss Chambers. "Is Thursday all right?"

It was arranged.

Guests had started to leave. Helene Astair had offered to drop four or five. Others were now saying good-bye to Dolores. But Robert Landis gave Judith no opportunity to break away. He seemed quite fascinated with her.

She liked him, too. That is, she liked him as much as she could like anyone. She was completely absorbed in Harvey. But this Robert Landis *was* a nice person. Rather quiet. And more charming for the fact that he was totally without any superficial charm.

He had an out-of-door look about him. Tan skin. Startling blue eyes. And teeth that flashed when he smiled.

"I must go," said Judith. She somehow sensed the fact that Dolores wished them to leave. The maid had been ordered to carry away the tea things. And the last group had gone down-stairs.

"I'll go along," said Mr. Landis.

Together they said good-bye to Dolores. Judith thought she seemed less cordial and a little resentful.

"Did they all make appointments to interview you?" she asked, in a curious tone

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A good old Friend

Remember the old-fashioned mustard plaster Grandma pinned around your neck when you had a cold or a sore throat?

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Made from pure oil of mustard, it is a clean, white ointment good for all the little household ills.

Keep Musterole handy and use at the first sign of tonsillitis, croup, neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.

To Mothers: **Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.**

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of voice which Judith could not quite fathom

"One did," she said.

Robert Landis evidently sensed Dolores' resentment, too

"Shame on you," he mocked Judith as they went down-stairs. "Dolores gave this tea so she might get some publicity, and you corner all the writers and quite charm them."

"But . . . but I really . . ." Judith paused. The stair landing was dark. And a figure was coming toward them. She recognized Charley Martin as he stepped aside, farther into the shadows, allowing them to pass.

She spoke to him. And he smiled his quick, frightened smile.

He did not seem quite sure what to do about the bottle of milk and the large coffee ring he carried. Their wrappings hardly disguised them.

When Judith looked at Mr. Landis, he was smiling. And his amusement was ironic, yet tinged with pity.

"Just in case there weren't any Sherry sandwiches or *petits fours* left over for dinner," he said. "So it goes!"

Judith was silent. She thought this should be a lesson not easily forgotten.

"Poor old thing," said Mr. Landis. "She really hates you. I saw it in her eyes. My God, how she envies you the next few years! Who could blame her?"

He put Judith into a cab.

"Perhaps you will let me come to tea some afternoon?" he asked.

Judith felt a personal challenge in his tone. She wondered if he knew that she was married. However, she made no reference to it. He must have seen her wedding-ring. And, anyhow, Harvey had especially told her not to stress this phase of her life.

CHAPTER VII

It was fun getting settled in the apartment. Judith almost forgot to worry about the rent as she hung her gowns in the big closet and straightened things about her bedroom. She was delighted to have her own home, where she could fuss in the kitchen and arrange and rearrange dishes on the shelves of the cabinet.

For the most part, she was satisfied with the large living-room. Curtains of silver gauze hung over the tall studio windows. And the lounge and easy chairs were gay with summer covers. Open book-shelves flanked the fireplace, screened for the warm weather.

And the arrival of Lillian was her father's answer to her letter.

Lillian came one morning before they were awake.

And, answering her peremptory ring at the door, Harvey had been shocked by her generous proportions. He found her jargon almost unintelligible. But Judith was so delighted to see her that he curbed his irritation and offered only amusing comments directed with some good humor at both her size and speech.

They secured a room for her at the top of the building in the servants' quarters. Extra expense. But Judith did not mind this. She was surprised at the pleasure she found in having Lillian about.

After all, she was a familiar figure in an unfamiliar world. She reminded Judith of her childhood . . . and baking days when she had remained close to the kitchen door in the hope of an icing pan to scrape.

Of course, if Harvey had raised objections, Lillian would have returned to Westport. Judith knew she was an incongruous figure in their smart apartment. But she did not attempt to garb her as a correct maid. She shopped for gay gingham

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dresses and capacious aprons and white bandanas.

The Hugh Kendrick company went on location the first of the following week. But since Judith was not in this sequence of the story, she was given time to shop and sit for photographs. The publicity department made appointments for her at three of the leading photographic studios.

One of these appointments fell on Thursday. However, Judith knew she would be home in time for her interview with Miss Chambers and gave Lillian minute instructions about the tea and sandwiches. She telephoned a caterer for the cakes and bonbons. It was a reckless gesture, but it was her first interview. She wished everything to be perfect.

At the photographer's she changed costumes and took suggested poses with an interest that amazed the man so accustomed to blasé favorites. He had rented innumerable things from a costumer, so that there would be a variety to the sitting, and Judith posed in all of them. She was like a little girl let loose in an old attic filled with trunks of old-fashioned clothes.

And the day slipped into late afternoon before either of them was aware of it. At three-thirty Judith realized she would have to leave. She wished to freshen up a little before her interview.

The traffic on the way up-town was heavy and it was after four when she let herself in with her latch-key. Lillian had evidently gone to her room to dress. And Judith had not expected Harvey to be at home. She was surprised when she heard him moving about up-stairs.

She called to him happily. But there was no answer. Judith knew what this meant. It had happened on one or two occasions before. She went up-stairs. And the empty glass on the night stand gave substance to her beating fear. So did the sight of a flushed Harvey.

"Think you have something on me, dont you?" he demanded angrily as she came into the room.

She attempted to ignore his remark and went over to kiss him, when she would have preferred to omit the greeting. She knew how heavy his breath would be.

"Think you have something on me, I said!" Harvey shoved her away from him.

"Something on you?" Judith's tone was questioning and conciliatory at the same time.

There was no time to spare. Miss Chambers would be arriving. If she could only manage to sober Harvey somehow. She did not dare have anyone admitted to the apartment while he continued in this ugly frame of mind. He was not himself. She could not trust him.

"I've been posing all day," she said. She had veered away from his ugly moods before. She would try again. "And my head aches. I think a cup of coffee might help it. Could I get you a cup, too?"

Harvey laughed with a diabolical chuckle.

"Think I'm drunk, dont you?" he asked. "You're a sly one. But I knew that before you came slinking around with excuses about headaches."

"What do you mean, Harvey?" Judith decided to change her tactics.

"As if you didn't know!" he said. "God, how can anyone be like you and have such an innocent face.

"I give my entire life to you, and what do you do in return—trick me! Spy on me!"

Judith had never seen Harvey quite so ugly as this before. He seemed far beyond her reach. On other occasions she had managed to placate him. Now nothing

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she said or did appeared to register with him at all.

She felt sorry for him. She knew how mortified and repentant he would be later when the alcohol fumes cleared. And she felt it was bad for a man's morale to know such depths of remorse.

She thought Harvey suffered more than she did when he drank heavily.

Now he rose from the small slipper chair with difficulty. This further incensed him. He kicked the chair as if it had deliberately and maliciously put him at a disadvantage before her. And as he lunged across the room, Judith saw a crumpled piece of paper in his hand.

She looked again. It was the love note Joy Royce had written him and which she had never thrown away.

Now the motivation of this intense ugliness was explained. In his distorted frame of mind he had, of course, misconstrued her possession of what might well be considered incriminating evidence.

Judith knew there was nothing that she could say. He would hardly give her time to explain. She had a happy thought. Perhaps if she took the note and tore it into bits, he would understand that she entirely discountenanced it. She reached for it impulsively.

But Harvey had evidently suspected just this move. He shoved her from him with uncontrolled and unsuspected violence. The edge of the chifforobe struck her head and she slipped to the floor.

As she fell, Judith saw the enamel clock on the dressing-table. With her last consciousness she focused her eyes upon it. The tiny gold hands said it was half past four. What could she do about Miss Chambers . . .

There was the rushing of many waters in her ears . . . and she felt herself falling thru steep and dark places.

She had fainted.

Does a woman like Judith Tower forgive a man time after time if she loves him?

Or does she take her beauty and fame and financial independence and go off alone, seeking new happiness? See the December issue!

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Are the men more gracious than the women in extending a welcome?

This is the subject for a page drawing in the December MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE . . . a drawing that has as much truth and observation in it as the drawing on Pages 32 and 33 of this issue.

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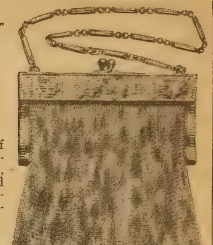

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The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page* 55)

uncomfortable. That is a tribute to our guests. Everyone was so busy talking . . . about everything.

For one thing we talked about "Variety," the German film we mentioned in this column last month. Sooner or later we were bound to. It is a conversational feast in motion picture circles.

There was a difference of opinion about *Boss Huller* when he caught *Artinelli,* even tho he would have liked to drop him from that high trapeze.

We argued . . .

Did he catch him because that was his job and he must do it well . . . or did he catch him because he was the exhibitionist and he could not bear to appear to fumble with the audience watching him?

We plunged into a psychological discourse. And what other motion picture would induce this?

Groaning over some recent films we had seen, we wondered why the Germans seemed more able to achieve interesting results than we do.

"We have never quite forgotten that they are motion pictures," Hugo said quietly. "Pictures that would move. At first, in the very beginning, we showed waterfalls, race-horses . . . a man walking or running . . . always moving things. Then we discovered that we could show crowds of people in motion. We have been doing this ever since, only on a more elaborate plane.

"Always we have concentrated upon showing motion. We have overlooked emotion. The Germans have not done this."

It seems to us that Mr. Ballin has stated the case.

"ARE they really a motion picture actress and a motion picture director?" our maid asked the morning after the Ballins had been to dinner.

We assured Anna that they were.

"They dont act like it," she said with a Finnish finality. "They were just like the other people we have to dinner . . . nicer than lots."

We said nothing. We have always believed in every individual's right to speak the truth.

Gladys Hall and we played a most amusing game the other day. We were supposed to be working on a scenario that we are doing for First National. But you know how it is. You can always think of the most preposterous things to do if they will keep you from the work at hand.

"If you could look like anyone on the screen, whom would you look like?" we asked her.

G. H. did not pause. She appeared to be quite at home in the playing of this nonsensical game.

"Alice Joyce," she said, "Alice Joyce, by all means."

"Who else?" we persisted.

"Petrova or Nazimova . . . Nazimova only under the consideration that I could look like her and go in for a different style . . . you know what I mean.

"Who would you look like?"

"Corinne Griffith," we said, "Or Alice Joyce. Or Florence Vidor. Any one of those three would do beautifully."

That evening others dropped in. Thyra Samter Winslow, the novelist, chose Lillian Gish.

"Especially the way Lillian looked about four years ago in 'Broken Blossoms,'" Thyra said.

Henrietta Sterrett, a fashion artist, and a Mrs. Collins, whose husband is a professor of something-or-other, chose Corinne Griffith.

Someone else selected Pola Negri.

"Um-m, because she has a way with the men!" we exclaimed, cattily.

"But has she?" demanded Thyra Winslow. "Or is she more the type that women think men like?

"Not having been asked to give a discourse on the subject, I think there are two types of women, the women whom men do fall for and the women whom women *think* men will fall for."

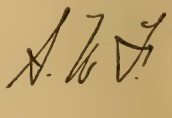
A vote was taken from the men, who had remained silent thus far. Did they like Pola Negri and Lya de Putti? The men said they did not think these two types as attractive as others.

One of the men then spoke up in behalf of Claire Windsor. We knew one of them would. She suggests the clinging vine. Pola and Lya might cling, but they dont look it. We think the men are a little fearful of these two ladies. They have read about them in the papers.

But then you cannot tell anyway. They might think them the most attractive women on the screen. They were surrounded by wives.

But, it is a good game if you do not play bridge. Or even if you do. We guarantee it will liven up the dullest group.

Try it!



Say It With Letters

(*Continued from page* 90)

Gilbert wants to be happily married and have children and mow the front lawn. Ha! Ha! That's a rich one. If he would be happily married and have children, where else could he have picked a more adorable wife than Leatrice Joy, and who on this earth has a baby half as adorable as their daughter? While I believe that John Gilbert is certainly at the top of the ladder, when it comes to being a perfect motion picture actor, I do think that this soft stuff that is written about him, is fierce. It should certainly be stopped.

Another thing I cant stand is this bunk that is written of Hope Hampton. Why was she given a medal in Europe—probably because she decided to return to America. In my opinion, she is about zero when it comes to acting. Surely there is no reason for her popularity, if one would call it this.

Give us more of Alice Joyce, Ronald Colman, William Haines, Lloyd Hughes, and above all John Barrymore. Where are Henry Walthall and Guy Bates Post? Can Charlie Chaplin. He is passé. I would much prefer the low comedy of W. C. Fields.

L. B.,
Baltimore, Md.

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Why Do Society Girls Fail in the Movies?

(*Continued from page 23*)

prove she is a good actress, or that she has any talent. How will she look on the screen? She seems to be good to look at from all the pictures we've seen of her in the papers. On the Avenue—riding horseback in Central Park. Leaving on the big steamer de luxe for Paris to do a little shopping, all covered with orchids. Lunching on Park Avenue. All dressed up in a ten-thousand-dollar costume for a fancy-dress party. All dressed up in another ten-thousand-dollar costume for a charity benefit to buy milk for starving babies!

But what has all this to do with her going into the movies. Why has she decided to become a screen actress? Her world and the motion picture world are as far apart as the two poles. The members of her circle form the smallest part of the motion picture audience. She, personally, may be secretly a violent movie fan. She may thrill to Jack Gilbert's sideburns (or burnsides? Which is it, I never can remember). She may sigh ecstatically over Adolphe Menjou's wicked little mustache. She may adore Dick Barthelmess' eyelashes—but in all probability, the nearest she has ever come to any of these allurements, is from the orchestra of the Plaza movie house over on Madison Avenue, or the loge of the Capitol where she and her party sit while waiting for their favorite night club to open its doors.

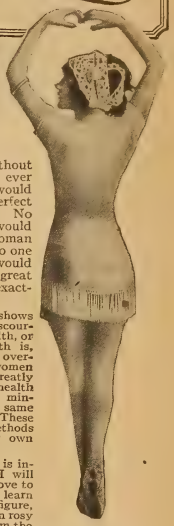
However, a number of New York's most exclusive young women have been, in reality, heroines of the aforementioned head-lines. The sensation lasted the proverbial nine days. After that a deep, long silence. What happened? Why were they heard of no more? What had become of their screen careers?

Had they considered their environment too plebeian? Their directors too coarse? Had they discovered, or been helped to the discovery that as actresses they would make very efficient diving champions? Had they gone into the movies in the first place just for a lark, and having got the thrill out of it they sought, decided to go back to Palm Beach or Newport or Southampton where they belonged?

We all remember what excitement Julia Hoyt aroused when she shook the glitter of New York society from her robe and turned to the stage and screen for work. I am not sure, but I think she was the first member of the 400 to make such a radical step. The beautiful and stately Mrs. Lydig Hoyt had decided that she was an actress. She got herself a job. She worked, everyone gives her credit for that, hard and sincerely, but it seems to me that rumors of her taking advantage of the social position she occupied interfered seriously with her stage and screen success. She looked lovely on the silversheet. Tall, stately, wearing her clothes almost as perfectly as a Follies show girl (and by this we mean no disparagement to Miss Hoyt), she had all the outward appearance of what a star should be. But the same fatal mistake they all made seemed to have ended Miss Hoyt's career. She couldn't stand the pressure.

Neither could Margaret Morgan Belmont, wife of the well-known millionaire. She worked with Mr. Griffith in *a* picture. Once evidently was enough, for she hasn't been seen on the screen since. Neither could the pretty and extremely popular Dorothy Stokes stand the "gaff." She purred over to the Long Island studio

The crippled girl who became the world's most perfectly formed woman



Annette Kellermann's Own Story

When I was a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree. I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces. No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be some day starred in great feature films. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

My experience certainly shows that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is, very many tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a greatly improved figure and better health can be acquired in only 15 minutes a day, through the same methods as I myself used. These startling, yet simple methods can now be used in your own home.

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly tell you how I can prove to you in 10 days that you can learn to greatly improve your figure, how to make your complexion rosy from the inside instead of from the outside, how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow, blemished face, how to stand and walk gracefully, how to add or remove weight at any part of the body, hips, bust, neck, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to have greater health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from many ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire more perfect womanhood.

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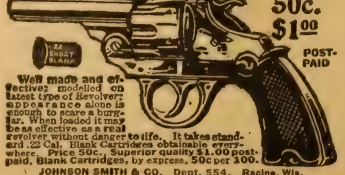

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every morning in her Rolls-Royce car for a while and worked as an extra, wearing her own (of course) perfectly lovely clothes, but mingling with the hoi polloi, and never having any more to do than the hundreds of other five-dollar girls on the set. She hasn't been back for some time now.

Then there was a real live princess who tried to become a screen star. The Princess de Bourbon, beautiful, regal, and willing to work. She played bits out in Hollywood for a short time. She worked as an extra. She appeared in a few scenes and then has apparently vanished. Of them all, ironically enough, the Princess de Bourbon went into the movies to earn some money. She *had* to make money, and tried to eke out a living by going the rounds of the studios in Hollywood.

The lovely Thelma Morgan (Mrs. Thelma Morgan Converse, now the wife of Lord Furniss, England's most eligible bachelor), worked for some time with the Famous Players-Lasky Company. She was determined to become a screen star. Certainly she had enough publicity to make her one if that were the only requirement. Every magazine carried the latest photograph of this beautiful twin, the other one having married Reginald Vanderbilt. Every newspaper carried a story of her entrance into the movie world. Every rotogravure section featured her picture. She became almost as familiar to the general public as Gloria Swanson. But when after a number of seven-o'clock-in-the-morning arrivals at the Long Island studio, she was seen no more, no one was the least surprised. She had sailed off to Europe to become a titled lady.

Perhaps her determination was a bit lacking in sincerity. She had quite a part in Gloria Swanson's "Society Scandal," and if she had gone on with her work, there is no telling but what she might have become a success.

There was only one in the entire group who seemed to possess the necessary qualifications for screen success. When the beautiful Alice Harriman died in Paris recently, she had forged ahead of all her sisters in society as a screen actress. She seemed to know that, as in all successful artistry, film work required an infinite capacity for taking pains with one's work. She arrived every morning at the studio by seven. She appeared made up on the set at the stated hour and minute. She worked hard as an extra, then in little bits. Her first tiny part being with Dick Barthelmess in "Classmates," but even this was cut out when it was discovered that the picture was too long.

She came under the personal direction of D. W. Griffith and was to have had the rôle now acted by Lya de Putti in "Sorrows of Satan." Mr. Griffith considered that Miss Harriman had genuine screen talent, and that she undoubtedly could be developed into a star. After finishing her work with Mr. Griffith, she left for Europe to work in a picture, and died from an infection on her face.

But none of the others, and their number is far more than those mentioned in this article, has been anything more than a passing breeze thru the studio world. Being society girls could not get them anything more than an entrée. They all had to start as extras. When after the first thrill of seeing behind the scenes had vanished, and the hard work of arriving at the studio at an hitherto unheard-of hour, and the sitting around waiting for shots to be taken, and the long, long day

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had to be undergone, it isn't at all strange that they couldn't see the point of going on.

Kleig lights are hot on a hot day. Why should any girl suffer their discomfit unless she had to? Why should she be in a sultry, stuffy studio when she might be out on Long Island Sound in her new speed-boat? Why should any girl work long hours every day when she could be dancing, or golfing, or yachting, or touring Europe?

The society girl has failed in the movies for the simple reason that she hasn't the necessary incentive to make good. Just as in all other careers, the love of the work itself has to be the driving force for creation—and necessity has to be the primary incentive. I doubt whether the average débutante, brought up in the lap of luxury, cultured and intelligent as the best of her set might be, could stick to any form of work long enough to make good at it. That is, unless she had suddenly become poor and dependent on her own resources for a living.

If this happened to her, there's no reason on earth why, with hard work, with patience, with study and willingness, there shouldn't be a Mary Pickford or Gloria Swanson from the gold-barred set of America's 400.

Most of them went into the game as a sort of lark, as we have said before. Bored with the monotonous round of pleasure; ever seeking a new sensation, a new thrill, they turned to the movies for relief. One or two may have been genuinely interested and tired of the life they led. But the strange environment, the hard labor, soon discouraged them.

It takes more than caprice to make a success on the screen. A girl has to be strong, as intelligent as a man of affairs, willing, and talented, to get anywhere. She must be on the alert every moment. In the long waiting hours spent on the set, how many of these society girls took advantage of their time to watch the make-up of those around them, to get into the atmosphere of the work and the place, to study the desires and instructions of the director, to keep their eyes fastened on every movement of the players and learn from them how to register joy, and sorrow, and pleasure and pain?

How many of them rehearsed at home and worked over their gleanings of knowledge that they had acquired during the day? How many of them appeared anxious to take advantage of every single opportunity for improvement?

Few, if any. That is why they have failed. Not any wanted to go back to school and start in at the beginning to get their scholarship. The work was too hard. The hours too long. Life is too short, and why not, if you have been placed by Destiny in a position to get everything possible out of it with the smallest expenditure of energy, why not, we say, enjoy it instead of following the chimera of Fame?

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Of course, no one is happy every minute of the time. There must be light and shade . . . otherwise there could be no happiness. It is a matter of contrast. But most of the time, are you happy?

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The NOVEMBER CLASSIC

will be full of interesting things. B. F. Wilson will tell you about Anita Loos, who wrote "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Bert Ennis will acquaint you with the second of his series, "Them Were the Happy Days"—featuring the Keystone years. There will be highly illuminating articles by such authorities as Dunham Thorp, Gladys Hall, Robert Donaldson, Charles Adair, Helen Carlisle, Dorothy Manners and a host of others.

Charming drawings will adorn its pages by such famous artists as John Held, Jr., Armando, Chamberlain and Leo Kober.

There will be absorbing personality stories. Faith Service's serial romance, "Painted People," is reaching new heights of interest.

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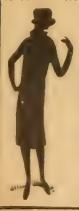

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News of the Camera Coasts

(*Continued from page* 68)

olive bottle. It all happened over the social status of Mae Murray.

When the royal couple were seated, there was a vacant seat to the left of the Crown Prince. It remained unoccupied for several minutes. Then Greta Garbo was placed beside his highness.

There had been considerable competition among the feminine stars as to who was to sit next to the son of the Swedish King. According to Mae Murray, it was she and not Greta Garbo who was to have the honor.

"That was the case as I understood it," said Mae. "But naturally they had to fill in when I could not get there on time. I had to discharge my chauffeur and so had no one to get me to the studio. They finally had to send a car for me. I hear that they were trying everywhere to get me by phone."

Miss Murray's husband, Prince David Divani, of Georgia, was not among the guests.

The Prince might have been busy at his new job, which would account for his absence. He is now a leading man for Mack Sennett, and will appear in a two-reel comedy entitled, "The Ginsburg and Murphy Film De Luxe." I haven't the slightest idea as to whether the Prince is to play Murphy or Ginsburg. The Prince's screen name will be David Manor, which translated means David's house or the house of David.

IT'S caviar month in Hollywood. The Russians are descending upon us. A troop of Cossacks is due to arrive any moment to lend its presence to "The Cossacks," which is scheduled as a starring picture for John Gilbert.

Viachetslav Tourjanski and Nathalie Kovanko, respectively husband and wife and director and star, arrived with new contracts. They were discovered by Harry Rapf, who viewed one of their films while he was in Europe.

These Russians will have to change their names. No theater owner will be able to get Viachetslav Tourjanski in lights above his lobby, and if he does his overhead on the electric bill will jump about seven kilowatt hours. The names will probably be cut to Vi Janski and Nattie Vanko.

Nathalie is a blonde of an unusual type and is said to be related to the old Russian nobility. We seem to get nothing but nobility in the way of foreign film artists. It would be a pleasure if some great artist would be different and emerge from the ranks of the peasantry.

Of all the nobles who have come to Hollywood, not one of the blood has made any remarkable success. Many stars have married titles, but I dont know of any titled persons who have succeeded in becoming stars. Most of our players are from the American peasantry like the rest of us.

IN a talk with Maurice Stiller, who is classed as Europe's greatest director, I learned that nearly all the worthwhile directors and stars the old countries have produced have come to America.

Stiller is directing the fiery Pola Negri in "Hotel Imperial," and is producing a picture that savors of success. Pola says she is much pleased with her new director, and is working hard to make a big success of the story. In fact, Pola's enthusiasm was so great in one particular scene that she all but cracked her skull and

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suffered bruises and contusions of the right arm and shoulder when she fell on the stairs.

George Siegmann, the villain of the piece, was supposed to accuse her of playing false and throw her back into a chair. George is a great big feller and when he throws he puts all his energy into his work. Pola missed the chair and fell on the stairs, but gamely continued with the scene.

I have talked with several of Pola's former leading men and they all say that she is so insistent on realism when it comes to a scene that requires a bit of rough work that she is willing to take a chance on the tensile strength of her anatomy.

JACK HOLT was sitting in the restaurant adjoining the Lasky studio, trying to enjoy his lunch, when a member of his company came up to him and said, "I want you to come over and look at the wildcat you are going to work with."

Jack looked up in amazement, "A wildcat!"

"Yes, a wildcat," said the intruder, "dont you want to see him?"

"No," replied Jack, "I have had enough difficulty talking with foreigners who have come to Hollywood, and I'll be darned if I want to try and understand a wildcat!"

I HAVE seen the situation done on the stage and screen, and I have read about it in prose and poetry, but it was not until recently that I encountered it in real life.

It is the story of the clown who must make his audiences laugh despite some deep private sorrow.

Raymond Hatton's mother died the day he was taking the initial scenes for his second comedy, "We're in the Navy Now," in which he shares honors with Wallace Beery.

He went to San Francisco for two days to attend her funeral and returned the third day to continue with his work of making the public laugh.

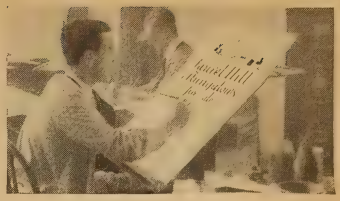
IF the Crown Prince of Sweden on his recent visit to the studios had seen Antonio Moreno in his new red uniform of a Northwest mounted policeman, I venture to say the Prince would have rushed up and shaken Tony's hand thinking him a brother Elk. Tony looks like a member of one of the imperial families in his new outfit which he is wearing in "Flaming Forests." Renée Adorée, the flame of France, is playing opposite the torrid Tony in "Flaming Forests," which makes this picture one of the warm variety for winter use. Tony may do another outdoor picture after he finishes this one, but he swears that he is going on a vacation, not having had one of those things in eighteen months.

I TRY to restrain these notes to news concerning our own countrymen, but that's like asking a reporter at Ellis Island to do the same. Hollywood is full of film immigrants.

Of all the foreign talent imported during the past twelve months, there appear but two personalities who stand a good chance of becoming popular American stars. They are Arlette Marchal and Einar Hanson.

Mlle. Marchal has given such evidence of her ability that the company that has her under contract renewed their option on her services long before the required time, and she is to play the leading rôle opposite Adolphe Menjou in "An Angel Passes."

Einar Hanson is a Swedish youth who



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H. L. Wood, a clerk, made more than $700 "on the side" before he had completed his course and also won $125 in prizes. Harry William Lord writes that he has more than doubled his salary as a result of studying this I. C. S. course in spare time. William Whitman, a former wagon builder, now has a sign painting business of his own and is earning *nearly three times* as much as he did before enrolling with the International Correspondence Schools.

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appeared with Corinne Griffith in "Into Her Kingdom," and is now playing the leading rôle opposite Corinne in "The Lady In Ermine." Miss Griffith hails him as the find of all foreign "finds."

Before coming to this country Hanson was a popular favorite in the old countries. He is twenty-five years old and single, which are good commercial assets for a talented actor.

A GREAT many of our celluloid stars trooped out to Cecil De Mille's studio to make tests for the important rôle of *Mary Magdalene* in "The King of Kings." Jacqueline Logan emerged the victor in the fracas and was awarded the part. I know that Lila Lee, Virginia Valli and Jetta Goudal were considered for the part and tests were made of them.

I never heard of Mr. De Mille being in a quandary before, but he was when he looked at the batch of test film he had made of many prominent actresses in Hollywood. The requirements for the part are that the actress must have both a physical and spiritual attraction. De Mille was in so much of a quandary regarding the casting of this rôle that he decided he would let his brother producers make the decision for him.

De Mille was invited over to Jesse L. Lasky's for dinner. Thinking it a great opportunity for a surprise-party, "C. B." arrived with several reels of tests for *Mary Magdalene* tucked under his arm.

Among the guests were Samuel Goldwyn, Jeanie McPherson, Bruce Barton and Sid Grauman. The tests were run and the guests voted on their choice for the rôle. Jacqueline Logan won the majority of votes. The party adjourned and De Mille made haste to sign up the attractive Jackie for the part.

CLARENCE BROWN, the director, has experienced considerable delay in getting started on John Gilbert's next picture, "The Flesh and the Devil." Brown was signed by the M. G. M. Company after he had turned out such works as "Kiki," "The Eagle" and the "Goose Woman." For several weeks he has been waiting to get work started on the Gilbert opus.

Greta Garbo was supposed to play the leading rôle opposite Gilbert in this picture, and Brown waited many weeks for her to complete her work with Antonio Moreno in "The Temptress." After she made the final scenes for that picture, something happened and studio officials decided not to use her. I understand the argument terminated when the Swedish actress packed her luggage and left the studio. Brown was facing the problem of another long delay, but decided to start making scenes with Gilbert alone.

Then Greta came back——

No one will say what happened.

MARION DAVIES is making preparations for her next Cosmopolitan picture, "Tillie the Toiler," which is a story written around the comic-strip character of that name.

There is no doubt about Marion being the champ of all screen comediénnes, and one of the most witty individuals in the picture colony. I have heard many wails from strangers who come to our city and see the stars. They say our stars are great disappointments when viewed in the flesh and the blood and the gorgeous gown, and they are generally right. But they never wail about Marion.

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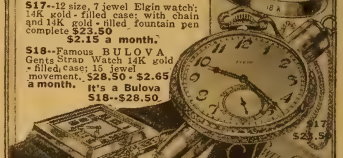

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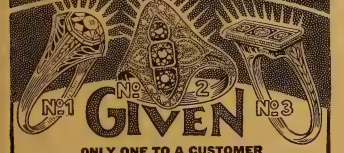

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they might sit down and pen a few lines of poetry and slash their wrists as young Savage did when Clara Bow spurned him. Marion is the most charming of them all.

FARINA, the black cloud of the Our Gang comedies, has introduced his sister to Hal Roach, the producer, and Hal plans to start her on her career as an actress. A new name was needed for the dusky beauty and Farina suggested that his sister be known as "Aroma" on the screen. She is only two and one-half years old and doesn't smoke, so I am at a loss to account for the name. I have a feeling that Farina wished to name her "Aloma," but his tongue slipped.

THE Los Angeles papers published a report that a nude woman was running around Hollywood with a gun in each hand murmuring something about killing her unfaithful boy friend.

That was two weeks ago. Nothing more has been heard of her, so I guess she got her part.

I HAVE just overheard a typical little Hollywood remark in the hotel room next to mine. The girl friend is talking on the phone and has let the following exclamation slip thru those innocent ruby lips I saw in the lobby only an hour ago:

"My Gawd! You say they wont let him outta San Quentin unless he goes to work? What's he going to do?" Followed by loud squalls on the ingénue's part.

So you see I must close my report and go in and comfort the little lady with the gallant offer of letting her incarcerated boy friend take my job of writing movie news each month. I'd rather be in San Quentin. It's easier.

ADOLPHE MENJOU is winning a place for himself among the most canny "discoverers" in the film industry. Adolphe is very generous about giving unknowns a chance, if he personally has faith in them, and his "finds" have a way of impressing studio officials to the extent of getting contracts. Adolphe's latest is Phillip Sterling, an English actor who was given an important rôle in "The Ace of Cads." He looked so good to Paramount that they've made him the fourth member of the quartet of principals in "The Popular Sin." This is Monta Bell's story of divorce, which Mal St. Clair is fashioning for the screen, with the able assistance of Florence Vidor, Greta Nissen and Clive Brook.

LOTS of unsuspecting young men are being pushed into the front ranks by some kind hand these days. Everyone knows how Richard Walling was snatched from behind the cameras during the filming of Fox's "Marriage License," and given the part of Alma Rubens' cherished son. Richard wasn't really planning on a career as an actor at all, but now that he's had it thrust upon him he probably wont reject it.

And John Boles, a college boy from Texas, had no ambitions beyond becoming a successful stage star, when Gloria Swanson caught sight of him cavorting in "Kitty's Kisses." One of Gloria's ambitions is to bring new talent to the screen, so she immediately had tests made of this promising boy, and signed him as leading man in her first United Artists production.

And still another opportunity is being held out to beginners. Frank Borzage is searching for perfect types to play

Two kinds of 'natural' color look natural in both sunlight and artificial light—Nature's and Tangee—and no one is ever sure to which a Natural Beauty owes her natural beauty!

Tangee Lipstick, $1; Crême Rouge, $1; Rouge Compact, 75c; Face Powder in Peach-blow, Rose, Cream, Rachel and White, $1.

Note: The most recent development in face creams has been accredited to Tangee DAY and Tangee NIGHT. These creams effectively improve the texture of the skin, and give the true basis for lovely color. $1 each.

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417 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the trial "Tangee Beauty Set," including Lipstick, Crême Rouge, Day Cream, Night Cream, and Face Powder. I enclose 20 cents to cover cost of mailing.

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Address _____

You are looking at history

THE hawker of yesterday who cried his wares in the public places is now but vaguely remembered—swallowed up in yesterday's seven thousand years.

Today the news of goods for sale becomes an indelible record of human achievement.

You may take, for instance, the history of transportation in America and read that extraordinary tale of progress in an unbroken series of advertisements in the files of newspapers and periodicals—advertisements that inform us of each progressive step from the sailings of sloops out of Boston for Philadelphia in the days of Franklin, to the flight of the Air Mail from Mitchell Field to San Francisco in our own day.

You may read the startling story of the revolution in household economy and the emancipation of the American wife and home-builder in the advertisements of the last twenty-five years.

But in today's publications you find an even more amazing record—the advertisements of radio outfits, automobile equipment, electrical appliances, foodstuffs, clothing, medicines—things which have raised our civilization to a plane higher than the world has ever known. Do you quite realize that in these advertisements you are examining a contemporary contribution to the recorded history of civilization?

It takes more than money to advertise.
It takes honesty

Chico and *Diane* in his production of "Seventh Heaven." And he doesn't care whether they've ever been heard of before, if they can just fulfil the other requirements. Just what those are, Mr. Borzage doesn't specify.

OF course, everyone knows that screen stars run all sorts of risks of being attacked and bitten when they play with wild animals. That's not news. But if a screen star bites a lion—that's not news, either, according to Douglas MacLean's producing company. In fact, they have taken steps to insure the wild beasts against rough treatment during the filming of "Ladies First," MacLean's new comedy. You wouldn't expect any rough stuff to occur in a picture with such a refined title, but Charles Gay, who owns the animals, looked over the script and decided his pets were in danger of being injured during the lion hunt which is the climax of the picture, so he took out an insurance policy covering three full-grown lions, one lioness, and two cubs.

WHEN Theodore Dreiser mentioned Erich von Stroheim as the ideal man to direct "An American Tragedy," it started an idea germinating in the minds of Paramount officials. Von Stroheim, the perfect delineator of American life as it is really lived! "Mr. von Stroheim has long awaited an opportunity of making a production of typical and essential American nature," quoth Mr. Lasky. And thereupon assigned him to direct "Glorifying the American Girl." Mr. von Stroheim has moreover been cast in the "outstanding male rôle." And ever mindful of the fitness of things, Paramount has arranged for the picture to be made in New York, home of the Ziegfeld Follies, with Gilda Gray as the American girl. Mr. von Stroheim will prepare for his great opportunity by taking a six weeks' course in Broadway's night life, right on the ground, as soon as he arrives from Hollywood.

THE film colony seems to be going in heavily for religion—at least as an aid to interior decoration. Gardner James has a house with an altar as the chief piece of furniture. Herbert Howe, the wit of Hollywood, built himself a house with holy relics enshrined in every available corner. His conscience couldn't stand the strain of looking a madonna in the eye every time he turned around, and it got so bad that he had to move out. But Alice Terry, who has no nerves at all, moved in and has been living very placidly among the saints. And now Marion Davies is building herself a dressing-room bungalow on the Metro lot with a stained-glass window.

GETTING into the Fox East Coast Studio is like being presented at court. Of course, you dont have to wear an ostrich feather, but practically all the other ceremonies are observed. I put in my application a few weeks in advance and finally received a pass with the royal seal affixed. Once within the sacred portals, I took a look around and felt my healthy ego returning. It is much like any other studio, only Allan Dwan was making "Summer Bachelors," his first picture for Fox. The bobbed and blondined Madge Bellamy was the center of a cabaret scene which included hundreds of extras, all self-conscious and posing in their best attitudes in the hope of being noticed. Matt Moore was somewhere in the crowd, looking rather sulky because he had to dance,

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

FANNING THROUGH THE NEW PICTURES

PAULINE FREDERICK IN "DEVIL'S ISLAND"

IF you like romance, if you enjoy a charming, sweet love story that is tinged with sadness, if you want to see a tense, stirring story of strange loves in a strange land, you will certainly enthuse over Pauline Frederick's new Chadwick picture, "Devil's Island."

LEAH BAIRD has written a most unusual story of the loves and hates of the life prisoners on Devil's Island, the prison home of Captain Dreyfus. The alluring beauty of the tropics is the charming background of this drama of the "island of lost men."

MOTHER love is reflected in a new light in "Devil's Island." Pauline Frederick, struggling for the freedom of her son in servitude, brings a force to the role of the mother that makes this part stand out even above her marvelous "Madam X."

THERE is a good supporting cast, too, with Marion Nixon, George Lewis, Richard Tucker, John Miljan, Harry Northrup, Leo White and William Dunn among the others.

LET me know how you like "Devil's Island." In fact, I am always interested in hearing from you about every Chadwick picture that you see.

Fanny

CHADWICK PICTURES CORPORATION
729 Seventh Avenue
NEW YORK CITY

before a moving camera, with a newcomer to the screen named Leila Hyams. And there also was Clifford Holland, sulking because he *couldn't* dance with her. Holland *versus* Hyams is the most recent and conspicuous studio romance. Clifford, who is tall and agreeable, requested that I *print* his love for the lovely Leila. It seems that off the set *in* the studio, Clifford's standing isn't so bad, but *outside*—everything is so different. Miss Hyams has had stage experience, and is showing great promise in her first screen rôle.

Her mother, by the way, was considered for the rôle of Matt Moore's mother in "Summer Bachelors," but when they ran her screen tests they found she looked just about twenty years too young for the part, so there will be but one movie career in the Hyams family.

Mal St. Clair dropped in, rangey and smiling, and clad in the inevitable white flannels. Assuming his favorite rôle of raconteur, he soon had Walter Catlett and Charles Winninger and the other wits of the cast clustered around him, and all but broke up the afternoon's work. But hundreds of extras cant be hired and then left idle, even if it does mean missing some pretty funny cracks. And as I left, Allan Dwan and his cameras were mounted on a truck, rolling about the set in pursuit of Miss Hyams, who was being guided thru a maze of dancing extras by the unhappy Mr. Matt Moore.

FUNNY how women are never satisfied with what they've been taught to regard as their crowning glory. They're forever cutting it off or changing its color or otherwise distorting it. Mildred Harris was absolutely original in dying her hair a decidedly brunette shade. I've never heard of a woman aspiring to anything but blondeness, especially since the best sellers came out last fall, and Mildred was quite a nifty blonde. Evidently what she was seeking was a disguise.

But the funniest thing is going to be Colleen Moore in Mary Pickford curls. Colleen is donning a wig of long yellow hair for her next picture, "Twinkletoes."

AS for engagements—there is a lively rumor that love is in the air about Patsy Ruth Miller's house, and that she and Dick Barthelmess would like to announce their engagement—were it not that Dick is only separated, and not divorced, from his wife. Since Dick's advent to Hollywood last spring he has done quite a bit of damage, romantically speaking. But Dick's romantic lure is not the only factor in this case. His little daughter, Mary Hay-Barthelmess, is given a lot of credit for the winning of Patsy, who is fond of children, and would like to bring little Mary up. Barthelmess and his wife are both Catholics, I believe, and consequently barred from the luxury of a divorce—which makes it a little difficult for Patsy. So no one knows just what is going to happen. Probably exactly what has happened in all Patsy's other reported engagements—absolutely nothing.

THE query of so many fans—"Could Lillian Gish play the modern girl?"—is about to be answered. As soon as "Annie Laurie" is completed, Lillian starts work on "Wind," a novel by a professor of short-story writing at Columbia. That doesn't recommend it to me greatly, but it is described as "powerful and absorbing." Lillian may not be *the* modern girl, in the sophisticated sense of the word, but the picture will be in modern costume.

Ignorance of physical facts

never brought happiness,

UNLESS there is frank discussion, there can be no real enlightenment on a subject such as feminine hygiene. The recent advances in this branch of hygiene have all come about as an answer to one existing evil. And that is the *evil of poisonous antiseptics.* Every physician and nurse is familiar with the effects when delicate tissues come in contact with bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid. Yet until lately there was no other recourse for fastidious women who demanded an efficient and true surgical cleanliness.

Every woman has reason to welcome Zonite

But no longer need a woman risk the effects of dangerous poisons for the purpose of feminine hygiene. No longer need she fear accidental poisoning in the home. For now she has *Zonite.* This powerful antiseptic-germicide is a remarkable achievement to contemplate. *Though absolutely non-poisonous,* Zonite is more than forty times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen and far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the human body.

No wonder, then, that Zonite has been welcomed with satisfaction. A powerful antiseptic which, in its many uses, is harmless to human tissue! Dentists are using it widely for preventive oral hygiene. Suggestion: ask your physician's opinion of Zonite.

Send for dainty booklet on feminine hygiene, frankly written. Zonite Products Co. Postum Bldg., 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

At your druggist's in bottles 25c, 50c and $1

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, scratches, sunburn, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in the form of a vanishing cream.

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250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

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☐ Antiseptics in the Home

Please print name RR-17

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(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

Are You Interested in Love?

IF not, you will have no time for the story Dorothy Manners has contributed about a half dozen or more romances in the film colony. She has unearthed romantic fragments of life that you would not want to miss if, like the majority of people, you love love.

Take Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen. They're engaged. But the colony's prophet warns them not to wed. But they are going to. . . .

Some of the romances are comic . . . some dramatic . . . some mysterious.

Which Road Leads to Happiness?

Happiness is the one thing that we all seek. It is the world's quest. Which road leads to it? Wealth? Fame? Learning? Love? Marriage? Children?

Only those who have tasted of these things can properly answer. We put this question to several people wise in these things. What did they answer?

When a Foreign Actress Arrives in Hollywood . . . What Happens?

Are the men more gracious than the women in extending a welcome?

This is the subject for a page drawing which has as much truth and observation in it as the drawing on Pages 32 and 33 of this issue.

There will be fiction, too. And beautiful photographs.

And all the other varied good things of which the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is made. . . . Reserve your copy of the December issue at your neighborhood news-stand today.

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EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

"MAKE" THE BAND

. . . *share honors with the* TEAM

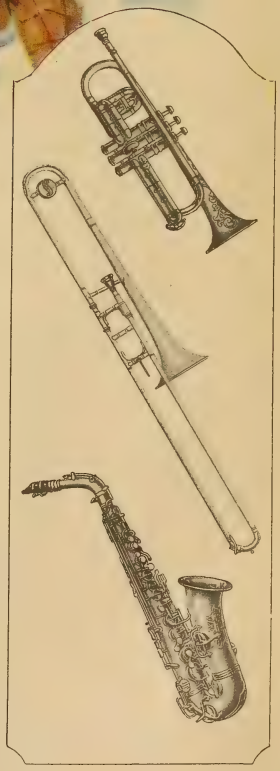
THE winning kick sails between the goal posts . . . the final whistle sounds . . . surging down the field comes the frenzied victory dance . . . *at the head of it marches the band!*

In school and college Bandsmen share honors with the team. They win individual honors in state, sectional and national tournaments. They go on trips, enjoy opportunities as few others do; have the chance to earn their education with their talent.

With a Conn instrument you can join a band in a very short time. Exclusive, *easy-playing* features enable rapid progress, make practice real fun. World-famous professionals choose Conns for their superior quality. In 50 years building fine instruments Conn has won highest honors at world expositions. With all their exclusive features *Conns cost no more!*

We help organize bands or orchestras, with detailed plans, including an easy method of financing. Schools, communities, organizations, or individuals should write to our Band Service Department for details; no obligation.

Free Trial, Easy Payments. Choose any Conn for trial in your own home. Send coupon now for free literature and details. The Conn dealer in your community can help you get started; talk over your plans with him.



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Oakland, ... 531 16th St.
Portland, . . 11th & Alder Sts.
Seattle, . . . 1613 Third Ave.
Tacoma, . . . 1155 Broadway
Vancouver, B. C., 324 Hastings St., W.

Conn National School of Music, 62 E. VanBuren St., Chicago, Ill.

180 Leading Actresses of the New York Stage

say they find this soap "exquisite" "wonderful for their skin"

. . Night after night she must face a thousand critical eyes

A LADY OF MAYFAIR, exquisite as an orchid, frail as Venetian glass—or a modern flapper with the *tenue* of a beautiful boy—a princess, a gypsy, an adventuress—

Whatever part she plays, the successful actress must be able to throw about it the vivid spell of her own personal beauty.

Lovely and youthful as the dawn she must seem to her audiences when she steps before the curtain.

HOW DOES SHE DO IT? Her skin, which has to be covered with harsh make-up—exposed to cruel, high-power light—how does she keep it fresh and unfaded—flawless, under the gaze of a thousand eyes?

We asked two hundred and fifty leading actresses of the New York stage, playing in 44 of the season's plays, what soap they use for the care of their skin—and why. Nearly three-fourths answered, "*Woodbury's Facial Soap!*"

"*It is a wonderful soap for the skin,*" they said. "*It is very soothing.*" "*It keeps the skin firm and fresh-looking, preventing large pores and blemishes.*"

Every one of the Woodbury users was eager to praise the soothing, non-irritating effect of Woodbury's on her skin.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one is conscious of this extreme fineness.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get a cake today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

Your WOODBURY TREATMENT *for ten days*

NOW—THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
1311 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder and the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1311 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

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MOTION PICTURE

DECEMBER — 25 CTS

Special Feature Stories

Their Real Love Stories

Which Road Leads to Happiness?

See Page 30

Who's *the* Popular Boy?

THE boy who plays a Conn is the most sought for fellow in his crowd. He's welcome everywhere, because he brings zestful, cheering music that everybody likes.

A Conn saxophone is a key to social prestige; it can be a great help to success in any career. Professional playing, whole or part time, is highly paid and fascinating; opportunities are open everywhere. Many of America's leaders in business, the professions, and statecraft, have earned their education with their musical talent. With a Conn you can win this pleasure and profit quickly. Exclusive, easy-playing features speed your progress. Our simpler key system is easier to master; hydraulic expansion process makes easier blowing, more beautiful tone, perfect scale; drawn sockets with rolled edges and new foil pads eliminate trouble and improve tone.

Choose any instrument; remember Conn makes everything for band and orchestra. Each Conn instrument has its exclusive advantages. Conns are used and endorsed by the world's foremost artists and conductors. *Yet they cost no more than others!*

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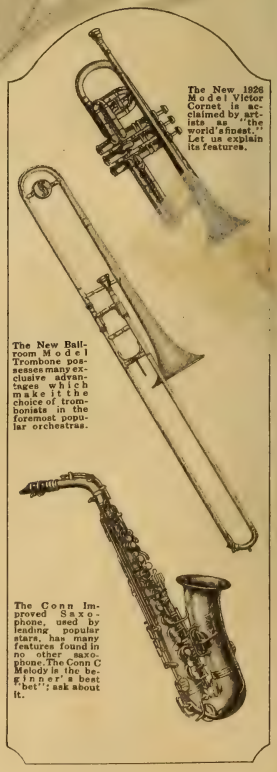

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The Conn Band Service Department helps in organizing bands and orchestras. Individuals and organizations are invited to write for information; no obligation.

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Conn Portland Co., 11th and Alder Sts.
Conn Atlanta Co., 62 N. Broad St.
Conn Mobile Co., 5 St. Emanuel St.
Conn Boston Co., 488 Boylston St.
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Conn Oakland Co., 531 16th St.
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A
WILLIAM FOX
PICTURE
From a noted stage success

FOR YOU—THE UTMOST MAGIC OF THE SCREEN

TO give you the utmost magic of the screen—that is the mission of Fox Pictures! To this end, the greatest hits of the stage are being converted into Fox Photoplays by directors who have been selected because of their past successes. The stars and supporting players form the greatest pool of dramatic talent any one company has ever brought together.

"Cradle Snatchers", "Is Zat So?", "The Auctioneer", "The Lily", "The Return of Peter Grimm", "The City"—these are a handful of the noted stage plays being made into Fox Pictures. There are many others, and popular novels, too.

And the list of players in Fox Pictures—bewildering!—Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe, Madge Bellamy, George O'Brien, Olive Borden, Matt Moore, Belle Bennett, Lou Tellegen, Lila Lee, Walter McGrail, Virginia Valli, Ian Keith, Anita Stewart, Walter Catlett, Phyllis Haver, Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor, George Sidney, Dolores Del Rio, William Russell, Margaret Livingston, Alec Francis, Bessie Love, Victor McLaglen, Olive Tell! Yet these are far less than half the well-known players engaged.

Raoul Walsh, who directed "The Thief of Bagdad"; Allan Dwan, who directed "Robin Hood"; John Ford, who directed "The Iron Horse"; Alfred Green, who directed Colleen Moore; F. W. Murnau, who directed "The Last Laugh"; Harry Beaumont, who directed "Beau Brummel"; Frank Borzage, who directed "Humoresque"—are only a *few* of the Fox directors—the list reads like a movie hall of fame.

Watch your theatres for Fox Pictures—for they bring you the utmost magic of the screen!

—And in addition, these supreme productions:

WHAT PRICE GLORY
THE MUSIC MASTER
7TH HEAVEN
all made from renowned stage successes
3 BAD MEN
staged by John Ford, who directed "The Iron Horse"
ONE INCREASING PURPOSE
by the author of "If Winter Comes"

WILLIAM FOX PICTURES

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COMING to amaze the world . . .
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OF the heroes of peace
THE fearless fire-fighters
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THE true story of today's battle
AGAINST the Red Death
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AMERICA'S firemen
IT is truly called
THE Big Parade of Peace Times

with
May McAvoy
Charles Ray
Scenario by
Alfred A. Cohn
From the story by
Kate Corbaley
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by
William Nigh

Metro-*Goldwyn*-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

Do you see motion pictures or merely look at them?

Win one of these

Rare Prizes

Do you remember what you see? I wonder! Take my test—Try my five questions — You'll be surprised how much you miss in the movies!

For the best answers to my questions I have chosen rewards that you'll be proud to win and to own.

The lucky lady will receive *the signet ring* I wear in "Bardelys the Magnificent." The fortunate gentleman will win *the handsome rapier* John Gilbert uses in the same picture and the fifty "next best" contestants will receive my favorite photograph autographed personally by

Yours hopefully,

Eleanor Boardman

Eleanor's Five Questions

1 What four nationalities are represented in the cast of Rex Ingram's "The Magician"?

2 Name the four pictures in which King Vidor has directed John Gilbert for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?

3 What do you regard as Lon Chaney's greatest screen characterization? Answer this in less than fifty words.

4 Name four Metro Goldwyn-Mayer stars whose surnames begin with the letter G?

5 By what means was the stroke of the Roman galley slaves regulated in "Ben Hur"?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York.** All answers must reach us by December 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

OCT 20 '26
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Motion Picture Magazine

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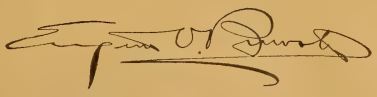
Vol. XXXII DECEMBER, 1926 Number 5

Adele Whitely Fletcher
Editor

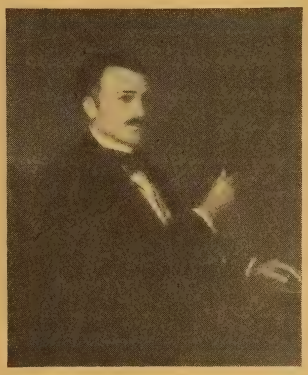
Colin J. Cruikshank, *Art Director*

This Business of Types

An Editorial by



Editor-in-Chief of the Brewster Publications



ALMOST everyone we know in the screen world complains of the limitations that he has forced upon him in his work. And it is very often true that you can tell just what a certain star will be and do even before his latest picture is announced on the screen. So and so is the wicked man-about-town. So and so is the aristocratic lady. So and so is the neglected husband. So and so is the little waif who comes into riches before any of her pictures fade out. It is not necessary to mention the names and further tie these personalities to the artistic ball and chain of their type. And it is probably unnecessary that we do so. The chances are that every reader of this editorial knows to whom we refer in each and every instance. That is how inflexible these limitations have become.

As soon as a motion picture personality becomes popular in a certain type of rôle, in that type of rôle he remains. Barring time and death, synonymous, professionally speaking, only a stray fluke can save a personality from the particular type which he has been cataloged in a producer's mind.

This is not true of the stage. A stage personality may be the naughty silken lady from Paris one season and a persecuted and very virtuous and middle-class wife from Texas the next season.

And this is as it should be. Our screen artists would be far greater artists if they were permitted to broaden their scope of expression. And consequently the screen would have a far greater interest, for it would have a more varied pattern and color.

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Motion Picture Magazine

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Lincoln Knew How To Laugh!

LINCOLN had sent for them. Seward, Stanton, Chase, and the other members of the famed war cabinet. None knew the purpose of the meeting. Save that of course it had to do with the war.

"Gentlemen," said the President, book in hand, "did you ever read anything from Artemus Ward?" Not a member of the cabinet smiled. They had not come there to joke.

But the President *had,* apparently. For with great deliberation he started to read page after page of Artemus Ward, the greatest humorist of his day. Having finished, he laughed heartily. The others sat aghast. What madman was this to read funny stories to them at such a time? Stanton was on the point of leaving the room.

Stony silence greeted the President as he looked up. "Well," he said, "let's have another chapter." And to everyone's astonishment, he read another chapter of humorous anecdotes. Then, throwing the book down and heaving a long sigh, he said, "*Gentlemen, why don't you laugh?* With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day, if I did not laugh, I should die. You need the medicine as much as I do."

After which, Lincoln reached into the pocket of his long-tailed coat and pulled out a little paper. The "little paper" was the Emancipation Proclamation!

* * * * *

THE tall, gaunt figure who prefaced his cabinet meeting by reading funny stories knew what he was about. He knew the value of a laugh. He, better than they, knew the necessity of something to relieve the tension that was trying men's souls in the dark days of '62.

Knowing how to laugh is the greatest tonic ever devised. If you've lost the art of laughing naturally and heartily—or think you have—see an *Educational* comedy tonight. You'll forget your dignity, forget your cares, forget you're grown up. You'll look younger and feel younger.

Educational comedies are deservedly popular. They are supreme in their field, just as are the other Short Subjects for which *Educational* is famous. News reels, novelties, scenic pictures of rare beauty, and the exquisite Romance Productions—you'll enjoy them all.

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Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

The Bulletin Board

The News as We Went to Press

BEATRICE LILLIE, otherwise Lady Peel, the English comédienne, who is making her first movie, has already become involved in the divorce mill of Hollywood. Her rôle this time is corespondent in the divorce of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Whalen. Whalen is a scenario writer. All the experts seem to agree that Bee is innocent, and that Mrs. Whalen thought that as long as she was naming a corespondent she might as well pick out someone with fame and a title.

MARY HAY, who is still the wife of Richard Barthelmess, altho they've been separated for some time, has gone out to Hollywood and created a panic among the several ladies whom Dick is supposed to have captivated during the summer. Mary went to visit her little girl, who has been living with Dick at the beach all summer, but Dick delayed his departure for New York, just so he could entertain her, and for several weeks they have been going about together constantly, and happily.

EMIL JANNING'S arrival in New York is to be celebrated by many social affairs for the press, and by the personal appearance of Mr. Jannings at the Rivoli Theater in conjunction with the showing of "The Gilded Hypocrite," one of his German pictures. One of the first people to seek an audience with Jannings will be Jim Tully, former fan magazine writer and now getting more famous every day as a playwright and novelist. Tully has written a novel called "Jarnegan," the tale of a Hollywood director, and he harbors a hope that it may be adapted to the screen with Jannings in the leading rôle.

THERE is something wrong in the McIntosh family. And we wouldn't be at all surprised if Constance Talmadge was a divorcée again when you read this.

Just how long it will be before she and her husband of less than a year separate no one actually knows.

Constance has been seen about with Buster Collier, to whom she was reported engaged up to the very day of her marriage to Captain McIntosh.

THE days of the good old-fashioned Mack Sennett comedies are over. Lately—as you've no doubt noticed—his slap-stick methods have been used in many of our best pictures, and are now considered quite the thing. So Mack has been engaged by Famous Players as supervising head of their comedy units. And that's the end of the custard pie and the broken crockery. By this move Famous Players reunites the old bunch who used to work together on the Sennett lot—Mack and Mal St. Clair and Ray Griffith and Ford Sterling. But they haven't done a thing about Ben Turpin, who will probably work in Educational comedies for Pathé.

VIRGINIA BUSHMAN, one of the daughters of Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, was married recently to Jack Conway, a Metro-Goldwyn director. When Virginia and her sister went out to Hollywood for a visit last year, they decided they'd like to stay and enter the movies instead of going back to school. Francis X. demurred, but the girls stayed, and got small parts for themselves. And Virginia has further solidified her position in the movies by her marriage. That means that practically the whole Bushman family is on the screen, except their youngest son, who is now six. When the Bushmans were divorced, Beverly Bayne got the custody of the child only on condition that he would be kept off the screen until he was at least fifteen years old.

ERNST LUBITSCH, it seems, is to do one picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer before starting on his Paramount contract. M-G-M bought his unfulfilled contract with Warner Brothers, and are planning to have him direct "Old Heidelberg," with Ramon Novarro. We hope, for the sake of poor Ramon, who has been getting the worst possible treatment, that this plan will materialize.

MARY PICKFORD and Douglas Fairbanks have abandoned the idea of touring the Orient. They are back in Hollywood and all ready for some strenuous work in the studios. Their decision to stay at home is a result of the death of Valentino. The output of United Artists has been reduced, and the pictures of Mary and Doug are needed.

KATHERINE MACDONALD, has been awarded a divorce from her lazy husband, C. S. Johnson. Katherine said his chief talent was borrowing money from her—money he never thought of returning. She was awarded the custody of their little son. Katherine made an attempt to come back to the screen, but it was not an unqualified success.

$10.00 for the Best Title to this Picture

You may send as many titles to this picture as you like—not more than ten words long. All answers must be mailed by November 20 and no titles will be returned. Address them: Title Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

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During the first year of life the growth of cells and tissues together with the building of the framework of the body should go on rapidly and without interruption, for the foundation then laid has a very important bearing upon the baby's general health as he enters the period of childhood. It is, therefore, very necessary that an infant's diet contain food elements of a form to completely satisfy the constant demand for appropriate nutritive material.

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Write to us today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food

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At leading women's colleges in America—Smith, Bryn Mawr, Sweet Briar, Barnard, Wellesley,—from half to three-fourths of the girl students we questioned prefer Woodbury's Facial Soap for their skin.

At the five great universities of Chicago, Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, California—Woodbury's is from 3 to 5 times as popular as any other toilet soap! Over 3,000 girls in these universities wrote praising its beneficial effect.

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"There are five girls in our family, we all use Woodbury's," wrote one Canadian girl . . . "A splendid cleansing soap, and an excellent aid in keeping the skin clear of ugly blemishes" . . . "Keeps my skin in such a wonderfully healthy condition" . . . "I use it because my skin is very delicate, and most soaps irritate it."—

These are characteristic comments.

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soaps.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's, you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get a cake today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

Your WOODBURY TREATMENT *for 10 days*

Now—the new large-size trial set

The ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
1323 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." *In Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1323 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.*

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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

Autrey

MADGE BELLAMY

Madge still has those great big eyes, but she uses them differently. If you missed "Sandy," where the demure Miss Bellamy was first transformed into a blonde and flippant flapper, see her in "Summer Bachelors." If you didn't miss "Sandy," you'll see her without being urged

Rut[illegible]e

CLAIRE WINDSOR

Claire never does anything sensational. But she always gets in the lists of the "ten most beautiful women," she's frequently hailed as the "best-dressed," and she goes quietly and consistently on making amusing and popular pictures. What more could she want? Her next will be "The Little Journey," with William Haines

E. R. Richee

FLORENCE VIDOR

After being dignified and irreproachable for years, Florence bobbed her hair and unleashed her sense of humor, and fairly dazzled the Lasky officials into making her a star. As such, she appears in "The Popular Sin"

Clarence S. Bull

LARS HANSON

Here's a new hero for you. Whether it's acting ability, sincerity, or sex appeal you're looking for, Lars has got it. He was a match for the screen's foremost actress in "The Scarlet Letter," and we've no doubt he'll make even John Gilbert look to his laurels in "Flesh and the Devil." In short, we're a Lars Hanson fan

James Doolittle

LOUISE
BROOKS

"Is that so?" ask the challenging eyes of Louise. She has just been chosen as the vamping baby sister whom the gentlemen very frankly prefer—in "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em"

Rayhuff-Richter

H. B. WARNER

Five years ago, Mr. Warner refused to adopt the florid technique of moving pictures, and the few pictures he made were ignored. He waited—five years—until the screen grew up to his own quiet and repressed style of acting. Now he is one of the most persuasive personalities in pictures. He has been cast in a rôle which no man has attempted before—Jesus of Nazareth, in De Mille's production, "The King of Kings"

Irving Chidnoff

ALICE JOYCE

It is obvious every time you see a portrait of Alice Joyce that she is a charming and beautiful woman. But she is more than this. She is a sincere actress, and it is a pity that she is not more often given opporunities for interesting characterizations. In "The Ace of Cads," she plays a rôle that ranges from girlhood to middle age

MONTE BLUE

Monte has always seemed to us a paradox—the good-natured, homespun fellow whose speciality, by some odd accident, became polished drawing-room comedy. His next picture will be a slight departure—a mystery story called "Wolf's Clothing"

By Armand

When Lya de Putti Arrives in Hollywood

Curiosity will not be the only emotion felt by the film colonists

On the left are Louis B. Mayer, Jesse Lasky and Adolphe Menjou. In the front row on the right are Carl Laemmle, Cecil De Mille, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, Clara Bow, John Barrymore and Dick Barthelmess. In back of them are Samuel Goldwyn, Joseph Schenck, Syd Grauman, Tony Moreno, Charlie Chaplin, Pola Negri, Leatrice Joy, Monte Blue, Colleen Moore, Lillian Gish, Erich von Stroheim and Alice Joyce

Dareos, the film colony's seer, tells Jobie Ralston and Dick Arlen that nothing but misfortune and disaster will come of their marriage

Gene Kornman

Dorothy Manners

Tells of Their

LOVE STORIES

THESE are real love stories I am going to tell you about.

New ones, too, if love stories are ever new. It may be true that "the same old story" can never be really novel, but it does have its variations. Some love stories and comedies. Some, dramas. Others, mysteries. Or so they seem out in our little suburb of Los Angeles, where the last six months has seen the blooming, and sadly enough, the wilting of loves that ran the gamut from Thalia to Melpomene.

Some of these loves are all over now. They *were* love stories.

Others of them are just beginning. They *are* love stories.

But the point is they've all been wept and laughed and thrilled and worried over by real people. People you know. People like Jobyna Ralston and Richard—commonly called Dick—Arlen. You knew of their romance, didn't you?

And you'd heard that Joan Crawford and Michael Cudahy were no longer engaged?

And that Irving Asher and Mary Astor were to be wed?

And that Josef von Sternberg is newly married to a girl named Riza Royce?

Back of each is a little story. An odd little story. Sometimes of heart-break—of peace after bitter cynicism—even of fear and foreboding.

Take Jobyna and Dick. You wouldn't think that any-

The greatest play Fate ever staged is Love. Sometimes it is a tragedy . . . , sometimes a mystery drama . . . and sometimes a comedy

Bull

Joan Crawford and Michael Cudahy say they are only good friends now . . . but it is funny . . . whenever they are on the same party and dance with others, their eyes keep seeking each other out . . .

Most movies end with the embrace . . . what happens after that is another story. And who is to say that it is not an infinitely greater story?

P. and A.

thing in the world would rise to threaten their future, would you? Two young people so made for happiness and love?

And in the beginning there was nothing to suggest anything else.

If ever a girl was drawn up according to specifications to be a sweetheart and a bride, that girl is Jobie. She looks like that . . . all curly and pink and white and joy-loving. She lives in a little vine-covered house with her dad and brother. She still makes a difference between her party clothes and her every-day clothes. When she gets a new evening wrap, or a new hat, she models it for her girl friends. You've known a hundred girls like her. Only maybe not so lovely.

And Dick's the same kind of boy. Just a nice kid.

He fell head over heels in love with Jobie right away. But for a long time Jobie thought of him as just one of the "gang." A pal. Someone to laugh around with. She continued to feel that way up until the time they went on a house-party to a place that was just made for romance—like themselves. There was a lake so clear that a million trees cast shadows to its very heart. There were bright-colored boats for rowing. There was soft music over the water. And in the bow of a boat sat Jobie, in pale pink, her face shaded by a Japanese umbrella. Dick at the oars.

They fell utterly, quite madly in love. To Jobie, Dick was no longer just one of the "gang." He was *the* man from then on, forever. Life stretched before them,

B. M. (before Mary) Irving Asher used to "step around" a good deal. He let the world know that he preferred ladies with plenty of animation, a sense of humor and an effective wardrobe

Freulich

Freulich

Mary Astor isn't any of the things for which Irving Asher used to hold such high briefs. She has always been chaperoned by her mother. And she is quiet and retiring. . . . But she evidently has a magic . . .

Alfred Cheney Johnston

Josef von Sternberg used to tell Riza Royce about "the other girl" . . . the girl who had broken his heart. And Riza was sorry for him . . . so she tried to be gentle where the other had been merciless. And——

ideally. And it wasn't as tho they were merely in love. They had so much in common, they boasted. Dick's career as a contracted player with Lasky was coming on so well. And Jobie was on the verge of free-lancing into big money. Their ambitions were the same. They liked the same things and the same people—laughed at the same jokes.

So when they came home, their engagement was announced and everyone wished them well.

One evening Jobie and Dick drove down to the beach to play around on the rollie coasters and eat popcorn balls and hot dogs and all the other things you do on summer nights at the beach. But they got tired of that. Just for fun they decided to have their fortunes told. By Dareos. The great Dareos. They went up the dusty stairs to his office, giggling and laughing, for what could Dareos tell them but of a life of love and laughter?

This is what Dareos told them:

That nothing but misfortune and disaster would come of their marriage. Only unhappiness. Deep tears. Bitter regrets.

That is what he saw in his amazing crystal for Jobie and Dick, who were so made for love and sweet things and happiness and cottages.

Dick laughed. He told Dareos he was crazy. Utterly crazy. He put his arm around Jobie. But Jobie wasn't laughing. Jobie wasn't laughing at all. She was wondering——

You say so silly to put stock in a fortune-teller. Perhaps so. But then you do not know Dareos. He is no ordinary fortune-teller. Influential men travel from other cities to seek his counsel. There is one great motion picture executive who never closes a business deal until Dareos has advised him. He is a power. I dont mean that lightly. If there is "nothing in that stuff," then he is uncanny in his hunches and predictions. Not to be dismissed too carelessly.

And Dareos had said bitter tears, regrets, perhaps divorce!

Jobie says they are going to be married anyway within a year. She tosses her head a little defiantly when she says it. But you can see she wonders—just a little bit.

Anyway, she's made her choice. There will be happiness first. A happiness she is willing to pay for in deep tears and bitter regrets—if the great Dareos is right. It is a big thing for a girl to do. So proving of her love.

Jobie is going to take a chance.

Entirely different is the love story of the beautiful, madonna-browed Mary Astor and Irving Asher.

If ever there was a romance that laughed at life and chucked it under the chin, it is the love affair of Mary and Irving.

You know Mary, of course, but possibly you dont know Irving.

He is a young studio official. That is, in office hours. Before nine and after five-thirty he is an utterly mad, but quite personable, young man who thunders down Hollywood streets in a fearful and high-priced motor. The *tout ensemble* of the car and Irving makes quite a pleasing impression to the eye. Particularly the feminine eye. He used to B. M. (before Mary) "step around" a good deal. He let the world know that he preferred ladies with plenty of animation, a

(*Continued on page* 110)

An Interview with Greta Garbo Which Holds Another Love Story

An Idyl or a Tragedy—Which?

When Clarence Brown Filmed the Love Scenes with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert for "The Flesh and The Devil," He Was Working with Raw Material

By
Doris Markham

"NONE of us knows very much about her. You, on the other side of the screen, even less than we, who in a sense live 'back-stage'—back where so much of the gold is frankly tinsel—and where so much of the tinsel proves to be pure gold! It isn't always easy to tell which is which, even "back-stage." But once in a while a woman appears who is more than anything else just that—a woman, and subconsciously everyone acknowledges her power. It doesn't make any difference whether you are one of those who help to make pictures, or one of those who just see them—you fall under her spell—you admit without question that she

When two such personalities as John Gilbert and Greta Garbo love, there will be either a great idyl or a great tragedy . . . possibly both. It is hard to imagine their love story running along conventional lines

(*Continued on page 99*)

Movie Mother Goose

By
Ken Chamberlain

Sing a song of sixpence,
Scotch and gin and rye—
To see 'em in the movies
Is bad for you and I.*

* Poetic License.

Simple Simon left the pie-man,
Not because he was not fair,
"But," said Simon to the pie-man,
"I can make more jack elsewhere."

There is a man in our town,
He's not so wondrous wise;
But he won a nice fat contract
Thru a pair of crooked eyes.

© by Ken Chamberlain

Rub-a-dub-dub, three gals in a tub,
And how do you suppose they got there?
They cannot act, an obvious fact,
But would the film sell were they *not* there?

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to the studio, sir," she said.
"May I take you there, my pretty maid?"
"Not in *that* old tin can, sir," she said.

Mary, Mary, wise and wary,
How does your fortune grow?
Tangled curls in golden swirls
And dirty kids all in a row.

George K. Arthur

Henry B. Walthall

Francis X. Bushman

Louise Dresser

Florence Turner

Florence Lawrence

Clara Kimball Young

Lois Weber

POVERTY

There Is a Street of Humble Movies Are Made on the Proverbial Stars Going Up to Success

By DWINELLE

HOLLYWOOD is so young that the years haven't had much opportunity to touch her here and there and mold her into that fascinating pattern of light and shade that makes the individuality of cities.

At first glance, Hollywood seems to be all "light"—no slums, no "quarters," no sinister streets—and yet, there is Poverty Row!

The literal Poverty Row is wearing a mask of fresh paint, elaborate stucco, and a general air of prosperity. The little row of nondescript buildings, which once offered shelter to anyone who was trying to make a picture on a shoestring or two, has changed somewhat in character—but Poverty Row as a neighborhood, and Poverty Row, as a condition, still exists.

Figuratively speaking, it is like a narrow ladder leading from obscurity to the bigger, brighter world of success—and everyone climbs that ladder. Some by leaps and bounds, some wearily and slowly. Some climb up and some climb down—and some climb up and down and up and down.

It's a strange place, Poverty Row—gray with disappointment and bitter with failure, yet shot thru with the golden gleam of hope. Work, work, work! Those, going up, work eagerly. The Will o' the Wisp, ahead, beckons. Those, coming down, work doggedly, for bread—or gaily, for bravado—or sullenly, for shame—and those who are climbing up a second time, work silently. It is harder the second time, because in failure, they are burdened with the memory of success.

It is stark tragedy for those coming down to be crowded to one side by those pushing up—as they meet on that mythical ladder in Poverty Row—and yet, it is inevitable.

They are like rabbit warrens, that group of studios in Poverty Row. You are liable to meet anyone in their dim halls. A company moves in—makes a picture—and

Virginia Pearson

Tom Santschi

Grace Cunard

Maurice Costello

Forrest Stanley

Mildred Harris

Herbert Rawlinson

Francis Ford

ROW

Studios in Hollywood. In Them Shoe-String . . . and in Them Meet Stars Coming Down

BENTHALL

moves out. Then waits until enough money is found to make another picture. Sometimes these are very good pictures—sometimes, very bad ones, but they all are adventures. Perhaps "The Salvation Hunters" has been the most famous one. That queer, heavy epic of mud that meant everything or nothing according to the way you looked at it. Anyway, it was made by a group of youngsters who believed in themselves, in their futures and their ideas, and today they are all acclaimed artists—Josef von Sternberg, George K. Arthur, Gloria Hale and Otto Matiessen, and the one picture that made them all was made for four thousand dollars on Poverty Row! Adventure! Romance! Luck! Call it what you will, but it sings a Siren Song on Poverty Row.

The list of producing companies on these studio bulletin boards reads like the entries in a cross-country race. Some of them come in for The Big Money, but most of them fall at the jumps.

The greatest asset they can have, is names. The bigger, the better, but never has the producer of Poverty Row big enough money to buy a big name—for long. So he does the best he can by using all his ingenuity to entice someone, well known, to come and work for him for a day or two. Then he shoots all the scenes with that person as quickly as possible—one after another, without any regard for sequence, pays off his principal, and goes on making the balance of the picture with cheaper players.

And actors who are not under contract, are glad to pick up the odd days' work, so they scuttle over to Poverty Row and do their bit, hoping that no one will see them, and what is more important, that they will not miss a call from a big studio, while they are gone.

Lionel Barrymore, Mildred Harris, Cullen Landis, Pauline Garon, Gladys Hulette, all have known Poverty Row. You can name them by the dozen. The great rank

(*Continued on page* 113)

Just the Man-About-Town Type

A movie of a young blood arising at high noon

The orchestra will play "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning." Nothing this side of a new and similar popular song will save you from hearing it

Something tells us the title is far more wicked than the story itself. It is called "The Prince of Tempters"

Ben Lyon is the man-about-town who finds it increasingly difficult to arise in time to keep his luncheon and tea engagements

And the valet is played by John Kolb, the truck driver who was discovered by First National and immediately placed under contract

No Kidding!

By
Gladys Hall

MOST of us like to kid ourselves—and others.

Some of us dont even know that we are doing it. That's how dumb we are.

We like to think we're what we ain't.

We like to pretend tastes and fads and interests and pursuits that we would drop like year-before-last's second-hand coat if we had the gump to come out and be ourselves.

We flog our wandering minds thru endless pages of "deep" stuff and try to look bright and interested about it when, really, it's a pain in the brain rather than the neck and we would much prefer soaking in Elinor Glyn or Ethel M. Dell.

We look interested and important and "wise" when some dried leaf begins to sprout about Neo-Platonism or Neolithic Man or some *ism* or fossil that doesn't really register a beat by natural selection.

We like to think and we like others to think that we play a pretty darned serious rôle in life, no kidding. We like to give the impression that we are pretty profound, pretty deep stuff, if only other folks "understood" us.

The screen stars haven't been exempt from this merry malady. Not by a star-full.

We've all been regaled by photographs of some pretty lady "among my books." We've all gone blatting thru stories about this one studying the morbid psychology of the

(*Continued on page* 89)

Waxman

Below is Constance with her comparatively new husband, Captain Alastair William Mackintosh, who is a familiar figure at Newport, Southampton and other gathering places of the *élite*

Woodbury

Constance's Creed

I'd rather dance than read any dusty tome ever written.

And I like parties. All kinds of parties. I never get tired of them. S'truth.

People tell me, well-meaningly, that I ought to employ my spare time to "better advantage"! Why? What for?

Anyway, there have to be butterflies. Or there ought to be. I think they serve their purpose and they certainly have a wow of a time. I'm for 'em. No kidding!

Constance Talmadge

Wallace Beery, pictured here with Mrs. Beery, thinks that the restrictions of modern life are destructive to happiness. He would choose the road to freedom

Long ago Thomas Ince told Florence Vidor that nothing ever brought so much happiness as achievement. She thinks he was right and goes on to say other interesting things about this quest

Which Road Leads

Wealth? Fame? Success?

Screen Celebrities Who Enjoy the to Bring Happiness Answers to

THE most coveted gifts of the Fairy Godmother in all the approved Fairy-Tales were Health, Wealth and Happiness. If the good Dame smiled upon a new-born soul and touched the future with her Magic Wand, all was well. In those three simple little words lies the sum of all good. That is one point upon which fairy-tales and Life agree. Health, Wealth, and Happiness!

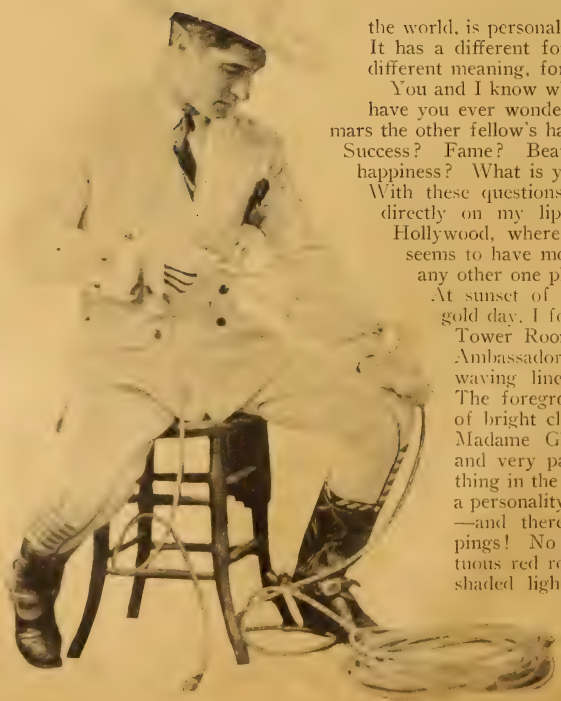
But granting health to be just what the dictionary says it is—freedom from bodily pain—and wealth to be comparative, just what is happiness? Surely it, more than any other quality in the world, is personal. There is no standard. It has a different form, a different color, a different meaning, for each individual.

You and I know what makes us happy, but have you ever wondered just what makes or mars the other fellow's happiness? Is it money? Success? Fame? Beauty? Love? What is happiness? What is your happiness?

With these questions in my mind, and indirectly on my lips, I wandered around Hollywood, where the Fairy Godmother seems to have more Godchildren than in any other one place in the world.

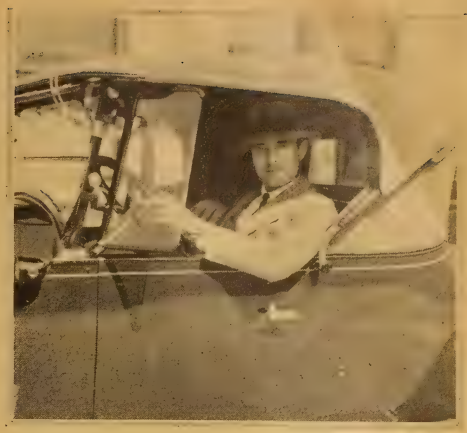
At sunset of one gorgeous blue and gold day, I found Elinor Glyn in her Tower Room on top of the Hotel Ambassador. The horizon was a waving line of purple mountains. The foreground was a vivid room of bright clear Chinese colors, and Madame Glyn, tho wearing gray and very pale, was the most vivid thing in the room. Hers is a force, a personality that one feels instantly—and there are no bizarre trappings! No tiger skins! No voluptuous red roses! No incense! No shaded lights! The whole apartment was flooded with clear, clean California sunshine.

"Happiness?" she said. "Happiness!



Tom Mix thinks most people lose their chances of happiness because they are forever trying to be something that they are not. The things Tom suggests take courage . . .

Alec Francis has watched people for years now . . . and he has a very real philosophy. He counts friendship as one of the greatest things you can enjoy



"Love is ecstasy . . . but it doesn't last," says John Gilbert. "And money doesn't bring happiness. Nor does success"

to Happiness?

By
DWINELLE BENTHALL

Several Things Generally Believed Make Surprising This Question

Health?
Marriage?
Children?

Well, of course, perfect communion with one you love—communion that is physical, mental and spiritual—that is happiness—but that is so rare, so rare, that we will not even speak of it. Leaving perfect love out of the question, there are many lesser things—substitutes that give happiness. Work, well done, for instance, but the thing that gives me more personal happiness than anything else is the knowledge that I have been able to help someone—usually some young person, to realize the value of his own life—his own talents.

"People are so blind," she said, "they seem to have no conception of life in its broader sense."

"As a series of successive Incarnations?" I suggested.

"Exactly," returned Madame Glyn. "I would like to write something very simple, very clear, that would explain life from that angle—it is the solution of all problems, for me.

"But getting back to happiness—my happiness, let me illustrate. Just recently, there was a young woman, brilliantly talented, who was throwing her life away—drinking. It was tragic. I talked to her many times. I begged her, I implored her to consider what she was doing—to understand that she must give an accounting of her gifts. Finally she began to listen—and now she has won her way back. She has a good position again—writing in one of the studios. That has given me great happiness."

The sun was sinking. The woman who has been painted in the most sensational colors, whose name has become a synonym for violent passions, was speaking intensely of her joy in helping — another woman — to live understandingly. There was no pose about it. The pose is the characterization of Elinor Glyn which has been made by publicity. There may be

(*Continued on page* 119)

Elinor Glyn, pictured here in the gown she wore when she was presented at court in England, does not claim that social position brings happiness. She believes that happiness and perfect love are synonymous, but . . . well, that is so rare . . .

New Styles That Are Old-Fashioned

Rolled stockings! Tut, tut! What are the girls of this generation coming to? Yet rolled stockings do not appear to have been unheard of in the 90's. Compare the photograph of Estelle Bradley of the Mermaid Comedies with the old picture of Madge Lessing, a musical comedy favorite in a now forgotten "Passing Show"

Take Carmel Myers' very modest slave bracelet, for instance. Isn't it for all the world like the gold necklace worn by the Duchess of Leinster in that era of puffed sleeves when ladies boasted of their tiny waist-lines?

The shoulder corsage is *the* thing today. We never think of wearing our flowers at our waist with modern dress. Dolores Costello wears her bouquet on her shoulder. So did another famous beauty . . . the photograph above shows Lillian Russell in 1890

"MEESTAIR HALL...

He is a good actor," says Pola Negri

By
HELEN CARLISLE

IF the shadow of the Valentino tragedy passes across this interview once or twice, it is because the shadow lay so heavily on Pola Negri's set the day I met her new leading man, James Hall.

The interview took place just two days before Valentino's death, and a dozen watchmen barred the closed-in set where Negri was trying so desperately to continue her work on "The Hotel Imperial."

I was permitted on the set, which was shut away even from the press, because I was —I am—Pola's friend. The star sat erect, her body tense, her hands clasped tightly. Her eyes stared steadily ahead at the set. Not a muscle of her face or body seemed to move, except at the director's sharp call for action.

Then she and James Hall leaped forward into their scenes—scenes in which she is endeavoring to aid her wounded lover to escape from the soldiers who are bent on capturing him.

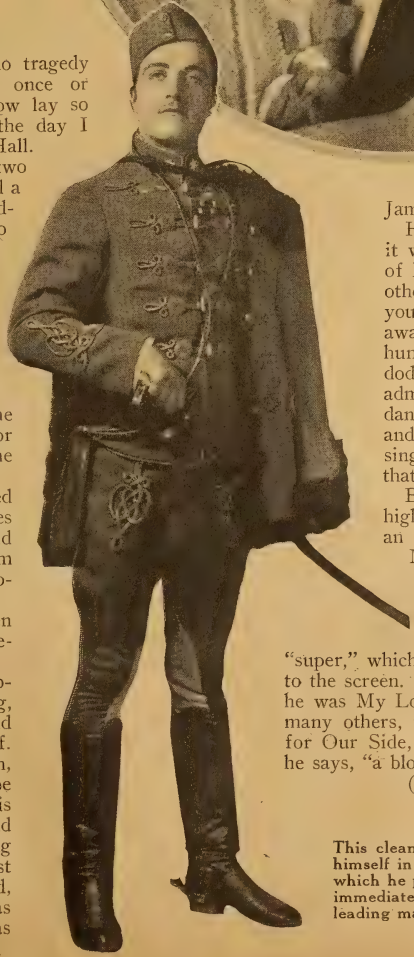
I do not ever expect to see screen and life tragedy enacted simultaneously before my eyes, again.

But, in those brief, tense moments, when Hall wasn't working, he hurried over to my side, and told me something about himself. He is Lasky's newest leading man, and his first picture, opposite Bebe Daniels in "The Campus Flirt," is now being released. Not only did this clean-cut, blue-eyed young man distinguish himself in the first picture in which he ever appeared, but immediately thereafter he was chosen, against all comers, as Pola's leading man. Tests were made of many prominent actors — but Hall won the part. All of which shows that James Hall is quite an unusual young man.

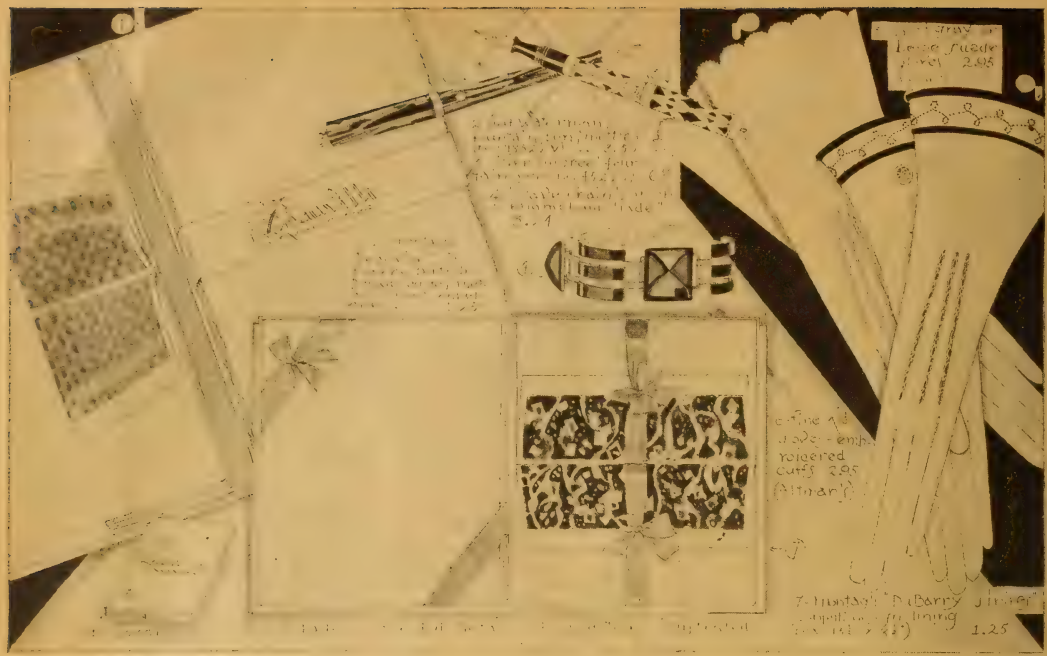
He's always been somewhat unusual, it would seem. Back in his home town of Dallas, Texas, his parents applied another word. Shocking. For what nice youngster in his early teens would slip away from home whenever a theater hung out an "Amateur Night" card, and dodging the cabbages and eggs of an unadmiring audience, put on a song-and-dance turn? This James Hall did, again and again. He insisted on dancing, and singing, too. He says laughingly now that the former was better than the latter.

By some firm means he was kept in high school for two years. But he found an outlet for his ambition even then. Many a time, when his parents sat at home wondering where their wandering boy was that night, they might, have found him in one of the local theaters working as a "super," which is in stage parlance what "extra" is to the screen. He was Sound of Voices Off-Stage, he was My Lord, the Carriage Waits, he was with many others, the Merry College Boy who Cheers for Our Side, indeed he was everything except, as he says, "a bloodhound chasing *Eliza.*"

(*Continued on page* 94)



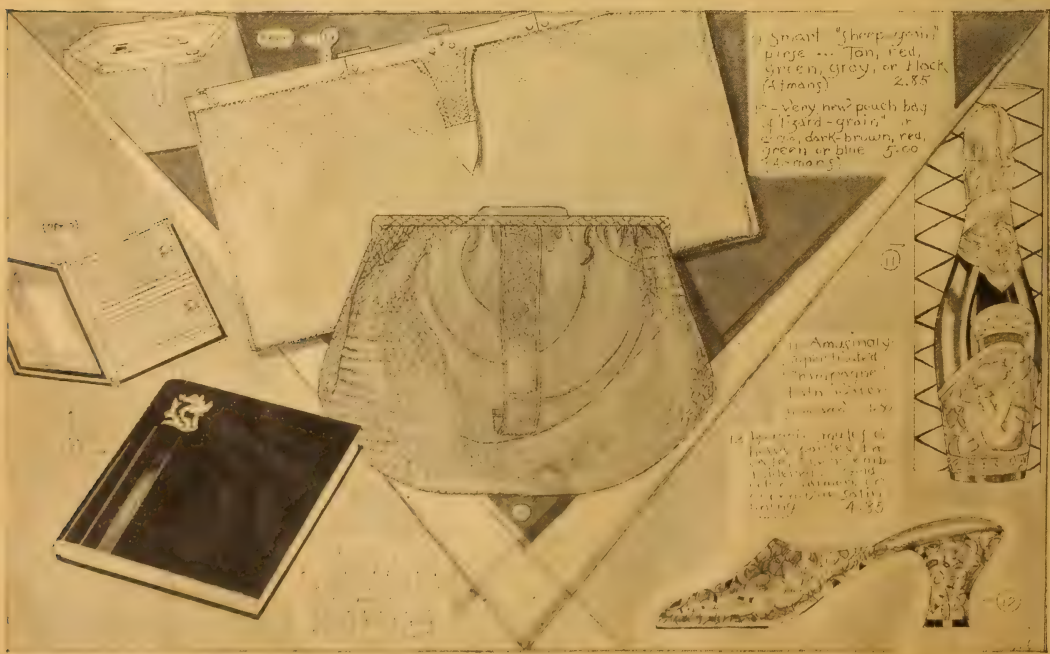
This clean-cut, blue-eyed young man distinguished himself in his first picture, "The Campus Flirt," in which he played opposite Bebe Daniels, and he was immediately chosen, against all comers, as Pola's leading man. Tests were made of many prominent actors, but Hall won the part



Inexpensive Christmas Gifts which early shoppers may purchase thru

Miss Corson's Shopping Service

For instructions and full details see Page 103



As Others See Us

By GRACE CORSON

Christmas Approaches

DEAR PATSY:

I've seen her again, and that's enough to make it a red-letter month—— Who? Dont be sil'—Florence Vidor, of course! If you could only have been with me that day. Aside from being the dearest, most lovable—oh what's the use, there aren't words enough. She's just about *perfect*—but aside from that, she knows more about the art of dressing beautifully than any other woman, with perhaps the exception of Alice Joyce, in this movie game.

Mal St. Clair, the young Lubitsch, you

(*Continued on page* 103)

Grace Corson is a fashion artist of great prestige. She was previously associated with Harper's Bazar and her entrée to the Fifth Avenue shops and ateliers, together with her motion picture contacts, makes her the ideal fashion editor of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Florence Vidor wears a smart crêpe-back satin frock in three shades of green, the new velvet high hat, also in green, and the Régny silver necklace with

Greta Nisson in an odd draped turban of striped brocade with plume in rainbow colors. The necklace and earrings are of tiny coral beads

Personal Advice

Anyone constantly in the world of fashion . . . anyone who attends the smart openings at the exclusive ateliers of the modistes . . . in other words, anyone with the background of Grace Corson, is well able to give advice . . . advice that should prove invaluable.

And Miss Corson, in a special service to the readers of MOTION PICUTRE MAGAZINE, will be very glad to give her personal attention to any questions you wish to ask.

However, it is extremely necessary that you give her every detail about your appearance, enclosing a full-length snap-shot when it proves possible to do so.

Address:

Miss Grace Corson, Fashion Editor,
Motion Picture Magazine,
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, New York

And be sure to give the following details:

Height	Color Hair
Weight	Color Eyes
Complexion	Name and Address

Alice Joyce wearing a top-coat of cocoa tweed with tan caracul trimming. The tight hips and loose top are important features for winter. Hat of rose-beige silk felt with high draped crown

He was a funny little boy, a little boy usually solemn and desperately in earnest, for the wolf of hunger stalked close at his heels. But he had a sudden smile that beguiled the customers who bought his newspapers

That Funny

Or is Harry Langdon sad . . . figure trudging along

By MADELEINE

When he joined a medicine show, he sold unheard-of quantities of medicine, and all by means of laughter. He sang, danced, wisecracked and doubled in the actual selling of the medicine

ONCE upon a time (way back in Council Bluffs, Iowa) there lived a little boy. His parents were very poor and a penny looked to him as big and as exciting as a twenty-dollar gold piece looks to the average boy today.

He went to the public schools until he was ten years old, then the days grew so lean, the struggle so bitter, he was obliged to leave school and sell papers to help out.

He took up his stand opposite the largest theater in town. The selling of papers progressed slowly, for the boy was so thrilled by imagining what went on inside the theater that he would forget to call out his wares and stand there—just dreaming!

He was a funny little boy, a little boy usually solemn and desperately in earnest, for the wolf of hunger stalked close at his heels. Food was scarce and not always forthcoming. But in spite of this he had a sudden smile, a smile that beguiled each customer and made him smile in return.

At home there was a mother, the kind you used to read of but seldom see these days—a mother who made apple pies and cookies when times were plentiful.

To her he brought glamorous tales of stage folk, of kindly actors (who never asked for change); of actresses in gowns that rustled, who carried ermine muffs and smelled of violets even in the dead of winter.

He told his mother of the throngs that crowded past him after each performance, the throngs who left the theater with laughter and tears still lingering in their eyes and blinding them to the small, eager boy who stood there clutching his papers with frost-bitten fingers.

To him the tinsel was gold, the make-believe world of the theater the only real world and a place of growing enchantment.

A chance came to be call-boy in the theater and he grabbed it. Then he became usher, and later filled the positions of cashier, advertising man, and janitor. And, most wonderful of all, several times he filled in for missing actors.

His ambition grew, he entered amateur night contests and came out with honors and prizes which he brought home proudly to his mother.

About this time, a medicine show came to town. There was

Little Man

a Pierrot . . . a gentle, lonely the road of the world?

MATZEN

Mack Sennett says that Langdon is the greatest comedian in the world today . . . and that he has only begun . . . and that his future is brighter and more full of promise than that of any star

an opening for someone who could sing, dance, wisecrack and double in selling medicine. Dr. Staley ran the show and he took the boy with him when he left town.

The boy, now almost grown, played for several years with this and other medicine shows.

He sold unheard-of quantities of medicine for them—and all by means of laughter. And the medicine worked wonders, or perhaps it was laughter that made the cures?

From the medicine shows he went into traveling stock company and played every part from *Little Eva* to old character rôles. Then came vaudeville on a small-time circuit.

Hard years followed—the struggle for recognition was a heart-rending thing. Laughter and hope almost died for lack of appreciation. Many times the boy walked and bummed his way home—broke. Only to start out again with a new company and the encouragement of his mother to uphold him.

By the time he was twenty-one he had done about everything that was to be done in the way of work connected with the theater.

These years were filled with disappointment, with drudgery without reward. They were years during which ambition faded away to a mere ghost of itself. But, oddly, the tinsel of the stage still shone like a precious thing to him.

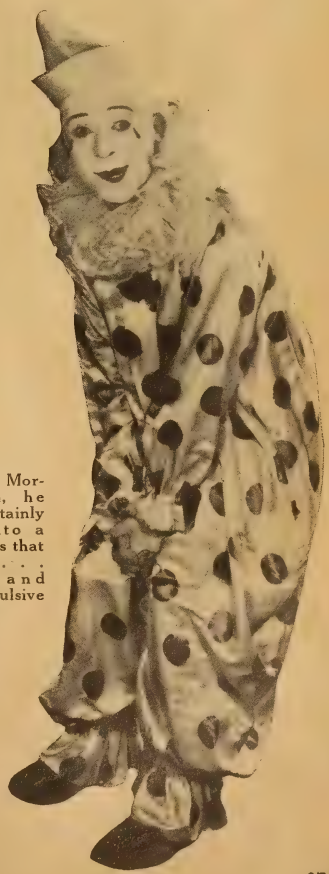
Out of the bitterness grew a gentle, unembittered conception of the miseries that beset boys who persist in dreaming. This conception took shape and finally became one of the most lovable and delightful screen characters the world has ever seen. For the boy was Harry Langdon, and the Harry Langdon that you see on the screen today is the boy Harry that smiled his funny crooked smile and refused to give up his dream.

Mack Sennett says that Langdon is the greatest comedian in the world today—and that he has only begun. His future is brighter and more full of promise than that of any star.

And Mr. Sennett should know—if anyone does!

"I couldn't seem to make a dent in the theatrical world," Mr. Langdon told me, "until I wrote a skit of my own, called 'Johnny's New Car.' I toured the Orpheum circuit in that act for nearly ten years. I wasn't a head-liner—but I COULD

(*Continued on page* 96)



If Christopher Morley met him, he would most certainly write him into a story . . . he is that sort of person . . . charmingly and amusingly impulsive

Enter and Exit, Smiling

Beatrice Lille is a riot and a knock-out . . . even if she is known in British society as Lady Peel

By HELEN CARLISLE

Hollywood took her seriously. And heaven knows what they're paying her. She is so funny that doubtless she could make Louis B. Mayer laugh merrily as he signed her up for a salary that would startle Gloria Swanson

BEATRICE LILLE, known in English society circles as Lady Peel, wife of Sir Robert Peel and mother of the five-year-old Honorable Bobby, swung her car to the left, as does any good Britisher when in doubt. Traffic regulations in Great Britain are, as you doubtless know, the exact reverse of those we follow in America.

Unfortunately for Lady Peel, there simply wasn't any left-hand turning. She was in America, furthermore she was on one of those tricky narrow roads leading down from the star-crowned heights of Beverly Hills. She was Alone with no sturdy American to Save Her. Also, it was a Dark Night.

Over went the car down the side of the ravine, spiraling twice, quite neatly. Over went the Lady Peel. Sometime, during the Grand Tour she jumped, and came to about an hour later feeling—er—decidedly banged up. Jack Gilbert fortunately lived not far away. In the midst of recovery or revelry, as the case may be, his door-bell rang rather feebly. Opening the door, he found not Lady Peel, but Beatrice Lille, most famous comédienne of the stage today, on hands and knees before him, regarding him with the pleading eyes of a hopeful puppy.

"My God, Bee, what has happened?" asked the horrified Gilbert, noting the torn and bedraggled condition of Miss Lille.

With that inimitable sidelong glance which has sent thousands of theatergoers into hysterics, Miss Lille said: "Heard there was a party. Came."

Shortly thereafter I met Miss Lille at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, where she is appearing in her first screen production, "Exit, Smiling," with Jack Pickford as her leading man. She was dressed in a man's suit, her boyish cropped black hair was brushed sleekly back—and she wore a mustache. I had seen her in the stage production, "Charlot's Revue," and had wondered at the time if, in every-day life, she was as subtly funny as she is before the footlights.

I was quite astonished to find that she is exactly that.

(*Continued on page* 115)

A Negri Dinner Menu

Caviar

Lettuce Soup en Tasse

Squabs Champignon

Poulet à la Champeaux

Potato Fritters Latticed Cucumbers

Peaches Thaïs

Café au Lait

Are Your Dinner-Parties Events?

A few suggestions from Pola Negri's kitchen which will interest the hostess

DINNER with Pola Negri is an event. Lucky indeed is the invitation that brings a bidding to Pola's colonial house in Beverly Hills for the hour of eight. Joseph Hergesheimer, for one, found dinner with Pola his most vivid memory of Hollywood, judging from his reminiscences.

Mr. Hergesheimer wrote in particular of the classic beauty of Pola's table. Long and narrow, carved of wood, it is laid even on informal occasions with beauty and elegance. Covered with a mantle of Venetian lace, a mirror of Venetian cut glass and decorated in garlands of fresh fruit—apples, pomegranates, pears, figs, peaches and lemons, twined with grape and fig leaves, it presents a setting as colorful as a Mediterranean orchard.

To strains of Russian music the dinner is served.

Caviar: Served on strips of thin toast as an *hors d'œuvre*. May be garnished with finely grated egg and served with parsley.

Lettuce soup en tasse: Boil three large heads of lettuce until soft, then rub thru a fine sieve. Add six cupfuls of strong beef stock. Season with salt, pepper and lemon-juice (Sherry can be used for the lemon, if preferred). Bring to boil and serve immediately.

Squabs champignon: Prepare squabs same as broiled chicken. Split and season well with salt, pepper and plenty of butter. Mushrooms; for every two pounds of mushrooms put quarter of a pound of butter and juice of lemon in saucepan. Clean the mushrooms. Rub them together, as this tends to whiten them. Drain them from water. Put in saucepan and let boil on quick fire for three minutes. Serve with squab on toast with parsley.

Poulet *à la* Champeaux: Cut chicken into ordinary pieces. Color them in butter. When a golden brown, add chopped parsley. Moisten with white wine or a glass of sherry and a little strong gravy. Cook until tender in covered saucepan.

Potato fritters: Mashed potatoes rolled into cakes and dropped until golden brown in boiling grease.

Latticed cucumbers: Cucumbers shaped and diced and served with French dressing.

Peaches Thaïs: Consists of poached peaches with purée of strawberries and fresh almonds covering a vanilla ice inserted in the fruit in place of a stone. The fruit is cut into halves, the ice inserted and covered with the purée.

Café au Lait: Coffee with milk. When coffee is made, add two-thirds of boiling milk to one-third of coffee.

Joseph Hergesheimer found dinner with Pola one of his most vivid memories of Hollywood. He wrote in particular of the classic beauty of Pola's table

See Prize Offer on Page 82

Synopsis of First Chapters on Page 80

CRAZY

The Story of a Movie Star World but the One Thing Which

By ADELE

IN her unconsciousness, Judith lost all sense of time. But the little gold hands of the bedside clock with its muffled tick told her that it had only five minutes ago that she had ped to the floor, stunned and hurt.

ow she was lying on the bed. And n was bending over her while Harvey l at the foot of the bed, distrait to essness. Lillian bathed her temples a saturated handkerchief.

here . . . where am I?" her voice was weakly timbred. She smiled. "How trite of me," she forced herself to talk over the wall of lethargy she felt, knowing this would reassure them. "How trite. Everyone says that when they come out of a faint."

From under half-closed lids which she lacked volition to raise, she saw Harvey's eyes, beseeching for forgiveness. And her desire to save him before Lillian overpowered her inclination to slip again into unconsciousness.

"Funny that I should have fainted," she said. "I must have been working too hard. No luncheon. . . ."

Lillian said nothing. She bent heavily over Judith, cooling her eyeballs. They felt so heavy that Judith was grateful for the lotion. Her wrists and her throbbing temples lined with deep blue veins also responded to the stimulating saturation.

Harvey was entirely sobered. The shock of seeing

"What I mean is," said Sonia, "dont expect Harvey never to stray from the fold. You'll get only heartbreak if you go on that premise"

Illustrations by Henry Pilgrim

QUILT

Who Had Everything in the She Wanted Above all Others

ORMISTON

Judith u[illegible]nscious on the floor, because of his own drunk[illegible]l, had quickly brought him to his senses.

"[illegible] talk," he said in a voice that was intense wit[illegible] and a certain self-loathing.

Ju[illegible]d why she was not angry with him, why she fe[illegible]ing love.

"Has Miss Cameron called yet?" she asked.

Harvey shook his head.

"No, she ain't come yet, Miss Judy. Not yet," Lillian's voice was a mournful drone.

"I will see her," Harvey said. "Dont worry about her, Judith. She will come again another time."

But Judith shook her head. "I feel all right," she lied as she raised herself in bed with a certain stoicism. She was cold with the nausea of weakness. "If someone would help me to the dressing-table.

"Harvey, dear, will you?"

This was her gesture. She must show Harvey that she still looked to him for comfort and protection.

Lillian stood aside, her very silence speaking of her disapproval.

"Kaint hardly sit up and she's tryin' to stan' up," she finally said as Harvey led Judith to the vanity bench. "An' how you gwine see nobody with that bump on yourn hade's mor'n I kain see."

"Women have been known to love men not only in spite of their faults but because of them"

would have killed myself," he said without any affectation. "It would have been intolerable."

"Oh, Harvey," said Judith, "if this has taught you a lesson, I can be glad it happened."

Lillian interrupted them. But Harvey did not rise.

"She's down-stairs," said Lillian, *"smoking!* I tol' her you all'd be right down."

Judith was a little doubtful whether Miss Cameron had understood Lillian's jargon.

"You had better see her," Judith told Harvey. "I'll be down as soon as I can slip into another dress."

"I tole her," Lillian's protest was a shrill pronouncement.

"All right, Lillian," Judith instinctively took the tone you take with a child. In truth, that was all Lillian seemed—a great, simple and adoring creature. "You go prepare the tea. Nicely, now. As I explained this morning. Remember!"

She thought it best

(*Cont'd on page* 80)

Judith sank to the bench gratefully. The room reeled so.

There was a fresh tube of grease-paint in the dressing-table drawer.

Her fingers picked it up without actually feeling it.

"I'll fix that bump in a minute, Lillian," she said, "Watch me."

The bell rang. Everyone started.

"Tell her I will be right down," Judith instructed Lillian, who left the room with a grumble of disapproving complaint.

Harvey stood behind Judith as she manipulated the grease-paint with unsteady fingers that refused to hurry.

"Will you speak to me?" Harvey asked her, "or would you rather I went away?"

Judith turned to him.

"Dearest," she said, "*you* did nothing." And there was a certain emphasis in her words that saved them from being enigmatic. "When you have been drinking, *you* are not *you*. You seem a stranger," she elucidated.

His eyes were frightened when he came over to her and knelt beside her slim knees. His contrition seemed to have utterly devitalized him. The spirit that dominated him was gone.

"My God," he groaned, "I thought you were dead. You were so white and you lay so still."

A shudder passed over him at the remembrance. "I

His eyes were frightened when he came over to her and knelt beside her slim knees. And when Lillian interrupted them, he did not rise

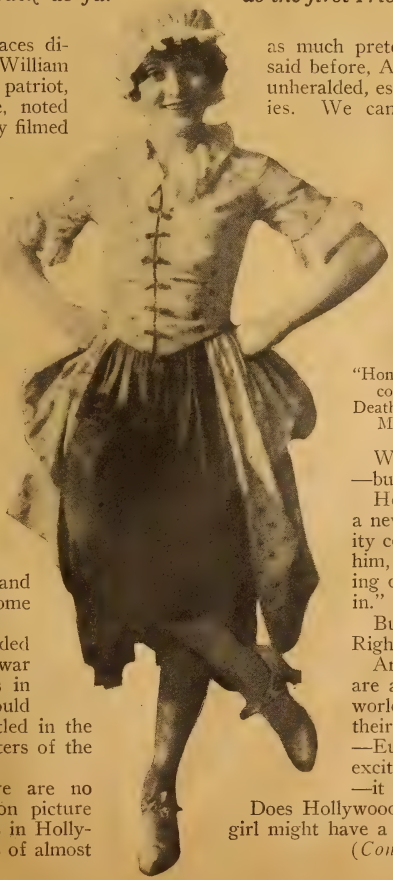
Look Dorothy up in "Burke's Peerage" or his "Landed Gentry," and read of the Woods and Wallaces, also her ancestors, in early American history

Seely

It is Dorothy's mother who treasures the family tree and the coat of arms. Dorothy is busy seeking new fields to conquer

A Little Girl With a Long Pedigree

When Dorothy Dwan knocked at the portals of Kleig fame, she brought with her a family tree that dates back as far as the first Irish kings, about 1000



ON her mother's side, the line traces directly back to the father of Sir William Wallace, the famous Scotch patriot, born in 1270. Lewis Wallace, noted author and writer of "Ben Hur," recently filmed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is also a direct descendant of this same Wallace. The family is one of the oldest in Scotland, and their Elderlie castle is still intact. From a family always noted for valor and fighting blood, Dorothy brings these attributes to Hollywood, a world of Spartanism. Look her up in "Burke's Peerage" or "Landed Gentry" and read of the Woods and Wallaces in early American history. They fought the Indians and hewed timbers for homes.

Students of Virginia and Maryland history well know the names of Briscoe and Hanson, which families controlled the wealth of the latter state for a hundred years. And it is down thru these well-known aristocratic old families of the South that the blood of Europe and America came to Dorothy. Briscoe Hall in England is another ancestral home ready to welcome its Hollywood daughter.

The forbears of this little blue-blooded scion of aristocracy bore arms in every war in America—generals, colonels, captains in [illegible] her slender little figure could [illegible] bars to which she is entitled in the [illegible] the Colonial Dames, Daughters of the [illegible] the Dove and Ark Society.

[illegible] "they" contend that there are no [illegible] well-bred people in the motion picture w[illegible]. Doubtless there are many others in Hollywood who could lay claim to family trees of almost as much pretension as Dorothy's. B[illegible] said before, American peerage and nob[illegible] unheralded, especially when it comes to the [illegible]ies. We cannot help wondering what those charming but haughty dames who attend the National Convention of the Colonial Dames or Daughters of the Revolution would think if a young motion picture star should pop into their meeting with more bars on than any one of them.

"Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose and Dundee.
"Honor, anger, valor, fire, Spirit that life could never tire,
Death quench, or evil stir, the mighty Master gave to her."

What's in a name? Only tradition—but tradition keeps the world going.

Hollywood gets all agog every time a new remnant of old European nobility comes to town. The papers herald him, or her, on the front pages. Casting directors say, "Send Him, or Her in."

But what about our own nobility? Right here in filmdom?

Americans, the greatest democrats, are after all the saddest snobs in the world. They will crowd and crane their necks to look at nobility any day—European nobility, but do they get excited over American nobility? No—it goes unheralded and unsung.

Does Hollywood ever suspect that a pretty extra girl might have a pedigree a mile long? Does the

(*Continued on page* 95)

Motion Picture Junior

Vol. II. No. 6 December, 1926

The Junior Answer Man

Joe Frank Cobb Answers the Questions Sent to Him in Care of Movie Jr., 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York

Farina cannot fool us . . . we know her (or should we say him?) in spite of the big shoes!

COLLEEN MOORE ADMIRER.—Colleen's next picture will be "Twinkletoes." It will be produced at the First National Studios in Burbank, California. Richard Dix is at Famous Players Studios, 6th and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, Long Island. He has just been chosen to appear in D. W. Griffith's next production, "The White Slave." "The Quarterback" will be his next release.

DOROTHY S.—You can write to Clara Bow at Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Conrad Nagel and Antonio Moreno are at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Alberta Vaughn is at F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California, and Irene Rich is at Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

MARY L.—Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, New Jersey, November 17, 1906. You can write to her at Famous Players Studios, 6th and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, Long Island. Mary Pickford has returned from abroad and can be reached at Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California. Anna Q. Nilsson is at First National Studios, Burbank, California. Mary's last name is Kornman. She is the only girl in "Our Gang."

WALMAR G.—I am sure Colleen Moore will be glad to send you her photograph if you write to her at First National Studios, Burbank, California.

RUBY B.—Ruth Roland will return to the screen in "The Masked Woman," in which Anna Q. Nilsson is featured. Ben Lyon is twenty-five years old. Corinne Griffith's hair is light brown and she is five feet four inches tall. Lloyd Hughes was born October 21, 1897. Viola Dana was born June 28, 1900, in Brooklyn, New York.

ELLEN G.—Greta Nissen is returning to the screen in "The Popular Sin." Did you know that Youcca Troubetskoy is a Russian Prince? He was born in Los Angeles, California, about twenty-five years ago.

ILA GRACE A.—Clara Bow is one of our Fame and Fortune Contest winners. She was born in Brooklyn, August 8, 1905. Her next picture will be "Wings." She is not married.

Tommy Is Her Nickname

Because Thomasina Is Too Big a Name for Such a Little Girl

This is Tommy Mix with her mother and daddy.

Her real name is Thomasina, but she's too little for such a long name. She's only four.

But she's been across the ocean on a great big boat—wasn't seasick a bit, because her daddy has a yacht at home and she learned how to creep on the deck!—and she has seen all sorts of queer countries.

She liked Paris best—not because of the clothes you can buy there, but because they have such beautiful parks, and in the parks are little boys and girls who played ring-around-rosy with Tommy.

Her mother and daddy sent her to California ahead of them, because they had to stop in so many cities that a little girl would have been very tired. So when they came home, Tommy went in a car to meet them. And what do you think?

It rained and the roads were slippery. Tommy was in a great big car with her nurse and some other people. She couldn't see much out of the window, because the rain made such a splash, but all of a sudden there was a terrible noise and bang! smash! A great big truck came flying out at them from a side street and sent their car lickety-split across the pike! The glass broke and poor little Tommy was cut and bumped her head.

But she didn't cry. Even tho she had a big red bruise above one eye, she only looked solemn and asked when they'd find mother and daddy.

"Oh, it will upset her daddy terribly!" the rest of the people said, and decided not to tell him about it until after he had been met by all the Indians, cowboys and native sons who were gathered at the station. So they brushed Tommy's hair over the bruise and explained it to her, and never once did Tommy put her finger on the bruise and say "Lookit where I hurt me!" as some little girls would have done.

She sat at her daddy's table in his private car and smiled at him and at her pretty mother, and also at the tiny diamond ring they had brought her. She put the ring on and told everybody that now she had "free rings" and this was the

(*Continued on page* 98)

Wuzel

Tommy has her own pony and she can ride very well

With Tommy in the picture are her mother and her daddy. The last time they were away on a journey they brought her a little diamond ring

The Little Girl Who Wanted to Be a Boy

And the true story of how her wish almost came true because of a fairy godmother who was her really and truly grandmother

By
Manfred Lee

Once upon a time there was a nice little girl only ten years old who lived in a big rambling Indiana country house, with plenty of Indiana country spreading in neat yellows and greens all around, and she wanted to be a boy. A Boy, really. You know, the kind of Boy who scampers gleefully over fences, throws ripe tomatoes at stewed cats, goes in swimming in the ole swimming-hole with the other boys; runs, climbs, shinnies up big trees, jumps into orchards to steal fat juicy apples. . . . But, after all, she was only a Girl, and no matter how hard she tried, even when she put on old overalls and clambered up the rough thick branches of the sycamore-tree before the house, there was always a Mother to come out and say reprovingly: "Gene! Come down out of that tree this instant and play with your dolls!"

That was the trouble, you see. They were always giving Gene dolls when Gene wanted pistols and fishing-rods and cowboy suits.

But Gene had a fairy godmother. Except that she wasn't really a fairy *or* a godmother, but a sweet-faced middle-aged lady who happened to be Gene's Grandmother. Her name was Gene Stratton-Porter. Maybe you've heard of her. And Gene's name was Gene Stratton, after her famous grandmother, you see.

Now Grandmother Porter knew Gene's wish. And Grandmother Porter should have known, because she loved Gene, and studied her and wrote lovely books, and had even put Gene into some of them. Wish and all. One was "The Keeper of the Bees." In which Little Scout was a girl who wanted awfully to be a boy. Another was "Laddie," in which Little Sister was a girl who slid down haystacks and landed on soft fresh eggs and then laughed instead of crying about it.

And it happened that Grandmother Porter passed away, and little Gene, because she had lost a good friend and a comforting shoulder, was very sad. So she couldn't forget Grandmother Porter, and she couldn't forget the desire to be a boy.

Then one day some men came who said, "We are going to make moving pictures out of Gene Stratton-Porter's books. Who is there to take the rôles of Little Scout and Little Sister?"

And that is how Gene Stratton-Porter came to be an actress.

You see how simple it was. Here was no Jackie Coogan, trained from the moment of infant intelligence to be an actor. Here was no Baby Peggy, a delightful imp of poise and aplomb. This was just Gene Stratton, one of the little girls Booth Tarkington used to love to write about before he became interested in their big brothers and sisters; but even more, one of Gene Stratton-Porter's little tomboys. Gene had never thought of being an actress. She had never wanted to be an actress. She had no Ambitions, no Press-Agents. She was not Cute. She was not really Pretty. She did not powder her nose in a dark corner of Mother's closet. She did not cry when a knee-panted youngster tweaked her nose; she tweaked back. She was just a girl who wanted, oh terribly! to be a boy.

When Gene Stratton used to climb trees, her mother would always call: "Gene! Come down out of that tree this instant and play with your dolls!"

And when she heard that she could really and truly *be* Little Scout and play in overalls and with short hair and bare feet as much as she wanted to, Gene Stratton was glad. Because, as it happened, Gene was a born actress. No, she wasn't a born actress, when you come down to it. Rather, for the first time in her life she was doing what she *wanted* to do without being fettered by girl-baby skirts. Nothing else mattered, you see.

And so the screen gained a new child star. There was no fanfare of trumpets, no wild public acclaim.

A public knew her, of course. The great American public who worship and will always worship at the shrine of the sweetness and understanding that was Gene Stratton's Grandmother. But that was all.

Gene made good. Gene had no longer any quarrel with the world, having been granted her heart's desire. J. Leo Meehan, her daddy and director of all the Porter pictures, understood this and gave her free rein. Gene trampled gaily over hearts in the audience and reputations in the ranks of the experienced actors on the same cast. Because, you see—and this is most important of all—Gene wasn't acting; she was being herself: the true tomboy of the American screen.

Felix Certainly Is Popular

If our postman was not very, very good-natured, he certainly would be cranky about the big bags of mail he has had to carry up-stairs lately. And most of the letters in this bag have been drawings of Felix. One day one thousand came. And every day hundreds and hundreds came.

The prizes are here in our office waiting to be sent to the lucky artists! But, of course, we cannot mail them until the judges decide. And the judges keep asking us for more time . . . there have been thousands of drawings made by the readers of Motion Picture Junior and they want to consider every one carefully. It takes time.

But we hope to announce the winners either next month or the month after that. We think maybe it will be next month. . . .

We're as surprised as Felix looks that so many of our readers are such fine artists. We never saw so many Felix cats in all our born days as the postman has brought to our office lately

Harold Thinks It's Pretty Good

Scenes from the New Lloyd Comedy

and That's All We Need to Hear About a Picture

In his next picture, Harold Lloyd again suffers from an inferiority complex . . . just as he did in "Grandma's Boy." He is the youngest in a family of strong men . . . and. like all kid brothers, an outsider when it comes to important affairs

When his father, the sheriff, goes out of town, Harold wears the shiny badge and gives a medicine show permission to hold performances. His father is furious . . . and insists that since Harold started this he can finish it. He sends him down to the village to oust the medicine show. And there is a Strong Man . . .

This is the gist of the story, which has skumpty-umpty complications and gives our spectacled star and producer opportunity for splendid characterization. Jobyna Ralston is the girl again. And even Harold himself announces that the finished product "looks pretty good." If you knew Harold, you'd know what promise that sentiment holds

FAUX PAS

An exposé of things that should not have been allowed to happen

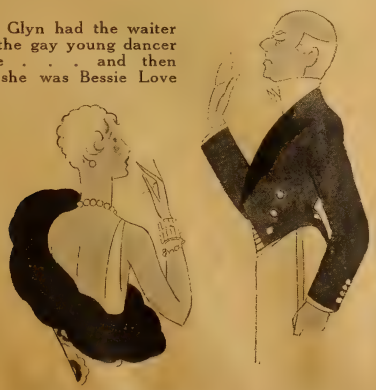
By DOROTHY MANNERS

Illustrations by George Elmer Hughes

The hostess smiled. "Just leave it there," she said. "We will call it Mr. Gilbert"

AWFUL, isn't it, that creepy feeling up and down the spine, not to mention the hot flushes to the face and the cold flashes to the feet, when you've said or done something wrong and know you've said or done something wrong and know everyone else knows you've said or done something wrong. They call it a *faux pas,* which is French for "boner," and in most cases the *s* in *pas* is silent. The only exception is when it is sounded for hissing. Everybody pulls "boners"—some better than others. Remember the time you guessed thirty as the age of a girl who turned out to be only

Madame Glyn had the waiter request the gay young dancer to leave . . . and then learned she was Bessie Love



"Maybe I had better let Jimmie Cruze know he is keeping his company late tonight," the voice on the wire said. "He's dining with us"

twenty-one? Or the time you went all fluttery in performing an introduction and forgot your best friend's name?

Even the picture people with all their poise aren't exempt from the common failing. Hardly a day goes by that doesn't circulate a new embarrassment story thru Hollywood, and while some of them cant be told because of legal complications—some of them can.

Well do I remember the time a writer friend of mine was preparing a symposium article for a magazine. She was out scouting for material when she ran into Mae

The table was set for four. Jobyna Ralston was distrait when six arrived . . . but she proved equal to the occasion

Murray. She asked her if she cared to contribute a little anecdote that might serve in the story.

"And who else will be in the article besides myself?" inquired Mae nicely.

"Well," replied my friend without thinking, in fact, utterly devoid of anything verging on thought, "Bob Leonard and——"

But the rest stuck in her throat. Realizing she had tactlessly mentioned Mae's ex-husband, she went panicky. "Well," she began taking a fresh start. "Bob Leonard and——"

(*Continued on page* 104)

All Aboard the Limerick Liner

Are you going to be one of the lucky passengers on The Limerick Liner? We have $50.00 to divide among five writers of clever lines. Remember that the line you submit to complete a limerick must rhyme with the first two. Send as many as you like before November 20. Address: Limerick Contest 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The poor Pilgrim Fathers, I fear,
Wont have Thanksgiving turkey this year,
For Patsy cannot
Seem to fire the shot

— — — — — — — — — — — —

Imagine an Indian Chief
In a costume so bright and so brief!
But Ruth Roland's appeal
Is much greater, I feel,

— — — — — — — — — — —

Gwen Lee is not one to deplore
The scraps on the cutting-room floor.
She'd rather convert
Them into a skirt

— — — — — — — — — — — —

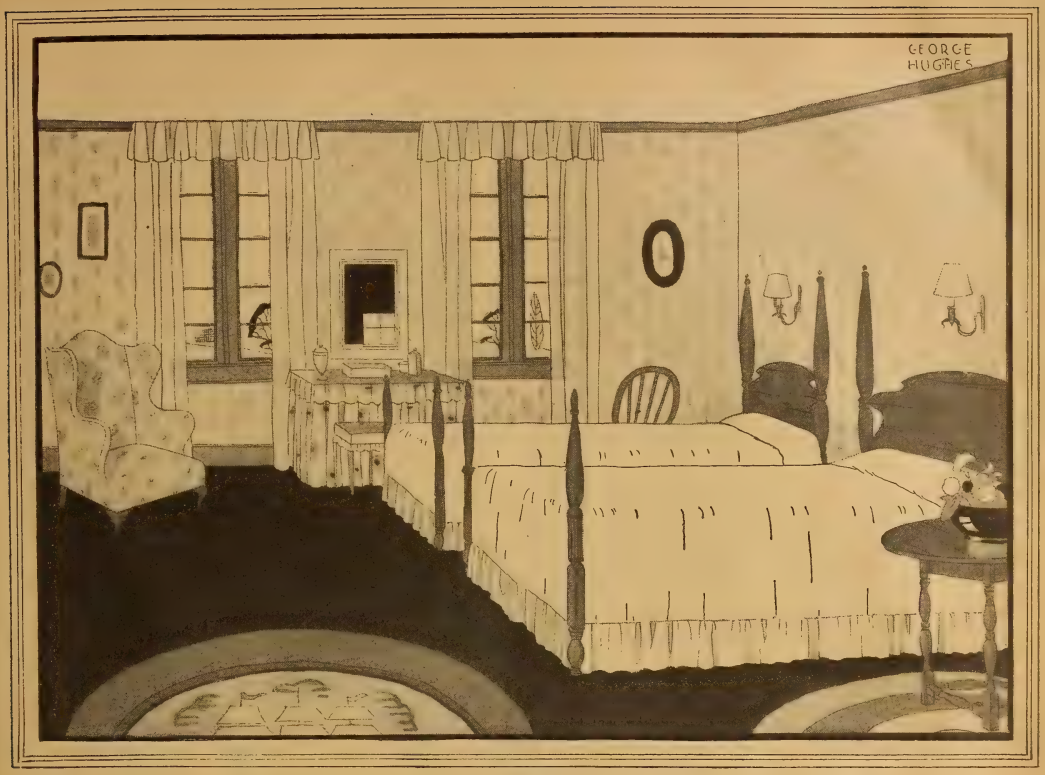
According to Miss Ruby Blaine,
Modern girls have no cause to complain;
In old-fashioned apparel
They'd look like a barrel

— — — — — — — —

See Prize Winning Limericks on page 93

Tho, as everyone knows, Kathryn Perry's
Game of golf is just simply the berries,
Even she sometimes sinks
In despair to the links

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — —



The Right Rooms for Rest

Young housewives, when furnishing their first homes, are apt to make one of two mistakes. Sometimes they will furnish a most complete and far too elaborate living-room, and by the time they get to their bedrooms, either their money, their taste or their time is exhausted.

By STEPHEN GOOSON

(Interior Decorator for First National Pictures)

YOUNG housewives, when furnishing their first homes, are apt to make one of two mistakes. Sometimes they will furnish a most complete and often far too elaborate living-room—and by the time they get to their bedrooms, either their money, their taste or their time is exhausted. The bedrooms, then, are bare and uninviting, made up for the most part of odds and ends. The other extreme is just as bad. It consists of neglecting the living quarters and designing ornate bedrooms full of frills and bows and ruffles—too much furniture and not enough peace.

My favorite bedroom is Colonial. For rooms furnished in this spirit have the peace and restfulness that should be the key-note of sleeping quarters

For these reasons—for half a dozen other reasons, the bedrooms are usually the least pleasing of any rooms in the average American home.

There is no reason why a bedroom cant be delightful. There is no reason why it cant have as much charm, as much feeling and as much atmosphere as any other room in the home. Yet these things need not interfere with the true interpretation of a bedroom. In fact, everything that you put into a bedroom should help to make it an ideal room for purposes for which it was intended.

If you like fussy things, the bedroom is the place to carry out your ideas, for it permits frills and furbelows that would be taboo in the living-room . . . such as fussy lamps and frilly cushions

Go into your own bedrooms, into the bedrooms of your friends, and look critically around. Was each piece of furniture, each accessory, chosen with care and thought? Do the rooms, as a whole, express what they should? It is so easy to forget that the key-note to a bedroom is peace and restfulness. We come to our bedroom so that we may "come to ourselves" for meditation, for thought, for relaxation and for rest. Anything that we put into a bedroom that takes away the blessed peace that a bedroom should give is wrong. Your living-room should spell hospitality and gaiety, good times and charm. Your sun-room may be bright and cheerful and happy. Your bedroom, while it should be happy, too, should bring with it a restfulness that will make you forget the petty troubles of the every-day world.

In planning bedrooms I would plan, first of all, to eliminate all useless things. The table that you dont know just what to do with, the sewing-machine that could stand just as well some place else, the chair that you hate to discard because it is still good, too often these things appear in bedrooms. Take them away! Take away useless ornaments, photographs of friends you scarcely ever see or think of, pictures that you really never look at. Simplify your bedrooms.

Need I say that, as a usual thing, I do not like sets of furniture? As a rule, they are too commercial and too conventional and you can get more charming and home-like arrangements by combining odd pieces of furniture to suit your own needs. However, bedroom sets are by far the most satisfactory sets of furniture and in many cases are better than selected pieces. There are exceptions to this, too, of course, and Colonial bedrooms, where the pieces are selected and do not belong to a set, are still my favorite of all. In picking sets there are charming little shops where you can buy odd pieces and have them enameled to suit you. This, too, is better than the average set assorted for you by a furniture manufacturer. However, from among regulation "commercial" bedroom sets you can find many that are most charming and well adapted for the well-arranged American home.

Too many bedrooms lack a comfortable chair for reading or sewing. And there are small boudoir chairs, upholstered in quaint chintz and cretonnes, that are charming in the bedroom

As I said before, my favorite bedroom is Colonial. If I had only one bedroom to furnish, I am sure I would select Colonial mahogany for it. I would pick out, first of all, four-poster beds in not too elaborate a design. The pineapple-carved Colonial beds are delightful but

(*Continued on page* 116)

It is possible to achieve a sense of luxury in a bedroom, but only when there is unlimited money to spend. The bedroom below is the master bedroom in Tom Mix's California home

Frank C. Bangs

It is to be hoped that "The White Black Sheep" offers Richard Barthelmess an opportunity for characterization. The pity is that he has been utterly wasted in the recent productions in which he has appeared, and good actors are none too plentiful. As *Robert Kincairn,* he is a sheep in wolf's clothing and, seeking forgetfulness, he goes to Palestine. Patsy Ruth Miller is the native dancer he meets here. Patsy gave up part of the first vacation she has had in three years to play this rôle, because it permits her to be a little naughty, and she is fed up with being such a very good girl on the screen. All of which sounds interesting and promising

Richard Barthelmess Becomes "The White Black Sheep"

Clarence Bull

Ernesto and Teodora

Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in One of the Romantic Moments of "The Great Galeoto"

When Ramon Novarro read the story of "The Great Galeoto," he had two convictions. The first was that he wished to do this story on the screen. The second was that Alice Terry—and Alice Terry only—[illegible]. Alice was abroad at the time, but Ramon cabled [illegible] her how perfect she would be in the rôle . . . he [illegible] would be even to consider going into the productio[illegible] her. And Alice sailed for America. For months [illegible] have worked together in the California studios . . . [illegible] *nesto* . . . Alice as *Teodora*

The Editor Gossips

Of the Motion Picture Set, Observed Socially

THERE are some things that everyone in motion picture circles knows. They are, in a way, lore. For instance, Corinne Griffith when she is in New York stops at the St. Regis, where the reception-room of her suite is formally furnished in satinwood, upholstered in a pale green damask. The cream Rolls Royce cabriolet that drives along Fifth and Park Avenues during the shopping hours belongs to Catherine Calvert, who seems to have retired from the screen since she married the very, very wealthy Captain Calvert. That Ramon Novarro slips into town quietly and *incognito* and stops at a small, exclusive hotel while he attends the opera and the better plays. That Alice Joyce usually entertains at luncheon at the exclusive Colony. That you are sure of meeting Everyone in the World at the Talmadge suite at five o'clock when either of the girls is in town. And they have been in New York more than they have been in Hollywood lately.

It was open house in Constance's suite the other afternoon. Norma and Joe Schenck occupied one suite. Constance and Captain A. MacIntosh, and skumpty umpty bottles of perfume, French dolls, jade trinkets and family photographs occupied another.

Celebrities from the magazine and newspaper and theatrical worlds were already there when we arrived. Waiters came in bearing huge trays of sandwiches, *petits fours* . . . tea. . . . And Captain MacIntosh's valet dispensed hospitality. Norma's hair clung in damp curls. She had just had a shampoo. And because she was not well, she was lying on the sofa, wrapped luxuriously in one of those padded silk robes of a soft rose.

The maid was just finishing Constance's shampoo. She finally emerged in a similar dressing-gown of blue, rubbing the golden tangles of her hair vigorously. She came in with one of her usual bright quips and appraised Norma as she rested, dishabille. Then she surveyed her own figure.

"Just the formal hostesses," she said. "Just the types that know how to entertain."

Norma laughed. She always laughs at Constance's sallies. She adores Constance . . . thinks her hair the most brilliant gold in the world . . . her fair skin the smoothest . . . her eyes the brownest and biggest . . . her mouth the youngest . . . and her wit the gayest.

Constance reciprocates. She watches Norma admiringly. She said to us once, "I always go to see Norma's pictures. Just because she is my sister doesn't bar me from thinking she's a marvelous actress."

There really is a camaraderie between them, rare with sisters. They seem to have such good times together.

Norma contented herself with a bowl of milk toast. Constance ate practically nothing. She was too occupied drying her hair . . . rushing to the telephone . . . joking with guests . . . begging someone for the latest gossip . . and opening boxes of flowers that arrived, for all the world as they do in one of those Cecil B. DeMille scenes which the critics scoff at as exaggerated and not true to life.

It was when someone asked Norma if she had seen much of Pola, when Pola was in New York for Rudy's funeral and before she made that sad trip back across the continent with his body, that a hush settled upon the merry room. It was as if a gray mist fell upon the gaiety of the talk and the color of the group.

© Herbert Photos

Captain MacIntosh, Mrs. Joseph Schenck and Mrs. MacIntosh enjoying a morning walk on Park Avenue, New York City

"People were cruel to Pola," Constance said. "I went about with Rudy and her a lot when we were all in Hollywood and he was making 'The Son of the Sheik.' They adored each other. They were happy and just like two children. No one can say which of them loved the most."

"I'm sure they loved each other, very much," said someone else. "I didn't understand the papers."

"Why *were* they so skeptical?" asked another. "People who knew Pola and Rudy were surprised."

And so on. The room was filled with people in the "know." And the surprise at the bad taste which some newspapers showed was unanimous.

All of this served to corrobate the things we felt about Pola and Rudy. It is not easy for the reserved, conventional Nordic type to comprehend Pola. She comes from another country . . . she

(*Cont'd on page* 107)

Shadows That Will Pattern

Erich von Stroheim never fails to weave a colorful, interesting tapestry . . . and when we consider that he stars in "The Wedding March" as well as directs it, it does much to recommend it to us. This scene shows Zasu Pitts as his bride when they come face to face with his former sweetheart, played by Fay Wray. She is now a slave to a brutal suitor

"Hotel Imperial" is said to offer Pola Negri the opportunity she has lacked ever since she came to America to make pictures. Stiller, the Swedish director, was behind the cameras . . .

In "Men of Dawn," Milton Sills becomes involved in a native marital tangle . . . arriving on the scene just as *Ben Achmed*, played by Montague Love, is about to strangle his wife. Viola Dana plays the wife

"The Unknown Cavalier," finds Ken Maynard, First National's new cowboy star, in the title rôle. And another equine actor comes to the screen in "Tarzan"

The Winter's Screen

It will be interesting to see Lillian Gish's portrayal of *Annie Laurie.* She has surrounded herself with a splendid cast. Reading from right to left, you see Brandon Hurst, David Torrence, Lillian Gish, Henry Kolker and Norman Kerry

Gerald Beaumont's story of "Even Stephen" has a gay, young cast. And maybe William Collier will prove whether or not gentlemen do prefer blondes. We should think it would be difficult indeed to decide between Louise Brooks and Dorothy Mackaill

For years we have wanted Colleen Moore to play in "Twinkletoes." Thomas Burke wrote the novel, and it tells of a little girl in the grim Limehouse section of London who forgot the sordid life about her when she danced in a music-hall

If you read "God Gave Me Twenty Cents," the story which recently ran in a fiction magazine, you'll be interested to hear that Lois Moran and Jack Mulhall appear in the screen version of this story

The Evolution of

Six Stages Which Depict
Gentlemen of

By B. F.

When the movies were flickers and A. B. appeared circled somewhere in almost every scene, we took our heroes virile. Men of the great open spaces, to be sure. And Broncho Billy was the leader of them all

Francis X. Bushman was probably our greatest exponent of the ultra-romantic type. When he made love to Beverly Bayne, the corner grocery store that had been converted into a movie house hummed with "Ain't he grand's!"

D. W. Griffith was responsible for a change in style when he produced "The Birth of a Nation." For Henry B. Walthall as the *Little Colonel* proved that another type of man also had attraction

the Movie Hero

the Changing Styles in the the Celluloid

WILSON

Then came the country boy, *à la* Charlie Ray. Once again movie audiences turned from the essentially romantic to the human hero. Who was there who didn't adore Charlie Ray in his battered old hat? And wouldn't still, for that matter, if Charlie would only wear it again?

Husbands and fathers came next and had their share of canned glory. Sometimes their wives were extravagant and naughty, but these gentlemen were always noble. Conrad Nagel climbed to his high estate during this vogue

And now we have the philandering male who conveys more sin with a lift of his eyebrows than was ever seen on the screen before. Wait until the censors find out what all this is about! Just wait! Adolphe Menjou will be forced to retire . . . and what a pity that will be. . . . What next? Who knows?

An exclusive portrait study of Lillian Gish in the title rôle of *Annie Laurie*

LILLIAN GISH WEARS THE PLAID

THAT'S OUT

Hard Truths With a Sugar Coating of Humor

By TAMAR LANE

How to Break Into the Movies

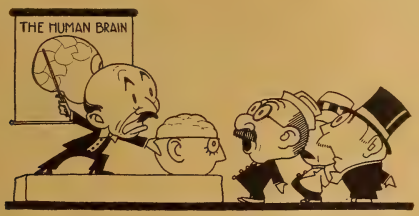
THE film producers of Hollywood may not be artists, but they are great business men. They never overlook an opportunity to commercialize everything, even the misfortunes of others.

When the Century studio recently burned down, every producer in the colony who could grab a camera was on the scene, shooting stock shots for later use in his productions.

One producer grabbed an actor he had never seen before, threw a prop fireman suit on him, thrust a hatchet in his hand, and told him to run up and down the sides of the burning building, and make motions as tho he was doing something.

"What's the idea?" asked the extra.

"Never mind," said the producer, "Do what I tell you. I'll have a story written around these scenes and star you in my next picture, entitled 'The Fourth Alarm.'"



Salesmen Wanted—Not Afraid of Hard Work

A MAN in Los Angeles is advertising for salesmen to sell something which he says is a sure-fire article. He states that it is something which motion picture studios are lacking, but greatly in need of.

The advertisement does not disclose just what the salesmen will be asked to sell, but from the description it is to be presumed that the article is *brains*.

A Prediction Fulfilled

READERS of this column will recall that the writer recently chided the Lasky Company for dropping from its roster of players such a promising young actor as Gilbert Roland, and predicted that the company would some day be willing to have Roland back at several times the sum they were formerly paying him.

Our prognostication has come true even quicker than we expected.

The Lasky Company is now trying to get Roland back into the fold and has offered him a salary over three times what he was getting when he left the organization.

Roland is now playing for First National. It is not known whether he will accept the Lasky offer or not.

Things We Will Never See

LON CHANEY as *Little Eva.*
Harold Lloyd as *Hamlet.*
Charlie Murray as *Shylock.*
Mary Pickford as *The Queen of Sheba.*
Bull Montana as *Beau Brummel.*
John Barrymore as *Don Quixote.*
Ramon Novarro as *Ben Turpin.*

Hint to Scenario Writers

A SCENARIST out in Hollywood claims to have written a race-track story without a race in it.

Now, if someone would only oblige us with a dog picture without a dog in it, he will be doing motion picture mankind a great service.

Who Cares?

BELIEVE it or not, Fannie Hurst and another writer are arguing and fighting it out in the courts as to who is

(*Continued on page* 112)

The Picture Parade

YOU'D BE SURPRISED—*Comedy—80%*

HERE is a picture with a distinctly new note. A murder mystery, satirically handled. The plot is unfolded with much adroit cleverness and a dash of slap-stick.

A man is murdered on a house-boat, in the midst of a roomful of people. The coroner arrives, debonair and smiling, wearing evening clothes and a high hat (Raymond Griffith). He pronounces the victim "very dead," and proceeds to find the murderer.

Then follows a series of unexpected and highly diverting incidents, while suspicion falls on first one and then another of the guests.

A coroner's jury is brought in from the street—presumably the house-boat is in dock—more satire. Sly pokes in the ribs of Jurisprudence!

A deaf-and-dumb butler claims to have been an eye-witness of the dastardly deed. He acts his story for the jury. He orders the lights off, when they go on again, he is stretched out on the floor with a knife in his back. The second murder! It looks as tho the coroner would be the third victim—he isn't, of course, but that's the story. Why rub the bloom off the peach?

As a story, it doesn't mean very much—as a satire that is not too high-brow to be enjoyed by the average audience, it is delicious.

Raymond Griffith's portrayal of the coroner is a most intelligent and finished bit of acting. He puts every point across with no apparent effort. It is comedy of the highest degree.

The cast is merely a background for Mr. Griffith, but it is satisfying. The girl, Dorothy, is played by Dorothy Sebastien. If the audience echoes her question, "But I want to know why?"—it is entirely appeased when Griffith answers, "You can read all about it in the newspapers!" And that's that. A mirth-provoking picture that does not depend on physical gags.

DIPLOMACY—*Drama—75%*

OUR critical faculties were forgotten during the first part of this picture, in our feeble attempts to untangle the masses of plot and counterplot that started right out in the first reel to confuse and mystify us. And when we did begin to see light, and looked around to discover what else might be lurking in the picture besides Japanese spies and stolen photographs and such, we regretted it. What we saw was Arlette Marchal stealing the picture from Blanche Sweet as easily as she seemed to be stealing "the papers" from England's best diplomats. We admire Miss Sweet's daring in playing side-by-side with this young and beautiful French girl, but we cant help feeling it was ill-advised and a painful experience for the more sympathetic onlookers.

The whole thing is a prolonged game of "hide the treaty." You've seen dozens of pictures like it in years gone by, only possibly they were a trifle more coherent. All the nations in the geography book are involved in the general scramble for the document on which the future of the world seems to hang, altho you never know just why. Matt Moore hovers in the background inexplicably, thruout, so that he may be dragged in at the last moment to save the situation and take the credit for the good old U. S. A. And that's about all there is to that, except the final clinch.

KID BOOTS—*Comedy—80%*

KID BOOTS is one of the best laugh-getters of this season's screen fare. Eddie Cantor is quite as funny and clever on the silent sheet as he is before the footlights of Broadway. As the goofy little tailor out of a job, he takes his audience thru a series of adventures and side-splitting experiences that are worth seeing.

Lawrence Grey unconsciously saves him from the hefty villain (Ed Kennedy) and in turn gains his undying gratitude and as unconsciously Eddie saves Lawrence Grey from the clutches of a mercenary wife. From that time they work together.

Clara Bow as the woman in Kid Boot's life makes a fascinating little flirty flapper and finally saves the day for Lawrence Grey after a hair-raising thrill chase over the mountains.

In one scene Eddie Cantor flirts with himself behind a door which makes quite as unusual an innovation in screen comedy as Charlie Chaplin's famous "Roll Dance." At the finish the breath-taking, gasping thrills surpass those immortal thrills Harold Lloyd gave us in "Safety Last."

It's a great entertainment picture and worth taking the kids and going to see.

Billie Dove and Natalie Kingston add to the pulchritude of the whole.

The cast: Eddie Cantor, Lawrence Grey, Billie Dove, Natalie Kingston, Ed Kennedy.

Directed by Frank Tuttle.

A GUIDE TO THE GOOD PICTURES

WE will publish our reviews in a uniform size so that they may be filed for future reference. They are written by critics whose view-points are unbiased. The ratings should be of special assistance.

Ratings: Excellent, 95%; Good, 80%; Fair, 70%; Poor, 50%

FINE MANNERS—*Comedy—85%*

THAT high mark is for Gloria Swanson only. The story and other accessories dont rate even a passing mark. Nevertheless, the picture is entertaining almost continuously, due solely to the vitality and humor of Miss Swanson. The worse Gloria's pictures become, the more we admire Gloria. She has an earnest, earthly quality that makes the most false and unplausible plots seem almost convincing. Like no one else on the screen she can hold you interested and amused thru reels and reels of deadly story, she can work up a gripping suspense where there is no suspense—just thru the sheer force of her personality. And this despite the fact that her beauty, of face and figure, is not quite what it used to be.

Her unfortunate story in this case is of *Orchid Murphy*, a little music-hall girl of the lower East Side, who captures the heart of a Park Avenue gentleman. He proceeds to have her rough edges smoothed away, only to find that with her crudities have vanished her vivacity, her originality, all that endeared her to him. And no wonder! For the "fine manners" invented by these well-meaning movie people would make a wooden image of anyone. Really, stars and directors have lived on Park Avenue or its outskirts long enough, now, to know better.

TIN GODS—*Drama—80%*

DID you ever read a book that you couldn't put down and yet didn't want to finish because you were so engrossed with the characters? Well, that's the way we felt as we watched Thomas Meighan, *et al.*, in "Tin Gods." It held us from first to last. We wanted to find out what was going to happen to *Roger Drake*, splendidly played by Tommie, and to *Carita*, gorgeously done by Renée Adorée, and, a little less because of the inhumanity of the character to *Janet Stone, Roger's* wife, thoroly characterized by Aileen Pringle. *So* thoroly indeed that we pray whatever gods there be, tin or otherwise, that we never encounter her like. Tom Meighan is human, convincing, sincere. One gets a sense of passion and profundity from him which mates to a fine reality of feeling with the poignant performance given by Renée Adorée. William Powell is subtly colorful. There is hokum here and there, of course. Particularly in the first part, scenes with the little che-ild, *et cetera*. But they maintain dignity of feeling none the less. The sets struck us as slightly moviefied and a bit tawdry. But they didn't matter. The people mattered. In a scene of terrific unhappiness where *Roger Drake* is drinking alone on the anniversary of his son's death, we have rarely seen better acting than is done then by Tom Meighan. Dont miss it under any circumstances.

The cast includes: Thomas Meighan, Renée Adorée, Aileen Pringle, William Powell, Hale Hamilton, John Harrington, Joe King, Robert E. O'Connor and Delbert Emory Whitten, Jr. (It was directed by Allan Dwan.)

SUBWAY SADIE—*Comedy—85%*

AL SANTELL, of "Classified" fame, has made another easy, good-humored comedy of New York life as seen by those who start their days with the morning battle in the subway. It is consistently amusing, and without gripping you at all or making any severe demands on your attention, it still never lags for a moment. *Sadie* lives in the Bronx but she craves Paris. *Herb McCarthy* herds her into the subway every morning, and, of course, they fall in love. The rest concerns the struggle of love *versus* Paris. And which do you think wins? Both, of course! The humor of the thing rises out of simple incidents in a simple girl's life, and it finds a warm response in New York audiences at least. There is a night club and a department store, and no end of picturesque things are done with the subway by Mr. Santell's cameraman. There is Charlie Murray as a taxi-driver—the flurry of a departing ocean liner—love in the park—lots of fun, really.

Dorothy Mackaill is extremely pleasant and capable in her rôle, in spite of a slightly Mongoloid appearance. And Jack Mulhall makes a corking subway guard, altho he's considerably less convincing as the president's son.

By this time you must have heard enough to decide whether you want to see this or not. We hope you do.

THE OLD SOAK—*Comedy Drama—80%*

ATTEMPTS have been made to place Jean Hersholt and Emil Jannings side by side as the screen's foremost character actors. But nothing in "The Old Soak" indicates that Hersholt is in a class with Jannings, yet. He is a wistful, kindly old fellow who pulls at your heart-strings and all that sort of thing, but the part of *"Pop" Hawley* is almost sure-fire sob-stuff. *Clem Hawley*, you know, meets some swell city girls—chorus girls, if you must have the truth—and in order to supply his particular sweetie with the fur coats to which she is accustomed, he swipes his mother's stock from under the clock. Ma thinks Pop took it to buy more booze, and he takes the blame. It makes you pretty unhappy for a while, but Pop's ingenuity is equal to the situation in the end.

There's lots of human interest, you can see. But in an attempt to wring the utmost in pathos from these happenings, the tempo is slowed up painfully, and Hersholt's otherwise excellent performance is made to seem too cautious and studied. Louise Fazenda confiding that "Al's here" is the high spot of the picture for us.

HOLD THAT LION—*Farce Comedy—80%*

WE like Douglas MacLean. If we didn't, we wouldn't have cared for the picture. As it was, we weren't bowled over by enthusiasm, tho the last reel or so is certainly amusing to the audiences if not to the frantic characters. Walter Hiers *is* funny in this and no mistake. Anyway, Douglas is one *Jimmie Hastings*. He is wishing that he could meet the Only Girl. Lo, the long arm of coincidence and *Marjorie Brand*, played by Constance Howard, drops by. We were not enthused by Miss Howard. Anyway, *Marjorie* drops her handkerchief or *Jimmie* thinks she does. He rescues the fragile scrap and starts on a glob-trotting hunt for his charmer, pressing into service the companionship of *Dick Warren, i. e.*, Walter Hiers. He catches up with *Marjorie* somewhere in East Africa. At which poignant juncture he is left minus his trousers and plays several scenes in the minus state.

Marjorie's pa is a cat-hunter. *Jimmie* and *Dick* are pressed into the cat-hunt. If you dont know what a cat-hunt is now, you will know after you've seen this picture.

SPARROWS—*Melodrama—85%*

IT was Douglas Fairbanks who told us that Mary Pickford's production of "Sparrows" was Dickensonian. And after seeing it we have nothing less and nothing more to say of it.

Perhaps you know that it is the story of a baby farm . . . with Gustav von Seyffertitz as *Grimes*, the cruel manager . . . and Mary as *Mollie*, who watches over the little boys and girls.

Melodrama is interwoven in the story and there is nothing new or startling about the plot. But you wont realize this until the last lovely close-up of Mary had faded from the screen. Which means, of course, that the story interests you so much that your critical faculty is dulled.

We are glad that Mary is not going to continue to play grown-up parts. So many on the screen can be the grand lady. And no one else that we have ever heard about or seen captures the elusive and misty quality of childhood as Mary does.

You'll weep a little. You'll laugh a great deal. And you'll hold your breath once or twice.

Directed by William Beaudine.

PARADISE—*Romantic Drama—50%*

AFTER "Men of Steel," this is a decided let-down for Milton Sills. As sincere as he is, he cannot lift up the picture and make it anything but just a weak, slice of hokum. There are scenes and scenes and scenes—most of them extraneous. On that premise it never gets going on any single well-defined tack, but beats all around Mr. Hood's w. k. barn.

There are far too many characters—and two of them are employed for very poor comedy relief. The attire of these comics is of the ancient burlesque vintage.

The plot has to do with formula twenty-four in the celluloid workshop. Which means that a spendthrift is cut off by his father until he makes good. In order to show the belated spark he is sent packing to a South Sea island—one inherited from the *pater familias*. And he takes his bride with him. What follows is typical South Sea stuff—the curbing of wild desires and the conquering of evil forces.

"Paradise" looks like a serial in its topsyturvy plot.—*First National.*

FOR ALIMONY ONLY—*Drama—70%*

THIS story, the manner of presenting it, the acting—all fit exactly into a pattern much overworked in the pictures of the past, but now discarded by every enlightened director. The concocters of this latest disappointment from the De Mille studio seem not to realize that characterization, humor, subtlety, have any part in motion picture making. The story is obvious and flimsy from start to finish, and the behavior of everyone in these trying rôles is even more obvious and elemental. It is a tale of divorce, and how a woman's wit saves her husband from the burden of paying a huge alimony to his former, and greedy, mate. But not before they have done such sacrificing and scrimping to meet this terrific drain on their resources. Leatrice Joy is the scrimper and sacrificer-in-chief.

Originality and sensitiveness of direction and acting, which might possibly have lifted this picture from worse than mediocrity, are conspiciously lacking. Instead we have featured the mannish bob of Miss Joy, the so rarely hidden charms of Lilyan Tashman, and some very ornate garments.

THE STRONG MAN—*Comedy—85%*

PERHAPS we have no funny-bone. We cant have, for while the audience at the Mark Strand Theater were convulsed, ransacked, doubled over with mirth at Harry Langdon in "The Strong Man," we felt more like weeping over the mishaps of the futile little fellow. Actually, we neither laughed nor cried, and yet on that borderland between the two we found ourself watching with an absorbed interest. We see him first "winning the war" by means of a bean-shooter. He *would.* Between shots he sentimentalizes over the letters of one *Mary Brown* from America. She writes that she loves him. He, of course, loves her. He is captured by a Heinie, one *Zandow,* the Great, Strongest Man on Earth. He is taken to America as the Great's assistant. He searches for *Mary Brown* on various street corners. He—well, yes, he does meet *Mary,* but how and when and where cannot be divulged until you see for yourselves. Priscilla Bonner is *Mary* and a particularly sensitive face she has, too. It's good entertainment, it's comedy based on truth. Whether you laugh at Harry or weep over him, dont miss seeing him.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—*Comedy Drama—75%*

THIS takes us some years back to the time when General Funston was having his troubles with the natives of the Philippines. The U. S. Army is there on the palm-fringed beach—just as you see it on the recruiting posters. There is Monte Blue, the upstanding young private who blunders onto some vital information and as a spy sacrifices love to duty. For the rest, there are reels of flag-waving, fighting, and wallowing thru swamps and mud. From beginning to end, everyone seems to be covered with slime, sweat or blood. There is a feeble and pathetic "steal" from "The Big Parade"—an attempt to duplicate the thrill of that grim and relentless march thru the woods into the face of machine guns, and the heroic death of "Slim"—in this case, a genial fat man. But it is very pathetic and very feeble. Myrna Loy is a rather peaked native girl, but Monte Blue is excellent as the loutish private.

Among other lessons to be learned from this picture is that directors are quite right to go to the South Seas for their tropical scenes. These were made on the California coast.

THE CAMPUS FLIRT—*Comedy—75%*

BEBE DANIELS romps her way thru another farce—the best entertainment Bebe has given us in some time. As the spoiled and snobbish daughter of an aristocratic doting mother and a red-blooded democratic father, she enters an American college minus maids and all trimmings but plus snobbishness and superiority complex, which does not make for happiness and popularity.

Finally thru the persuasive wiles of the charming (Jimmie Hall) hero and the training of Charlie Paddock (himself), she wins the colors for her college and a husband for herself.

Bebe is always convincing and sincere in her characterizations and tho there never was such a college as Colton is portrayed—you almost wish there was. As for the work of Jimmie Hall, it has been many a day since we have had as charming a young hero as this very promising young man on the screen.

The story is impossible, the cast good and the picture pure entertainment. Leave your gullibility at home, but see it and enjoy two hours of foolish romping with Bebe.

Directed by Clarence Badger.

(*Continued on page* 98)

Mildred and Harold Lloyd, in the center, entertain Mrs. John L. Murphy and Roy Brooks at their Santa Monica beach place

There is general hocus-pocus to the effect that the screen female is either golden-haired and an A-1 moron, or recklessly extravagant or poisonously sirenesque, or irresponsible—nothing to build a home about

PIFFLE

"Too bad it's a girl . . . a son would have helped you in your old age. . . ."

"They're all right for amusement, *but* . . ."

These and similar utterances have become platitudes.

Piffle.

Sour grapes, usually.

* * * * * * * * *

In particular, have the screen species been derided and, often, defamed.

"Butterflies. . . ."

The general hocus-pocus has been to the effect that the screen female is either golden-haired and an A-1 moron, or

The wide interests of Norma and Constance Talmadge have never shaken the unshakable love they have for "Peg"

"For the female of the species is . . ."

Well, what is she?

We are here referring pretty specifically to the screen species, of course.

Kipling once observed that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male. . . ."

We never knew quite how he meant that—as a compliment or what is vulgarly called a slam. But we took it for the former. We always do.

Lesser men have made lesser observations.

Some bozos have accused the female of the species of being more costly than the male . . . more frivolous than the male . . . more untrustworthy than the male . . . less reliable than the male . . . less intelligent than the male . . . and other derogatory and entirely sappy pronunciamentos.

"You cant depend on a woman. . . ."

"O, frailty, thy name is woman. . . ."

"Women are all extravagant. . . ."

There is Bebe Daniels. Bebe and her mother and her grandmother travel in a tender triumvirate

Richee

Many years ago, when the little family of Pickfords were on the ragged edge of nothing, Mary took the helm

This photograph of her and Douglas by International Newsreel

But we offer case history to prove that a large percentage of the women on the screen are darned *good* sports, on-the-level, and with a beauty of character as well as beauty of face, with mentalities, and roots that reach far down into the soil of substance

By
Gladys Hall

recklessly extravagant, or poisonously sirenesque, or irresponsible or, in a word, nothing to build a home about.

We have spent the better part of ten years . . . most of our life, to wit . . . in disproving this current, tho gradually abating opinion.

No microbe hunter ever tracked down animalcules more patiently, more hardily, more meticulously than we have tracked down, microscoped and card-indexed the female of the screen species.

We are not to be sneezed at, therefore, if we make bold to come out with conclusions. Not surmises, be it understood, no guess-work, but *conclusions.*

Photographs by American Photograph Service and Richee

For all that life offers her, Lillian Gish has never trod many inches away from her mother. . . . And no matter where you go, you wont find anyone living a more intelligent, worth-while life than Alice Joyce lives

Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno . . . try to beat them at their own game of dignified social standing . . . domestic happiness and intelligent interests . . .

Monroe

Case histories are, we believe, the way men of science frequently prove their hardly got points.

Well, we have case histories.

We can give 'em to you individually or in bulk, as you like 'em.

Speak up!

One individual case, you say. All right . . . how about the greatest case history of them all, in every respect—Mary Pickford? How about taking her to prove the nonsensicality of women being frivolous, irresponsible, moronish, *et cetera?*

Is Mary irresponsible? We haven't found her so. The world hasn't found her so. Irresponsible people are never known to get to the top of the heap as Mary has done. Certainly, they are never known to *stay.*

Many years ago a little family of Pickfords were on

(*Continued on page* 97)

NEWS OF THE CAMERA

Two Hollywood lions! Charlie Chaplin and Numa; the latter doesn't pay quite the income tax that Charlie pays, but is what might be called successful in the movies, anyhow. This picture was taken during the filming of "The Circus"

Gertrude Olmstead will be able to use that line about her husband being her best friend and severest critic and greatest inspiration in the future, for rumor has it that Robert Z. Leonard is keeping a careful eye on Gertrude's career. Here he is with her while a film test is being made

NORMA TALMADGE got the jump on Pola in the matter of "Camille." They both announced that they would do the famous Dumas play, "next," but Norma was a little speedier in making all the final arrangements, so Pola backed out. "Camille" will be Norma's last picture for First National. She starts work in October, with Fred Niblo directing—just as soon as they find a suitable leading man. Both the stage and screen are being combed for that purpose, so something ought to come of it. This is how Dumas described his heroine, "She had a pale, beautiful face, dark hair, red lips, and it was difficult to tell whether she was a duchess or a courtesan." It's difficult to tell whether Norma or Pola best fits that description.

"The Dove," in which Judith Anderson made such a sensation on the stage, will be Norma's first picture as a United Artist.

CONNIE TALMADGE is also nearing the end of her First National contract. And as you probably suspected all the time, there's no truth in the report, current at the time of her wedding, that she will retire from the screen. She will make two pictures a year for United Artists—the same irrepressible type of comedy that has been her *forte* now for some time.

AL JOLSON was virtually the winner in the damage suit brought against him by D. W. Griffith, altho the jury brought a verdict against Jolson for $2,627.28. That might not seem cause for rejoicing to a lot of people, but $2,000 is just pin-money to Al Jolson, and he and his lawyer were grinning like a couple of jack-o'-lanterns at the end of the trial.

Griffith contended that Jolson made a verbal agreement with him to appear in "Mammy's Boy," a black-face screen comedy, and then walked out on him. He asked for $571,645 damages. Jolson told the court he had not agreed to go on with the picture, and that when he saw his face in the screen tests it depressed him so that he had to take a trip to Europe, to forget. The jury took a look at Jolson and was all sympathy, and awarded Griffith only the cost of the film used in the tests, and court costs.

George F. Cannons

Altho Ben Turpin proved by his recent marriage that a crooked gaze can go straight to a girl's heart, he is still getting bad breaks in his comedy romances. Once again in "When a Man's a Prince," Ben pursues the beauteous Madeline Hurlock unsuccessfully

BEN LYON has been having lots of trouble with one Frank Lyons, a young actor, who has been posing as his brother. Lyons first came to Ben and called his attention to the fact that he had all Ben's features and characteristics, and would like to understudy for him. That didn't appeal to Ben, and a little later he found that Frank was going up and down Broadway announcing to everyone who'd listen that he was Ben's brother, and that Ben had deserted him now that he was down on his luck. Now Ben is an awfully nice boy but he has a positive genius for getting unpleasant publicity. And this was another bad dose of it. His friends met Frank Lyons and lent him money, and there was a general impression that Ben was a pretty poor sort of chap.

He went on the war-path, and didn't have a very hard time tracking his enemy down, for just about then Frank forged Ben's signature on a check, to dazzle his landlady. Need I add that that little episode ended in the police station.

COASTS :: *By Elizabeth Greer and Milton Howe*

The men of the screen much prefer to work in California. There's the deep-sea fishing, for one thing. . . . Every time the cameras stop grinding, Reginald Denny and Ben Hendricks, Jr., get out their rods and tackle and set sail on Denny's boat

Have you ever said, "How did they ever make that baby do that?" If so, you are answered. A whole cast of celebrities worked to get the desired effect from an infant in "The Understanding Heart." Joan Crawford, Rockcliffe Fellowes and Francis X. Bushman, Jr., will be recognized in the group

Although the Will Hays office suavely denies that it ever brings any pressure to bear upon producers, in the matter of their choice of stories, titles, *et cetera*, "The Green Hat" has most undoubtedly been banned from the screen up to this time. The Fox Films own the story, and they are having a new treatment made in the hope that this new version will not offend the sensibilities of Mr. Hays, and the ban will be lifted.

They must have cleaned the story up quite a bit, for they seem quite certain of success, and have tentatively selected Howard Hawks to direct the picture, and Virginia Valli for the rôle of *Iris Storm*. It is to be hoped Mr. Hays will relent, for it seems to me that "The Green Hat" would be far better as a picture than it was as a novel or play.

"Anna Karenina," Tolstoy's novel, has been considered for many of the screen's most able actresses, but it is Lillian Gish who will actually make the picture, as soon as she finishes "Wind." My interest in Lillian has been greatly stimulated since "The Scarlet Letter." It has become the favorite sport of critics and other writers, of late, to question Lillian's right to the title of the screen's foremost actress, and just generally put her in her place. But in her proud performance as *Hester Prynne* it seems to me she has vindicated herself absolutely, and also freed herself forever from those forlorn and fragile adjectives that were so persistently applied to her.

Dorothy Gish, who is acting in British films, likes to visit her family between pictures, but she practically has to make a world tour in order to include all of them. She has finished "London" and "Tip-Toes" for British National Pictures, and is coming home for a short vacation before starting work on "Madame Pompadour."

"Home" includes New York, of course, and Hollywood, where Mrs. Gish and Lillian have settled, and Chicago, where James Rennie, Dorothy's husband, is playing in "The Great Gatsby."

Speaking of football, there's no doubt that it's a passport to stardom, but when the goal is finally reached it's apt to be kicked out of the picture—for, after all, there's just a very limited number of things that you can do with a football. Red Grange did pretty nearly all of those in "One Minute to Play," and with such joyous results that now he's going to be allowed to perform minus the symbol of his profession. F. B. O., and almost everybody else, think he can get by on the strength of his own charms, and they're putting him in a straight rôle in his next picture. The title—in fact, the story—has not been decided upon yet, but Red is a movie star for sure.

After Pola Negri had done her fainting act in New York, and taken several encores, she rushed back to

International Newsreel

"We want a picture of you as man and wife," said the photographer, and Mr. and Mrs. Lew Cody (*née* Mabel Normand) obliged. They awoke the Justice of the Peace at Ventura at some unheard-of hour in the morning to marry them

Louis Graveur, the world-famous tenor, was entertained at the home of Ramon Novarro during his stay in Hollywood. Ramon himself has a charming voice, and he and Mr. Graveur are fast friends

"Spots," a two-hundred-pound leopard, is one of the performers in the Biblical production, "The King of Kings," which Cecil B. De Mille will present. There may be something in the theory that a director should be on friendly terms with the members of his company . . . but there are exceptions to every rule

William E. Thomas

Hollywood where Famous Players did their best to hustle production on "Hotel Imperial," so it might be released before the public fancy had strayed to some other topic. It will appear about October 15, coincidently with the revival of many of Valentino's old pictures.

Another activity of Mr. Hays, by the way, has been to discourage the project of raising a fund to buy Valentino's birthplace in Italy and to erect a memorial in Hollywood. Mr. Hays pointed out that the memorial funds for such celebrated persons as Woodrow Wilson have never materialized, and that tho there would be a great rush of contributions to the Valentino fund immediately, enthusiasm would probably not last long enough to carry the movement thru. So the matter has been wisely deferred.

All girls love a uniform . . . and all moviegoers love Chester Conklin. So it looks very much as if "We're in the Navy Now" would be a great hit

THE recent divorce of King and Florence Vidor bore its first fruit when King Vidor married Eleanor Boardman early in September. Everyone had been expecting it for a long time, but the actual ceremony was decided upon very suddenly. The wedding was at Marion Davies' home in Beverly Hills, and Marion herself gave the bride away. Irving Thalberg was best man, and many of the famous ones of the Metro studio were among the twenty-five guests. To satisfy the eternal curiosity about ages, I hasten to add that Mr. Vidor is thirty-two and Mrs. Vidor is twenty-six.

Now all that remains to be done, as complete justification of the Vidor divorce, is for Florence to marry George Fitzmaurice. They have been engaged for a long time, and apparently are only waiting for the architects to finish building their new house in Beverly Hills.

RUTH ROLAND—you know, of serial and real-estate fame—had a birthday party. Cant supply the age in this case, but it was a grand party just the same, and the guest list reads like a column on "What the Stars Are Doing." Vilma Banky was there, and Bessie Love, and Blanche Sweet, Marshall Neilan, June Mathis and her husband, Silvio Balboni, Claire Windsor, Mr. and Mrs. Henry King, Billie Dove and Irving Willat, Roscoe Arbuckle and his wife, Colleen Moore, Gertrude Olmstead—in fact, practically everybody whose name you've ever seen in electric lights. There was an Hawaiian orchestra and a birthday cake, and presents ranging from a Victrola to a limousine.

Ruth has just finished work in "The Masked Woman," a June Mathis production, directed by Silvio Balboni.

RAQUEL MELLER's film, "Promised Land," may be presented in America by the Capitol Film Exchange as they had planned, before the Chadwick Pictures Corporation tried to restrain them.

While Alice Terry was in Europe, she had her palm read by Fakir Hyradcq, the famous Chiromancien Indian, who has told the past, present and future of most royalty, as well as scores of the famous men and women who have visited the French capital

A portable dressing-table has been created for John Barrymore's use on the set. He is seen here in the costume he wears in "The Vagabond Lover," a story taken from the life of Francois Villon, the beggar-poet of France

Chadwick claimed they had an option on the American rights to this French picture, and that the Capitol Exchange had no right to buy and release it. But the court ruled that Chadwick was not prompt enough in exercising its option, so the American public will see the screen shadow of Raquel even if she doesn't play *Josephine* to Charlie Chaplin's *Napoleon* next year.

THE Fox organization has been very busy making "finds" this year. Now they think they have a lucky strike in Lloyd Pantages, the young son of Alexander Pantages, who is a prominent theatrical man in Los Angeles. Lloyd's screen tests have been so satisfactory that they've given him a contract and will try him out in a picture very soon. The only thing that's likely to work against Lloyd is that his resemblance to Rudolph Valentino is being emphasized. These eternal resemblances are resented by fans and critics.

DOLORES DEL RIO has become involved in the Mexican political situation, much to her surprise and dismay. The Mexican newspapers printed articles suggesting that Miss del Rio had furnished $20,000 bail for General Estrada, who is the leader of the Rebel army and was recently captured near San Diego. Dolores indignantly denies any knowledge of General Estrada's affairs, and doesn't see why she should be implicated just because she has a large estate in Durango and is of a prominent Mexican family.

Dolores has her hands full taking care of her movie career. She has just finished "What Price Glory," and as soon as she has done "Carmen" for Fox, she'll have an important rôle in Tolstoy's "Resurrection."

CHARLIE RAY'S contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has been canceled. There appears to be a question in the minds of the better class of Hollywood aldermen as to whether Charlie canceled the contract or the studio officials.

One story is that De Mille wanted Ray to play a part in "The King of Kings," but Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials would not loan him to the rival producer, so Charlie asked for his release.

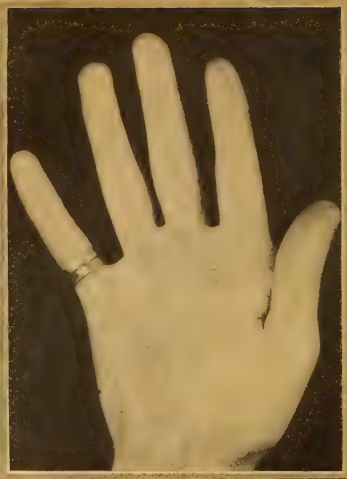
The other angle is that at a recent convention of exhibitors in one of the Middle West ports there were heard loud shouts against Charles Ray, whose name it was said drew nothing but fresh air into the theaters. There is no news regarding his future affiliations.

Jackie's growing up . . . just as quickly as children always do when they get a start. In his next picture, "Jackie, Get Your Hair Cut," you will see a barber suit his action to the title. And another familiar shadow will have changed for all time

ONE of the most interesting characters that ever swore with a broad Irish accent in Hollywood, is Charlie Murphy, who used to be in charge of the restaurant at the Goldwyn studios three years ago.

Charlie possesses a mane of snow-white hair which gives him a very dignified appearance. I shall never forget the day a young college man came to the studio to get a job

(*Continued on page* 109)



WHOSE HAND?

Can You Tell Whom These Palms Belong to by Reading the Character Analyses?

By F. Vance de Revere

THIS is an odd little hand, like its owner, it is interesting and unusual. She is a foreign actress who has recently come to us and is endowed with an enormous amount of magnetism, which one is always conscious of when with her. Her hand has the Latin characteristic of extreme flexibility, the whole hand and fingers bending backward as easily as forward, this gives a very sociable nature, one quick to adjust itself to other people and to new surroundings. The extremely supple thumb, it is so bent back that it is foreshortened in this picture, denotes love of luxury, ease and the creature comforts. This, combined with her narrow palm, would indicate a person who is not very practical and a spendthrift, not only of money but of her energy and of herself. The little finger standing apart from the others shows a person who is very independent in her actions. The short fingers indicate a very impulsive nature, a person who is spontaneous and who is governed by her instincts. A very intuitive person. Notice the network of lines in her hand, showing an extremely nervous temperament and a very emotional nature. The color of the palm would indicate one who, at times, was almost morbid, a person either one extreme or the other, very happy or very sad and depressed. The waistlike thumb denotes a very tactful person. Love of both poetry and music, but not musical ability, is indicated. Her nails bulge, showing susceptibility to throat and lung trouble.

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F. Vance de Revere

LOOKING at this hand, one immediately visualizes a man who is tall, lean, muscular and generally well built. We have the very long finger with good length of palm, if you have followed this series closely, you will remember having seen a somewhat similar hand and you will also remember that the long fingers, with the square fingertips, denote a person who is careful over little matters, and in any work he attempted would be very patient over details, noticing quickly the little things which would pass by unnoticed by a different type. The owner of this hand would be reserved, cautious, silent and secretive, and would have good judgment and much common sense. Such a hand would indicate a strong inborn feeling for right and authority, and one who would have great respect for established forms, preferring an aristocracy to a democracy and known to unknown things, also great respect for law and order. The straight firm development of the thumb denotes a serious, conscientious nature and a person of good moral consciousness, one who is not easily swayed and one who has a logical turn of mind. The closely held-in thumb would indicate one who is properly cautious over his own affairs and would have strength of will and decision. The third finger dominates and with its spatulated tip also good length of little finger denotes dramatic ability. Great love of beauty; a preference for quality rather than quantity, pride, dignity, and one who tries always to do his best.

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F. Vance de Revere

THIS very beautiful hand, long, narrow and fragile looking, with slender, tapering fingers and lovely almond-shaped nails, by its very fineness and beauty would indicate a lack of physical energy and strength, altho in this individual, the lack of physical energy is well made up for by an enormous amount of nervous energy. Such an individual would have no idea how to be practical and businesslike and would have no conception of order, punctuality or discipline and would be inclined to procrastinate. This hand, with its smooth joints, conic-shaped fingers and cushioned finger-tips, is the hand of impulse and instinct, highly inspirational, very emotional, extremely sensitive and very intuitive; restless, active nature, sympathetic, affectionate and demonstrative, strong in her likes and dislikes, and like a child shows quickly her real feelings. Her hand and fingers are very flexible, denoting a very sociable nature and one who is interested in people; being influenced by the people she comes in contact with and by her surroundings, a very impressionable person, especially impressionable in affairs of the heart, judging by impulse and instinct, which is apt to make her changeable in her affections; and usually quick-tempered, but temper is but a thing of the moment. However, when out of temper, she would be apt to speak her mind plainly and be too impetuous to study her words or expressions, afterwards being extremely sorry and seldom holding resentment or bitterness.

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F. Vance de Revere

EDITOR'S NOTE. *On page 93 you will find photographs of the stars whose hands were analyzed last month. And next month you will find the answers to these character readings.*

Lewis Stone, Nov. 15, 1879

Leatrice Joy, Nov. 7, 1899

Mabel Normand, Nov. 10, 1894

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

By MARION MEYER DREW

EDITOR'S NOTE: **All comments made in this department are based on Astrological rules, but neither the writer of this department nor this publication can assume responsibility for statements made therein, because inaccurate data is sometimes furnished, even tho the sender believes it to be correct.**

You must send: your date of birth . . . your year of birth . . . city or nearest town and county of birth . . . your sex and the hour and minute of the day or night when you were born.

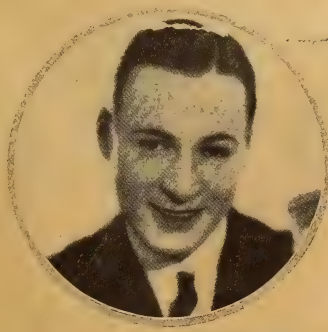
Grace M. F., May 14:

You are better suited for the business world than for the artistic sphere. I dont want to be too technical, but your artistic interest is shown in one section of your horoscope which influences tastes and attributes rather than career, while the position of your Moon—your personality—in the part of the chart devoted to money matters and in a very businesslike and executive sign is another indication that your true place in life is in handling the work of others rather than in trying to create yourself.

W. H. P., October 22:

The writing of photoplays, so far as I know, is shown in the horoscope by the same aspects and positions as the writing of fiction generally. I believe that you will accomplish more by sticking to your profession than by wasting time in getting your thoughts down on paper—that is, unless you have a good deal of time to spare. The selling of a photoplay after it is once written is a vastly different matter. Unless one has a well-known name for fiction writing, it is very hard to dispose of screen plays from a distance, as the market is so changeful and studio requirements are unfamiliar to the new writer. I wish you luck, but dont say that I encouraged you in a disappointing venture.

Corinne Griffith, Nov. 25, 1897



Rod La Rocque, Nov. 30, 1898

Ella M. R., September 30:

Take time to recover fully from your operation and then go on with your stage work. You are an actress, not a screen performer. In time you will be successful, but you cannot hurry this. Also, provide for old age while you are at your best, for there is trouble in life after the age of fifty, and this can absolutely be prevented by laying aside money in the sunny days.

Hortense P., May 6:

I like the practical way you figure out a plan for your future—it's quite characteristic of your sign, Taurus, too. These people are seldom scatter-brained or driven by impulse. Your horoscope shows the kind of self-confidence, personal magnetism and emotional capacity that is best suited for the stage. You could probably get somewhere in the

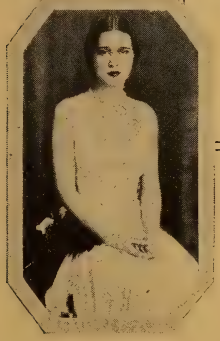
(*Continued on page* 101)

Alexander

It's Getting Pretty Crowded Out in Those Great Open Spaces

It looks as if it was going to be a good season for sombreros and lariats. Ken Maynard is the latest figure from the great open spaces to find a place on the screen. And he's darn popular already. Of course, he has a horse. It's a white one, named Tarzan

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
whose dark beauty and creamy skin have an exquisite setting in this white taffeta Lanvin robe de style, is as prominent in exclusive circles abroad as at home. She says: "Pond's Two Creams are wonderful."



Mrs. William E. Borah
wife of the United States Senator from Idaho, and a leader in Washington Society, is an enthusiastic user of Pond's. She may be seen receiving friends in her charming Washington apartment.

Just these Two delicate Creams—fragrantly cleansing and softly protecting—keep every normal skin in the pink of perfect health.

The crowding of the Social Calendar

calls for clear fresh skins

THE Social Calendar scribbled full! The shining hours of every day fitted together like gay mosaics in a brilliant pattern of pleasure.

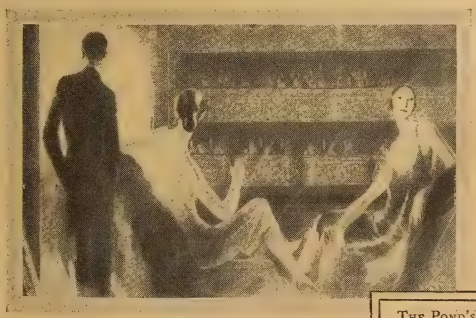
It takes its toll of beauty—this life without rest from morning to midnight—smooth round cheeks begin to droop, little lines of weariness appear, unless the right care is given the skin.

Certain of the beautiful women of the Social World have learned it, however—how to keep dazzlingly fresh and unwearied despite this merry round. Wherever you see them you marvel at their clear smooth cheeks, snow white shoulders, firm round throats. This is how they do it:—

Before dressing for the evening and again before retiring, they pat over faces, shoulders, throats and hands, Pond's Cold Cream. They let it stay on until its fine oils sink down into the skin's deep cells and bring to the surface all dust and powder. With a soft cloth they wipe off cream and pore-deep dirt—and repeat, finishing with a dash of cold water or a brisk rub with ice. If their skin is dry, at night they apply more Pond's Cold Cream and leave until morning to smooth out unlovely lines.

AFTER every cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, except the bedtime one, they smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. This gives their shoulders, throats and cheeks a lovely even finish, a soft glowing tone. And how white it keeps their hands. Powder and rouge blend beautifully and last long over this Cream as a foundation. Pond's Vanishing Cream also protects the skin perfectly from city soot and dust, winter winds and the strain of long, late hours.

Try this method used by the lovely women of Society. See how fresh and soft Pond's Two Creams will keep *your* delicate skin.



At the opera, at formal functions everywhere, you always see them looking their loveliest—skin as fresh and delicate as roses, satin in texture, youthful, firm.

POND'S TWO CREAMS *are highly praised by these beautiful and distinguished women:—*

H. M. the Queen of Spain
H. M. the Queen of Roumania
The Princesse Marie de Bourbon
Mrs. Livingston Fairbank
Mrs. Nicholas Longworth
Miss Anne Morgan
Mrs. Felix D. Doubleday

FREE OFFER: *If you'd like to try, free, these Two famous Creams made by Pond's, mail this coupon.*

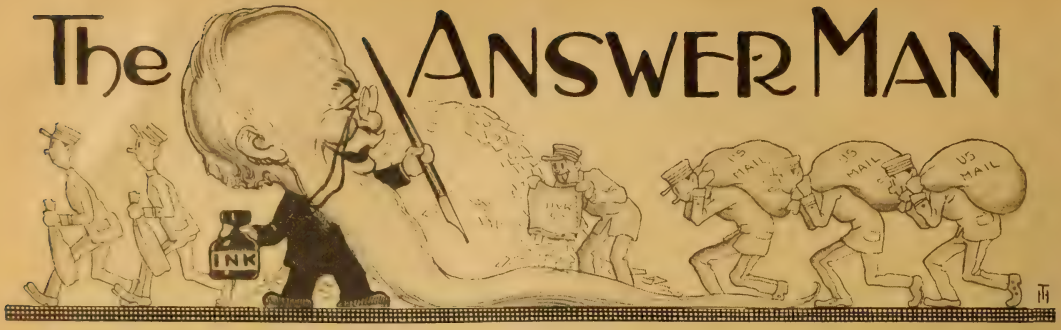
THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. M,
143 Hudson Street, New York City
Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

The Answer Man



BETSY OF MD.—Yes, here we are again around the time of the year that we look for the good things to eat, and the time that the kiddies love best of all. And you think I am the nicest old gentleman next to Santa Claus. Ronald Colman is married to Thelma Ray, but they are being separated. Why, Buster Collier was born February 22, 1902.

NOMAR.—How are you away down there in Sidney? No, Margaret Livingston was born in Salt Lake City. Virginia Browne Faire was one of our contest winners. Faith Cole is Douglas McLean's wife.

LONESOME.—The picture you enclose is of Dorothy Sebastian.

RUTH AND EDITH.—Well, you know someone once said that "Paying alimony was like buying oats for a dead horse." Marie Prevost was the girl in "Red Lights." Frances Howard in "Shock Punch." Esther Ralston in "The Lucky Devil." Mae Murray was born May 10, 1893. Marion Nixon was born in Superior, Wisconsin. You're welcome, run in again some time.

POSITIVE.—Well, you are quite right in being positive that Lon Chaney did not play in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and that John Barrymore did. You refer to "The Monster."

LEORA.—Yours was a pleasure. Pleasure that comes unlooked for is thrice welcome. Viola Dana is playing in "Bred in Old Kentucky" and Clive Brook in "Barbed Wire" opposite Pola Negri. You must write me again.

UKULELE LADY.—Well, the difference between the temperate and the intemperate is this: one governs his affairs and the other lets his affairs govern him. That was William Collier, Jr. Beth Sulley was Douglas Fairbanks' first wife. You want to know my idea of a happy marriage. That is a question. I give up.

CLARENCE I.—Thanks, it is nice of you to want to send me some Hawaiian fruit. Eugene O'Brien and Rubye DeRemer in "The Fool and Its Money." Jack Mulhall and Madge Bellamy in "The Dixie Merchant."

BETTY S.—But love looks thru a telescope; envy thru a microscope. You are right, Ricardo Cortez in "The Hero." Ronald Colman was born February 9, 1891, and he has brown hair and brown eyes.

ELIZABETH G.—Lillian Hall Davis was *Lygia* in "Quo Vadis." It was taken abroad. Gareth Hughes is playing in "The Auctioneer" for Fox.

BRAND-NEW FAN.—Welcome to the throne. The more the merrier. No, Mae Murray and Charles Murray are not related. Neither is Charles a dancing teacher. George O'Brien, Virginia Valli and William Powell have the leads in "Gaby" for Fox, which Harry Carr put into scenario form. It is the life of Gaby Deslys.

VILMA'S FOLLOWER.—Come, come, if you need a physician, employ these three—a cheerful mind, rest, and a temperate diet. Vilma Banky was born January 9, 1902, in Budapest. Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry have the leads in Rex Ingram's "The Garden of Allah," to be filmed abroad. Priscilla Dean and John Bower in "Jewels of Desire."

M. E. S.—You say "How I would love to have your picture for my family album." George K. Arthur was *Adolphe* in "Kiki." Randle Ayrton opposite Dorothy Gish in "Nell Gwyn." Ronald Colman in "The White Sister." Thanks, this is not my sesquicentennial—you are referring to Philadelphia. Gloria Grey and Raymond McKee in "The Girl of the Limberlost."

JAMES C.—Tell your sister that George O'Brien was born in 1900. I am glad to know you are my friend. Lew Cody and Mabel Normand were married September 17, 1926, at Marion Davies' home. Louise Dresser in "The Third Degree" for Warner.

MEN JOU FAN.—You are quite right, Adolphe Menjou was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

BILL BOYD FOREVER.—You have it bad, child, William Boyd was born in 1898. So you dont believe I am eighty years old. Well, pretty soon I'll have a birthday. Dorothy Mackaill in "Song of the Dragon" with Lowell Sherman, Neil Hamilton and Holbrook Blinn.

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL.—So you think Corinne Griffith's "Into Her Kingdom" was one of the best pictures you have ever seen. You say you saw it three times. Her next is "Purple and Fine Linen." I certainly dont see any reason why you cant sign off "With Love" as you say when you also state that you are taught in Sunday-school to love everyone. You are quite right.

KATHERINE S. PAULO.—Thanks for the pressed flowers. I shall keep them in my "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," which Olga, seventeen, kindly presented to me. Why, Marguerite Clark is not playing in pictures now. She has retired to private life. Lillian Gish was born in Springfield, Ohio. What do you mean, do I still stick to the square dance? I can Charleston as good as the next one, only for not very long.

HILDEBRAND J.—Mary Astor hasn't had her beautiful hair bobbed. She is engaged to Irving Asher. Pauline Frederick and Holmes Herbert in "Jocelyn's Wife." Charles Mank, Jr., of 226 E. Mill Street, Staunton, Illinois, has started the "Movie Fans' Friendship Club."

FIVE FOOT TWO.—Oh, there are a lot of good books on the market. "Show Boat" by Edna Ferber; "Nigger Heaven" by Carl Van Vechten; "Crewe Train" by Rose Macaulay. Donald Keith is twenty-three years old.

BRENDA.—So you actually met Ramon Novarro when you were in California. He was born in Durango, Mexico, September 20, 1899. He is five feet ten and weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds. Has black hair and brown eyes.

EILENE M.—Your letter was mighty interesting. Your verse is good:

If some bright genius only would
Invent a brand-new story
For married men who stay out late
He'd pave his way to glory.

ENZEDDER.—Well, well, glad to meet you. I believe "The Ordeal" was taken from Dale Collins' book. Pola Negri's next will be "Barbed Wire" from the Hall Caine novel, "The Woman of Knockaloe." Gladys Brockwell in "Long Pants."

HORTENSE H.—So you are going to look me up when you come to Brooklyn at Christmas time. You will have hard work picking me out of all the young people around here. Alma Bennett is playing in "Men of the Dawn."

MARY R.—Yes, I get along fine in my little Buick. Came near being arrested the other day. The speed cop (who is a friend of mine) said I was not only a speeder but a scorcher. You see I go at a hot pace, I make pedestrians boiling mad, I warm up the police, and when I get roasted by a cop, I tell him it's a burning shame. But I never go faster than fifteen or eighteen

(*Continued on page 76*)

HEAR YE, HEAR YE!

All you folks who have questions to ask, come this way and you shall be heard and answered. I have learnt a lot during the last eighty-two years, and it's all yours for the asking. Been answering ??? here for the last fifteen years and still going strong. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear here, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address, and mail to me, The Answer Man, care of* Motion Picture Magazine*, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Youthful Beauty *Instantly*

lies in the youthful shades of Pompeian powder and rouge

By MADAME JEANNETTE de CORDET

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

NO more dull-looking complexions! I can tell you how to have that indescribable charm of fresh young girlhood.

So perfectly do the shades of these twin toiletries — Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom—accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh youthful beauty — *instantly*. They add the deft touch that reveals the full blown glory of your complexion.

This powder is soft and velvety to the touch — delicately perfumed — spreads evenly, spreads with an enchanting smoothness.

Pompeian Bloom looks exactly like your own coloring. It does not crumble or break, but keeps compact and usable —and comes off on the puff easily.

All shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom for sale at drug and toilet counters. Price 60c per box. In Canada slightly higher.

Shade Chart for POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER *and* POMPEIAN BLOOM

POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER comes in ***Flesh***—a definite pink for fresh, youthful skins; ***Naturelle***—a delicate creamy pink with a rosy suggestion of youth; ***Rachel***—the warm creamy tan for the brunette type; and ***White***—the pure white used by many women in the evening.

POMPEIAN BLOOM, a perfect rouge in ***Medium***—a soft warm rose that gives natural color to the average woman; ***Oriental***—a more brilliant tone, similar to poppy-red; ***Orange***—the new golden-rose for vivid types; ***Dark***—a rich, deep damask rose; ***Light***—a delicate but decisive pink suitable for very fair women.

Send for this new 1927 Pompeian Art Panel

THE picture shown here (top part only illustrated) represents the lovely new 1927 Pompeian Art Panel entitled "The Bride," which we offer our friends for only 10c. Painted by the famous artist, Rolf Armstrong, and faithfully reproduced in ten color printings. Actual size 27 x 7 inches. Its art store value would easily be 75c. With the Art Panel (and at no extra charge) I will send you generous samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom (a rouge). Specify on the coupon the shades you wish.

My booklet of beauty hints and secrets will also be sent to you with the samples and the Art Panel. Clip the coupon, enclose a dime and send today.

Jeannette de Cordet
Specialiste en Beauté

Tear off, Sign and Send

Madame Jeannette de Cordet
Pompeian Co., 2600 Payne Av., Cleveland, O.
I enclose 10c for the 1927 Pompeian Art Panel and samples of powder and rouge.

Name_____
Street Address_____
City_____ State_____
Shade of powder wanted?_____
Shade of rouge wanted?_____

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 74*)

miles an hour. That was Lawrence Gray in "Stage Struck."

A GLORIA FAN.—Well, you certainly tell when you want. Yours is more of a letter to the editor. You want Miss Corson to give you styles of Gloria Swanson, you want Harry Carr to write more for us, and you want the barometer to appear in this department. I will do what I can for you.

MADCAP.—You say "love is always justified, even when short-lived, even when mistaken, because during its existence it enlarges and ennobles." That is a beautiful thought. Richard Dix was born July 18, 1894, and he has brown hair and eyes. Norma Talmadge's forthcoming pictures are a modernized version of "Camille," and after that "The Dove." Rudolph Schildkraut is to be starred in "The Country Doctor."

CHARLES S. C.—Well, well, all the way from Hongkong. Why, Dolores Costello was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1906. No, Lillian Gish has never been married. Reggie Denny was born November 20, 1891. I sure was glad to hear from you.

SYDNEY M. C.—The difference between civilization and barbarism is the same as that between animals and men. Did you ever watch how an animal will monopolize a bit of good until it has satisfied its own appetite, and how generous he then is with that which he does not want? It is civilization that creates monopolies, but it is uncivilization to keep them so. Billie Dove just signed a long-term contract with First National and her first will be "Here You Are Brother" with Lewis Stone.

I. M. KURIOUS.—No, Ramon Novarro is not a woman hater. He isn't married, but give him time. He is going to get the right one and hang on to her. Marie Prevost is playing in "Man Bait." Lionel Thomson, a newcomer to films, altho well known on the stage as having played with Ethel Barrymore, will have the male lead opposite.

MISS WATTS.—The only place you can get a picture of Alberta Vaughn is at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Los Angeles. She was born in 1906. Charles Rogers was the lead, and he is twenty-one years old.

BERTICK M.—So you have started the Irene Rich Club, and anyone may join by writing to Bernice Meadows, 822 Cherry Street, Fort Worth, Texas.

HAROLD S.—Your letter was a gem. Yes, "K" was produced with Virginia Valli and Percy Marmont. Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman produced "Graustark" some years ago. Percy Marmont is married. Oh yes, Theodore Roberts is all well now.

PEGGY S.—Well, a machine of one horse-power running all the time is more efficient than one of fifty horse-power standing still. Norma Shearer is five feet three, weighs 110 pounds. Has dark hair and blue eyes.

DEWEY W.—You can write Bob Custer at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Los Angeles, California. Jane Winton is to have second lead with John Barrymore in "The Vagabond Prince."

PEG O'GEE.—Wanda Hawley's real name is Selma Pittack. Dorothy M. Thompson, 13 Fifth Street, Aspinwall, Pennsylvania, has started the Colleen Moore Fan Club. And still they come.

D. A. R.—Well, those initials stand for a great many daughters, you know. The children you refer to I guess have grown up and become mothers by now. Rod LaRocque is playing in "White Gold." Bryant Washburn in "The King of Kings." Nita Naldi in "The Pratermizzi" being produced in Vienna. They'll have to change the name before it reaches this country.

B. B. ENGLAND.—So you want a picture of Betty Blythe in the gallery. She is playing in vaudeville right now. No, she has no children.

R. C. K. LONDON.—I say, old chap, Reginald Denny comes from your own home town, and Norma Shearer hails from Montreal, Canada. Richard Dix and Carol Dempster are to star in "The White Slave" for D. W. Griffith. Before starting this, Richard will make "Paradise for Two." Ethel Clayton is playing in "Mother McCree."

R. V. PHILA.—That was some fight you had in your town. No, I didn't attend—I heard it over my radio. I certainly do understand your feelings. You are very young.

UKULELE LADDIE.—I should say it is cold around these parts. We had a miserable rainy summer, and now we are having a cold damp Fall. Ben Lyon was born February 6, 1900, Monte Blue on January 11, 1890, and Mae Murray May 10, 1893.

BABE.—Well, a woman has no use for a man who never lies to her. I didn't deliberately lie. Lloyd Hughes has gray eyes. Antonio Moreno is married to Daisy Canfield Danziger.

Watch Them Rise!

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Throwing the Light

of Scientific Frankness on Woman's Oldest Problem

has changed, in this way, the hygienic habits of the world

This new way, by supplanting the uncertainty of old hygienic methods with certain and positive protection, provides charm, immaculacy, exquisiteness under all circumstances ... and adds the convenience of disposability

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

BECAUSE one woman told another, because doctors advised and authorities urged, and because the frankness of scientific fact was used in dealing with a trying subject, the hygienic habits of the world have been changed.

Almost 80% of American women in the better walks of life employ this new way. A way that banishes the doubtful efficiency of old-time methods with a protection that is absolute.

If you are one of the 20% who cling to old ways, ask your doctor, please, about Kotex. What he tells you will make a great difference in your life.

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You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

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*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

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KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

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Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

Say It With Letters

Have you a kick against the movies? Then dont suffer in silence. Write us a letter about it. Have you a favorite that you want to tell the world about? Then remember that it isn't fair to keep the good news to yourself. This department is devoted to your opinions and you are the boss of this page

That's No Lady—That's Louise Dresser

POOR Louise Dresser! She has such a bad reputation nowadays—in the movies. In "Fifth Avenue" and "Padlocked" she is no lady, the "Blind Goddess" finds her disheveled and broken, while "The Goose Woman" and "Broken Hearts of Hollywood" show her affectionately embracing Gordon's Dry Gin. Question—Where does she get it? Will Hays shouldn't let this flagrant disregard of the Volstead Act get by, after his recent edict. Aw, please, Mr. Director, let Louise have a little drink of milk occasionally!

We hear much about Art and foreign films, so apparently they are synonymous. Led by these babblings, I had the misfortune to see "Othello." Emil Jannings was strutting his stuff in a series of Terry cloth bath-robes, girded tight about him that every quiver of emotion might be seen to rack his well-padded frame. Believe me, he's built to quiver. Santa Claus would make him a fine rôle! His acting consisted chiefly of rolling distended eyeballs. I felt, when he had finished, as an oculist must after a hard day's work.

By the way, has there ever been a movie meal which did *not* consist of fruit cup? I *would* like to see one of the screen's fair ladies sink her teeth into a good steak. No wonder they're all so thin!

I, too, must ask why Conway Tearle still plays dashing hero parts? He admits to over forty. He'd make a good grandpa, or even sugar daddy, but boy-friend—*never!* I'm fussy about chins, and when he kissed Barbara Bedford in "The Sporting Lover" the poor girl was completely obliterated. No, ye old drooping eyelid, famous mole, and frown have had their day. Good-bye, old friend!

E. MURIEL BARRIE.

YOUR opinions on subjects relating to the movies and their players may be worth actual money to you, if you can express them clearly in a snappy letter of one to three hundred words. A five-dollar prize is awarded for the best letter of the month, which will be printed at the head of this department. One dollar is paid for the excerpts printed from others. Write us an interesting letter, giving reasons for your likes and dislikes. Sign your full name and give your address. We will use initials only if requested.

Send to SAY IT WITH LETTERS, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Go to Morning Service

I AM an ardent fan of the movies and go to see all the worthwhile pictures that I can. But therein lies the trouble. I cannot often go.

The reason is simple but none the less maddening. All of the best pictures are shown on Sunday, whereby I am excluded.

I live in a small town and until recently no pictures were shown on Sunday. The best ones were on Monday and Tuesday. This has been changed now, having the best on the Sabbath and showing almost anything that may be called a picture other nights.

It is very trying with a theater manager on one side offering a superb program and a preacher on the other side with a sermon. My conscience is quite overtaxed altho my parents generally decide.

S. R.,
Greenfield, Indiana.

Advice to Mothers

I went to the motion pictures the other night and heard some one behind me say: "Pictures are so degrading. I do not know why I come. I hardly ever allow my children to go. I want my children to stay young and the movies make them grow up too quickly." Isn't that a compliment to the motion pictures, the producers and the scenarists? Quite. I felt like turning around and telling that woman what I thought of her. I did not, but I will put my arguments down here.

Myself—You are wrong, Mrs. (Miss)— The movies are not degrading, if you go to the right ones.

Lady—Well, how can you tell which are the right ones and which are the wrong?

Myself—There are three ways you can tell. When you see an advertisement of a certain picture, look at the advertisement for the corporation putting the picture out. If it is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or Famous Players-Lasky, it will probably be a good picture. If you see that Cecil De Mille, Fred Niblo, D. W. Griffith, or King Vidor is directing, it will probably be a good picture.

Lady—I see, but dont the actor or actress count for anything. I always go to a picture because of the actor or actress.

Myself—That is one reason why you so seldom find a picture that you like. You say "Ben Lyon is at the movies tonight so I guess I'll go." That most times does not work out. There are only a very few stars on the screen whom anyone can go to see and be sure of being satisfied. Those are the veterans of the screen. I mean when I say "veterans" people like Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, and I might say Florence Vidor. They have been on the screen a long time and know the tricks and turns of the work. But there are a few who are new but just the same you can depend on them.

Lady—How can you tell with the new ones?

Myself—By observation and also by getting the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE every month. This is my third way to tell. MOTION PICTURE, every month, gives reviews of the latest pictures and criticizes the stars who play in them. I never go to a picture now without looking in the magazine and finding out whether it is good or bad. I usually take its advice, unless I am determined to see the picture and then oftentimes I am disappointed.

Lady—Well, who do you think are really good of the newer ones?

Myself—I could name quite a few stars whom I like and whom I enjoy watching on the screen but there are very few who will ever reach the heights which Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have gotten to. Before Mr. Brewster, the editor-in-chief of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, ever said anything about Ramon Novarro, I decided that he was the best actor on the screen. After Mr. Brewster finished his articles about the screen idols of the past, present and future, I was glad I had chosen Novarro. Then there is Betty Bronson. I think she should leave the screen for a while unless they can keep her in rôles like "Peter Pan" and "A Kiss for Cinderella." She is so young and childish.

Lady—I will try that for a time and see if it works.

I am quite sure that in a few months that woman would have come to me and said, "I am so glad you told me of that magazine and all about the companies and directors. I find myself enjoying the movies much more now, and I am not afraid of letting my child go to a movie which I have not seen."

ANONYMOUS,
Ridgewood, N. J.

This Settles It

WE all know that none other than Ramon Novarro should be our *Romeo*. If we did not have Ramon, then of course it would be different, and we must needs choose some one else.

As for *Juliet*, there is no artist who could possibly outdo Alice Terry, as to splendid acting, beauty and distinction. Think of her work in "The Conquering Power" with Valentino, also "The Four Horsemen" and "The Prisoner of Zenda," besides a number of others. She is a perfect match for Ramon.

F. S. M.,
Leadville, Colo.

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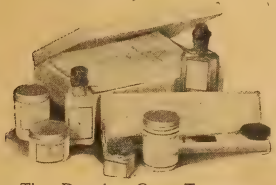

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Before retiring, Dorothy Gray's Special Skin Food ($1.00) should be applied, especially to the thin face, crêpy throat and droopy chin. It makes the face round and plump.

No cream is so famous for a dry skin as Dorothy Gray's Special Mixture ($1.50). Made from rare Russian oils, it gives new youth to dried, flaky skin, new bloom.

To stimulate the circulation and strengthen sagging muscles, Dorothy Gray's Circulation Ointment ($3.25) and Muscle Oil ($1.00) are extremely efficient.

In place of soap and water, Dorothy Gray recommends for cleansing the skin safely, her liquefying Cleansing Cream ($1.00) and her Orange Flower Skin Tonic ($.85).

For the plump face, inclined to wrinkles and relaxed muscles, Dorothy Gray's Tissue Cream ($1.00) is recommended because it is non-fattening, yet makes the face smooth and youthful.

For enlarged pores and coarse skin Dorothy Gray's Pore Lotion (for oily skin) ($2.00) and Pore Paste (for dry skin) ($1.00) are a delightful relief, restoring the skin to satin smoothness.

As a daytime protection for the skin and a long-lasting foundation for make-up, use Dorothy Gray's Russian Astringent Lotion (for oily skin) ($1.50) and Russian Astringent Cream (for dry skin) (each $1.50 in the new small sizes).

The famous patented Patter devised by Miss Gray to duplicate the hand patting used at her Studio. Accompanied by an illustrated method of patting.
Price $2.50.

Lately improved, here is the finest, most effective, yet comfortable Chin Strap to be found. A most remarkable easy way to reduce a double chin. *Price $2.50.*

To guard against wintry blasts which chap and roughen the hands, use Dorothy Gray's Strawberry Lotion ($1.25). It keeps hands beautiful and enchanting.

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page 42*)

to get them out of the room before she attempted to rise. But Harvey waited, loath to leave her.

"Will you kiss me first, Judy . . . please," he begged with a humility that Judith felt ashamed to see.

She took his bowed, shamed head into her arms and cradled him against her young breast. She knew that thru some strange psychological twist she adored him more than ever. He possessed a superiority, but in spite of this he needed her tremendously . . . in spite of this he would go down before the things that threatened him unless her hand guided him.

What weakness is greater than the weakness of a strong man?

"My dear," Judith whispered tenderly, "I love you."

What less could she say? What more?

He raised his mouth, salty from his tears. And her lips gave him the balm of an utter forgiveness.

Then he went downstairs.

Judith wondered if she would be able to carry thru her purpose. Her body was shaken with a weakness greater than she had ever before known. It was only by holding to the furniture that she made her way to the closet where she selected a gown. The mirror in the door showed her unearthly pale. So she selected an amber chiffon, using a little rouge in substitution of her customary faint color.

Down-stairs she heard Harvey and Miss Cameron talking. Heard them thru a fog. But she knew that Harvey was not being his suave self. She hurried as much as her spent body allowed in order to release him from the strain he was so evidently feeling.

The stairs were narrow and steep. She dared not take them quickly and her descent seemed timed and slow. This embarrassed her. It seemed to portend an affected entrance. And as she entered the room she noted that Miss Cameron watched her curiously. She thought perhaps her very entrance had induced this.

"You see," she said with a smile, and hoping that she was not going to faint again, "I rather anticipate my stardom. Late entrance . . . that sort of thing."

Evidently she looked and sounded all right. Neither Harvey or Miss Cameron seemed alarmed at the sight of her. They laughed at her little joke.

"From all we hear," Miss Cameron graciously said, "your stardom is a mere matter of one or two pictures."

Judith's white shoulders shrugged under their amber web.

"Perhaps," she smiled, "but good rôles are more greatly to be desired than a painted star on a dressing-room door."

Lillian came in, importantly bearing the brass tea-tray. There was something triumphant in her manner as she set it on the low table. Her bearing seemed to ask if it was not all that an afternoon tea should be.

Harvey asked to be excused. He explained that he had several telephone calls to make. Judith rather wished that he would remain. She hardly felt equal to the demands of even a casual conversation, much less an interview. Yet she knew that he was going because he thought she would talk with less restraint if he was not present.

She steadied her hand before raising the teapot.

And so on, thru the trifle less than an hour that Miss Cameron remained.

The conversation was varied. Men. Clothes. Love. Motion pictures. The compounds of ninety-nine interviews out of one hundred.

Because Judith had always been an omnivorous reader, she was quite on a par with Miss Cameron in philosophic, psychological, biological and literary references. They laughed over the intense Freudians. They spoke in a mutual admiration of one or two contemporary authors.

"It has been very pleasant talking to you, Miss Tower," Miss Cameron said as she gathered up her bag and gloves preparatory to her departure. "You're very busy, I know, but perhaps some day soon you will take tea with me."

"I would love to do that," Judith said, "please ask me, any convenient time. We rarely work after five."

Then she called up-stairs to Harvey, "Miss Cameron is leaving, dear."

Harvey came down immediately. There were more amenities exchanged.

The apartment door closed. And Judith went immediately to the divan where she slept feverishly and fitfully until late that evening when Harvey returned from a conference and helped her to bed.

"The Magic Thing," the next picture in which Judith appeared, in leading support of Hugh Kendrick, dragged thru weeks of production. Nights, Judith would leave the studio, exhausted after intensive rehearsing and retakes of the action shot the day before. And the next morning she would be at the studios at least an hour before she was called on the set. There was a necessity for her make-up to be perfect. For if Hugh Kendrick photographed well in the scene, that scene was used. It made little or no difference how anyone else looked.

Careless make-up, wombing shadows, lines and other bugaboos were tabu.

Harvey was thoughtful and understanding. And not once did he take anything to drink. Judith's accident seemed to have filled him with a veritable dread of anything alcoholic.

Judith, however, appreciated the fact that he would need help if he was to continue his abstinence. When she had an hour or two between scenes, in the middle of the day, she had Lillian put up a picnic lunch. Then she would get Harvey to drive her to a woody bank just outside of the city limits where they would lunch together and rest for an hour.

Otherwise, Harvey lunched with a group of men from the studios. This meant that he must refuse drinks while others imbibed. Now and then Judith felt this was good for him, food for his courage and will-power. But she did what she could to alleviate the constant strain by maneuvering to borrow a studio car and picnic.

(*Continued on page 82*)

Synopsis of First Chapters

JUDITH TOWER, the great-granddaughter of Lola Chase, a once famous and beautiful actress, uses $1200 left her by her mother to go to New York and break into the movies. Her talent and beauty are appreciated by the producer of Excelsior pictures, but he offers her a contract on terms she cannot accept, and she leaves his studio forever. Working as an extra at the Acme Studio, she meets Harvey Dunn, a young publicity man, and thru him meets McAllister, a director, who gives her small parts, and later influences Irving, the producer, to give her a contract. Meanwhile, Harvey and Judith fall deeply in love and become engaged. One night at the Ritz they meet Joy Royce, an actress, who greets Harvey with a proprietary air which disturbs Judith for the moment.

At a surprise-party in Judith's new dressing-room, the Acme stars come to congratulate her on her contract and her engagement. A boy comes with a note which he says is from Miss Royce, to be delivered personally to Mr. Dunn. Harvey, drinking heavily, reads the note and drops it on the floor. Judith covers it with her handkerchief and picks it up, unnoticed by Harvey. In it Joy refers to her romance with Harvey, declares she still loves him, and reproaches him for marrying Judith. Judith keeps the note, but never mentions it, as she has complete faith in Harvey's love for her. They are married the next day. Harvey is absorbed in Judith's career, and they live far beyond their means in an effort to keep up appearances. Their many debts worry Judith, but Harvey assures her bluff is necessary in the picture game, and her increasing salary will soon pay for everything. They take an apartment in a fashionable neighborhood. Harvey urges her to use her relationship to Lola Chase for publicity purposes, and she begins to appear in fan magazines. Harvey drinks a great deal, and in moments of intoxication is ugly to Judith.

At the theater where Judith's first picture is running they meet Dolores Cortez, a passée vampire, who invites Judith to a tea for the press at her house the next day. There Judith meets Robert Landis, a well-known feature writer and a charming man, who asks if he may see her again. Miss Chambers, a magazine writer, makes an appointment to interview her the following Thursday, at her apartment.

On Thursday, a few moments before Miss Chambers is expected, she returns to the apartment to find Harvey in the bedroom. He is drunk, and uglier than she has ever seen him. He has found Joy Royce's note, and accuses her of spying on him. She reaches for the note, to tear it up, but he shoves her violently, her head hits the chifforobe, and she faints.

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Each 24 hours brings me a stronger and better hold on my voice. I feel like telling you of it each day when I think back to six years ago when catarrh had just about finished my hearing and voice.

I joined the Los Angeles Opera Company this Spring and we will have five Operas ready in September. It is really pathetic to see the *star pupils* from the *great voice masters* try for a place in the Company. Some very pretty, but weak, palate attacks, throat and lip attacks. I work hard all day and your silent exercises are a wonderful rest.—Bert Longtre.

Church Singer Delights Congregation

I cannot help but say "Thank God" for everything you have done for me. As I sang in church yesterday people turned to see who was singing.

I hope you will always think of me as one who has made a big success in the work I chose to do.—Carolyn Baker.

Harry Lompierre Finds the "Right Way"

I wish to give credit where credit is due. The past twelve years have been spent in professional singing.

Believing that I had at last found "the right way," I cancelled an entire season's bookings to apply myself diligently to your idea.

Today my voice is completely new. Formerly, I could sing only a fair "F" (fifth line). Now I can sing high "B" flat, with a rich, resonant, manly tone. — Harry Lompierre.

For obvious reasons the names signed to these letters have been changed. But the letters are all true and the real names of writers will be sent on request.

Singer Triumphs Over Discouragement

Did you think one year ago that I would now be singing as high as high "C"? I am very sure that I didn't.

I often think of that hopeless first letter I wrote to you and I want to thank you for the help you have given me and especially for the cheering letters at the beginning when I needed boosting along the worst way.

Hoping that you will believe me to be ever your grateful friend.—Mrs. Mary Brown.

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Perfect Voice Institute, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 12-69 **Chicago**

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 80)

The next two months were difficult. Judith sometimes marveled that the Acme people could make any profit from a picture produced in this manner. Every night Hugh Kendrick would see the rushes and demand that something either be reshot or eliminated.

He would watch himself on the screen with what amounted to a fanatical intensity. He was well over forty and he looked it. And his limitations prohibited his going in for another sort of rôle. He had to appear the genial, warm-hearted, happy-go-lucky hero while he was seething underneath and worried to death every time he stood for a close-up.

Judith felt sorry for him. She appreciated his intense struggle to maintain the high place which box-office receipts proved was slipping thru his frantic, inefficacious fingers.

But she felt sorrier still for Al Menten, the director. At the end of the day he would be so harassed that he would appear to have grown years older.

He seemed grateful to Judith when she was able to work out her own business. He tutored her only when necessary. All her worries about antagonism on his part because she was McAllister's protégée were wasted.

Harvey had warned her about Hugh Kendrick and some of the difficulties she would encounter.

"I did my best with your rôle in the 'script," he told her, "but it is actually up to you, Judy. If I gave you too much of a part, Hugh would never have accepted the 'script. Anyone who is his lead has a problem.

"There is no earthly use in your doing good work in scenes with him, for any time you threaten to steal a small portion of the thunder he will have your stuff cut out."

Accepting Harvey's measure of Hugh Kendrick, Judith decided that her course was to walk thru her scenes with Hugh as effectively as possible and to save any business or inspiration for the scenes she played without him.

In the beginning both Hugh and Myra Kendrick, who was a frequent visitor on the camera line, watched Judith suspiciously. The press had proclaimed her after the release of her second picture. Her photographs were being published everywhere. And the Kendricks had quite obviously determined that she was not to be permitted to steal "The Magic Thing" from Hugh.

The critics were still talking about her patrician quality . . . her dignity and poise . . . and the originality of her treatment. The scene she had done in the last picture in which she discovered her father cheating at cards had been particularly commented upon, in very favorable terms.

Judith, however, appeared to give the Kendricks no cause for a continuance of their vigilance.

"She seems quite ordinary," Myra had confided to Hugh in his dressing-room one afternoon after they had been about two weeks in production, "she wont get anything in the picture that you do not give her."

And after that Myra had not been on the set quite so often.

Judith was grateful for this. Those wifely eyes had made her nervous. And on several occasions they had come very near goading her into doing her best to steal a scene.

She was glad that Mrs. Kendrick was not going on location with them.

"You'll have a frightful time," she had told Judith, "Hugh's company went to Mountain Stream once about three years ago and I very foolishly went along.

"No accommodations, my dear. An old farmhouse. Wretched food.

"The company is always rushed when it is clear weather. And altho I cannot imagine what they mean, considering the board at the farmhouse, there is so much talk about finishing the scenes on account of the overhead, that you would actually think they were putting you up at the Ritz.

"Hugh simply wont hear of my going along."

Judith remembered rumors about Myra Kendrick being a farmer's daughter, but she did not mention anything of the sort. Pasts were rarely mentioned in this new life. Judith had discovered this almost immediately. People might know that you knew about their obscure and humble pasts but there was an unwritten, unspoken, tacit understanding and it was never mentioned.

However, she could not resist a shot at the upstarty Myra.

"I wont mind it, I'm sure," she said, hating herself for being so small, but unable to maintain a silence this time. "I was brought up in the country, you know. Actually I'm more at home there than I am in a suite at the Ritz."

Myra raised shaved eyebrows that gave her an uncertain expression.

"Really?" she said, "really?"

Judith laughed, "Not that I do not prefer a suite at the Ritz," she said, "I have always been terrified of snakes. I admit it, in spite of the psychoanalytical significance it holds. And my palate rapidly accustomed itself to the sauces of the best chefs."

Perhaps it was well that Harvey arrived at this juncture. Judith herself felt relief, knowing that she was not to be trusted with the superior Mrs. Kendrick for any protracted length of time.

"I must go pack," she said. "You packed, Harvey?"

Harvey shook his head. "I'm not going," he said, "that's what I came up-stairs to tell you."

Judith thought he was teasing her. They had planned this location trip together as a belated and somewhat unconventional honeymoon.

"Silly," she said to him when they had left Mrs. Kendrick.

"Honestly, Judy, dear," he assured her. "Mr. Irving just sent for me. All our plans are changed. Next you are going to be co-featured with John Steele. And I have to remain here and do the 'script. There will be conferences with Mr. Irving and the director . . . Stephens will direct . . . so I have to be where they are. Otherwise I could have taken the story with me."

Judith was crushed. "But Harvey, darling," she said as if unable to think of the trip without him, "we'll be away two weeks at the very least. Two weeks without you, dear. . . ."

"I know," said Harvey, "I was so disappointed that I even overlooked all that Mr. Irving said about you. They're delighted with the way you are going over. . . . That is why they have changed their production plans.

"Miss Cameron knew what she was talking about the other day when she said you would soon be starred."

(*Continued on page* 84)

$200 in Prizes

ON page forty of this issue is a story called "Crazy Quilt." It finds its human drama in motion picture people. We are offering two hundred dollars in prizes for the best compositions of not more than three hundred words which express opinions as to why "Crazy Quilt" is a perfect title for this story.

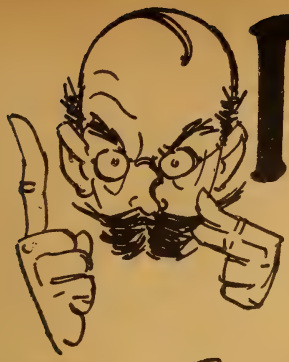
The rules are simple, but we urge you to read them carefully.

Rules of Contest

1. No person may submit more than one composition.
2. This contest is open to all people except employees of Brewster Publications and their relatives.
3. No composition must run over three hundred words.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. List your name and address at the head of every sheet of paper used.
6. Address compositions to Crazy Quilt Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
7. No communications about the contest will be answered.
8. No compositions will be returned.
9. Compositions may be sent any time up to February 1, 1927. But we suggest that you read the entire serial before submitting your composition. It will run for six months, concluding in the February issue, so you will receive hints about the title from time to time.
10. In the event of two or more letters being of equal merit, equal prizes will be given the writers.
11. The two hundred dollars will be divided as follows:

Prizes

$100	First Prize
50	Second Prize
25	Third Prize
10	Fourth Prize
5	Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Prize



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MARCUS-LESOINE INC.
136 Turk Street, San Francisco

BOBBIE PINS

"Keep your bob at its best"

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 82)

Sonia Solana met them in the dressing-room corridor. She was in her street clothes.

"Damnation," she said, "I'm going too."

"Going where?" asked Judith.

"On location with all of you. Stingy little rôle," Sonia was beginning one of her famous tirades. Most people in the studio moved on in the wake of a ranting Sonia. "God Almighty, I dont believe even Dolores Cortez would accept it . . . hard up as she is.

"But I go up to Irving's office and he talks me into it.

"And such a location trip. Hell, I'll be so skinny from the enforced diet . . . so bruised from the straw mattress . . . so black and blue from falls . . . so mosquito- and gnat-bitten . . . that I'll have to wear clothes in my next picture.

"I get real pleasure in thinking of the money they'll lose if I have to cover myself up."

Harvey and Judith laughed at her. She went storming up and down the corridor while Judith unlocked the dressing-room door.

"Oh, Sonia," Judith said, "I'm glad you're coming along. I would have been lost without you. Harvey finds at the last minute that he has to remain in town."

Sonia shot Harvey a quick look.

"Well, the fact that you'll be there is the only bright thing about it that I can think of," Sonia granted Judith, "but even so, I'm not Christian enough to be glad I'm going even tho my presence will rescue you from that stuffed shirt, Hugh Kendrick, and his synthetic lady, Myra."

"Myra Kendrick is not going," Judith said, "Hugh will not submit her to the inconveniences of the country."

Sonia puffed her cigaret viciously. Its amber fragrance was heavy.

"Hell," she said, "he's afraid she will forget herself and milk the cows."

"She is pretty terrible," Judith admitted.

Sonia paced up and down the room, too restless to remain curved in the chintz recess of the Nile-green chaise longue.

"Oh, I'm so damn easy, I hate myself," she groaned, "just a simple little booby. The old man gives me a few compliments . . . tells me he is counting on me to brace up a weak situation and I fall for it."

"Are you packed?" asked Judith, bending over her trunk as she folded her crash riding breeches.

"No," said Sonia, "I dont arrive on the rural scene until you are there about ten days. Ten days, providing you have clear weather. The old man said the company would probably be gone three weeks . . . longer with bad weather."

Judith and Harvey turned to each other in mute despair.

"I did not know we would be gone that long," Judith said as she stuffed her riding boots with handkerchiefs and other incidentals.

"Figure it out for yourself, dearie," advised Sonia. "They've got to get about a hundred scenes of Hugh looking like a good-natured, young feller."

She paused at the door.

"Well, s'long. See you in a week or so."

Judith was glad that Sonia would be with her part of the time. She liked her, thought her an amazing creature . . . painfully frank . . . heedless of every convention . . . loose of tongue . . . and gorgeous to see, modeled in a creamy flesh.

That Sonia would join her in a week or two was her one consolation when she was leaving Harvey at the station.

"I may be able to get up after a while if the 'script goes all right," Harvey said, "but dont count on it, dearest. I'll wire you every day. You wire me, too. I'll be forlorn without you."

Other members of the company were grouped about, waiting for the train gates to open. Judith drew Harvey aside. She wished to have a few last words with him alone. And already commuters in the station recognized motion picture people and stood about curiously.

She had been beset by worry ever since she knew that Harvey was not to accompany her. She was leaving Lillian at home in order that the apartment be run smoothly. She knew that the first thing to do, under any circumstance, was to make a man comfortable.

"You've been so good about drinking that I hate to say anything," Judith told him softly, "but this first separation is going to be very difficult for both of us. In between times when we are not busy we will miss each other frightfully. You'll want to get away from the lonely reality of it. . . ."

She smiled that slow, reluctant smile that the critics had already found charming.

". . . but women are funny," she said, "as much as I fear for you when you are lonely, I hope you will miss me painfully."

Harvey grabbed her long, gloved hand.

"Darling," he promised, "I will be very good. With such a lovely wife, loving me . . . coming back to me, I *will be* good."

Al Menten came over to them.

"Sorry" he excused his interruption, "but we're going aboard. The news photographers are going to take the company boarding the train. And some girls over there want you to sign their albums, Judith."

As Judith turned, she was besieged by a quartet of flappers' who offered her fountain pens and autograph albums.

"How did you know a movie company would be here?" Harvey asked them.

"We read it in the paper," two of them answered in unison, "are you Miss Tower's husband?"

Harvey hesitated. He considered it bad policy for Judith's married state to become known. Yet he could not quite bring himself to deny that precious office.

"You flatter me," he evaded the direct question. Judith was signing the last album and a porter was bound thru the gate with the hand luggage, books and magazines.

"I liked you an awful lot in your new picture," one of the girls called after Judith as Harvey hurried her to the train.

She turned to wave her thanks.

Hugh Kendrick and Myra were already waiting for the photographer to set up his camera. And Al Menten pounced upon Judith.

"Stand right here," he suggested, indicating a position a trifle in front of Hugh Kendrick and somewhat to his left.

"But that will shut off Hugh," Myra interposed in a sharp voice as Judith instinctively hesitated before taking that position.

"I'll stand here," she said, "will you come in it, too, Harvey."

Harvey, however, declined to pose. He stood beside the cameraman . . . took a look thru the camera and determined that Judith was in focus.

It was her first experience before a

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

news camera. She had seen hundreds of photographs of movie stars arriving in New York and leaving Los Angeles, and never dreamed that her comings and goings would be any occasion for photographers.

The cars were crowding. Passengers watched the performance from the windows. It was almost time for the train to leave.

When the cameraman was thru, Judith and Harvey went together to her drawing-room. The porter had deposited the luggage. They clung to each other's fingers.

"Isn't it foolish of us to act like this over a short separation," Judith asked, holding tighter to Harvey's hand than she had before. "We think ourselves so adequate . . . so sophisticated. And then we act like two school children."

Harvey's answer was a kiss.

"A-l-b-o-a-r-d!" shouted the trainman. Judith shoved Harvey towards the door.

"You'll be carried off," she said with an odd mixture of fear and hope.

The train jerked. Then started slowly.

"Too late," Harvey said.

Judith did not quite know what to make of it and for a minute she thought that he might be going with her, after all. But that was not the case.

"I'm going to get off at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street," he said, "Myra Kendrick is going that far, too. People often do that."

"Oh!" It was with a little purr of content that Judith sat beside Harvey while his arms girdled her curving shoulders in their blue tailored suit.

She thought of one hundred and one things she wanted to tell him, but long before she began to voice them the train rushed into the station. Harvey made a dash for the door. And a minute later she saw him on the platform, waving as the train started again.

She waved, too.

The train gathered velocity. The last advertisement on the station slipped past. And Judith huddled in the seat, feeling as utterly alone as if she was stranded on an isolated planet.

After all, was not every evolution of the wheels taking her farther and farther from Harvey, the very axis upon which her life and happiness revolved.

A knock on the drawing-room door.

She swallowed a constricting lump in her throat. For a minute she had thought she was going to cry. And she did not cry easily.

Her "Come in" brought Al Menten and Hugh Kendrick.

"Like a game of bridge before dinner," they asked. Judith agreed.

The porter came in and adjusted the table. The cards were dealt.

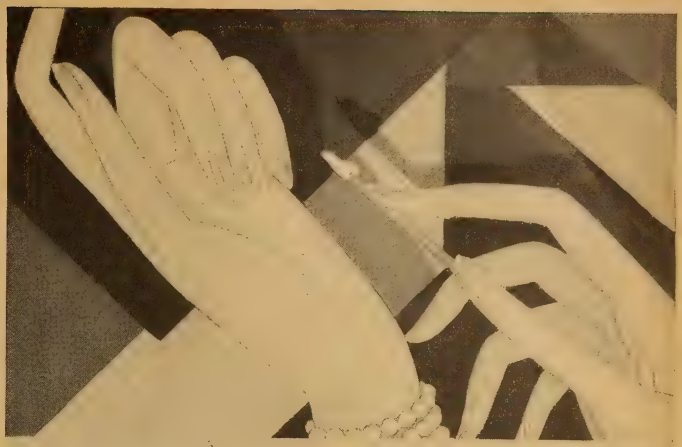
And Judith felt sure that Harvey had taken something to drink by this time if he felt one-half as lonely as she felt.

In her depression she would not have blamed him.

The farmhouse at Mountain Stream was not the remodeled type that is rustically pictured in publications devoted to houses, beautiful—. . . of field stone with old seasoned timbers . . . wide hearths . . . rambling old-fashioned gardens . . . Revolutionary pieces . . . quaint hook rugs. . . . It was less than this, far less.

Before Judith had spent her first night there . . . before she listened to the crickets hush and the birds greet the first dawn, she knew why Sonia had feared the bruises induced by a straw mattress.

Judith's room was on the second floor. An outside stairway led to it. At night she sat out on the landing of this stairway and read Harvey's lengthy telegrams over



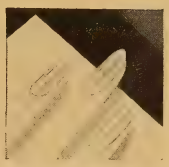
Just a softening and pushing back isn't enough—this antiseptic liquid shapes your cuticle in perfect ovals.

Hangnails · Overgrown Half-Moons come from wrong care of the cuticle

To shape it . . . use this dainty liquid

IF you are to have the smooth, perfect ovals of cuticle and lovely half-moons you so admire, you must first remove the rough, dead cuticle that clings so tightly and stubbornly to each nail.

Softening and pushing back isn't enough. Cutting injures the delicate nail root.



Wrong care causes hangnails and split edges which spoil the shape of cuticle

Ordinary methods have little effect on this dry, dead skin that grows up tight over the half-moons and hides them . . . Makes the rim draw too tight across the nail—only to split and crack . . . Gets so rough and ragged you simply can't shape your cuticle in perfect ovals.

FOR this most important step of all, Northam Warren created a dainty, antiseptic liquid that quickly and safely loosens and removes every bit of superfluous dead skin. Shapes your cuticle in lovely ovals, showing the pretty half-moons.

It is Cutex. Use it at least once or twice each week—particularly when your hands are going to be noticed.

The complete manicure: Wash your hands thoroughly and file the nails. With orange stick and cotton dipped in Cutex work gently around the base of each nail—wiping away the dead skin. You can now push the cuticle back in pretty ovals—revealing the dainty half-moons. Pass the wet stick under the tips to clean and bleach them. Rub Cutex Cuticle Cream over the cuticle to keep it soft and pliant.

Smooth the least bit of Nail White under the nail tips. Wash hands again. The lovely brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish is the final touch.

Cutex Sets are from 35c to $5.00 wherever toilet goods are sold. Or see the special offer. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. M-12, 85 St. Alexander St., Montreal.

NORTHAM WARREN—New York, Paris, London

LADY ROBERT PEEL, *the inimitable Beatrice Lillie, of the Charlot Revue, New York and London, says: "Long ago in London I learned how indispensable Cutex is for giving my cuticle the smooth roundness that is so essential."*

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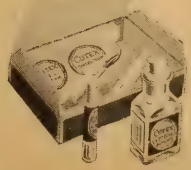

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19-Jewel Adjusted Waltham No. 840—14-k white gold filled, assorted patterns, $42.50 $4.25 down and **$1.00 a week**

We carry all standard makes of Ladies' Watches—guaranteed to pass inspection. Credit at Cash Prices.

Wrist Watch No. 16—14-k white gold. High grade 15-Jewel movement. $14.85. $1.48 down and **$1.48 a month**

Cushion Strap Watch, nickel, 6 Jewels, high grade leather strap. Special **$9.95**

Wedding Rings

No. 824—The "Elite" $7.50
14-k white gold . . . .
Set with 3 Diamonds, $22.50 4 Diamonds, $32.50; 7 Diamonds, $42.50; 9 Diamonds, $52.50; 12 Diamonds, $67.50 All platinum, $25. With 3 Diamonds, $50; 5 Diamonds, $70; 7 Diamonds, $80; 9 Diamonds, $100; circle of 19 Diamonds $200

and over by the moonlight while the summer boarders danced below on the porch to a brassy phonograph and an infrequent car ground its brakes on the mountain road which led beyond the house.

Besides the Kendrick company there were about ten other boarders. They were as objectionable as common people always are when on a holiday.

They had been there two weeks now. Bad weather. And fourteen evenings spent listening to Hugh Kendrick's complaining and boasting monologs.

"The trouble is," he had a way of saying to Judith when he interrupted her evening vigil of the stars and the crickets' chorus, quite oblivious to the fact that his company was not desired. "The whole trouble is that they expect me to carry an entire picture. They think my following at the box-office is great enough to permit a conservation of other expenses.

"I suppose I have the devil of a reputation in the studios, but I have to fight tooth and nail all the time. Lots of people who are stars dont worry about such things. They take their check and call it a week.

"But I'm not built that way. I worry about my pictures. I am miserable if everything in my productions is not right.

"Who was it said something about genius being a capacity for taking pains?"

"I know the quotation." Judith trained her voice to sound sober as she answered, "It is just that, I think. An infinite capacity for every detail."

Ordinarily she did not interrupt Hugh's monologs. She was able to make appropriate comments in his infrequent pauses without troubling actually to listen. However, every now and then his voice would rise and hush the night sounds. Judith had several times wished for the Orientals' ability to shut out any sound that they did not wish to obtrude upon their consciousness.

Tonight there was another sound. It superimposed itself upon the singsong of the crickets and the complaint of Hugh. . . .

"My God," a voice lamented, "I'm black and blue from my neck to my ankles. And my body is my fortune. What a road. . . ."

"It is Sonia," Judith's voice was eager. "She must have come on the day train."

"Al . . . Al," called Sonia, "send one of the boys to pose as a porter and lug my baggage to whatever suite you have reserved for me."

"Let us go down and see her," suggested Judith, already half-way down the stairway. Hugh Kendrick, however, did not follow. Sonia's tongue had stabbed him with its rapier thrusts too often. He did not seek her company.

Myra thought her a coarse, common creature to be avoided, and Hugh agreed.

The boarders had, of course, gathered about Sonia's car.

Judith knew the things they would say of her before the company departed. Sonia always gave bad impressions. She seemed to delight in putting her worse foot forward. Judith hoped fervently that no one would act shocked. If they did, it was hard to tell what Sonia would devil them by saying and doing.

"*Chérie.* Judy!" called Sonia when Judith came around the corner of the house into the light cast by one Japanese lantern, left over from the decorations of a recent porch party. "Heaven help me! How do you manage to look the lady of quality in these wilds?"

"Has it been terrible?"

"Worse than that," Judith whispered. "Mosquitoes, gnats. . . ."

"I know," sympathized Sonia in a tone loud enough for everyone to hear. "Bad food, straw mattresses . . . and worse than either of those, Hugh Kendrick's monologs when you might listen to that damn cricket chirp with more profit."

Likely enough Hugh heard her.

"I wont keep you out here," Judith said. "You must be dead after that trip. I'm going to bed now. Seven o'clock breakfast tomorrow. Early call."

"Good night, Jude," said Sonia, "I'll turn in, too."

She watched Judith's shadow in the grass, cast there by the lone lantern.

"Poor kid," she said half-aloud. "Who'd believe it possible?"

As for Judith, she was delighted that Sonia had arrived. She went to sleep as contented as she could be with Harvey miles and miles away.

Perhaps Sonia had seen something of him in the last two weeks. She would ask her about it the next day.

In the morning, however, there was no time to ask any questions. Sonia did not go down into the gorge with them. Al Menten left his assistant to take a few scenes of Sonia on horseback in the country road that ran alongside of the farmhouse.

Judith went with the company. And when she returned, she found Sonia awaiting her under an old crab-apple-tree.

"I thought we could have supper in your room," Sonia suggested. "They can lug it up on a tray. I lunched in the dining-room with that tribe. Never again. I prefer to diet if the worst comes to the worst. As it usually does."

Judith was delighted with this plan. She had considered doing this before but had not wanted to desert the remainder of the company or to include Hugh Kendrick in an invitation to dine with her and this would have been advisable. She had suffered the boarders and their unflinching stares . . . their impertinent questions . . . and their table manners, or the lack of them, in preference.

A supper with Sonia would be gay.

"Hugh will probably expect to be invited if we do that," Judith hesitated.

"Dont worry," Sonia advised her. "Mr. Kendrick never seeks my company. He considers me coarse."

They went around to the kitchen door and bribed the boarding-house mistress, Mrs. Hanks, to serve their meal up-stairs.

Judith had been unable to eat the tough cold meat, usually served with this meal and Mrs. Hanks had been quite willing to substitute milk and berries. Sonia agreed to take the same menu as Judith.

So on their tray were two large bowls of fresh milk, yellow with heavy cream . . . a box of graham crackers . . . and two saucers of large blackberries.

The latter were a gift from the son of the household. He was a ten-year-old lad with dreams in his eyes and freckles sprinkled over his nose. He had taken quite a shine to Judith. And when she had given him a copy of *Asia* which Harvey had given her for train reading, he had become her slave.

The pictures of the far lands had thrilled him. And the next day he had neglected his chores . . . taken a beating . . . and determined to sail the Seven Seas.

He brought up the tray, beaming with his pleasure.

"Mr. Kendrick's sore because you're taking a snack up here," he said. "He dont like it one bit."

Judith set the tray on an old oak table, removing a box of Sherry's which was generously supplied with candied violets. Harvey had ordered the box. He knew Judith's fondness for this exotic sweet. He knew how she had bought a few of

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them in a bag for a special treat when she had first come to New York.

She selected a large bonbon and popped it into the boy's mouth. He took it out immediately and licked the icing off. Such sweetmeats must be made to last a long time.

When he had gone, Sonia looked at Judith quizzically.

"Like kids, dont you, Jude?" she asked.

"Most of them," Judith did not quite commit herself to her devotion to juvenile and infantile humanity.

"Going to have any?" Sonia asked.

"I hope so. . . . By and by, Harvey says it would be fatal for me to have one right now. That's true, of course. I cannot afford to stay off the screen. I must follow up my advantage. But never to have any. . . . I would not like that."

Sonia was strangely sensitive to Judith's sincerity.

Her voice showed that. It had lost its mocking, bantering tone.

"Funny," she said. "I'd die if I had to have an Infant Terrible. I would not know what to do with it. Children never like me. I scare them. Because they scare me. I'm always expecting them to do the unexpected. They never disappoint me."

"It would be different with your own," Judith told her. "By the way, Sonia, did you see anything of Harvey after I left New York? I hate being away from him, like this."

Sonia's mouth was full of blackberries. It was with difficulty that she answered.

"I saw him several times. He was busy tho. You're crazy about him, aren't you, Jude?"

"Quite," admitted Judith, "I used to be such a self-sufficient person. But now I find things having an importance because I can tell Harvey about them. I weigh everything I see, hear and do from his point of view."

There was a silence. Sonia evidently had no intention of breaking it. What is more, she wanted Judith to talk. She wanted to hear just how Judith felt about her young husband. And Sonia had learned that if you kept quiet the other person usually talked.

"You know," Judith said, "I think it pleases me because Harvey needs me so." She was always confidential with this frank Sonia . . . she had trusted her from the first day she saw her. "Harvey appears such a suave, sophisticated and adequate person, doesn't he?"

Sonia nodded.

"Yet he needs me . . . frightfully," said Judith. "Frightfully, Sonia."

"The old maternal instinct has done its deadly work," analyzed Sonia. "When a man gets that reaction from a woman, it is hopeless. All women fall for Harvey. But I dont think any others have ever felt the way you feel about him."

"I fancy not," said Judith. "Harvey and I have never discussed the affairs he had before we knew each other. And I trust him. . . ."

"Dont!" Sonia impulsively said the thing she had argued with herself about saying. And in her tone there was an adumbration.

Judith halted as she placed the supper tray outside of the door.

"What I mean is," Sonia explained. "Dont expect Harvey never to stray from the fold. You will get only heartbreak if you go on that premise. Expect Harvey to love you the most. That is enough. It is more than is given to most of us.

"Harvey worships you, Jude dear. I'm sure about that. I have seen his eyes when he has looked at you. And if I act like a fool where men are concerned, profes-

The habit of removing film twice daily from the teeth by Pepsodent is widely urged by dental authorities because of its unique therapeutic and prophylactic powers.

The Film Danger

To which authoritative dental opinion ascribes many tooth and gum disorders

To cultivate tooth clearness and firm healthy gums. This way of combating film on teeth is advised by many authorities

THAT many of the commoner tooth and gum troubles, and most cases of so-called "off-color" teeth, are due to a film that forms on teeth which ordinary brushing does not successfully combat, is the consensus of dental opinion.

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel this film—a slippery sort of coating. Film absorbs discolorations and thus makes teeth look dull and dingy. It breeds germs and bacteria and invites tartar, decay and pyorrhea. It is a menace to tooth and gum health that must be constantly combated.

Thus dental authorities now seriously urge that film be removed at least twice every day—in the morning and at bedtime. One can't expect glistening teeth and proper gum protection unless this be done regularly.

To do so obtain Pepsodent—a special, film-removing dentifrice most dentists favor. It curdles the film, then removes it and polishes the teeth to high lustre in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay. It acts, too, to firm and harden the gums; thus meeting, in many ways, the requirements of modern dental findings.

Old-time dentifrices did not adequately fight film. That is why this modern protective way, as a twice a day habit in your home, and at least twice a year calls on your dentist, are being so widely advised today.

Accept Pepsodent test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

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sionally, I know something about them nevertheless."

"What do you mean, then?" Judith's heart trembled beneath her frail gown.

"I mean," said Sonia in a measured voice, "That Harvey is not naturally monogamous. When a woman looks at Harvey with big bedroom eyes, Harvey forgets everything else. Most men do."

Judith did not speak. And Sonia lit another cigaret. She was in this thing now and she meant to get it over with. The match flared and the garden below flashed into momentary view. Then darkness again.

"He is just a child where women are concerned," said Sonia. "I've known Harvey much longer than you, Jude. I am not his wife. Therefore it might be said that I know him *better than you do.* Harvey has found a rare kind of candy that he quite adores. But when he cannot have that one kind . . . when you're not about, in other words . . . he will take other kinds."

"Sonia!" Judith's voice rent the pause like a sharp knife. "Do you know quite what you are saying."

"Perfectly," Sonia told her. "For weeks I have been making up my mind whether or not to say these things to you . . . whether or not to play the Good Friend who comes with distressing news because she thinks it is best for you to know it."

"Go on," said Judith in a dead kind of a voice. "Go on, Sonia. What else?"

"You may thank me for this frankness by quite hating me," she paused and studied Judith for a full minute before she continued. "But I am not bargaining for that somehow. You are an intelligent woman. Quite likely you will continue to love Harvey in spite of his faults."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Why not," she said. "Women have been known to love men not only in spite of their faults but because of them. It all depends upon the kind of person you fall in love with. That's all."

"There will be times, I have no doubt when you will find Harvey Dunn's faults more disconcerting than most husbandly faults. But to balance that I commend to you his virtues. He is more than most women dare expect in a husband. He is intelligent. His conversation is not entirely about bonds or the sale of cotton goods in Duluth.

"And always, I feel quite sure, he will love you above all others. Even if he does not love only you."

The crickets shared the silence.

And Sonia's voice seemed to have taken on a bitter note when she spoke again. "Some of us," she said, "would give half of our life to know that we had what you have, Jude. I would. You know damn well I'd give anything if I could have Harry Crane to the extent that you have Harvey. And consider myself in hellish good luck, too."

"Is Harvey misbehaving now?" Judith forced herself to ask this.

And she feared the answer. Some instinct deep within her made her accept the things Sonia had said. It was an explanation of the fact that she never felt that she entirely possessed Harvey. He always eluded her . . . intangibly . . . mysteriously.

Suddenly Sonia seemed less frank, less willing to talk.

"I dont *know* that," she said, honestly enough, considering her involuntary emphasis on the word know. "Incidentally, Jude . . . Harvey is working on the 'script for your next production, isn't he?"

Judith nodded affirmatively.

"Nabisco has a part in it, hasn't she?"

"Who?" Judith asked, puzzled.

"Nabisco," repeated Sonia. "You know Felice Friend, that sweet little sliver."

"Yes, Harvey said something about her playing a second rôle."

"U-m-m. . . ." Sonia lit still another cigaret and swore mightily when the match burned her finger. "Well, she is doing her cute best to see that you play the second feminine rôle. She is after Harvey . . . eyes . . . golden curls . . . rosebud mouth . . . and boyish form. And he is falling for her line. More's the pity.

"Cast a look over the 'script before you begin work, Judith. This picture will count a hellufalot for you, you know. And if I dont miss my guess that little weasel has been oogling Harvey and suggesting bits of business for herself. And clapping her little handsies every time Harvey thought of anything for her to do . . . and acting like a cutie ever since you've been gone.

"I almost forgot. She calls him 'Big Man.' D-i-s-g-u-s-t-i-n-g!"

"Do you think Harvey is . . ." Judith faltered.

"No," Sonia spared her. "But I think he's been to dinner with her at Arrowhead once or twice. He is probably kidding himself that it is business."

"I hate life sometimes," said Judith, heavy with the certainty that everything Sonia said was true. "Why does it have to be as it is?"

"Because human beings get so damn mixed up between right and wrong," said Sonia with conviction. "Life is not what our parents taught us it was . . . it is not what it seems . . . especially in this game. . . .

"Here Sonia Solana, the siren, sits eating crackers and milk for her supper and pining for a man that will have none of her. . . .

"And there's that little nabisco cutie getting away with murder with her innocent blue eyes and her adolescent simper. . . .

"And take Harvey. He is a writer who is supposed to be wise in the ways of women. And he falls for an obvious little skirt like any schoolboy would.

"God, it is a damn fool pattern."

"There are two kinds of women," said Judith. "There are the women that other women have always feared. You are one of them. All publicized vampires are. They are the women that women believe men love above all others.

"Actually I think it is the little blue-eyed baby . . . the innocent type . . . that men select.

"Men are a little afraid of the women wise in the lore of love. They wish to be the teachers . . . even the despoilers of innocence. Except for the extremes . . . the callow youth or the jaded sophisticate whose eternal quest is a new sensation . . . I think the siren is tabu."

She was surprised to hear herself troubling to voice any opinion on the heels of the emotional shock she had sustained . . . surprised to find herself going on as if Sonia's conversation had been only casually interesting.

She said something of this to Sonia . . . "life must go on."

"Goose," Sonia told her. "Dont be tragic. If you went into a slump because the man you married did not live up to every falsity of the conventions, you would not be worth while.

"If I had thought that my opinions about Harvey would break you, I should hardly have spoken. You're too big to permit these facts to retard you. I knew that.

"As a matter of fact, Jude, I dont think anything will quite stop you. In your

(*Continued on page* 102)

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

No Kidding!

(*Continued from page 29*)

Russians or that one investigating Malayan religions or some other hocus-pocus anent the frightful worth-whileness of their personal existences.

But there is one stellar young lady who doesn't kid. Not herself or others. Mostly not herself. Who comes out flat-footed (not orthophonically speaking) and tells the world what she really likes, what she really *is* like, what her batting average actually is, personally and professionally. And she doesn't preach any sermon about it, either. She doesn't attempt to "rationalize." She just speaks out in meeting in words of one or two syllables.

This young lady is our good friend Constance Talmadge. No kidding about Constance. One of a family notable, among many other things, for its refreshing frankness and lack of bunkum, she doesn't fail the standard.

She sees herself as she is and not as she has been told she ought to be.

She is a screen comédienne and she *likes* to be a comédienne.

"Dont *want* to play serious rôles," says Connie, "dont *want* to be taken for a serious person. I'm not one. Dont want to be one. I'd rather dance than read any dusty tome ever penned. I love to dance. I could dance all day and all night without a thought in my head. From the Virginia Reel to the Charleston, I'm for 'em all.

"I'm not given to solitary confinement among my books. I dont like solitary confinement and I dont care a whoopla for books. And I dont care who knows it. That's as I am.

"I like *people*. All kinds of people. Young and old. Rich and poor. Good and bad. Professional and non-professional. Just folks.

"And I like parties. All kinds of parties. I never get tired of them. S' truth.

"People tell me, well-meaningly, that I ought to employ my spare time to 'better advantage.' Why? What for? I dont think there *is* any 'better advantage.' Not for me, at any rate.

"They inform me at great length and with batteries of argument all marshaled up like little soldiers that I should study psychoanalysis or collect stamps or something.

"I dont need psychoanalysis. I can analyze myself. No kidding. That's the whole dope about it—no kidding.

"I'd rather collect friends than stamps any day. I like parties better than I do psychoanalysis. I like fun better than I like Freud. That's straight.

"I dont want to be disillusioning to the well-meaning advisers, but if I must collect something I'll stick to collecting dolls. Yes, *dolls*. Silly dolls. Frivolous dolls. Darling funny dolls. I've collected 'em now from nearly all over the world. French dolls. Russian dolls. Early American dolls. Dolls that ride and dolls that can twist their long, slinky bodies like acrobats.

"I love jades, too. Not as much as dolls. But when I do collect jades I like tricky little ornaments and things. Lipsticks and powder-boxes and ash-trays. I suppose I ought to collect real estate like other motion picture stars. Maybe I will —someday.

"Any way, there have to be butterflies. Or there ought to be. I think they serve their purpose and they certainly have a wow of a time. I'm for 'em. No kidding."

FREE—7-Day Supply—Note Coupon

No more soiled towels removing cold cream

No more harsh substitutes irritating to delicate skin fabric—and no more oily skins!

This NEW way will work wonders in lightening your skin—will keep your make-up fresh for hours!—the ONLY way that removes all cream, all dirt from pores.

THIS offers a test that will effect some unique results on your skin. That will correct oily skin and nose conditions amazingly. That will double and triple the effectiveness of your make-up.

Modern beauty science has found a new way to remove cold cream . . . a different way from any you have ever known.

It will prove that no matter how long you have used cold cream, you have never removed it, and its accumulation of dirt, entirely from your skin . . . nor removed it in gentle safety to your skin.

This new way is called Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*. Dainty and exquisite, you use it, then discard it. Just use the coupon. A 7-day supply will be sent you to try.

A scientific discovery

We are makers of absorbents. Are world authorities in this field.

On the advice of a noted dermatologist, we perfected this scientifically right material for removing cold cream.

It is the only product made solely for this purpose. It represents some two years of scientific research. There is no other like it.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs — absorbent — come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes.
Boudoir size, sheets 6 by 7 inches....35c
Professional, sheets 9 by 10 inches....65c

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'KERCHIEFS
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

Banishes oily skins

It corrects oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. For these come from overladen pores, cold creams and oils left for nature to expel. That is why you powder now so often.

It combats skin eruptions. For they're invited by germ accumulations left in the skin, breeding places for bacteria.

Old methods, towels, cloths and fibre substitutes, failed in absorbency. And thus often rubbed infectious dirt accumulations *back into your skin*. That is why tiny imperfections often came. Why your skin looked dark at times.

Multiplied skin benefits

Now in Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—those failures are corrected. Soft as down and white as snow, it contrasts the harshness of cloth or fibre makeshifts with a softness that you'll love.

It comes in exquisite sheets, 27 times as absorbent as the ordinary towel; 24 times that of paper and fibre substitutes. You use it, then discard it.

Just mail the coupon

Clip the coupon now before you forget. Mail it today for 7-day supply at our expense.

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Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—as offered.

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What the Stars Are Doing

And where you may write to them

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Adorée, Renée—playing in *The Flaming Forest*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Arthur, George K.—playing in *The Great Galeoto*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *The Rough Riders*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Banky, Vilma—playing in *The Winning of Barbara Worth*—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *The Black White Sheep*—Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Barrymore, John—playing in *Manon Lescaut*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—completed *The Great Gatsby*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Beery, Noah—playing in *The Rough Riders*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *Old Ironsides*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Belle—playing in *Mother McCree*—Fox Studios—1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Blue, Monte—playing in *Across the Pacific*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Boardman, Eleanor—playing in *Tell It to the Marines*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bow, Clara—playing in *Wings*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *Stepping Along*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Bronson, Betty—playing in *Everybody's Acting*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *The Popular Sin*—Famous Players Studios, 6th and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Brooks, Louise—playing in *Just Another Blonde*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Carey, Harry—playing in *The Little Journey*—Pathé Exchange, 35 W. 45th St., New York City, N. Y.

Chaney, Lon—playing in *Tell It to the Marines*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Chaplin, Charles—playing in *The Circus*—1412 La Brea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chaplin, Sydney—playing in *The Missing Link*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Cody, Lew—playing in *The Gray Hat*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Collier, William, Jr.—playing in *God Gave Me Twenty Cents*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Colman, Ronald—playing in *The Winning of Barbara Worth*—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *New York*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Costello, Dolores—playing in *The Heart of Maryland*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Dana, Viola—playing in *Men of the Dawn*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Stranded in Paris*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Davies, Marion—playing in *The Red Mill*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *Upstream*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dempster, Carol—playing in *The White Slave*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Denny, Reginald—playing in *The Cheerful Fraud*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

de Putti, Lya—playing in *The Prince of Tempters*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Dix, Richard—playing in *The Quarterback*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Dove, Billie—playing in *The Sensation Seekers*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dresser, Louise—playing in *Everybody's Acting*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas—latest release, *The Black Pirate*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Fazenda, Louise—playing in *Mama Kiss Papa*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Fields, W. C.—playing in *So's Your Old Man*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Ford, Harrison—playing in *The Nervous Wreck*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing in *The Flesh and the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gibson, Hoot—playing in *Oh Promise Me*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Gilbert, John—playing in *The Flesh and the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gish, Dorothy—playing in *London*—Herbert Wilcox Prod., London, England.

Gish, Lillian—playing in *Annie Laurie*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Goudal, Jetta—completed *Her Man O' War*—Cecil De Mille Prod., Culver City, Cal.

Gray, Gilda—latest release, *Aloma of the South Seas*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Gray, Lawrence—playing in *Everybody's Acting*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Griffith, Corinne—playing in *The Lady in Ermine*—1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Griffith, Raymond—playing in *The Waiter from the Ritz*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Haines, William—playing in *The Little Journey*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Mother McCree*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Hines, Johnny—playing in *Stepping Along*—C. C. Burr Prod., 135 W. 44th St., New York City, N. Y.

Holt, Jack—playing in *The Man of the Forest*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hughes, Lloyd—playing in *Valencia*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Joy, Leatrice—playing in *Nobody's Widow*—Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Joyce, Alice—playing in *The Ace of Cads*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Keaton, Buster—playing in *The General*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kenyon, Doris—playing in *A Lady at Play*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kerry, Norman—playing in *Annie Laurie*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kirkwood, James—playing in *Butterflies in the Rain*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Langdon, Harry—playing in *Long Pants*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

La Plante, Laura—playing in *Beware of Brides*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lloyd, Harold—playing in *The Mountain Lad*—1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Love, Bessie—playing in *Going Crooked*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *One Increasing Purpose*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—playing in *Not Herbert*—Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St., New York City, N. Y.

Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *Just Another Blonde*—Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St., New York City, N. Y.

MacLean, Douglas—latest release, *Hold That Lion*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mason, Shirley—playing in *Rose of the Tenements*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

McAvoy, May—playing in *The Fire Brigade*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Meighan, Thomas—playing in *The Canadian*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *An Angel Passes*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Miller, Patsy Ruth—playing in *The White Black Sheep*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Mix, Tom—playing in *The Canyon of Light*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Moore, Colleen—playing in *Orchids and Ermine*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Moore, Mat—playing in *Summer Bachelors*—Fox Studios, Tenth Ave. and 55th St., New York City, N. Y.

Moreno, Antonio—playing in *The Flaming Forest*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Murray, Mae—playing in *Valencia*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *The Mysterious Island*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Negri, Pola—playing in *The Hotel Imperial*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Nilsson, Anna Q.—playing in *The Masked Woman*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Nixon, Marion—playing in *Down the Stretch*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in *The Great Galeoto*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Brien, Eugene—playing in *Nobody's Widow*—Cecil De Mille Prod., Culver City, Cal.

O'Brien, George—playing in *The Devil's Master*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Hara, George—playing in *Going the Limit*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Neil, Sally—playing in *The Mysterious Island*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Philbin, Mary—playing in *The Bargain Bride*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—completed *Sparrows*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Pitts, Zasu—playing in *The Wedding March*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Prevost, Marie—playing in *Man Bait*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Pringle, Aileen—playing in *Tin Gods*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ralston, Esther—playing in *The Quarterback*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves. Astoria, L. I.

Ray, Charles—playing in *The Fire Brigade*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Rich, Irene—playing in *His Official Wife*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—playing in *Upstage*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sherman, Lowell—completed *You Never Know Women*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Sills, Milton—playing in *Men of the Dawn*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Starke, Pauline—playing in *Not Herbert*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *Midnight Lovers*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Swanson, Gloria—playing in *Eyes of Youth*—Cosmopolitan Studios, 2247 Second Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Sweet, Blanche—latest release, *Diplomacy*—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

Talmadge, Constance—completed *The Duchess of Buffalo*—7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Talmadge, Norma—playing in *A Son of Montmartre*—7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Tearle, Conway—playing in *His Official Wife*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Terry, Alice—playing in *The Great Galeoto*—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Torrence, Ernest—playing in *The King of Kings*—Cecil De Mille Prod., Culver City, Cal.

Vaughn, Alberta—playing in *The Adorable Deceiver*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Vidor, Florence—playing in *The Popular Sin*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Wilson, Lois—playing in *New York*—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

Windsor, Claire—playing in *The Little Journey*—Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.

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Notes for Peacock Alley

Vanity Fair
The New Terri
Compact de Luxe

Remember the days of the slipper bag? When *la jeune fille* dropped a wad of hairpins, a clean kerchief and a box of powder—not pink or "naturelle," but a chaste *flour*-white powder—into the silk bag with her dancing pumps and set out thus thinly armed for the ball?

Chaperones were not all dead then and only the *demi-monde* resorted—openly—to rouge.

The sophisticated young woman of today is far better prepared to withstand the wilting hours. With the aid of such a captivating little contrivance as the new Terri Compact—dubbed VANITY FAIR—she can keep her complexion in order through luncheon, tea, dinner, theatre and restaurant-after-the-show!

What so decorative as this slender case of polished black bakelite with the tiny white streamline running about the edge and gold crest in the corner? *Wherever* the spirit moves you to retouch your coloring Vanity Fair will adorn the occasion.

A diminutive gold-tipped pencil slips cleverly into a hollow at the hinge—invaluable for noting those new telephone numbers and addresses friends are always springing at luncheon or tea.

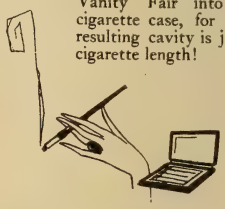
Inside is a mirror that *is* a mirror! Large enough to reflect the entire countenance—not the usual meagre glimpse of one cheek bone and half a nose! With its assistance it is really possible to adjust your complexion satisfactorily.

On the quality of the cosmetics one can only be frankly enthusiastic. If you have ever made the acquaintance of Terri powders you will know what I mean. They genuinely deserve the adjective "velvety" applied to so many powders—they caress—and they cling. The shades are true and blend well: Blanche, Naturelle and Rachel.

The cake rouge is remarkably fine grained and adheres very well. The colors have a hint of the exotic—Coral, with an orange cast, a Medium rose tint and a vivid Raspberry.

The lip rouge is exceptional in being absolutely free from the unpleasant greasy taste common to so much lip rouge. Refills, of course, are available.

An amusing factor is the possibility of removing the fitted compartments in a whimsical moment and turning Vanity Fair into a cigarette case, for the resulting cavity is just cigarette length!



Although containing a generous supply of cosmetics and a sizeable mirror in its attractive polished case, Vanity Fair costs only $2.50 and slips easily into the pocketbook.

In fact Vanity Fair is a Paragon of Compacts!

P.S.—That excellent Terri powder—by the way—with its intriguing perfume distilled from the exotic opopanax—may be had in *loose* form as well as compact. The loose powder has the same clinging quality characteristic of the compact and the same smoothness, like the bloom on a peach.

It comes, too, in a most amusing and delectable box which is well worth the purchase in itself. Terri has chosen a modernistic version of the Spanish tradition for a motif and the languishing Senorita on her balcony—the gay serenader—the dancer—the picador—the matador—and the bull—desport themselves across the box in brisk, humorous black silhouette. A clever gadget for the smart dressing table!

The Shopper

Answers to "Whose Hands?" in the November Issue

Adolphe Menjou

THE very expressive, sensitive-appearing hand belonging to an individual whose feelings are deep but buried beneath a calm, well-poised exterior, one who would be frequently misunderstood and misjudged by others, always feeling this keenly, was the hand of Adolphe Menjou. Face and hand both indicate a very temperamental person, a man of moods, one who descends to the depths of despair and, at other times, rises to the heights of rapture. The hand shows more the effects of strain and worry and a nervousness than the face. There are differences in face and hand which would make a nature not easily understood.

Louise Brooks

THE youthful hand belonging to a restless, emotional person full of enthusiasm, energy of purpose, very independent, unconventional, and with a love and daring to seek the unknown was Louise Brooks' hand. This hand corresponded in type with the face and figure of its owner, for Miss Brooks is lean and muscular, with a face of greater length than breadth. The face indicates more practicability than her hand. It also shows one who does not like to do work contrary to her tastes, also a splendid sense of tune and rhythm, and a very individualistic nature, one who is daring and fearless.

Noah Beery

THE very useful, capable hand with its square formation, square at the base of the fingers, also with square finger-tips, was Noah Beery's hand. The hand corresponded in type with his face, for he is broad, well rounded and of good size. Hand and face alike both show great physical strength, hardihood and much endurance, great perseverance, determination, good judgment, a practical nature endowed with much common sense. The thick, full third phalanges of the fingers denote a large appetite, likewise, the fulness in the side head where the appetite sign is found, shows the same thing.

All rights reserved by F. Vance de Revere

Prize Winners for Limericks Published in October Magazine

Tho Connie is married again,
She still has a way with the men,
And, as proof, she got Lew
To pose for this view,
For men pose—not propose—now and then!

G. W. BOYER,
Homestead, Florida.

Says Miss Crawford, "A kick's *comme il faut*
If I just keep my eye on my toe."
But please tell me who
Would have eyes for Joan's shoe
When the shape of the "vamp" is just so?

MISS A. RINALDI,
Naugatuck, Conn.

Ben Turpin's the queen of the vamps,
For he has reversible lamps;
With just one pair of eyes
He can flirt with two guys
Without getting optical cramps.

MARY GLYNN-COLLINS,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Bobby Vernon's been known to devour
Buckwheat cakes for one solid hour,
But he later atones
With dyspepsia and groans
While sobbing, "Dont say it with flour."

MRS. MAY B. DOW,
Davenport, Iowa.

All Spent and Trying to Get a Quarter-Back

is the prize-winning title for the picture which appeared on page 8 of the October issue. It was contributed by Mrs. J. H. Happel, Cleburne, Texas.

Girls! This New Translucent Rouge immediately brings out your natural beauty and charm

A single application works like magic

SCIENCE has advanced another step forward in the development of the most startling beauty secret ever offered women—a wonderful new Translucent Rouge that brings out the natural beauty of your skin without clogging up the pores and without giving it that painted opaque look.

New—Translucent—Beautiful

The pores of the skin under a magnifying glass look like small valleys and mountains and it is in these valleys that the skin breathes and thereby stays in a healthy condition.

How, then, can one expect to have a healthful and beautiful skin if these little valleys are continually filled up with grease and hardened powder rouges? Mad Cap Rouge is neither a grease nor a powder and will not clog up the skin pores.

The skin is naturally translucent. Mad Cap Rouge is also translucent and when applied simply tints the skin a beautiful pink, letting the natural beauty of the skin show thru. Its application has a soothing, healing effect on the skin. It produces a glorious color and is used and recommended by beauty specialists everywhere. *It is also waterproof and stays on 24 hours.*

Try It—Beautify Your Complexion

We ask you to try Mad Cap for a few days at our expense and see how it will give you the complexion of women you have always envied. You will note the great difference after the very first application and then, if you are not absolutely delighted, we will welcome the opportunity of refunding your money.

Absolutely Guaranteed

Send us no money. Simply fill in and mail coupon and when package arrives pay postman 75c. Use Mad Cap a week and then, if not absolutely satisfied, return to me and I will refund your money. Mail coupon today.

KOLAR LABORATORIES, INC.
8 South Seeley Avenue Chicago, Illinois

KOLAR LABORATORIES,
8 S. Seeley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, postage paid, 1 jar Mad Cap Rouge. I will pay postman 75c. If not satisfied, I will return it and you will refund my money.

Name----------

Address----------

QUEENIE SMITH'S *Famous Dancing Feet*

FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns..

"I have never had a corn nor an accident. But if ever either comes — I want *protection.* That's why I always carry Blue=jay and an accident policy."

So writes winsome Queenie Smith, the star of the musical comedy, "Tip-Toes."

Good old Blue=jay! For 26 years it has been vanquishing corns . . . The count of conquered toe-calluses runs into the hundreds of millions.

A cool and velvety cushion fits over the corn and ends the pain at once. Usually one plaster routs the corn. But even an "old offender" will seldom require more than a second Blue=jay plaster . . . At all drug stores.

Blue=jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

©1926

Your Chance to Get into the MOVIES

Earn a handsome salary as a Motion Picture Photographer. Cameramen are *always* in demand. You can quickly qualify for this fascinating work. No experience necessary. **We train you at Home.**

$75 to $250 a Week and More

There's big money in every branch of Professional Photography: Motion Picture, Portrait and Commercial. Make money in spare time. **Earn while learning.**

CAMERA FREE Your choice of real Motion Picture Camera, taking standard professional film used by all theatres, or 5x7 View Camera, latest model, genuine anastigmat lens.

WRITE FOR BOOK Tells all about this wonderful opportunity. Send postcard or letter TODAY.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
12 W. 33rd St., Dept. 29
NEW YORK CITY

NOTE: If you prefer to come to our New York or Chicago Studios for personal instruction, day or evening classes, write for Catalog R-29 to nearest address: 10 W. 33rd St., New York, or 630 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Keep Musterole on the bath-room shelf

Years ago the old-fashioned mustard plaster was the favorite remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, colds on the chest and sore throat.

It did the work, but was sticky and messy and burned and blistered.

Musterole has taken the place of the mustard plaster.

Rub on this soothing ointment at the first cough or sniffle, at rheumatism's first warning tingle.

Made from pure oil of mustard, with the blister and sting taken out, Musterole penetrates the skin and goes to the seat of trouble.

***To Mothers:* Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.**

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Jars & Tubes

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

"Meestair Hall"

(*Continued from page 33*)

Along in 1914, came Otis Skinner to Dallas in "Kismet." Jimmy Hall could contain himself no longer. Skinner offered him a small part in the production until the tour was finished, and, without the formality of notifying his parents, away went Jimmy, headed toward New York and glory.

Jimmy's father, having stood just about enough of such nonsense, notified the police, who found our hero in New York State just as he had played the season out with the Skinner company. Jimmy was rather glad the officers found him and took him back to Dallas. By sharp counting, he knew that there were only a certain number of meals ahead of him when the show closed.

It is sad to relate, however, that as soon as his parents had him well fed, he kicked over all precedents for prodigal sons, and again ran away, this time with the "Everywoman" company, in which he played an angelic-faced altar boy.

His father decided against bringing Jimmy home a second time, so the sixteen-year-old youth finished the "Everywoman" tour in New York, proved to Florenz Ziegfeld that he could dance, and appeared in the Follies of 1914 and 1915.

But Jimmy didn't want to be known as a "dancing man." He left the Follies and put in a hard year in stock with the De Wolffe Stock Company in Chicago during 1916.

The next year war broke out, and the handsome youth who was already creating attention as an actor, joined the army and was sent to Camp Bowie, not far from Dallas. There, among whatever other tasks were assigned him, he drove the commander's car. The commander, we are glad to say, survived intact, but while hurling the great car over the roads between Fort Worth and Dallas, one day, Jimmy got in a bad smash-up, smashed several of his perfectly good ribs, an arm, a leg and what-not, and lay in the hospital for seven months. When at last he was up and around, the wounded, the shell-shocked, the broken men who had served overseas, were being sent home.

Jimmy Hall speaks very seriously of the days that followed, up to the time of the Armistice. For now he had a man's job to face. His task it was to aid in sending dead and dying soldiers home, and thru it all his comrades at Camp Bowie were dying by scores, of influenza. Well, Jimmy, like the rest, did what he could to help—and then he added to that his gift as an entertainer. He organized a jazz-band to brighten things up a bit.

Yet it was a more serious young man who came out of Camp Bowie than the youth who had entered it. He had a wider conception of life. He had felt. He had lived. He joined a stock company in Sioux City, playing all sorts of rôles and gaining much valuable experience.

A year later he was with the Shuberts and has appeared on Broadway in two "Passing Shows," "Poppy," "Merry Merry" and "The Matinée Girl."

Once, while passing thru Los Angeles, he had screen tests taken by Universal, and was not considered a "good bet."

This last year, while appearing in a New York stage production, a Famous Players-Lasky official sent for him to have a test made, and immediately thereafter he was given a contract by the company and came West to appear with Bebe in "The Campus Flirt."

"I cant say enough for the wonderful assistance Miss Daniels and the director,

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Clarence Badger, gave me, while I was making my first picture," he said. "They helped me with every single scene, and if I go over with the film fans, it will be due largely to them, and to Miss Negri.

"I stay on the set constantly just to watch Miss Negri work. She is the greatest actress I have ever seen. I've learned more about acting during this one picture with her, than I ever learned thruout my stage career. . . . Excuse me . . . I must rush back to the set now. . . ."

And, as he had done half a dozen times during our talk, Jimmy Hall fled again, to go back into a scene with Pola.

This is a biographical, rather than a personality sketch on James Hall. Occasionally he would smile while talking. He seems to be an amiable chap with a sense of humor. Certainly he is handsome. But the tremendous pressure and strain under which Pola Negri was working was reflected on the face of everyone on the set. Most of the time James Hall's face was quite grim, and tho it was his first interview, and so, of much importance to him, he wanted to talk of Pola and the tragic fight she was making against time, rather than of himself. Time and again I had to draw him back to the story of himself, and I chalk this up to his credit.

Valentino had loaned his musicians to Pola for the picture. They seemed to help her to get thru the scenes, and presently, when she was free from the camera for a few moments, she called to me.

"I 'ave missed you. You 'ave been away," she said, in that low, half-chiding voice of hers. "I wanted you to come to 'a part-e-e."

"I'm sorry, Pola."

"But soon," she added, forcing herself to smile and her eyes to brighten, "we will 'ave more good times. No? Oh, soon we will all be happy. Everything will come out all right! Is it not so, 'Elen?"

"Of course, it's so, Pola," I assured her. "Everything will come out all right."

"Thees young, Meestair Hall. He is a good actor," she continued firmly, generous as always in giving praise to an unknown, just starting to climb the ladder toward fame.

But the stern, tragic look had come back into her face again, and knowing that she was thinking neither of James Hall nor me, I slipped away.

A Little Girl with a Long Pedigree

(*Continued from page* 43)

casting director open wide his door to an aristocratic American extra? It never occurs to Hollywood when it sees a young girl persevering, rising above all the obstacles that lie in the wake of a would-be star—it never occurs to it that the blood of five generations of army officers may be what makes the youngster fight her way to the top. Unless a family tree is escorted by a foreign title, it does not even create a ripple in Hollywood.

But it happens. When Dorothy Dwan knocked at the portals of Kleig fame, she brought with her a family tree that dates back—well, let's not go farther back in history than the first Irish kings—about 1000, wasn't it? On the branches of that tree sit august lords and ladies, judges, generals, etc., etc.

On her father's side, Dorothy is a direct descendant of Thomas McKean, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. A Grandfather McNair was the first Governor of Missouri.

Adds Gloss and Lustre, Makes Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair easy to manage and add to its natural gloss and lustre, this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush, and brush it through your hair when you dress it. You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

A generous sample FREE upon request.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that it will stay any style you arrange it, even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Try it! You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.

Send This *Coupon and* Try it FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 26-G-165
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE, a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name.....

Address.....

In Canada address
THE R. L. WATKINS CO., 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto 2-Ont.

Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid, BLACK or BROWN, *75c at your dealer's or* direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Don't you think?

It is by no means strange that men who want "something better" in cigarettes turn to Fatima. All things considered: tobaccos, aroma, subtle delicacy, it would be extraordinary if they didn't

What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Beautiful Complexion IN 15 DAYS

Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft rosy, clear velvety beyond your fondest dream. *And do it in a few days.* My method is different. No cosmetics, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. *Send for my Free Booklet.* You are not obligated. *Send no money.* Just get the facts.

Dorothy Ray, 645 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 499, Chicago

Reduce and Shape Your Limbs with Dr. Walter's Medicated Rubber Stockings and Anklets

Light or dark rubber. For over 20 years they have relieved swelling, varicose veins and rheumatism promptly. Worn next to the skin they induce natural heat, stimulate the circulation and give a neat and trim appearance. They give wonderful support and are a protection against cold and dampness. **Anklets** $7, extra high $9, **Stockings** $12. Send check or money order—no cash. Write for Booklet.

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
REMOVES DANDRUFF STOPS HAIR FALLING

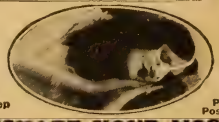
Has been used with success for more than 40 years

RESTORES COLOR AND BEAUTY TO GRAY AND FADED HAIR

60¢ & $1.00 at all druggists

HISCOX CHEMICAL WORKS
PATCHOGUE, N.Y.

When washing hair always use Floreston Shampoo



ANITA Shapes While You Sleep

Users Praise it as a Priceless Possession

RESHAPE YOUR NOSE!

You can surely and safely mold your nose to beautiful proportions with the

ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER

Shapes while you sleep or work—painlessly, comfortably. Results speedy and *guaranteed.* Physicians praise it highly. No *metal* to harm you.

FREE BOOKLET points way to facial beauty and happiness. *Write for it today.*

Gold Medal Won 1923

The ANITA Co.
ANITA Bldg. Dept. 1232 Newark, N.J.

That Funny Little Man

(*Continued from page 37*)

make people laugh, I could eat three meals a day and do some of the things I had always longed to do for my mother.

"Every time I came West I tried to get a hearing in pictures—but no one would listen to me. The less likely my chances became the more enthused I grew over motion pictures.

"Finally Sol Lesser gave me a chance and I made a few comedies for him. Mr. Sennett saw these pictures—and you know the rest!"

If Chaplin is a clown, with trick shoes and a derby—if Lloyd is that nice young man who wears hoot-owl glasses and gets into scrapes—Harry Langdon is a small boy with dreams in his eyes and a shy smile that gets you every time.

We shout with laughter at Chaplin and at Lloyd, we admire them, imitate them—but we love Langdon.

Chaplin is our beloved buffoon, Lloyd our maker of excellent comedies—but Langdon is just himself. His is a sheer triumph of personality.

And with years of training behind it this personality should reach even greater heights.

He is interested in every one whom he meets, he studies them and appreciates them. He is in a sense a humanitarian, as are all truly great people. There is not an ounce of pose about him, he is naïve, disconcertingly so—sometimes.

He is well educated tho self-educated. He is humble about his success.

Try as I may, I cannot see him other than a small boy who has suddenly grown up into a *Pierrot*—and is a little bewildered at finding himself as he is.

He adores children, every child he meets delights and enchants him. He has no children of his own and back of this shadow lies an unhappy marriage.

He is taller in real life than he appears to be on the screen; his eyes are, very surprisingly, brown and the saddest eyes I have ever seen.

He is a continual curiosity to his press-agent who worships him and protects him from the sometimes rude public with all the earnestness of a mother.

He is too impulsive at times—but always charmingly and amusing impulsive. He is the sort of person that Christopher Morley would delight in.

The other day a small urchin managed to worm his way into the studio. He spied Langdon's name over the door and rushing over to the screened window pressed his nose against it and stared into the dressing-room.

"You never saw such an excited kid—he watched me as tho I were a wild animal at the Zoo!" Langdon told me.

"I tried to coax him in—but he wouldn't come—I could see he was disappointed. Finally he said hoarse with fear—or something *'smile!'* I grinned and then he gave a relieved giggle. We were friends. He came in and visited, seemed disappointed because I wasn't littler and departed with a sheaf of autographed pictures.

"That little episode convinced me of the folly of personal appearances," he concluded.

A wise man once said that the trait he found most worth while in mankind was gentleness. Harry Langdon has more gentleness in his make-up than most humans.

To me he will always be *Pierrot*—a gentle, lonely figure trudging along the road of the world.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

PIFFLE

(*Continued from page* 65)

the ragged edge of nothing. Something had to be done. Someone had to do it. Mary did it. Mary stepped in and took the helm. Fair enough, but what is really important is that Mary has *kept the helm.* She made a place for herself in the sun, in the world. A great place. She also made a place for her family. She has never for one instant failed to supply them with every luxury, every consideration, every attention involving both money *and* time. We have heard mothers of sons tell very different stories.

Her husbanding of resources, her balance, her business head, her old-fashioned point of view about marriage and her great and shining loyalty to her husband are known to us all. But they may be brought to mind again without any harm to anyone. They place Mary.

Take Lillian Gish. For all the whiteness of the great white ways, for all the acclaim and artistry laid to her door, Lillian has never trod many inches away from her mother. Nor Dorothy either, for that matter. Their devotion to their mother is the paramount consideration in their lives. One or the other of the sisters is constantly with her.

There is Bebe Daniels. Bebe and her mother *and* her grandmother travel in a tender triumvirate. When success piles on top of success for Bebe, she doesn't reap it for herself alone. She doesn't indulge in Rolls-Royces, affairs with Egyptian princes and other colorful, if fictional, adventures. She reaps the successes equally for mother and grandmother. They share and share alike in the business and the triumph which are Bebe's life.

The Talmadges . . . wherever the Talmadge sisters go, there "Peg," their mother, pal and confidante, goes also. If Norma comes to New York and Peg stays behind with Constance, or *vice versa,* Peg will be the recipient of a wire from the voyaging sister to "come on, quick." Their wide interests, their wealth, their husbands, their friends have never shaken the unshakable love they have for "Peg." Is this the loyalty of frailty, of recklessness, of untrustworthiness or unreliability? No, such fine fruit doesn't grow in such shallow soil.

* * * * * * *

THERE are other facets to these facts.

There is the case of Alice Joyce.

Where, in what group of peoples, in what strata of society, would you find a more thoroly all-around person than Alice Joyce, who is Mrs. James Reagan in private life?

Her years on the screen have accrued and have given her a sum total of fine standing. Of dignity. Of charm. Of an appeal that has grown and become more and more lusterful with the passing of time.

She has a home. A husband. Children. And to all three of these she gives a thoro and competent attention and an affection in no wise diminished or interfered with by her notable screen performances.

You might go to Newport . . . to Park Avenue in New York (where Miss Joyce lives, by the way), to any part of Suburbia and not find six women living the balanced, intelligent, worth-while life that Alice Joyce lives.

Does this come about because she is undependable? Less intelligent than the male? Not likely!

Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno . . . try to beat them at their own game of dignified social standing, domestic happiness, intelligent interests, charities, beneficent influence. Just *try it.*

There are the "'sports" of the profession, of course. Black rams. Black ewes. But in what walk of life will you not find individuals who have no balance, no character, who *could* have no balance or character whether their path of life led to pictures or the pulpit, the nursery or the night club.

But most of the women of the screen, a large enough percentage of them to prove that we are right and you—whoever you may be—are wrong, are darned *good* sports. On-the-level, worth-while women, with beauty of character as well as beauty of face, with eager mentalities, loyal hearts, sound family affections, roots that reach far down into the soil of substance.

A very well-known and very experienced director recently said to us that it is all the bunk about screen actresses using their sex appeal to get them what they want. "They dont," he said—emphatically—"I dont know another class of women who so meet men on their own ground."

A great many of these girls have run the risk of screen sacrifice by the sacrifice of motherhood. For that motherhood has potential sacrifice as well as profound ecstasy nobody will deny. We know women right in our own suburb, who wouldn't do as much, for fear it might interfere with their Bridge game, their First Nights, their bank balance, their figures, their golf or tennis or—their boy friends.

Alice Joyce, Leatrice Joy, Gloria Swanson, Mildred Lloyd, Agnes Ayres, Lila Lee, Claire Windsor, Florence Vidor, Irene Rich, Belle Bennett, Myrtle Stedman—all of these celebrities are mothers.

They have proved their points beforehand. They proved them when they had the babies.

* * * * * * *

ANOTHER facet.

There are nice girls on the screen, too. Regular girls. Nice, clean-limbed, clear-eyed American girls. Girls with whom you could trust your Wandering Willie quite as complacently as you trust him with the idle sub-deb daughter of Mrs. Van Peyster Van Weyster Van Damn. Maybe more so.

Betty Bronson, Norma Shearer, Carol Dempster, Mary Astor, May McAvoy, Lois Wilson, Lois Moran. These girls often *wish* they could be vampy and poisonous and insidious on the screen but they aren't because they cant be. It just isn't *in* 'em to be. They have straight bones in their bodies and straight spirits in their bones and straight thinking in their heads—and there they are!

* * * * * * *

WELL, have we proved our point? Our part of it?

Now what is the female of the species? the screen species?

Can you depend on her? We think so. If you dont believe us, ask a lot of screen mamas.

Is she frail, frivolous, a moron, a Broadwayite, night-clubite? We think not. Visit the homes of Alice Joyce and Mr. and Mrs. Moreno, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, and report what you find there, on your word of honor.

Isn't it largely rot? This hectic gabble about the lives they lead, the characters they are personally imbued with?

Isn't it piffle?

The ayes have it!

MISS KAE ENGLISH

A Remarkable Lipstick!

TANGEE Lipstick has an astonishing property! As you put it on, it changes color from its original orange to blush-rose, the blush-rose of Youth—Nature's own shade—and blends with each individual complexion.

More remarkable still, this wonderful lipstick is matched in a color magic for the cheeks! Tangee Crême Rouge! A greaseless cream rouge which spreads easily, changes color to blend with your complexion, and—like the lipstick—stays on all day without fading or rubbing off!

It comes also in caked powder form for the purse, Tangee Rouge Compact, a convenient beauty aid to carry with you.

Tangee Lipstick $1, Tangee Crême Rouge $1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Face Powder (in Peachblow, Rose, Cream, Rachel and White) $1, Tangee DAY Cream $1, Tangee NIGHT Cream $1.

Dept. 123
The George W. Luft Co.
417 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the trial "Tangee Beauty Set," including Lipstick, Crême Rouge, Day Cream, Night Cream, and Face Powder. I enclose 20 cents to cover cost of mailing.

Name_____

Address_____

Get the Habit and Join the Crowd Who Read the Classic

Everyone is known by the company he keeps. If he keeps company with The Classic, he'll never go wrong.

The Motion Picture Classic is the de luxe publication of the screen world. It is alive with bright ideas. It is fearless and honest. It is brilliantly edited. And it has contributors who write and draw with authority.

Glance over the list of people steadily contributing to The Motion Picture Classic: Eugene V. Brewster, editor-in-chief of the Brewster Publications and the first screen magazine editor, Gladys Hall, Laurence Reid, Don Eddy, H. W. Hanemann, Matthew Josephson, Dorothy Manners, Bert Ennis, B. F. Wilson, Percy Knighton, Dunham Thorp, Peter Milne, Henry Albert Phillips, Hal K. Wells, Robert Donaldson. The biggest writers of screendom contribute regularly to The Classic—most of them *exclusively*.

The foremost artists are giving The Classic their best work. John Held, Jr., Ellison Hoover, Ken Chamberlain, Armando, Kober—and others are on the art staff of Motion Picture Classic.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WATCH FOR THE DECEMBER CLASSIC

It will carry many notable features, as well as a host of new and exclusive pictures. There will be absorbing articles about the Western Pictures which have captured everyone's attention, and what's going on in Hollywood. There will also be exclusive interviews with stars who are accomplishing things in the celluloid world. Faith Service's serial reaches a dramatic point—and Bert Ennis' feature, "Them Were the Happy Days," will reveal some more inside facts about the pioneer days of the movies.

Order Your December Classic *NOW*

Tommy Is Her Nickname

(*Continued from page* 44)

nicest. But when she wanted to take it off, it wouldn't come. The only way that ring would budge was for Tommy to put her finger into Daddy Tom Mix's mouth and let him take it off for her with his teeth!

"We'll have it made bigger," he promised.

But Tommy thought it would be more fun having it little and having daddy bite it off every time.

"Got any news, Tommy?" asked her daddy.

"Sand pile's fixed," announced Tommy.

Daddy was pleased, and said so.

"Got awnings on it!"

"That's good."

"Dog kennel's got a fence 'round it."

"We brought you eleven dogs to put in 'em. Isn't that nice?"

Tommy nodded. She likes dogs and she likes horses. She has a pony of her own that she can ride very well and her daddy thinks it wont be long before she can swing a lasso and beat him at some of his stunts!

But there's something Tommy likes still better.

When her proud mother and daddy got thru telling her all the things they had in the baggage-car for her—including one goat, two owls, and a Belgian police pup—and in the trunks, including dolls, sand pails and new shoes, Tommy said:

"Daddy, will you buy me somefing?"

"Why, yes, sweetheart! What?"

"Well, will you buy me a lots of little girls to come and play ring-around-rosy with me?"

The Picture Parade

(*Continued from page* 63)

IT MUST BE LOVE—*Romantic Drama—80%*

A TRIFLE more substantial, more homespun, more wistful than "Ella Cinders," is Colleen Moore's new entry, "It Must Be Love." The piece has all the earmarks of having been written with the star in mind—that's how well it suits her personality. Straight from the pages of the "Satevepost" it comes with its tale of homespun love. It makes quite a lot of capital out of the pathos of finding this love under parental objection.

Once upon a time it was known as "Delicatessen," tho unlike its original title it is not crammed with varied properties. Its simplicity is its chief virtue. We look upon a German family—of a hard-boiled "Pop" who cant be reconciled to his daughter's modern ideas. And the idea just treads along on this theme—asking no odds of drama or climax.

The girl runs away, meets the boy friend in the department store—and becomes united to the old folks when she marries him. There is a touch of pathos in the surprise of the young bride being brought back to the delicatessen shop by her husband—the very shop she tried so long to live down.

To keep the spark going, the piece relies upon considerable incident which pertains to the humdrum lives of its central characters. It is "homey"—is acted with good feeling by the star, Jean Hersholt and Malcolm McGregor—and is happily free from wise-cracking subtitles.—*First National.*

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

An Idyl or a Tragedy—Which?

(*Continued from page 23*)

is genuine! A great artiste! Such a woman is Greta Garbo.

It is just a little over a year since she came to America. She tells it very simply when you ask her why she came.

"Mr. Mayer saw me in a picture, in Sweden, and he asked the director, Maurice Stiller, to come to this country and to bring me. That is all—we came."

And the coming was quite as simple. There was no blowing of trumpets about it—no laying of red carpet. And there has been no sensational advertising since her arrival. Yet today, Greta Garbo is one of the most significant figures among the women of the screen—if not the most significant. It is nothing that has been said or written about her. It is nothing that she has done—yet. It is just the inexplicable charm and power of a rare personality. Everyone feels, without being able to explain the fact, that this slim girl is one of the children of Destiny—as definitely precious as a piece of pale green jade.

And jade is jade—inevitably royal.

So much we know. As for the woman herself——

"I can only talk to you in little words," she says. "I can say yes and no, but I cannot explain much in your English"—her smile is the smile of a child, an appealing, serious child—a child who could be ecstatically happy without ever being merry. A child who could be so hurt and so proud that it would build a wall of repression around its real self, and live and die behind it. There are shadows behind her and reticences.

"Here in America, everyone is so happy and so young. Your men, your women, everyone, they never grow old," she says wonderingly.

"Then you have not been homesick for Sweden?" "No, no," she answers slowly, "no, I have not been that—lonely, sometimes, but not homesick."

"And when the Crown Prince visited the studio, you were his luncheon partner?"

"Yes, and I had never seen him before in my life. Not on the street, not in a procession, not anywhere. And in Sweden, I would never have met the Crown Prince. It would have been too difficult—but here in America, I sit beside him, I talk to him—oh, he is charming, and he had such a good time here—he——"

"A wonderful fellow, that Crown Prince of yours," threw in John Gilbert, from his place beside Greta—but the look he gave her was not for the Crown Prince—"wonderful," he repeated—and he looked at her.

It was just a flash, but for a second the whole story was told—as clearly, as starkly, as lightning reveals the minutest details of a room.

It was as amazing, as electrifying, as poignant as that—the look between John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

No wonder Clarence Brown says he is getting the greatest love scenes that have ever been screened, in "The Flesh and the Devil." He is working with the raw material. They are in that blissful halcyon stage of love that is so like a rosy cloud that they imagine themselves hidden behind it, as well as lost in it—they are not even self-conscious—yet.

And when two personalities such as John Gilbert and Greta Garbo love, there will either be a great idyl or a great tragedy—possibly both. It is hard to

IN 10 MINUTES

years can vanish from your face. Make the amazing test told below. It is free.

Good-bye Gray Hair

DON'T believe your hair is hopelessly gray until you have made this amazing test . . . have tried science's latest way to regain natural shade. Broadway's stars say it's amazing. Millions of women will use nothing else. That proves its safety.

A colorless liquid called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer does it. You simply comb it through the hair. Natural shade quickly replaces gray. Faded streaks quickly disappear. If hair is auburn it reverts to auburn. If black, black it will be.

No crude, messy dyes everyone can see so easily. No danger of robbing hair of its life. Nothing to wash or rub off. Just a clean, colorless liquid that gives back color and lustre.

It takes only a few minutes. It costs only a few cents for complete restoration. If you wish to test first, write address below for free outfit. If you get full-size bottle from druggist, money will be returned if not amazed and delighted.

Test Free

Mary T. Goldman, 947-S Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

Please print your name and address

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years.

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets

Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Artistic Make-up

by HELENA RUBINSTEIN

(Internationally Renowned Beauty Scientist)

APPLIED with artistry, make-up flatters and magnifies your beauty a hundred-fold. It is important, however, to select the precise tones for your coloring under day or night light—to use cosmetics that harmonize with the intricate organism of the skin—and to commence your finishing touches with a protective cream.

The Basis of Beauty

VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM—ideal cleansing, molding and protective cream—soothes, refreshes, molds out *"tired look."* Unsurpassed for all normal skins, also the only cream that benefits an oily, pimpled or acne-blemished skin. Excellent as a foundation for make-up. 4 *oz.* 1.00, ½ *lb.* 2.00, *lb.* 3.50.

Following are my recommendations for the four predominant colorings:

Blondes

VALAZE POWDER (*blush* or *natural* for day, *mauve* for evening)
VALAZE RED GERANIUM ROUGE
VALAZE RED GERANIUM LIPSTICK

Brunettes

VALAZE POWDER (*mauresque* for both day and evening)
VALAZE RED RASPBERRY ROUGE
VALAZE RED RASPBERRY LIPSTICK

Neutral

(between blonde and brunette)
VALAZE POWDER (*rachel* or *blush* for day, *mauve* for evening)
VALAZE CRUSHED ROSE LEAVES ROUGE
VALAZE RED RASPBERRY LIPSTICK (medium) for evening, VALAZE RED GERANIUM ROUGE and LIPSTICK are exceedingly becoming

Auburn

VALAZE POWDER (*white* or *cream* for day, *mauve* for evening)
VALAZE CRUSHED ROSE LEAVES ROUGE
VALAZE RED RASPBERRY LIPSTICK (for evening use the intensely flattering VALAZE RED GERANIUM ROUGE and LIPSTICK)

Order VALAZE NOVENA POWDER *if your skin is very dry, or* VALAZE COMPLEXION POWDER *if it is normal or oily. The powders are 1.00, 1.50, or 3.00. Rouge-compacts 1.00, Rouge-en-Crème 1.00, 2.00. Crushed Rose Leaves, cake, in compacts 1.00. Lipsticks 1.00, 50c.* CUPIDSBOW *the new self-shaping lipstick—in Red Geranium and Red Raspberry shades 1.50. Dispensed at the better stores by trained and competent advisers, or order direct from Dept. M-12*

VALAZE **Helena Rubinstein**

46 West 57th Street, New York

PARIS LONDON PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO BOSTON DETROIT NEWARK

imagine their love story running along conventional lines—and as for denying it—they might just as well try to deny the existence of fire!

It was between scenes later in the afternoon that Greta's "distinctive foreignness" was mentioned. "Dont let them Americanize you," we pleaded.

"And why not?" demanded Gilbert. "Why shouldn't she learn our ways? The world doesn't go to see her because she is Swedish—because she has a fascinating accent! They cant hear her talk! They want to see her because she is an actress, nationality has nothing to do with it." Maybe not—but it would be a pity to change her—for any reason at all—even love.

Just now, life seems very full of work. "I do not see how you can work and play so much, too," she says quaintly. "Me, I am so sleepy I cannot go to parties, I must go to bed—I get so tired—I cannot do it."

And so when her studio day ends, she slips down to Santa Monica by the sea, where the Scandinavian picture people seem to have made a little colony all their own. There, they all live simply—much more simply and somberly than their American associates. Their lives seem keyed to a lower note.

"To be on the set at eight o'clock in the morning, that is terrible," she confided. "I just brush my hair back. I haven't time to think what shall I wear! Clothes! Oh, I wish they were bags, all alike, just to jump into, quick! On the screen, oh, yes, I would wear beautiful things—but for myself, just simple. I do not think about them much, I haven't time!

"And oh, I do not want to be bad woman—on the screen, you know! That is my only trouble in America. People say I am what you call—'vamp type!' I know what they mean, but I do not think I am. I do not like to play 'bad woman!' Oh, much rather, I played good women—good, but interesting—you know?"

"That cant be!" someone remarked cynically.

"Yes, it can be true!" declared Greta, emphatically. "You are all mistaken, and I do not think the people like the bad women—and I—I know I do not like to play them—I do not want to play them——"

"Garbo! Garbo!" The voice of the Assistant Director reverberated thru the great stage. Greta hastily opened her make-up box and wielded the inevitable powder-puff.

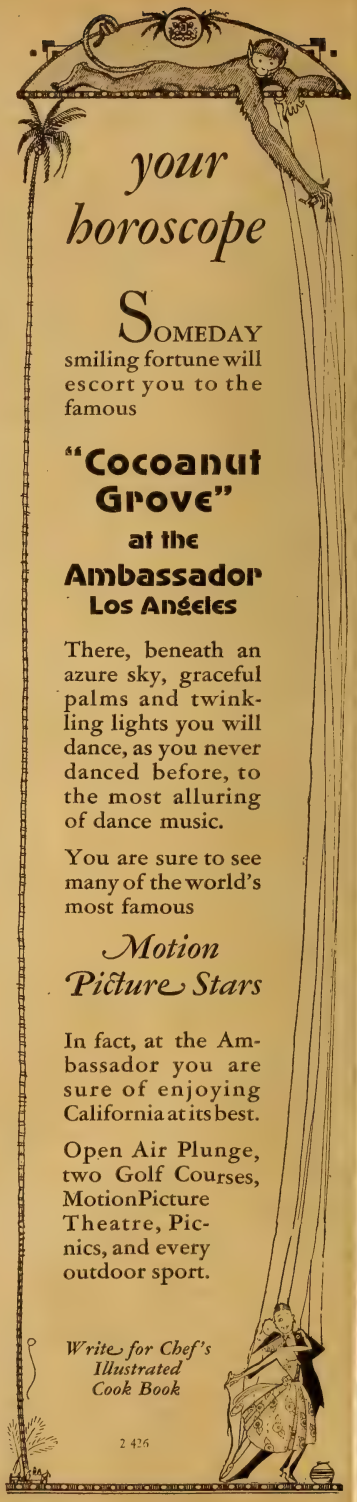
"Coming," she answered, and slipped thru the crowd—a tall, slim girl—all long, graceful lines.

A few minutes later she was kneeling at a communion rail, John Gilbert beside her.

Again they were caught up in the magic cloud of their own making—they played a scene that tightened your throat with its intense beauty—even there in that most prosaic and disillusioning of all places—a motion picture set.

"They have done that in every love scene they have played," said Clarence Brown, "it's marvelous."

The scene was over and Greta had slipped down from her knees into a pathetic little heap on the altar steps. Her face was dead white. Her eyes, big and solemn and tragic—for the scene she had just played was part of the story of a woman who is interesting but not—good—"and when people see me on the screen, they will think I am like that," says Greta. "Oh, yes, they will! They will write me letters about it—that is why some days I am sad, but most days I am very, very happy—I am very happy——" she was looking up—John Gilbert was standing there.



Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

(*Continued from page* 71)

movies, but I would advise you to cultivate your singing voice and try for musical comedy. I think you have a future.

Irene W., June 22:

Why aren't you content to stay home with your family and watch your favorite star instead of attempting to be one yourself? You have humor, kindliness, affection and artistic appreciation, all strong in your chart, but your sensitive feelings and your tendency to hold on to a grouch or grudge would never win success for you in such a desperately callous calling as the movies. You'll marry, and it will be the best thing for you. Dont think I am wantonly trampling on your tender ambitions. I am trying to save you a lot of disappointment and sorrow.

N. R., August 1:

You can act—there's no doubt about that—but let's be practical. It is more than likely that you would be one of the great throng of professionals who, with ability and training, never seem to strike the bell which rings up success. You cannot make money in acting and it's doubtful if you would appeal to a large proportion of your audience. I would advise you to remain in your present work. If you feel that you must try out the stage, then go in for character parts. Your best time of life is middle age.

Jack B., March 29:

This is the time for you to make good, as 1927 is a wonderful year for you, full of changes, progress and increased prosperity. I am doubtful about your ambition to become a cameraman, however. Your horoscope would suggest salesmanship, connection with the oil industry in the Orient, or some traveling position, altho this last element might come in handy if you were to enter newsreel work. You will land on your feet somewhere, but I doubt if it will be in Hollywood.

Mrs. J. A. L., June 14:

You know, I didn't want to say that you could act. It's funny, for I dont very often pay any attention to photographs. Dont ever submit those photographs to a casting director, for he wouldn't have the horoscope to make him change his mind! Your chart made me reverse my opinion in a second. You are a bit old to enter the movies, but the fact remains that you probably can get ahead. There are other stars who entered this work at about your present age and are still going strong. But dont waste any time; if you really want to appear on the screen, go to it at once, for every year will count against you.

G. J. M., February 11:

I'm glad you're not so cock-sure of your ability to set the world on fire with your printed pages, George, for you have not yet found yourself, and until you do that you have nothing with which to interest and hold the reading public. People have the idea that all one has to do in order to "write" is to set down words on paper. In reality, it's the most exacting and absorbing of the arts. You have to have something to say, first, and then you have to learn how to say it. Both processes are difficult and require bitter experiences. I honestly cannot see that you are a born writer. Your chart seems to be that of a mining engineer, inventor, or technical man.

DR. LAWTON, Eminent Beauty Specialist, has discovered a most marvelous Beauty Secret

It will prevent or remove
WRINKLES
CROWS FEET
EXPRESSION LINES

It will rebuild
SAGGING MUSCLES
It will restore
YOUTHFUL CONTOURS

Ask yourself these questions — *it makes no difference how young you are, or how old*

IF YOU ARE YOUNG!

1 — How am I going to keep the natural glow of youth in my cheeks?

2 — How am I going to keep the muscles of my face taut and the skin smooth and free of tell-tale lines?

3 — How am I going to preserve my youthful appearance, easily, surely, in my own home—without resorting to the use of expensive cosmetics?

IF YOU ARE PAST YOUR YOUTH?

1 — How will I restore the clear, transparent complexion I once had?

2 — How will I rid my face of lines and wrinkles that rob me of a youthful appearance?

3 — How will I eradicate crows-feet?

4 — How will I restore the contours of my neck and chin and cheeks?

5 — How will I get rid of puffy eyes—sagging muscles?

DR. LAWTON'S Beautifier

is the answer to every one of these questions — no woman can afford to be without one—Nature's own way.

A specialist in beauty culture for many years, Dr. Lawton's fame naturally has spread to distant parts of the country. He has been the confidential beauty and health adviser to America's smartest women, among them the most renowned beauties of the stage, screen and society. It was to provide his patients who live in far away cities and who have not been able therefore to visit New York for regular treatment, with some way to follow his methods in their own homes that led to the discovery of his now famous BEAUTIFIER—and rejuvenating Face Tissue Tonic. Their success has been phenomenal!

Read what users say:

Miss M. B. T.—"I have been a teacher for a number of years and am afraid I was beginning to look like the conventional 'school-marm'. After two weeks use of the Beautifier my mirrors began to pay the delightful little compliments. Others noticed the change too. A little secret—I'm not going to teach much longer, I'm going to keep house for HIM. Need I say more?"

Mrs. S. T. L.—"Pretty hard being a mother and wife, yet look one's best. Thanks to your precious Beautifier I look at least eight years younger. My husband looks a little prouder when he introduces me now."

Use Dr. Lawton's beautifier for 10 days in your own home **FREE**

Watch the lines disappear. See flabby cheeks become firm and beautiful. See the youthful color restored.

Any one can use it. There are no drugs—no medicines. You run no risks whatsoever.

$3.85 — all it costs!

Youthful beauty all your life

Just send the coupon below. When the Beauty Chest arrives containing the Beautifier, a full sized bottle of Dr. Lawton's Face Tissue Tonic, and illustrated Instruction Book, give the postman $3.85 plus postage and try this really remarkable device for 10 days. If you are not delighted with results, even in this short time, return it to me and your money will be refunded immediately.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON, Suite 308, 1926 Broadway, New York

Descriptive leaflet free upon request

10 DAY FREE TRIAL IN YOUR OWN HOME

DR. THOMAS LAWTON, Suite 308, 1926 Broadway, New York

Dear Dr. Lawton:

Please send me for 10 days your Beauty Chest (containing Beautifier, Face Tissue Tonic and Instruction Book). I will give the postman $3.85 plus postage when delivered. If, after 10 days, I am not perfectly delighted and completely satisfied you agree to return my money at once.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Have New Outer Skin

On Any Part of Face, Neck, Arms, Hands or Body

In 3 Days!

Amazing Discovery Gets Rid of Old Outer Skin!—Brings Out New, Clear, Beautiful Skin on Face or Body as if by Magic! Blackheads, Pimples, Freckles, Tan, Large Pores, Sallowness, Surface Wrinkles, Ugly Blemishes and Marks of Age Disappear—Gone, Because They're Off!

Greatest Advance in Restoring Youthful, Schoolday, Clear, Beautiful, Velvety Skin and Complexion Ever Made.

READ FREE OFFER BELOW

Write for This Amazing Free Treatise — "Beautiful New Skin in 3 Days," and Marvel at the Progress of Science—It's Wonderful!

How old saying that "Beauty Is Only Skin Deep" has been made to come true for thousands of both sexes, young and old, easily!

WHY not have a new, clear skin and look your best, now that it is so easy! You occasionally get a new hat and outfit—yet "fine feathers" don't always make "fine birds." But if you had a new, fresh outer skin on your face, neck, arms and hands, you would look years younger and more beautiful—even in rags!

Now you need worry no more over your disfigured skin and complexion! Forget your failures with lotions, clays, creams, powders, massage, steaming pots and "cover-ups." Throw away your rubber masks, plasters, and beauty makeshifts. Because—here's where you get a new, fresh outer skin!

Most astonishing discovery in the history of beauty culture. All explained in an amazing free treatise called "Beautiful New Skin in 3 Days." Tells how to do what foreign skin specialists have charged enormous prices for, how to make your blackheads, pimples, large pores, freckles, tan, sallow complexion, surface wrinkles, blemishes, and signs of approaching age, go, definitely, GONE—"because they're OFF!"

Make your own skin and complexion the envy of all who behold it, THIS NEW WAY!

Hundreds of men and women are now doing it themselves—in the quiet of their own homes—without danger or inconvenience.

They surprise and astonish with a new, soft, velvety, clear, spotless, youth-like skin on face, neck, arms, hands or any part of body where new skin is desired. The method is absolutely harmless and easy. It's astonishing—almost beyond belief. Send name and address only. This amazing new Treatise is mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. But those who wish, may enclose ten cents in any form to help pay distribution expenses.

Address: MARVO BEAUTY LAB., Dept. 32-J, No. 1658 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

A "Face Lift" Without Cutting!

Any Person Can Do It at Home!

Makes You Look Many Years Younger!

One of the most amazing discoveries made in the history of beauty culture enables any person to have a "face lift" at home without any cutting, bandaging, masks, or massage. It is done through exercising certain muscles around the mouth in a new way. This harmless, simple method is now fully explained in a FACIAL-MUSCLE CHART illustrated with photographs of living model.

It is 9 by 18 inches and beautifully printed. In order to introduce this astonishing discovery the inventor will distribute 5,000 FREE CHARTS to readers of this magazine who write for it. If you wish to make your sagging face muscles lift the wilted skin and tissues back to youth-like contour, and thereby take away years of aging appearance, then by all means write for a copy of this wonderfully interesting FACIAL-MUSCLE EXPLANATORY CHART. Don't delay! A letter or postcard will bring it by return mail, **FREE** postpaid. Address, Wm. Witol, Dept. 32-K, No. 1658 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 88)

quiet way you will always achieve things. There is a dogged persistence and ambition under your pretty surface . . . the fiber of tenacity.

"You will always meet life . . . and come forth from the tournament's fray with the laurel."

"I have always been a spectator rather than an actor in the pageant of living," Judith admitted. "That gives you a philosophy."

"What is your philosophy, *chérie?*" Sonia's tone was surprisingly tender.

"That this, too, whatever it is, shall pass . . ." said Judith. "No matter what besets you, every minute that you survive you are beating it. Time and space are great healers. Nothing matters but the present. And the present is forever drifting into the past."

"Whew . . ." Sonia was impressed. "That appears a philosophy born of some desperation. The psychologists would probably say it was a means of escape."

"But it isn't." Judith's voice was pitched low, as usual, but there was an earnestness vibrated in it. "I dont mean ever to run away from things. They always catch up with you. Face them down. Let Time beat them for you."

"Wouldn't the Great American Public be surprised to hear us," Sonia laughed. "We are not supposed to think, Judith. We are movie stars. . . . And you sound like an intelligent young person. It is stepping out of character. Really!"

Judith laughed with some bitterness.

And Sonia cold-bloodedly thought the hurt she had sustained this evening would do something towards making her a better actress.

"If Harvey is not playing around with Felice, is there someone else?" Judith asked now. And this flash of intuition very nearly took Sonia off her guard.

"No one as far as I *know*." Again she evaded a lie by an emphasis of words that escaped Judith. She felt that she had rent enough of illusion's gossamer for one evening.

Then too, she reasoned that it did not necessarily mean anything just because she had seen Harvey and that creature go into his apartment after midnight. . . . .

What does Judith Tower do? Is it possible for a woman to find happiness with a wandering husband, even if she is convinced that she is loved more than the other women in his life? There is a big dramatic situation in the next instalment of "Crazy Quilt," which appears in the January MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Reserve your copy at your neighborhood news-stand now!

Florence Vidor *and* G. H. and A. W. F.

are the leading players in another one of those interesting and amusing interviews which will appear in the January issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. G. H. and A. W. F. lunched with Miss Vidor in her dressing-room. They watched her play in a bedroom scene under the sophisticated direction of Mal St. Clair.

Dont miss this interview playlet!

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

As Others See Us

(*Continued from page* 35)

know, was brimming over with enthusiasm about "The Popular Sin," which he's making with her. It's another one of those divorce farces, and some of the situations sounded very comical, as he described them, but in particular, there's a trick doll that they're using in some of the scenes that's apt to steal the picture. Rex Ingram wants it to take back with him.

But to go back to clothes, Miss Vidor was doing a bedroom scene and when I came down from the dressing-rooms (more about that later) she was in the most gorgeous bed and Mal St. Clair, Clive Brook, and Greta Nissen were sitting about. During the scene that followed she slipped on a negligée of thinnest ivory silk velvet and ermine, with little square-toed mules of opalescent white patent leather. Delectable's the only word I can find for it.

I sat watching until it suddenly occurred to me that I had something else to do—but it really is a shame to take the money for a job like mine!

Greta Nissen had posed for me in her dressing-room in a charming little French hat that probably only she could wear, but I've pictured it because it is one of the results of Mme. Agnes' enthusiasm over the picture I wrote you about last month—remember? The "Croisière Noire." These hats of hers, adapted after the African head-dresses, are having, as I predicted, a decided effect on winter millinery. Tall, draped, pointed, and with a slanting-toward-the-back effect.

Florence Vidor has one of soft silk velvet which she wears with heavy crêpe-back satin in three shades of green. The skirt has a twisted panel effect, but the blouse is rather loose from the hips, and has interesting sleeves. Her necklace of dull silver links and monogram is one of Jane Régny's ideas and was brought out this summer as a sports necklace but is being worn with many afternoon frocks as well.

And that reminds me, I skipped Greta's necklace. It and her earrings are made of infinitesmally tiny coral beads, the former in ball shape, the latter in linked rings. And that, in turn, reminds me that I had heard many unpleasant things about the Nissen which were entirely untrue, if I can judge by her sweetness to me. She's much shorter than I'd imagined her to be, (but that is something one should become accustomed to when meeting screen people) and seemed incredibly young and naïve. I couldn't believe, even remembering that her business is acting, that she was the seductive serpent of the "Wanderer."

And Oh! darling! the clothes she showed me! Oof!! Velvets, laces, shoes, hats, furs, but practically nothing that just regular folks like you and me could ever have much use for. So I sketched her hat, and if I can get to it, shall go over again later and do one or two more that were really lovely. But I'm thru telling you in advance about what to look for next time, remember I meant to shop with Alice Joyce?

I'd forgotten that this is Christmas shopping month and was so busy trying to get some really inexpensive things for the shopping service that there was only a hurried trip to see what she'd bought—and I'm showing you a furred top-coat of hand-woven cocoa tweed, that would be a very good-looking thing for any girl of average height. Short or plump girls beware. The hips are tight, the strapped cuffs unusual, and the fur is a lighter cocoa tone in caracul.

Her hat's of rose-beige silk felt, and her necklace of flexible golden bands.

Many of the things she had bought were of the materials I told you about last month. However, now things are more definitely settled and I can say with more assurance that, as I told you before, capes and dolmans are important in both dresses and coats. Capes on dresses are short, on coats too, but for evening the regular long circular cape has appeared again. Wraps in shawl form are made of anything from moleskin to velvet brocade, and the beautiful fabrics created in Paris this year are lovelier than ever. The lamés in metal are in diagonal weaves, "herring-bone" etc., wonderful for evening wraps—but the velvets are running a close second.

All materials this year are exceedingly flexible and supple, even the furs.

Broadtail, in gray, beige, black, is used much for straight coats, dolmans, and short jackets.

For day wear moire (evening, too) with odd designs in place of the old watered pattern, satin—flat—and canton crêpes are all very important. Velvet *very* popular but more formal.

Of the woolens, more kashas than ever, jersey for sports wear, wool crêpe and printed flannels in tweed effects.

Colors are soft browns, rose-beige, wine reds, and greens in the silvery tones or dark.

Yes, Patsy, by all means get your dance frock of tiered panels, it's not only smart but suits your youth.

The shopping for gifts resulted in several real bargains. To be systematic:

No. 1 is the very convenient "Deauville portfolio" in book form, of a heavy rag paper in blonde, gray or white with a woven design metal envelope lining. $1.25 for 24 envelopes and 34 sheets of paper.

No. 2. Is a Waterman fountain pen, lady's size, mottled in black and henna-brown $3.50. (Please order pens by number).

(*Continued on page* 106)

Shopping Service

Anyone wishing to take advantage of Grace Corson's expert shopping service in connection with the articles mentioned on page 34, may address Miss Corson, care of Shopping Service, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Send either a check or money order, payable to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, for exact amount of the desired purchase. . . . Be sure to give color, size and other additional details . . . and do not fail to write your name and address plainly and in full.

BATHASWEET

No wonder this is the favorite luxury

of gentlewomen

When a prominent magazine recently asked a number of well-known women to name their favorite luxury, a great majority answered it was the perfumed bath of softened water.

To bathe amid the sweet fragrance of a flower garden, in water so soft and limpid that it tells you by its very feel how good it is for your skin—to step from your tub with an almost imperceptible perfume clinging to you—what luxury could vie with this?

And It Is So Good for the Skin

Nothing helps more to keep the skin soft and dainty than truly softened water. Just sprinkle Bathasweet into your tub and wash bowl regularly for a few weeks, and inevitably you will notice your skin take on a softer beauty that is particularly charming because it speaks so clearly of the care you have taken of your skin.

The "Scentless" personal fragrance

Bathasweet does not cover up body odors. But by softening the water it cleanses the pores more completely, washing away every trace of odor and leaving a dainty, almost scentless fragrance that is indescribably lovely.

And Bathasweet costs so little. For over 20 years it has been one of the least expensive of the good things of life. At all good Drug and Department Stores, 25c, 50c, $1, and $1.50.

FREE A can sent free if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. ML, New York.

.....

.....

[Many with vocal choruses]

$2.98 FOR ALL 16

I'm Looking at the World Thru Rose Colored Glasses.
Oh, If I Only Had You.
Valencia.
Hello Aloha (Hawaiian)
Baby Face.
How Many Times.
Barcelona.
Roses Remind Me of You.
Where'd You Get Those Eyes.
Some One Is Losin' Susan.
Cherie I Love You.
I'm Walking Around in Circles.
Bye Bye Black Bird.
Lonesome and Sorry.
That's Why I Love You.
Red, Red Robin.

Here they are! The 16 song and dance successes of the hour! All New York is humming, whistling and dancing to these pieces. We offer you—*all 16 of them*—for only $2.98 on *eight 10-inch, double-faced guaranteed records.* Play them on *any* phonograph. Each record beautifully rendered by famous orchestras.

Send No Money! Just send coupon or post card. Play these records for 10 days in your own home. See how wonderful they are. Note clearness, beauty and volume of tone. Only give postman $2.98 plus a few cents delivery charges. If not entirely pleased, return records and we'll refund money and pay postage BOTH WAYS without question. Low price is possible by manufacturing *in sets* and selling direct to thousands of users. Don't wait. Mail coupon below or postal.

Co-operative Record Co., *Dept. 523*
PORT WASHINGTON, WIS.

Send me on 10 days trial, your 16 Fox Trots, Songs, Charlestons and Waltzes on 8 double-face, 10-inch records, guaranteed equal or better than any records made. I will pay postman only $2.98, plus delivery charges on arrival. However, this is not a purchase. If records don't entirely please me, I will return them within 10 days and you will refund my money without question. Outside of U. S. send $3.50 with order.

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Address .....
City ..... State ..... (68)

Exquisite Compact with Your Picture Hand Colored

ANY snapshot or photo *(any size)* permanently reproduced and hand colored on this model compact. Full size mirror, improved powder sifter *(use your favorite brand)*, removable rouge cake *(choice of Djer Kiss or Gilbrand)* medium, light, dark.

Without picture $1.98. Complete with picture, $2.30. REGULAR VALUE $4.00. Send no money. Pay postman when delivered. *GUARANTEED*

GILBERT MFG. CO., *[Dept. B-1] 234 Fifth Ave., N.Y*

Faux Pas

(*Continued from page* 47)

In case you read the story, Miss Murray's testimonial isn't in it.

THEN there is the time the income-tax expert went out on a business call to the most famous woman in motion pictures. He got out a tax blank and from sheer force of habit inquired politely and dumbly, "What is the name, please?"

SPEAKING of fish reminds me of a story they tell on Jack Gilbert. A celebrated star was entertaining at dinner. Jack had been invited and had accepted. The appointed time arrived—but Jack didn't. They waited a strained half-hour. No Jack. No word from Jack. So they went ahead without him. Thinking he might arrive at any minute his place was served, but at the end of the fish course when the butler started to remove the plate the hostess stopped him.

"No," she smiled sweetly, "just leave it there. We can call it Mr. Gilbert."

Just to show you what Jack thinks of the story, he tells it on himself.

Madame Elinor Glyn's experience was just the opposite. Instead of being short a guest, she found herself entertaining an uninvited member, which happened like this:

Madame had engaged the dais floor of the Cocoanut Grove for a private party. The dais floor is slightly raised from the main floor and overlooks it, permitting a hostess to give a private party in a public place.

Now little Bessie Love does not know Madame Glyn and consequently Madame did not invite her to her party. But she had asked a lot of Bessie's friends. Dancing around on the main floor, Bessie saw the private party—and her friends. The only thing she didn't see was the hostess. So Bessie and her escort with cheery greetings to everybody sailed in and started dancing on the dais floor. Madame is a little near-sighted. She did not recognize Bessie. All she realized was that a stranger had drifted in. Breach of etiquette! So she requested that they be requested to leave. They were, by the head waiter.

Bessie was flabbergasted!

When they told Madame it was little Bessie Love, Madame was flabbergasted.

Just a little case of misunderstanding.

When I told Jobyna Ralston that story, she told me a similar experience of her own. Jobie had invited four people to dinner.

The night of the dinner the table was set for four. Six arrived. Thru some ghastly misunderstanding two others had thought themselves invited. That is up until the time they saw the table. Then in the deepest embarrassment one of them cried, "Oh, Jobie, how awful, you hadn't expected us!"

"Dont be silly," said Jobyna, "there must have been a bad connection from the studio when I phoned my maid. Anyway," she breathed; "she cant hear very well. It wont take a moment to fix the places."

The hour was saved.

But Jobie says it was awful while it lasted. Six people staring at a table set for four.

EVELYN BRENT was coming out of a beauty parlor on the Boulevard when she ran into a well-known girl whom she knows casually. They stopped to chat for

A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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Only 4 Motions used to playing this fascinating instrument. Our native Hawaiian instructors teach you to master them quickly. Pictures show how. Everything explained clearly.

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After you get the four easy motions you play harmonious chords with very little practice. No previous musical knowledge necessary.

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You'll never be lonesome with this beautiful Hawaiian Guitar. Write for Special Offer and easy terms. A postcard will do. ACT!

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9th Floor, Woolworth Bldg., Dept. 141 New York, N. Y.
Approved as a Correspondence School Under the Laws of the State of New York

PIMPLES

Cleared Up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. CLEAR-TONE tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. WRITE TODAY.

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$100 a week Selling Shirts

Fred Frankel, Ills., writes: "*I earned $110 first week selling Carlton Shirts direct to consumer.*" You can, too. No capital or experience required. We pay 25 per cent. cash commissions daily and big extra bonuses.

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES

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114 Fifth Ave., Dept. 117B, New York

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

a moment and Evelyn told her about the marvelous facial treatment she had just enjoyed. "When you have your facials, why dont you drop in here?" she suggested.

"Oh," smiled the girl friend, "I dont need them."

Evelyn has been thinking that one over ever since.

A CERTAIN popular young man received an invitation to a dinner-party that he didn't care to keep. About seven o'clock he called his host in great grief. "Old man," he nearly sobbed, "I hate to call you at this late hour but I've just found out I'll have to work tonight. You know how Jimmy Cruze shoots. We'll probably be tied up until morning."

There was a slight pause at the end of the phone.

"Maybe I'd better let Jimmy know," came the voice over the wire. "He's spending the evening with us."

VIRGINIA BROWNE FAIRE was shopping one afternoon. Dropping into a little hat shoppe, she was terribly amused at the anecdotes of a saleswoman who boasted of her large and exclusive motion picture patronage. In between stories Virginia managed to purchase a hat and ordered it to be sent. Just for fun she said, "You tell me every one shops here—does Virginia Browne Faire?"

"Oh, smiled the saleswoman superciliously, "We have only the *big* people," getting out her pad and pencil to take the address, "And what is your name, dear?"

"Faire," said Virginia throatily, "Virginia Browne Faire!"

AS I haven't been at all backward in telling stories on other people, it is only fair that I tell one on myself. I have a large and embarrassing repertoire to select from. I doubt if there is anyone who *faux pas* with more regularity than myself, and while the following isn't my worst blunder it is one of my favorites. It is so utterly inexcusable.

It was during the course of an interview with Raymond Griffith, that clever comedian and maker of clever comedies. We had been walking about the Lasky lot and with my customary grace I tripped over something and nearly broke my neck.

The girl came up smiling with the following bright crack:

"If you can ever use a little good comedy in one of your pictures, just call on me."

The Champagne Life

Faith Service writes of life in the studios with a knowing pen. Her characters are as good and as bad as human beings. And in this new short story she presents a drama that will hold your interest to the very last word.

Reserve your copy of the January MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE at your neighborhood news-stand now!

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VALUES NOT FOUND ELSEWHERE

HG1—Lady's Ring, 18K White Gold, Lace Design, hand-engraved, genuine blue-white Diamond. $47.50 $3.79 a month

HG2—Extraordinary value! Attractive bow-knot design, lady's ring, 18K white gold, first quality genuine blue-white diamond. $22.50 $1.71 a month

HG3—Lady's 18K white gold, petal design, hand-engraved ring, exclusively pierced; fiery genuine blue-white diamond. $75.00 $6.08 a month

HG4—Lady's beautifully hand-pierced 18K white gold hexagon top Ring; exquisitely radiant genuine blue-white diamond. $56.75 $4.56 a month

HG5—Think of it! 3 genuine blue-white diamonds, set in richly hand carved and pierced, 18K white gold lady's ring. $29.50 $2.29 a month

Handsome Knife and Chain included.

Complete with Knife and Chain.

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FREE—"Royal" Book of Gems. Beautifully illustrated complete catalog showing great assortment of genuine diamonds, standard watches, fine jewelry, silverware, toilet and manicure sets, etc. Prices to suit every purse. *Quality guaranteed and a full year to pay.* Write today for your free copy

BOOK GEMS TODAY

HG8—Exquisite Wedding Ring, hand-engraved 18K white gold set with 5 genuine blue-white diamonds. $9.75 $1.48 a month

HG9—Men's nationally famous Elgin Strap watch; 20 year guaranteed green gold filled case. Radium dial for night use. Warranted tested, accurate time-keeper. $24.50 $1.88 monthly

HG10—Gentleman's solid platinum front scarf pin; first quality genuine blue-white diamond, 2 French-blue sapphires. $29.75. $2.31 a month

HG11—Genuine, imported, black onyx, encrusted border; genuine blue-white diamond, 14K lady's white gold mounting. All the vogue. $18.75. $1.40 a month

HG12—Latest style, rectangular shape, Lady's Wrist Watch, 14K white gold case, highest grade 17 jewel, ruby and sapphire movement; lifetime guarantee. $22.00. $1.67 a month

HG13—Exquisite Floral design, 18K white gold lady's ring, hand pierced, generous size, genuine blue-white diamond. $37.50 $2.96 a month

HG14—Great value! Gent's 14K green gold mounting, white gold top, genuine fiery blue-white diamond. $27.50 $2.13 a month

HG15—Special offer! 4 genuine diamonds, 4 sapphires in this beautiful 14K white gold, rectangular shaped, Lady's Wrist Watch; 17 jewel ruby and sapphire movement, lifetime guarantee. "A gem of a gift." $39.75. $3.15 a month

HG16—Newest design, Gent's 18K white gold hand-engraved, massive ring, specially selected, genuine blue-white diamond. $75.00 $6.08 a month

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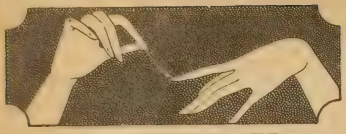

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will not peel or discolor

For lovely nails—*always*—use the new Hyglo Liquid Nail Polish. It lasts for days and days. The fashionable shell pink tint, and a lustre that is not dulled by wear or water. Use it today—just brush it on, quickly and smoothly. 35c At drug and Dept. Stores

NEW COMBINATION PACKAGE
Contains HYGLO Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, Manicure Stick, Emery Board and Nail White. 50c

Ask for the new

HYGLO
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SEND 10c FOR PURSE SIZE

HYGLO, 121 West 24th St., New York, N.Y.
☐ Enclosed is 10c for purse size package of the New HYGLO Liquid Nail Polish.
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Name_____

Address_____

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Saxophone
Paul Whiteman's Concert Orchestra

You can play this wonderful instrument

If you can whistle a tune, you can master the Saxophone. 3 free lessons give you a quick easy start. Play scales in an hour, tunes in a week. Send coupon today for literature on any instrument. Get our free trial, easy payment plan. No obligation. Nothing else could give you greater pleasure than a

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BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
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Clip the Coupon NOW!

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Gentlemen: I am interested in instrument checked below:
Saxophone☐ Cornet☐ Trombone☐ Trumpet☐
Mention any other _____
Name _____
Street Address _____
Town _____ State _____

As Others See Us

(*Continued from page* 103)

No. 3. The silver "filigree" is a beautiful gift, also lady's size and will fit in almost any purse—$6.00.

No. 4. Is a very smart slave chain of soft jade, green enamel links with "jade" cabochon stones. These are good for either day or evening and would please any girl or woman, I think. $3.24.

No. 5. Is a pair of the gloves I am never without. They are of softest suède, to wrinkle a bit on wrist—in gray or beige, $2.95.

No. 6. Very fine quality real kid in a quantity of colorings—white, with black embroidery and trimmings, or black with white, light tan with brown, or brown with champagne and champagne with black. All sizes, $2.95.

No. 7. Montag's "Dubarry Stripes" is for more formal correspondence and is thinner deep cream color paper with a check-line marking and gaily colored lining powdered with soft gold. Has 24 sheets of paper, 24 envelopes—$1.25 per box.

No. 8. A clever vanity case from Terris of polished black, with rouge, powder, lipstick, gold-tipped pencil, and mirror, with fittings removed it makes an excellent cigaret case. $2.50.

No. 9. A really fine purse, for the price, of "sheep-grain" leather with jointed top. Very smart shape, and comes in lovely colors. Tan, smart red, green, black or gray with hand-strap on back. (8¾" long) $2.85.

No. 10. Now this little "purse" should get a great big hand! For it's the very newest shape there is, with a strap in place of the older "handles," and is of shiny fine "lizard-grain." In cocoa, dark brown, dark green, lip-stick red and blue. Only $5.00 (8½" long).

No. 11. Caron's new *"champagne eau de bain,"* a fragrant toilet water for the bath and looking dangerously like real champagne. $1.50 per bottle (6½" tall).

No. 12. Which is almost like saving the best for the last. The dainty mules of excellent quality brocade in Persian design shot with metal, are from a most conservative house and are a very real saving at $4.85. They are a special value for Christmas—sizes 3 to 7—and now, dearest, having done my duty by you I shall toddle off to bed.

My best to all and write soon, do——

G.

P. S. Have a marvelous surprise in store for you soon, but dont ask me about it yet, I'm too busy—sorry to have so little gossip for you but this month I had so much else to do—"you know how it is"—

love,

G.

More Than the Gift Itself Counts

Consider the Wrapping!

If we had one dollar to spend on a gift, we would spend seventy-five cents on the gift itself and twenty-five cents on the holiday wrappings. There are so many attractive things you can do with Christmas parcels.

What are you going to do about that one special gift . . . that gift you wish to have perfect? See Grace Corson's fashion department next month. There will be suggestions galore for interesting and inexpensive gifts . . . and an original and very decorative suggestion for the wrapping of The Special Gift. Everybody has one to send.

Jacqueline Logan, *lovely-eyed motion picture star*

The Instant Appeal of Lovely, Luring Eyes

Dark, gypsy eyes—starry eyes—eyes hauntingly lovely—how instantly they lure when fringed by mysterious, half-concealing lashes! What thrilling love messages are released with every bewitching glance!

Intensify the fascination in your own eyes by darkening your lashes with WINX, a harmless liquid dressing which makes the lashes appear thick, heavy, luxurious. WINX dries instantly, clings smoothly, and neither rubs nor smears. Besides, it's waterproof—in rain, in snow; and it's harmless. 75c, U. S. and Canada. Black or brown.

WINXETTE, to outline the brows after powdering, comes in cake form with a one row brush and mirror, 50c. Black or brown.

Offer! *Mail 12c at once for a generous sample of Winx*
ROSS CO., 242-L West 17th St., N. Y.
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*Address*_____
WINX Waterproof

THIS CLASS PIN 25c.
12 or more, Silver plate, Single pins 25c ea. choice 2 colors enamel, 3 letters, date. Sterling Silver, 12 or more 45c ea. Single pins 55c. ea. Free Cat. shows Pins, Rings, Emblems 20c to $8ea.
685 Metal Arts Co., Inc., 7715 South Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, published MONTHLY at JAMAICA, N. Y., for OCTOBER 1st, 1926. State of NEW YORK, County of KINGS. Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. Editor, ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. Managing Editor, ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. Business Manager, DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR., 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) EUGENE Y. BREWSTER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is . . . . (This information is required from daily publications only.) DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR., Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of SEPTEMBER, 1926. E. M. HEINEMANN. (My commission expires MARCH 30th, 1928.)

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Prepare NOW for Christmas

$2 Brings Your Choice

$10 $45 Complete

See Description Below

Buy a Xmas gift on the same basis as 95% of the automobiles are bought. Pin $2.00 to this "ad," indicate selection and mail today. Your choice will come for a 15-day trial. Try to duplicate elsewhere for less money. If satisfied, pay balance in 10 equal monthly payments. Otherwise, return and your $2.00 will be refunded. No red tape—prompt delivery-dealings confidential.

$12..$39.50

$13..$50.

$14..$29.50

$15..$57.50

$17..$23.50

$10--14K white gold wrist watch; 4 blue-white diamonds; 4 blue sapphires. 15 jewel movement with expansion bracelet complete, in gift case **$45.00 $4.30 a month.**

$12--Ladies 18K white gold ring, 2 diamonds in shank, large AA1 blue-white diamond in center. **$39.50 - $3.75 a month.**

$13--Ladies 18K white gold ring; AA1 blue-white diamond **$50.00 $4.80 a month.**

$14--18K white gold lace-work design, with 3 blue-white diamonds **$29.50 - $2.75 a month.**

$15--Gents 18K white gold ring, extra heavy; blue sapphire in center; 2 blue-white diamonds **$57.50 $5.55 a month**

$17--12 size, 7 jewel Elgin watch; 14K gold-filled case; with chain and 14K gold-filled fountain pen complete **$23.50 $2.15 a month.**

$18--Famous BULOVA Gents Strap Watch 14K gold-filled case; 15 jewel movement. **$28.50 - $2.65 a month.** It's a Bulova **$18--$28.50**

L.W. SWEET Inc.
DEPT. 316-T 1660 BROADWAY NEW YORK

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Complete Booklet of appropriate Christmas Gifts. Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry.
Send for it TODAY.

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PLAYS

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BUNIONS

Quick, safe relief from Bunion pain. Prevent shoe pressure.

At all drug and shoe stores—35c.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

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The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page* 53)

belongs to another race of people. It is as natural for her to show her emotion as it is for others to hide theirs. Pola is not a repressed person. She is very much as she appears on the screen, nearer her screen personality than almost anyone we have ever met.

Her grief was intense during those tragic, trying days. No one who saw her, ghostly pale and drawn, her mouth slack from weeping, and utterly heedless of her appearance, even tho thousands of eyes watched her morbidly, could have denied her grief.

We do not believe that she will walk brokenly down to old age, a grief-stricken woman. But it is our belief that Pola has suffered more poignantly and more intensely than it is given to many people to suffer. Perhaps she will more quickly spend her grief. That, too, is likely.

But if it is her way to weep hysterically and suffer tragically for a little while, who are we to say that her grief or loss is less than the grief and loss of other temperaments who maintain a calm, stoic front in public and hug their grief secretly to their heart for a longer time?

NOWADAYS it is altogether fitting and proper for reviews of the leading sporting events to appear in a motion picture magazine. For what champion has failed to make at least one appearance in the movies.

The Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia marked an achievement in our life. Estelle Taylor wired us that Jack Dempsey was sending us tickets. The tickets came. They were ringside seats in the eleventh row. We showed them to our husband. Now for seven years we have devoted a good portion of our life to trying to impress this man, both before and after we married him. At last we have succeeded. Nothing we have ever done or ever expect to do will raise us higher in his masculine estimation.

We wanted Jack to win. Quite regardless of the fact that he sent us the tickets. There's something about Jack. It is a wistful quality, difficult to describe. But it is real enough to have intrigued practically every hard-boiled sport writer. Despite the fact that he has acquired a goodly share of the world's goods and the beautiful Estelle Taylor for a wife, he reminds us of the poor little boy you see standing hungrily outside of a bakeshop window.

We dont know Gene Tunney. (He played in the movies in "The Fighting Marine," you know.) But being a woman and prejudiced by inconsequential things, we hold his wearing that Marine dressing-gown against him. We did not see what it had to do with the champion prize-fight for one thing. And we rather resent people making patriotic gestures for the benefit of a gallery. It is like George M. Cohan waving an American flag and hoping for a curtain call. We would have liked Tunney better if he has entered the ring, depending only upon his skill and personality for public approval. His skill alone would have been sufficient, for we have nothing but praise for him as a fighter. He is one of the most skilful boxers we have ever seen. And on the night of September twenty-third he was a better man than Dempsey.

Championships are more easily won than retained. And we doubt very much if you can remain a leader in any field unless you give your life to it. For the last

(*Continued on page* 112)

Glasses Mar Nature's Beauty

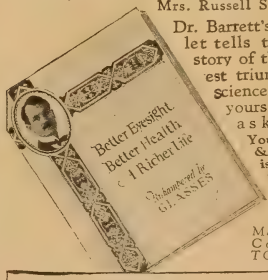
TODAY is an age of beauty. The modern woman no longer tolerates conditions which detract from her natural charm. To enhance her loveliness, she not only enlists the forces of nature, but she summons to her service the marvels of modern science.

She has come to realize that *real* beauty lies in *natural* eyes. Nature intends these wondrous windows of the soul to radiate that natural beauty.

Science has at last learned the secret of *natural* vision—has struck off the shackles that dimmed the lustre of so many eyes. This new knowledge of the eye is not only enabling thousands to discard their glasses, but it is so improving the lustre, the eloquence, of womankind's most ravishing feature that a new age of beauty is dawning.

Read what Mrs. Russell Simpson, singer and actress of note, and wife of Russell Simpson, prominent motion picture star has to say:

"I have discarded my glasses forever. No need to say that the improvement in my appearance is such that some of my friends hardly knew me. Glasses made me look years older than I really am."
(Signed)
Mrs. Russell Simpson



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The Spotlight Is Turned on the Director: Frank Borzage

By
SCOOP CONLON

NOT only because he became famous at twenty-five by directing "Humoresque," but because he has produced better pictures since! For example: Norma Talmadge's "The Lady" and "Secrets."

Because his career began in the coal-mines of Utah, where at twelve years of age he did a man's work—because this child dreamer ran away to embark upon one of the most amazing "barnstorming" adventures in stage history. He started at thirteen, and before the movies rescued him at nineteen, he had played as many cow-towns and mining-camps as he had characters.

Because he was discovered by the late Thomas H. Ince, who featured him a romantic young leading man. Borzage finally starred and directed himself in Western pictures—and then quit acting for the greater opportunities to create as a director.

Because in private life, this brilliant, but exceptionally modest, unassuming young man of thirty summers is a noted athlete. He wins golf tournaments, and is rated as one of the three great squash champions of the United States.

Seely

Frank Borzage

Son of a Tyrolese Italian, he was born on a farm near Salt Lake City. As a farmer boy and coal-mine mucker he dreamed great dreams as he slaved at a man's work and a man's pay, while he dreamed of play-acting on the stage. When he finally ran away he had the courage to stick it out. For six years this bashful but gritty kid barnstormed the entire American West of desert and mountain towns, took tickets, did all the dirty work back stage, starved, bummed, worked at menial occupations—asking only an occasional chance to "act." In halls, empty storerooms, and shacks, these "troupers," beside whom the one-night stand "ham" actor stands as a Barrymore in comparison, played at anything and everything before audiences ranging from the janitor and nine others to a top house of a hundred deluded souls. "He Who Gets Slapped" had nothing on this wistful-eyed, dreamer-son of Latin ancestors who cared not for years of hard knocks, ridicule, "hurts," so long as he occasionally got the chance to "act." Barnstorming in Western mining- and cow-towns was a life that would make the hardened soul of a bum quail, for while these hard-bitten denizens of the Western country would be ordinarily plumb tickled to see most any kind of show, the troupes that Borzage barnstormed with were so "ornery" they usually got run out of town. But the blithe spirit of the troubadour in the kid ever sang its gay song, and he plodded along unmindful of the terrible hardships so long as he could "smell" the stage and get his chance to act.

Despite these incredible handicaps, the seventeen-year-old lad became a popular actor in the "sticks." He was considered a fine character man. He played everything from handsome heroes and juveniles to dastardly villains and doddering old men. He was known as a "crepe-hair guy." Unappreciative audiences caused him to drift into Los Angeles to try the movies. He fell under the eagle eye of that gifted picker of future movie "greats," the late Thomas H. Ince. He began by dying a score of times every day in those Civil War and Western pictures because of his make-up ability. Soon he was one of Ince's most promising of the younger stars. But, after starring and directing himself in many two-reel Westerns, the sincere young Borzage decided to give up acting for directing. About this time he met and married a winsome young comedy star, Rena Rogers, who then and there laid aside her own career to put her pretty shoulders to her husband's wheel. How well they pulled together is best evidenced in the fact that Frank Borzage at thirty is rated as one of the greatest and really gifted of picture directors. Altho he will probably always be known as "the man who made 'Humoresque,'" he directed Norma Talmadge in two of her finest—if not her very finest—pictures. Frank

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Borzage is delightfully human in his story-telling. His quaint "Lazybones," revealing the erstwhile cowboy star, Buck Jones, as an actor of ability; his humorous domestic comedies such as "The First Year," and "Early to Wed," co-featuring Kathryn Perry and Matt Moore, are sufficient proof. He recently directed "The Pelican" with Alma Rubens in a strong emotional rôle. But most promising of all since "Humoresque," is the selection of Borzage to direct "The Seventh Heaven." He is putting his heart and soul into the screening of this beautiful play.

Frank Borzage's father was the kind of a man who, while he worked at the trade of stone-masonry, raised a family of fourteen children, each one of whom could play almost any musical instrument. Back in the Italian Tyrol an ancient Borzage chiseled heroic figures out of marble, another painted in the rich but forgotten colors of the masters, another composed, sang and played roundelays in honor of his lady love—for in the young body of Frank Borzage lurked the soul of a great artist, who was to rise in his early twenties to a yearly salary that would ransom a king, the tribute of the movie producers to his genius reflected in the popularity his pictures won from the public.

Only a boy who used to sneak away to his bed in the ranch-house to sob his heart out (and he never knew why) while his brothers played their accordions—could have directed such a human epic of the Jewish race as "Humoresque." Only a dreamer of dreams would have understood this story of a downtrodden race. Humanness knows no race or creed!

Today, Frank Borzage's father smokes his pipe in a fine California bungalow instead of a barren Utah ranch-house, or, he watches his gifted son modeling in human clay on movie sets, instead of chipping away at stone for houses and gravestones. Today, Frank Borzage himself never knows when he gets up in the morning which of his cars is going to take him to the studio, or, how many clubs he belongs to, or exactly how much money he does make—it's that much—and he doesn't give any of these problems more than a passing thought—for Frank Borzage is still the dreamer of dreams, modeling in the movies what his ancestors did in marble, in paints and in song.

News of the Camera Coasts

(*Continued from page 69*)

as a director. It was at the time much publicity was being given a prominent director, who in his younger days was a taxicab driver. The first person the youth met was Charlie, who looked like one of the executives of the studio. The boy timidly inquired of Mr. Murphy if the studio was in dire need of new directorial talent.

"Whatta ya been doin'?" asked Murphy.

"I have been graduating from Yale University," replied the youth.

"Did you ever drive a taxicab?"

"No."

"Well," mused Charlie rubbing his chin, "You better go out and drive a few cabs. All our directors start as taxicab drivers."

Which is all preparatory to saying that the best preliminary course for stardom just now seems to be four years of college football.

Since Red Grange's sensational success in the moving pictures, producers are getting the impression that a field-goal from the forty-yard line is a passport to stardom.

The F. B. O. organization has signed James Pierce, who at one time was a stellar light on the Indiana eleven. Pierce is to play the leading rôle in "Tarzan and the Golden Lion." The leading rôle, by the way, is not the lion.

NARY a month slips by that we dont publish a few notes on marriages and divorces. It is getting so these items aren't news any more.

Clara Bow is engaged! You say you have heard that before, but this time it's a different boy. The announcement treaked over the wires from Texas that Victor Fleming, who is directing "The Rough Riders," is to marry Clara, who is on location in the same state with the company filming "Wings." Clara has been engaged to Gilbert Roland, Donald Keith, and a couple of others, but not all at the same time, of course. It looks like this latest announcement is a promise made on the level. "Vic" is one of the most regular fellows that ever shouted thru a megaphone. We extend the cornucopia full of good wishes to them.

Mabel Normand and Lew Cody took the vow at midnight at Ventura, the Poinsetta city, with two motor-cycle cops as witnesses. The marriage was a great surprise to everyone—even the County Clerk of Ventura County and the Justice of the Peace. Both were routed out of bed; one to provide the license and the other to provide the ceremony. Two motor-cycle officers from Beverly Hills escorted the couple to Ventura, as Lew explained they decided to get married very suddenly and speed counted. Lew gave his age as thirty-nine years and Mabel as twenty-eight years. Certainly, the marriage appears to be legal, what with a County Clerk, a Justice of the Peace and two motor-cycle cops engaged in carrying out the ceremony.

More marital news is that Francis X. Bushman is desirous of remarrying Beverly Bayne, who was granted a divorce from the actor two years ago. Bushman stated that, "While there is no truth in the report that we will remarry, that is what I desire. I have had no conversations or correspondence with the other party on the subject."

We have no divorce stories to print. Domestically speaking, Hollywood is quite tranquil.

LON CHANEY is the producers' box-office hero. His name draws many shekels into the till, and he has saved the day for many a shaky producer. Lon has appeared before you sans eyes, sans teeth and sans hair. He is about to make another appearance sans arms, for his next picture will be from Tod Browning's story, "Alonzo the Armless."

THE Fox company feels that it has discovered the two best feminine stars of the year in Jaynet Gaynor and Olive Borden. These two new actresses have given the boys in the head offices the feeling that they are about to make a lot of money. Because of this, they have torn up the old contracts and are going to give the gals a new deal.

The rapidity with which young girls jump to stardom with their name in the bright lights staggers me almost as much as lighting my first sky-rocket did.

I knew both these girls "when," and that was only eighteen months ago. They are two distinctly different types, so it is

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

safe to speak of them both in the same breath, there being no jealousy between blondes and brunettes in the movie world.

Olive has the most temperament of the two. She is of that fiery Irish stock. I believe her ancestors must have been the first of the Irish to hobnob with the Spanish when the tamale tossers migrated to Erin several centuries ago. She is a determined, strong-willed little Mick, who is very apt to drop the parlor lamp over your head if you happen to say that St. Patrick saw snakes because there were no prohibition laws in those days.

She is a staunch supporter of her mother, a lovable Irish woman with a great sense of humor. Besides being Irish, Olive is also a Virginian. She has a proud and haughty nature which she turns on to the 'teenth degree when some one attempts to play down to her.

At the risk of getting pelted with the parlor lamp, I reveal her age, which is twenty years. We'll say no more until I find out whether the parlor lamp has been replaced by a statue of the discus thrower.

Without referring to my thesaurus for a better word, I will say that Jaynet Gaynor is the antithesis of Olive Borden. Jaynet is a demure young girl. A bit frail, I thought, until I saw her swimming with a crawl stroke that made me wonder why she didn't think of swimming the channel before Gertrude Ederle turned the trick. I asked Jaynet if her ability as a swimmer is what gave her the leading rôle in "The Johnstown Flood." She said she didn't know why she was given the part unless the Fox people thought she took a good close-up under water.

Jaynet does not possess the self-assurance that Olive has. She is a bit timid, and I am afraid will get jipped more on the business end of the deal than Olive, who might buy a gold brick providing she could take it back to the United States treasurer and have it melted and analyzed. Without fear of physical violence, I give Jaynet's age, which is eighteen years.

These aren't prospective stars I introduce you to, but girls who are sitting on gold-bond contracts. Jaynet is preparing to play the leading rôle in F. W. Murnau's first American picture, "Sunrise," adapted from "A Trip to Tilsit." Murnau is the German director who made "The Last Laugh." Olive is about to blaze forth in a new production.

I wish them both good mileage on their movie careers, and I am proud I knew them "when."

MUCH trouble with "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The picture was delayed a month because the director took sick and all but grew wings like *little Eva*.

The next blow came when it was learned that Charles Gilpin, the colored actor, couldn't play *Uncle Tom* and another actor was selected.

The final smash occurred the other day to the orchestra. The boys spent considerable time arranging a score of music, composed of old negro spirituals and chants. The actors couldn't emote to the tunes at all, so Irving Berlin's compositions had to be dragged out to accompany *little Eva* on her altitude flight.

Love Stories

(*Continued from page 22*)

sense of humor, and an effective wardrobe. He was seen about a lot, I remember, with a girl who wore a brilliant red dress. She was pretty, peppy and animated. She and Irving made a perfect study of what the Smart Young Set is doing this evening.

One day the company with which Irving was affiliated started casting a picture. The picture was "Forever After," a stage success of Alice Brady's, being produced by First National. They needed a leading woman and someone suggested Mary Astor.

"Ha, ha," said Irving in effect.

The First National people wanted to know what was the matter.

"In the first place," said Irving, "I dont like her on the screen and in the second place I dont like her off the screen. She is ga-ga, and," he added, "her mother is her best pal and most constant companion."

But they overrode Irving on the thing and one day Miss Astor, whose mother is her best pal and most constant companion, walked into Irving's office. Without her mother. Irving, trying to be nice, said something about her looking particularly well that morning.

"Oh," replied Miss Astor, with what Irving later described as a "dead pan." "Oh, I guess there are a lot of girls who look better than I do this morning."

Mr. Asher looked over the top of his desk. Was it possible that the supposedly humorless Miss Astor was kidding him? He decided to find out. He said he hadn't seen her for a long time.

"I guess there are a lot of girls you haven't seen since you saw me."

And then they both roared with laughter. It isn't quite known whether the laughter did it or not, but somehow Irving's heart turned over a couple of times and landed in his eyes when he looked at Mary again. Before "Forever After" was finished, Mary and Irving were engaged.

Never were two people more engaged. They're "engaged forever after." They're inseparable.

In case you want to know, Irving is crazy about Mary's mother. Takes her to the theater with them. Gets mad if she doesn't go.

Cute, isn't it, this little heart story of the gay Mr. Asher who liked 'em snappy and the mouselike Miss Astor who had never gone out with a man unchaperoned. The moral of it is, as the girl in red could say, you never can tell just what gentlemen prefer.

That brings us to Joan and Michael Cudahy, who were so very much in love (as much so as Jobie and Dick, and Mary and Irving)—but aren't any more. I mean they aren't in love. They would say, if you were to ask either of them, that they were still good friends. But merely friends. I guess they ought to know. But somehow this seems funny to me——

Whenever Mike is out dancing with someone else, his eyes always seem to wander to Joan.

And whenever Joan is out dancing with someone else, her eyes always seem to wander to Mike.

But they're *merely* good friends, you understand.

I wonder if they ever miss dancing together? They danced so marvelously, this Joan who is a former chorus girl and this Mike who is a rich family's son. He used to keep her apartment of crazy dolls and soft lights and brilliant cushions, flooded with his flowers. A dozen of his pictures adorned her walls. They were

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everywhere together. One morning we read: "Heir to Packer's Millions to Wed Film Star." No one was very much surprised. They had seen Joan and Mike—and the way they looked at each other.

And then something happened.

No one knows just what. Mike is such a kid, only nineteen or twenty, some say his family interfered.

Others say it just sort of wore itself out for both of them.

But I cant help wondering why it is that when Joan is ill Mike is always the first to hear of it and drop around with flowers? Just an old friend calling for old times' sake?

They both say so.

Sometimes I think it is a little funny, this love story of the awfully rich boy and the little jazz girl from the New York revues. And sometimes I think it is a little sad. In a way.

Just about the time romance was pealed out of Joan and Mike, wedding bells rang in for Josef von Sternberg and a girl named Riza Royce. They were married very quietly in a quiet little town. There was no one present except themselves and some people they asked to be witnesses. And that was the end of something that began a long time ago. Even before Jo met Riza.

Two or three years ago Jo was very much in love with another girl. A broody, sullen-eyed girl whose moods were as deep as midnight waters. He was miserably in love. It engulfed him. For a time it almost consumed him.

The moody-eyed girl didn't love Jo. That is, she didn't love him enough. He wore himself out against the wall of her petulance, her whims, her lack of consideration. Out of that love he produced "The Salvation Hunters," the picture that brought him a sensational and debated celebrity. It came from the misery of his heart and mind.

He made another picture for M. G. M. rather half-heartedly and then he went to Europe. To escape. To try to forget. When he came back he had succeeded to a certain extent. But he was steeped in a sort of bitter cynicism. Especially about women. He said he could not afford to be hurt so deeply again.

He hadn't been back long when Chaplin offered him the direction of an Edna Purviance picture, and Jo accepted.

That's where Riza comes in.

Riza worked in the picture playing "bits" whenever they came up. Between scenes she and Jo would talk. It wasn't a flirtation. They just talked for a long time about all sorts of things, peacefully, calmly. In a little while it was perfectly clear to everyone, but Jo and Riza, that they were in love. Jo told Riza about the other girl. Riza was sorry. From the bottom of her heart she was sorry. Without being exactly conscious of what she was doing, she tried to make it up. Tried to be gentle where the other had been merciless. And Jo, who was all steeped in cynicism about women, would reach for her hand in the darkness of the projection room.

When the picture was finished, he put her name on the credit titles as one of his assistants. And he might have added, "My wife."

. . . . . .

Those are the love stories I was going to tell you about. The new ones, if love stories are ever new. It may be true that "the same old story" can never be really novel, but it does have its variations. Some are comedies. Some dramas. Others mysteries. But all laughed, and wept and thrilled over. As love stories should ever be.

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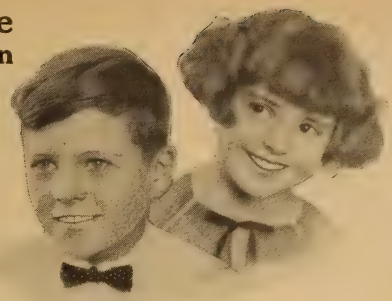

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YOU can play real tunes from the start. No notes to puzzle you—no tiresome scales to practice.

You need not know a thing about music. Even if you have never touched a piano, if you can hum or whistle a tune, we can teach you to play all popular song hits *by ear* at a very small cost. No need now to spend years practicing under old-time method. My new and original system teaches you easily and quickly.

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Please send at once without obligation, your Free Book explaining how you can teach me to play piano by ear in 90 days.

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The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page* 107)

few years Jack Dempsey appears to have been more interested in the price of orchids out of season . . . and over the shade of upholstery to be used in Estelle's Rolls-Royce than he has been in trainers and boxing and rubbers down. Maybe that has something to do with it. Success is a hard taskmaster, demanding constant and ceaseless application.

However, Jack was a game fighter. He was the aggressor every time. It made us furious to see him employ this tactic because he was playing Tunney's game. Tunney is the boxer. Jack is the lambaster. If we had been Jack, we wouldn't have boxed around the ring with Tunney. We would have stood stock-still in that ring until Tunney came after us, if the bells for the whole ten rounds had sounded. And what is more, we'll bet if he had done this, that crowd would have cheered him to one man.

Members of our family and some of our friends think it unladylike of us to attend prize-fights and get excited and cry out "Give it to him . . ." And when we came back and spoke of the beauty of Jack Dempsey's body, these people were shocked. Yet these same people would go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and stand before a Rodin statue and make the proper academic exclamations of admiration. Jack Dempsey's body is as symmetrical as the men that Rodin so mightily wrought from his marble and when Jack is in the ring, weaving at his opponent, his body has the added beauty of movement.

If you live in one of the states where they permit the motion pictures of this fight to be shown, go to see them by all means. You will see something as beautiful as a ballet.

The ringside audience was generously scattered with motion picture celebrities. Private trains came from Los Angeles bearing such favorites as Colleen Moore and John McCormick, William Russell and Helen Ferguson, the Talmadges and so on and so on. If some enterprising cameraman shot some scenes of the audience, it will look like an honest-to-goodness all-star production.

A. W. D.

That's Out

(*Continued from page* 59)

entitled to the distinction of being the author of the now-famous gum-drop story, "Mannequin."

If these two authors were only fighting to disclaim any responsibility for such junky material, one might understand it; but proudly to claim that "Mannequin" is one of their offsprings is too much for an ordinary mortal to fathom.

If this sort of thing keeps up, we soon expect to hear of noted Hollywood directors arguing as to who made the worst picture of the year.

Garbo *vs.* Negri

GRETA GARBO seems to be the young foreign actress who is going to accomplish in America what was originally expected of Pola Negri.

Many still consider Pola the greatest actress upon the screen, but close analysis of her work during the past two years fails to reveal any justification for such an assumption.

Anyway, as fine an actress as Pola Negri was, or is, Greta seems to have more varied talents. In addition, Greta has a personality that should make her one of the greatest favorites on the American screen.

While Pola is apparently not the type of actress who can maintain wide popularity on this side of the Atlantic over a considerable length of time.

Famous Last Words

THE Director to the Producer: "This picture may not make money, but it will be an artistic success."

The Actor or the Story?

A DISCUSSION is raging out in Hollywood as to what is the most important factor in the success of a photoplay, the actors or the stories. No one seems to agree.

It was recently decided to put the question to a neutral party. A cameraman was selected, and the question was put to him.

Without any hesitation, his answer came: "What's the most important factor—the actor or the story? Why, that's easy. The photography!"

American Efficiency

THEY do funny things in the studios.

One of the big Hollywood producing organizations decided to make a story of Paris. They assigned the job of writing the scenario to over twelve different scenarists, and still they failed to get a satisfactory script.

For months the work went on and no results were obtained.

All during this time there was a Frenchman on the scenarist staff's pay-roll drawing a weekly salary. He had lived in Paris practically all of his life.

One day he timidly suggested to the producing organization that they allow him to try his hand at writing the Paris story.

"No," said the production manager, "you wouldn't get the American angle on it. Anyway, we have another story for you to begin work on."

It was a rip-roaring Western laid in a locality the Frenchman had never even visited.

Dont Be Silly!

ONE of the big film magnates has instructed his directors to keep a sharp lookout for screen discoveries while they are making their pictures.

Might as well ask truck drivers on coal wagons to keep a sharp lookout for coal mines, while journeying back and forth delivering their loads.

From all that we can see, most directors cannot even keep their eye on the thread of the story, much less display the ability to discover new screen personalities.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Be Slender

No effort is required

Don't you realize that countless people have found an easy way to fight fat?

Look about you. Note how slenderness reigns today. Excess fat is not one-tenth as common as it was. Millions of people have learned how to fight that blight to beauty and to health.

Some still rely on abnormal exercise and diet. But more and more employ the easy, pleasant, scientific way—Marmola Prescription Tablets.

Marmola has been used for 19 years. Users have told others the results, until people last year used over a million boxes. That is the great reason why slenderness so prevails.

You should learn what Marmola means to you. Learn how it harmlessly and promptly reduces excess fat, up to a pound a day. You will be always glad that you found it.

All drug stores sell Marmola at $1 a box. Or it is mailed in plain wrappers by Marmola Co., 1810 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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PERSONAL Appearance

is now more than ever the key note of success, both in social and business life. **Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women**, both young and old, will be glad to hear that my new appliance will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will soon save you from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old-fashioned splints or braces, with bothersome straps, hard to adjust, but a scientific, modern device of proven merit, used and recommended for the last 4 years by physicians everywhere.)

Write today for particulars, testimonials and my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation. Enclose a dime for postage.

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Earn Big Money. Work home or travel. Make secret investigations. Fascinating work. Excellent opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, **GEORGE M. WAGNER**, former Government Detective, **1968 Broadway, New York.**

Learn to PAINT SIGNS and SHOW CARDS

We quickly teach you by mail, or at school, in spare time. Enormous demand. Big future. Interesting work. Oldest and foremost school.

EARN $50 TO $200 WEEKLY

John Vasson, N. Y., gets $25 for single show card. Crawford, B. C., writes: "Earned $200 while taking course." Don't delay. Send today for complete information, samples and guarantee.

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
162 Stimson Ave. Est. 1899 DETROIT, MICH.

Poverty Row

(*Continued from page 27*)

and file of good actors who are not stars of the first magnitude, who must work to live, and who find work increasingly hard to find—or, who just happen to be in one of those frightening, dull periods between good "breaks."

Herbert Rawlinson, whose dimples and curls once made him a popular matinée idol, still has the dimples and curls, but he has to offer them in a cheaper market, these days—a lower rung of the ladder. In the heyday of his popularity, he bought ten thousand fans photographs every year. The other day he bought a hundred.

Francis X. Bushman went all the way down, and now he is climbing up again. Henry B. Walthall is doing the same thing, but Maurice Costello seems unable to climb back. He does bits, now and then, but the rôle he plays oftenest is just "father to the Costello girls."

A few years ago, Clara Kimball Young starred in "Enter Madame." Louise Dresser played a very minor part in the same picture. Today, Louise Dresser is at the top of the ladder, and Clara is not even in the game. That seems a particularly strange twist of Fate, for all the advantages would seem to be on Clara's side—youth, beauty, popularity—but even these could not hold her when she began to slip.

Once in the good old days, Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley were the famous lovers of the screen—Phillips began to drop down. Lois stayed near the top, as actress, then as director, but the surge of competition pushed her down—down and out. Trouble, bad luck, false friends, all had their part in her fall, but Lois Weber has grit—grit and genius, and no combination of circumstances was strong enough to keep her down. She is back again now, near the very top—our only woman director, and Phillips Smalley is playing a small part in her current production.

Grace Cunard, one of the early favorites, whose salary was something that was named in whispers, with an aw-ed, "Do you believe it is true?" is now playing in serials. Louise Lorraine, who has long played in serials, has just signed a contract to be featured by one of the biggest companies. So it goes—up and down!

Francis Ford was once a producer, a director, a star—one of the biggest names in the business—today he is in serials or what have you!

And do you remember when Virginia Pearson was one of the deadliest vamps? Earrings and slinky gowns and all the rest of it! But times and styles have changed. The public no longer likes the old label. Vamps may still be vamps, but they mustn't look like it.

Sometimes it is age, often folly, more often still, just bad luck, that forces an actor down—pathetic, much of it.

Florence Lawrence, "The Girl with a Thousand Faces," who was probably the first woman made famous by pictures, was seriously injured and paralyzed for four years. Now she is trying to come back, but the picture business has marched on with a new generation of stars in the van. She cant come back to her old place—and she is working as hard as any beginner to make a new niche for herself, as a character comédienne. She has an even chance to succeed, for she is a good actress. That is, she may succeed, if she can force herself to forget that she was once a star and that all these people who have big names now, "were once extras for me." She waits for studios to send

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You can easily place this delightfully perfumed balsam on the hairs for a few seconds and then remove it, at the same time gently lifting out the very roots of hundreds of hairs. **And all in less than a minute!**

This scientific preparation is not to be confused with temporary surface hair removers. It is composed of ingredients which will PERMANENTLY destroy the growth by gently lifting out the roots until they cannot return.

Formulated by a physician, it is simple, safe and rapid. And your skin will take on a beautiful complexion. Thousands of women are using it. Your money back if it does not do all that is claimed.

Ask at your favorite toilet goods counter—Only $1.00 a pkg.

NU-ART

The New Art of Destroying Embarrassing Hair.

If your dealer cannot supply you, mail this coupon today

DELFIN, INC., Dept. 901, South Orange, N. J.

☐ I enclose $1.00 for a package of NU-ART.

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Here's a bargain price and easy terms besides! The rich elegance of this coat will appeal to every well dressed woman. The material is of fine quality bolivia while the collar and cuffs are of richly colored Mandell fur. The sides are made in novel panel effect of self material attractively trimmed with rows of neat buttons. Entire garment is warmly interlined and fully lined with silk satin de chine. Black or French blue. Sizes 34 to 44. Length 47 inches.

Order by No. C-12F. Terms $1.00 with coupon, then only $4.85 a month. Total Bargain Price only $29.95.

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Have this stylish fall coat and never miss the money. With our liberal easy payment plan you send only a small amount each month, so little you can easily save it out of the nickels and dimes you would otherwise fritter away. Try it and see.

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No C.O.D. to Pay

Send for Free Style Book

Elmer Richards Co.
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I enclose $1 deposit. Send Bolivia Coat No. C-12F. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it and get my money back. Otherwise I will pay $4.85 a month until I have paid $29.95 in all.

(Check Color Wanted) *Black* ☐ *Blue* ☐ *Size*.....

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Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home.

Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. MAHLER CO., 262-B, Mahler Park, Providence, R.I.

ONLY $3.85 C.O.D.

L'Miramar Brooch

MAGNIFICENT! Most unique, artistic reproduction of a Watteau painting in life-like colors on GENUINE TRANSLUCENT CHINA. More gorgeous than Cameos and set in Platinum-like setting surrounded by 46 brilliant L'Mirama Diamonds. These Brooches are not sold in Retail Stores. Must be seen to be appreciated. Each has safety catch and comes in exquisite gift box. Send no money. Just pay Postman $3.85 on delivery.

POSITIVE MONEY REFUND
If not absolutely satisfied with alluring value.
GEM JEWELRY CO.
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This Ad is worth 36¢

From Florida, land of the Orange Blossom, comes Bo Kay, the distinctive complexion powder. Scented with the perfume of nature's most romantic flower, The Orange Blossom.

Bo Kay Orange Blossom Face Powder

sells regularly at 75 cents. By enclosing this advertisement, however, you can take advantage of our Florida Friendship offer and obtain a regular full size box of this fine powder for 39 cents—a saving to you of 36 cents.

BO-KAY PERFUME CO.
DEPT. D JACKSONVILLE FLA.

for her—sometimes they do, but more often they forget.

Very recently it was announced that Flora Finch was to be featured in a series of comedies. She used to play with John Bunny, and has hardly been seen for years.

Forrest Stanley and Tom Santschi were once names to conjure with—now find them if you can—and yet they are still playing.

Florence Turner is perhaps, one of the most gallant figures in the game. Just mention her name and any old-timer will rave with enthusiasm. By old-timer, I mean anyone whose memory goes back more than ten years. They will tell you that Florence Turner is the finest woman, the best actress and the greatest sport whose name was ever in electrics. She is slowly climbing back again, but the years have taken their toll. Today she is supporting stars who were mere children when she had the world at her feet.

Many of the idols, who were once at the top and are now seldom seen, such as Anita Stewart, Enid Bennett, Mae Marsh and Dorothy Dalton, have merely retired. They are not failures. In most cases, they have made or married fortunes—sometimes both.

Some few have gone back to the stage—Madge Kennedy, Pauline Frederick and Vivian Martin, for instance.

Others seem to have dropped completely into oblivion, such as Alice Lake and Louise Glaum.

But the majority of the really Big Names have been in the game since the beginning. The years have only added to their fame, and their places have been made secure by money and accomplishment.

Mary Pickford, the Gish girls, the Talmadges and Alice Joyce are still favorites. The rising tide of new blood will eventually crowd them out of popular favor, but they will never be pushed down—they will retire, having found their pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Those myriads who shift places on the ladder of Poverty Row are, generally speaking, the great middle class—good troupers with good names—with alternate good and bad luck—but of such as these, is the bulwark of the industry.

Holly Wreaths

What are you going to do to make your house gay this Christmas? There are so many charming decorations you can employ, whether your house is large or small . . . or if you live in a modern apartment. And curiously enough the most effective decorations are sometimes the least expensive.

Next month Stephen Gooson, the artistic interior decorator for the First National Pictures, will give you a dozen or more suggestions for holiday decorations. Dont miss Mr. Gooson's page.

Let your house be the gayest, most Christmasy and artistically decorated house in the neighborhood.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Enter and Exit, Smiling

(*Continued from page 38*)

She is a scream. She is a riot. She is a knock-out. In the short time she has been on the Coast she has become the most sought-after person in the film colony. All want her at their parties. Everybody "rushes" her. Everybody falls for her.

As on the stage, in "Charlot's Revue," so in life, it isn't what Beatrice Lille says that is so funny. It's the way she says it. An unexpected inflection of the voice will do the trick. This asset, of course, is lost so far as the screen is concerned. But Miss Lille's mannerisms, so faithfully registered by the camera, should be quite enough to put her over. Her grave, innocent gaze, with impish mischief lurking in the background. Her mocking side-long glance, head half-turned away, mouth very solemn. The grave lowering of her eyelashes over astonished eyes. The quirk of an eyebrow or a finger. I'll vow she could upset the House of Lords, Calvin Coolidge, Mussolini at his fiercest and John Barrymore in his most temperamental mood, any time she chose.

Hollywood took Beatrice Lille seriously. Oh, Very! Because she is so clever every leading producer made tests of her in the hope of determining her screen possibilities. Several decided that her nose is too long. Stunning young woman that she is, it's true that she hasn't what Hollywood considers perfect camera features.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided to take a risk on her, however, and after her Hollywood engagement in "Charlot's Revue" she signed up for "Exit, Smiling." Heaven knows what they're paying her, but I'll wager it's plenty. She is so funny that doubtless she could make Louis B. Mayer laugh merrily as he signed her up for a salary that would startle Gloria Swanson.

Assuredly, Miss Lille does not take Hollywood seriously. With most improper joy, the studio people tell me that there's not a shade of difference in her manner of treating Mr. Mayer and the lowest office boy on the lot. Certainly she has no Respect for Interviewers. All plans were laid for me to have luncheon with her. I arrived at the hour set. Then began the frantic search for Miss Lille. She seemed to have disappeared beyond all earthly ken. An hour later came word from her maid that she was lying down and perhaps would "see me later."

To flout an interviewer is almost fatal to a player, regardless of rank. Beatrice Lille got *away* with it solely because I knew she had been badly banged up in the motor-car accident. But when she did come on the set, regarding me obliquely over that gosh-awful mustache, I said: "That girl can get away with anything." Oh, yes, I fell just like the rest.

Miss Lille started being funny at the age of eighteen months. Toddling down the streets of Toronto, her birthplace, she would lift her tiny skirt, solemnly mimicking her mother. As Beatrice grew older, her mother realized that she simply wasn't like other youngsters, but she hoped to draw the child away from comic antics and teach her that Life is Real, Life is Earnest. So, when released from the tedium of school work, Beatrice was sent to a vocal teacher. Also an elocution teacher whose duty it was to instruct the youngster to recite "with gestures."

Oh, those gestures! Miss Lille still retains some of them, but they are not used in the manner intended by her instructor. Also, Miss Lille sang in the church choir. She was quite serious about it too, and by no means conscious that the congregation could hardly restrain an outburst of mirth, every time she arose solemnly and sang a hymn. The minister complained to the choirmaster. The choirmaster gave Miss Lille the gate. She was deeply hurt. She wasn't trying to be funny. She never has *tried* to be.

In her early teens she was placed in a convent at Belleville, Canada, while her mother and sister went abroad. This, in time, became a bit too much for Beatrice. She wanted to go abroad too, and try her luck on the stage there. She told her father of the former wish, but not the latter, like the canny schoolgirl she was. He gave her passage-money and away sailed the future Lady Peel, Determined to make a Name for herself and Surprise the Home Folks.

Determined and solemn, she arrived in London—one with the mass of determined and solemn Britishers, including theatrical agents. The latter could see no promise in her. She was a slim, serious, rather attractive young girl, just like thousands of other young girls who stormed their offices. Months went by, months that found her finally in a cheap lodging-house. She had been turned down everywhere, as so many other serious, earnest, pretty girls have been. With the destruction of all hope, there came to her at last a recklessness, not unusual in a case of this sort.

There was one manager left on the list. André Charlot, a Frenchman who was attracting attention with his revues in London. All right, she would see Charlot—but not as she had seen the others. She would be herself for once. She threw away her solemnity as one discards a mask—what an ill-fitting mask it was that Beatrice Lille had worn so long. Faith in herself swung gaily back into her heart. Thus Charlot was the first theatrical manager to see, and hear, the real Beatrice Lille. She mocked, and ridiculed. She sang "with gestures." She walked out onto that stage as *herself*, and left the theater with a contract. "And the next day war was declared," she says.

There was hard work ahead. She knew nothing of stage technique, but under the astute Charlot she learned it quickly.

During the war she met and married Sir Robert Peel, and no doubt when she is on the Ancestral Estate, supervising the bringing-up of the five-year-old Honorable Robert, she may be, as her position demands, quite a dignified young woman. But I'm sure here to witness that the real Beatrice Lille is the fascinating comédienne we see on the stage, and now will have the privilege of seeing on the screen in "Exit Smiling."

Who else would take a high dive off a Beverly Trail, crawl on hands and knees to Jack Gilbert's and announce that she had come to his party? Who else would call her perfectly nice director, Sam Taylor, "Mr. Guggenfish," and keep the entire staff laughing all day long, even tho she is still banged up from the motor accident. And, I beg of you, what other actress on the screen, over whose somewhat imperfect features the producers are worrying, would say, when profile shots are being taken, "Get all of my nose in this scene, boys. Dont forget!"

Miss Lille leaves shortly to appear in a Charles Dillingham stage production in New York. In December, tho, she may be back among us to make another picture. We hope she will. Indeed, we're discussing having all traffic regulations changed for her sake. Is this too much to do for the young lady who makes every entrance, and every exit, smiling?

BE *alluring!*

Give Yourself That Irresistible Charm Which Once Swayed Empires and Conquered Kings!

Such intriguing beauty, so History tells us, came from the use of a rare, white mineral earth found only on the Island of Lemnos, off the coast of ancient Greece.

It Worked Like Magic!

Just a few applications brought such exquisite loveliness to complexions that it was pronounced Sacred by the Priests of Diana who gave it the name of Diana's Earth. Later, by Royal Decree it was reserved exclusively for women of noble birth.

PEACH BLOOM

Since that day Diana's Earth was thought lost forever. But just recently the miraculous happened! An American Mineralogist, while surveying near Hot Springs, Ark., was astounded to find another small deposit of this precious beautifier.

Now, at last, your complexion can have that alluring charm and loveliness of early ages, for genuine Diana's Earth, now called PEACH BLOOM, has been re-discovered.

BEAUTY *GUARANTEED!*

Regardless of the present condition of your skin, Peach Bloom will restore quickly the beauty Nature intended you should have. And this magic improvement will be so apparent once you have tried PEACH BLOOM that you will never again be without it.

The coupon below carries our Positive Beauty Guarantee, which likewise applies to your purchase of Peach Bloom from any Drug or Department Store, Beauty or Barber Shop in the United States.

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208 N. Wells St., Dept. 60, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me postpaid a 12-Treatment jar of PEACH BLOOM for which I am enclosing $1. If after three treatments my skin fails to respond to the extent expected, I may return the unused portion and my $1 will be immediately and cheerfully refunded.

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Louise Fazenda

I Whiten My Skin This Way

Says Famous Star

TODAY there is no excuse for any woman having freckles, sallow skin or blackheads! For now a new easy treatment has been discovered which clears and whitens your skin almost overnight. Blotches, muddiness, redness, roughness, and all blemishes vanish as if by magic. Your neck takes on that fresh, lovely whiteness so necessary with bobbed hair. Your hands and arms grow smooth and flawless. Soon you have the charm of a crystal clear skin—soft, velvety, and milk-white!

> Just recently I was advised to try a wonderful new discovery to remove tan and sun freckles. I was amazed to find that it also removed blackheads and all skin blemishes. If only women knew how easy it is to get rid of blemishes I know they would be eager to clear and whiten their skins with Golden Peacock Bleach Creme.
> **Louise Fazenda**

MUDDY SKIN CLEARED BY 3-MINUTE TREATMENT

Three minutes before bedtime smooth this cool fragrant creme — Golden Peacock Bleach Creme—on your skin. The very next morning look in your mirror. Notice how muddiness and sallowness have already started to give way to an unblemished, pearly whiteness. The rare beauty the soft, clear transparency of a perfect skin is yours at last. So wonderful, so quick are the results of this new scientific creme that we absolutely guarantee it! Get a jar now—today at all good drug and department stores. Use it five nights. Then if you are not delighted and amazed your money will be gladly refunded.

Golden Peacock Bleach Creme is now being used by millions of women all over the country.

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The Right Rooms for Rest

(*Continued from page* 50)

alas, they require more room than the average household can afford them. Any of the simple turned designs in Colonial four-poster beds are good. If you can find an old spool bed or a good reproduction, it, too, would be delightful. I would get twin beds or a double bed, depending on the occupants and their preferences. Comfort alone enters here, not style. I would be sure that my mattress and springs were both good—and this applies to mattresses and springs on all beds. Personally, I prefer hair mattresses, but a good felt mattress is excellent, too. I would get good box springs if I could afford them, for they last for years.

After my beds were selected I would select a chest of drawers. I would get this of good size and with plain, straight lines, either with wood knobs or interesting brass Colonial hardware. A highboy, a Colonial chest or a reproduction or one of the newer chifforobes, if the design is plain and in character, is splendid. Get one with a lot of drawer space, for there never seems to be quite enough place for things in the average home.

I would select a dressing-table next. The conventional dressing-table with triple mirrors is always useful but you needn't stick to this type unless you like it. A lowboy or a table with a mirror hung above it is charming. Be sure that the dressing-table has a mirror large enough for comfort and is placed in a good light.

For this room I would select two straight ladder-back chairs or Windsor reproductions. Then I would select one comfortable chair for my bedroom as well. The trouble with most bedrooms is that they lack comfort. There is no place to sit when one isn't in bed. A comfortable chair with an inexpensive iron bridge lamp near it is an addition to a bedroom that is almost indispensable.

For carpeting in my bedroom I would use oval rag rugs, a couple of the delightful hooked rugs that are luckily in vogue, or plain rag carpeting. If you have a leftover in the form of an Oriental rug or a plain one-tone rug, it could be used instead.

For my wall-paper on my Colonial room I would use a small sprigged paper, a copy of a Colonial design, a creamy paper with a satin stripe of the same tone or I would paint or calcimine my walls ivory or pale Colonial green. For curtains I would use dotted swiss, organdie in white or one of the pastel shades or printed linen. Your color scheme can be easily worked out by a colorful bedspread together with your curtains, a waste-basket, a lamp-shade and bits of pottery for bright flowers. Remember that your wall color and the color of your furniture must be taken into consideration as part of your decoration scheme. This Colonial room with brass or silver candlesticks, a quaint print or two, bedside tables, lights arranged convenient for reading in bed and you have a room that cant be duplicated in America —or any place else that I know of.

You will need more than one bedroom, of course, and there is nothing more charming for a guest-room or for a room to be used by a young woman or a young couple than one done in enamel. Enameled furniture, as you may have guessed, stands very high with me and I do not see how I could dispense with it in interior furnishings. I would use it unhesitatingly in several bedrooms if I were furnishing a small home. For one of the bedrooms I would use ivory walls, either plain or decorated with quaint and not too brilliant flowers. For this room I would use parch-

206

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AMERICAN SCHOOL

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ment-colored furniture lined in green and decorated with touches of green and orange and for accessories I would use green glass for candlesticks and lamps, green chintz for bed coverings and curtains, a comfortable chair in the same green chintz or with a covering of striped green and tan silk.

For another bedroom, dull blue-green enamel would be delightful as the furniture color. This room, too, should have a light wall and accessories may include pale yellow curtains, pale yellow bedspreads and touches of lacquer red.

A room done in pale green is charming, too. If your walls are pale green, use deep ivory for furniture or black enamel or maple. Maple furniture with green and touches of orange make a bedroom that is light and peaceful, too.

Of course, you must take into consideration the occupants of the bedroom when furnishing it. When a bedroom is to be used every day, you had better use mahogany, walnut or maple, keeping the more delicate enamels for rooms that are used only occasionally.

For the daughter of the house the furniture may be enameled and the accessories should be dainty and simple and charming. Use soft hangings of swiss or silk and shaded lights with frivolous shades of georgette or silk. The waste-basket may be frivolous-looking, but it should be utilitarian, too. There should be a comfortable chair and this may be of wicker or overstuffed upholstery. A room like this will add a great deal to the happiness of the girl who occupies it. Her belongings should have space provided for them and there should be a desk and a low long book-shelf across one end of the room.

For the younger children of the family there should be shelves in bedrooms, too, and if possible cupboards so that they can put away their own possessions. They will learn neatness and will enjoy having a place which is strictly their own.

If the boy of the family has his own room and it is a room to his liking, he will want to spend a great deal of time in it. Make his room good-looking. Dont pile it full of odds and ends that have no room any place else and expect the boy to be satisfied—and dont make it so dainty that he is afraid to turn around. Give him useful oak things, a sturdy bed that can be disguised in the daytime as a couch by means of a denim or linen cover, see that he has a strong table or desk, some comfortable and serviceable chairs and that there are shelves for his books and for his tennis and sport things.

Keep your guest-room impersonal. Too many guest-rooms are loaded down with the personal possessions of the family. See that your guest-room closet is empty and has hangers ready for the clothes of your guest. See that the furnishings are simple and dainty and uncluttered. Remember that while they are with you, your guests have no other home except the one that you are offering and even the best guests in the world who are visiting the most fascinating household do not want to be with the family every minute of the day. There are many hours when your guest wants to be alone. Have a comfortable chair near a window and have a light near which the guest may snap on for sewing or reading. See that the bed-light is conveniently placed, for most guests like to read in bed and even if they do not, there is no fun in snapping out a light and then trying to locate a bed in the dark in a strange room.

A desk in a guest-room is not nearly so prevalent as it should be. Nearly everyone who is away from home has letters to write and it's no fun trying to write

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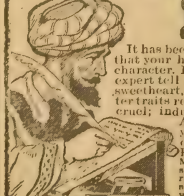

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with a lot of people talking at the same time. A tiny desk painted to match the furniture or picked up in an odd shop to harmonize with the room is a valuable acquisition everyone will enjoy. Have some simple, plain stationery handy if you have no house stationery and see that there are pens and pencils, too. Have a few new books and a few amusing current magazines on the desk or on the occasional table near the bed and I am sure your guests will feel far more welcome than if these things had not been provided for their comfort. A low bowl of flowers or a little flowering plant will help the guest-room, too.

Your guest-room need not be elaborate. Simple furniture in plain wood finish or enameled, a plain rug, gay curtains of swiss or organdie in pastel colors or in white and with or without flowered overdrapes will make a room that will show your own hospitality and bring happiness to the guests that are under your roof.

You must remember when you are doing your bedrooms that they are a very real part of the home, as important as the living-room or the dining-room, even tho frequently neglected. Every bedroom may have its own individuality. It may be complete, whole, well rounded and yet, too, without any elaborate decorations, it may be peaceful and beautiful as well.

Of course, if you are the type of woman who wants elaborate things and who insists on fussy furniture, you do not have to stick to plain bedrooms. In fact, if you are this type I should say, without any doubt, that bedrooms are the place where you may carry out your ideas of decorations. The average living-room is ruined if you add to it fussy lamps and frilly curtains. You may put these things in a bedroom and still get good effects if you are careful of your selection. If I wanted an elaborate bedroom, I would choose furniture from the period of one of the Louis'. I would use paneled walls, decorative mirrors, ruffled taffeta drapes and I would use some of this same ruffled taffeta on a glass-topped kidney-shaped table. I would use a taffeta bedspread and on it I would heap some small decorative boudoir pillows. At the foot of my bed I would have an enameled chaise longue covered in striped taffeta that harmonized with the plain taffeta of the bed and dressing-table. I would heap this with pillows and have a real lace cover to go with it. Here I would use a room-size Oriental rug and straight curtains of real lace with overdrapes of ruffled taffeta, tied back with cords of taffeta and silver. On my dressing-table I would use very plain gold toilet things intermingled with crystal. The bedroom would be correct—and fussy—and expensive.

However, if I couldn't afford expensive things, I wouldn't be sorry. Unless an expensive bedroom is well done, it is not restful and for only a small amount of the money you would spend to achieve the more elaborate result you could have a charming room and one that is in good taste, too.

Make your bedrooms simple, restful and quiet. Keep your guest-rooms impersonal and let them breathe the true hospitality that you want them to show. Make your bedrooms individual and peaceful, too, for only by creating a spirit of happiness and peace in your bedrooms can you create joy thruout the home.

Our Christmas Number

will be replete with a variety of good things

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Which Road Leads to Happiness?

(*Continued from page 31*)

times when she considers it the better part of valor to live up to it—she is a good business woman. But thru that sunset hour she had been talking of things which were close to her heart—she was being herself.

"And remember this," she said, her hand holding mine in a firm clasp, "happiness that has its foundation in selfishness turns to dead-sea fruit quicker than anything else—say that for me, please—happiness that has its foundation in selfishness turns to dead-sea fruit quicker than anything else."

She smiled, and the door closed between us.

Another day found me lunching with Alec Francis, that lovable old veteran of many pictures, who after climbing a long way thru the years has found at last a perfect rôle. It is he who has been selected to play *Peter Grimm,* the part made famous by David Warfield on the stage in "The Return of Peter Grimm." The choice seems ideal. It is always a difficult thing to follow a famous person in a famous rôle, but even Mr. Warfield's most ardent admirers are satisfied to trust Mr. Francis with the screen version.

"And how do you feel about it, yourself?" we asked him. "It makes me very happy," he said quietly—"happy because it is a part that is most sympathetic to me—I am always interested in the psychic, you know—and happy because there is harmony between me and my director—but the thing that makes me happier than playing *Peter Grimm,* is that fact that I was chosen to play it, that people feel it is right for me to play it. That makes me happy indeed . . . but," he continued gravely, "if the chance had passed me by . . ." "That would have been a tragedy!" we interrupted rudely. "No," he said, "that is just the point I wanted to make. It would not have been a tragedy. I might have been disappointed momentarily, but I would have realized that it was not my chance—that it was not mine to play. You see," he said, "I think I am something of a fatalist. In the last fifteen years I have learned not to be disappointed by the things that do not come my way. That is the secret of happiness—for me—at any rate, to take things as they come, and to know that if you do not spoil them by fretting and worrying, they will work out as they should—for you."

"And is your philosophy the greatest happiness that life has brought you?"

"Yes, call it that if you will—philosophy and friends. One of the greatest joys that has come to me thru the years has been the association with interesting minds. One of the happiest rewards of my work in pictures has been the friendships it has made possible."

The talk drifted to crystal-gazing, to organized charity, to comedy, to parties, but thru it all ran that little detached note of the Observer. Alec Francis has not merely lived—he has watched life. He knows what it has done to him and to other people. He has distilled the essence from every experience—and as *Peter Grimm,* he makes even Death seem the great natural tomorrow — the logical sequence of today.

Without health and without wealth, I venture to think that Alec Francis would still have happiness—certainly a large measure of it, for his happiness is a

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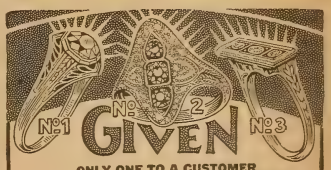

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quality in his own mind—it is the state of his soul.

"If you dont find happiness in your work, you'll never know what it is."

That's Tom Mix. We didn't even have to ask him any leading questions. He had his sentiments all printed and framed and hanging right beside his dressing-table.

Strange to think of Tom Mix and a dressing-table—an ivory-tinted dressing-table covered with bottles and boxes of as many sizes and shapes as you would find in a flapper's boudoir. His whole environment was an interesting study in contrasts. We were in his dressing-room on the Fox lot, thru an open door we caught a glimpse of his gymnasium—one of the reasons why he never needs a double in his pictures.

The dressing-room itself is a bright cheerful place of gay cretonne and ivory paint. Around the wall are ranged a dozen or more two-gallon hats—quite as many pairs of boots. Indeed such an array of Wild Western clothing, guns and Indian clubs, photographs, saddles, spurs and what-have-you, as could possibly be imagined.

And in the midst of it all, Tom, with his keen black eyes seeing right straight thru the brick wall of the argument, discarding the non-essentials as so much dust. "The only thing that a fellow has to do to be happy, is to Be Himself," he brought out triumphantly. "The way folks twist and turn and climb and crawl to appear to be something they aren't—it's sickening. Now I know I'm too old to be a young man and too young to be an old man, and I have the dickens of a time finding folks that are interesting to talk to. They're either breaking their necks trying to be juveniles or else they're taking care of their diet and their figures so strenuously that they cant think of nothing else.

"Look at all the Beauty Parlors lining our streets—pitiful, I call it. What are we coming to when we cant see beauty in honest old age! Everybody striving to be something different, that's what makes unhappiness.

"Now if you're just yourself and working at something that's honest—acting what you think, you'll be happy—you cant help it—that's nature."

Honesty, straight-from-the-shoulder, is Tom Mix. A square shooter and a straight thinker. With these qualities he has made his happiness—and finds it good.

BALBONI was directing a scene in "The Masked Woman." Lovely ladies in the most exotic costumes stood about waiting for the dramatic entrance of Holbrook Blinn. He descended a magnificent flight of stairs, poised, debonair and impressive—on the last step, he tripped. That was not written in the script—nor the laugh that followed. "No wonder he tripped," commented June Mathis, her blue eyes twinkling. "That array of backs and dimpled knees is enough to make any man stub his toe."

The scene was taken again—without the trip.

"How did that look, dear?" It was Balboni, coming up to Miss Mathis. Director and Scenarist! Husband and wife! "Beautiful," she said, "only watch that girl with the gold band in her hair, she tried to take a stellar walk."

Not for a second had her eyes left the scene while the cameras were grinding. Not the slightest detail escaped her. A remarkable woman. One of the names that we have known longest in pictures—June Mathis, now supervising her own productions and married to the interesting

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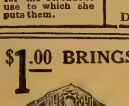

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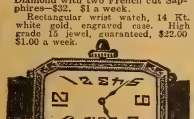

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Balboni, who is rapidly becoming one of the most artistic directors.

Ah, thought I, here is a woman who has lived — who has achieved — who looks happy. I wonder what she thinks about it, what does she value most?

There was no hesitation before she answered, "Peace and contentment!" And a second later. "Peace and contentment and love! They are the qualities which make happiness.

"It's a strange thing," she continued, "in a world full of eyes—eyes that express passion, hate, envy, bitterness, sensuality, fear, love, anxiety—eyes that are the mirror of souls—it's a strange thing how seldom we see eyes that reflect peace!

"I watch people's eyes constantly. I am always studying them, and when I see peace, I know I have found a happy person."

"But what gives peace? Does it depend on money, success, health?"

"All of those things help," she said, "but peace comes from within. It is something in the character of the individual. If it were not, then all rich people, all successful and healthy people would be happy—but they are not, we know that. It's just something within them that—comes out. If they haven't it——" an expressive gesture of her hands, an inimitable shrug, explained more than her words. Happiness, according to June Mathis, is a personal equation—either you have the ability to find it or you have not.

For herself, it is produced by harmony—a state of peace, a feeling of contentment, pervaded by love.

WALLACE BEERY confessed, when cornered and questioned, that happiness, to him, meant freedom.

Freedom from financial worry, freedom from conventions, freedom from other people's opinions—in short, freedom to live as he pleased, was happiness.

"And it's a thing that lots of picture stars cant have," he said. "Of course, it doesn't matter with me. I can go where I please without being bothered, but take these handsome heroes and heroines, they are mobbed if they appear in public. Look at Mary Pickford—she cant wander down Hollywood Boulevard and poke into the shops. She cant do any of the things that almost every woman in the world can do. The public wont let her. Her position has made her a prisoner.

"But," he continued, "it hasn't bothered me any that way. The greatest satisfaction that I get out of money and success is the power that it gives me to be independent. In pictures the rewards for success are quicker than in the average business life. A man can make his pile and enjoy it while he's young, comparatively speaking. But on the other hand, pictures have made a lot of bums—those of mediocre ability, who cant climb up and wont get out."

"What about those who are in it 'for the sake of art'?" His eyes twinkled, "Well," he said, "it's always been a question in my mind how many artists there would be on Wednesday morning, if there weren't any checks on Tuesday night."

The fact that Wallace Beery owns an island in the middle of Silver Lake, and retires to it, whenever he can, between pictures, to hunt and fish, is typical of his idea of a man's complete happiness.

ONE of the most thought-provoking opinions encountered was expressed by H. B. Warner, who in "Silence" has brought to the screen one of the finest pieces of acting seen in many moons.

"Happiness," says Mr. Warner, "is in the possession of the man or woman who

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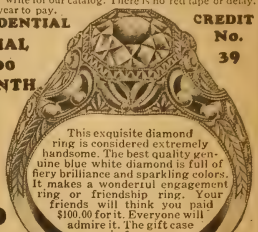

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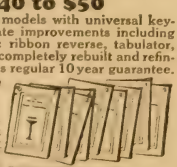

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has a normal mind! Anyone who can look at life from an unbiased and impersonal point of view has the foundation for happiness. A normal mind, there is no greater blessing."

FROM the end of a dock at San Pedro, the Pacific looked every bit as wide as it is, and bluer than you can believe. Out beyond the breakwater, a sail drifted into view.

"Our ship's coming in!" announced the man with the radio receivers clasped to his ears. "I can hear them giving the orders—she'll come to the breakwater under her own sail, and then be brought in here by a tug."

Slowly she sailed in—a two-masted schooner from another century! A pirate ship, in truth.

"Frank Lloyd and Ricardo Cortez and some of the others are getting off in the speed boat," continued the radio man, "they'll land in a jiffy, but Miss Vidor will stick to the ship—she doesn't like the idea of going over the side and down a rope ladder. It's pretty choppy out there."

It was an hour later before the huge sailing vessel was hauled and tugged into place by the dock. The gang-plank was thrown across and Florence Vidor was the first to land—a Florence Vidor in a quaint old-fashioned cape and hood, with a wig of curly black hair covering her ultra-smart "bob."

As she settled into the corner of the car, her fingers were already busy with the wig. "I didn't know there were so many hairpins left in the world," she said, "but I cant possibly talk about any kind of happiness until I get this thing off. There, at last!" She flung it aside.

"It's been such a perfect day—out there, at sea. I feel all 'smoothed out' and not tired at all—perhaps just that is happiness.

"But no," she continued, after a few seconds, the question deserves a better answer than that—to answer it offhand is not treating it fairly. It really is a serious business—that of being happy."

Darkness had come. The car was slipping thru low-lying fields and marshes—strings of light in the distance, the only signs of civilization.

"Tom Ince used to tell me," she went on, "when he was trying to break down my reluctance to a screen career, that I would find that nothing gave me so much happiness as achievement. Do some one thing. Do it definitely. Do it as well as you can—and the reward will be satisfying. He used to tell me that, over and over, and I believe he was right. I think achievement does bring happiness—at any rate, it brings immense satisfaction.

"And by achievement, I mean, making a success of your life, even if it's a very ordinary sort of life. Take what you have and do something with it.

"So many people fritter their days away and whine because the Big Opportunity passes them by. I haven't much patience with that attitude because there is always some opportunity for everybody and to make good in a little way is at least one step forward. That is achievement, and out of that grows happiness. I have found mine that way——"

The talk wandered on, touching many subjects, but the note of seriousness remained. In fact, Florence Vidor's moods of whimsical humor and gentle gaiety always seem to drift across her essential seriousness—like summer clouds across a serene sky.

JOHN GILBERT was in his dressing-room, waiting for a call to the "set." There were no seconds to waste on generalities,

"I'd have started ten years sooner on a literary career"

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THERE have been several motion picture stars who have married either millionaires or titled sons of fine old European families. They are real Cinderellas . . . in a few short years they stepped from poverty and obscurity to riches and social position.

B. F. Wilson has written a frank story about these girls and it is a story that you will want to read.

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Does a woman love more than once? Here is a short story about the people surrounded with the wealth and glamour that only movie stars know. Nicole is a star . . . and there have always been many men in her life. Then she meets Michael Strong . . .

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The American man is boyish in his declarations of undying devotion. The Italian is fervent. The Spaniard is romantic. But which one among them is the greatest lover?

Alice Terry admits that men of every nation have made love to her. And she compares them in amorous moments with comments that are both original and amusing.

What Are You Doing About Christmas?

The January "Motion Picture Magazine" will be filled with hints for those who are preparing for the holidays. Stephen Gooson gives several great ideas for decorating the house for Christmas. And Grace Corson not only makes some invaluable suggestions about gifts, but describes a new and attractive way to wrap your packages.

There are Christmas pictures, too. And two or three stories that will bring the holiday cheer to your heart.

A word to the wise is sufficient

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so we plunged at once into the subject and Jack took the plunge nobly.

After his first rather startled "My God, I dont know!" it was interesting to watch his keen and very logical mind grasp the question and pursue it along all its ramifications.

"I dont know what brings happiness," he said slowly. "I've been happy—great peaks of it! But only for a little while, then I was down in the valley again.

"Love is ecstasy—but it doesn't last.

"And there's a great thrill in doing a scene or a sequence well. To feel for a minute that fire of—whatever it is that makes acting! Inspiration! Instinct! Something!

"Money doesn't bring it. Success doesn't bring it. I dont know—perhaps marriage—children—I dont know.

"It seems to me that life is just a series of frontiers to cross. There is no going back, and as you go on, it takes something stronger and bigger each time to make you happy—and it lasts a briefer space. . . .

"I dont want to sound like a cynic or a grouch. We all want happiness. We are all looking for it—hoping for it—I know that. I dont scorn it, but I have no philosophy with which to explain it."

Then, after a pause, he went on: "I think it is entirely a quality of the heart, tho—not mental, not spiritual—something your heart's in tune with.

"It must be love for something—perhaps work. I know I was happier longer when I really worked hard. You know acting is not work. If you can do it at all, it's easy. You may get a little physically tired, but what's that? It's true, what they say, that it's quite parasitical to be an actor. Not that I'm not grateful, great heavens, no! I'm grateful and I'm humble and I'm scared to death! That's not happiness. . . .

"This bubble about my success has been growing and growing, and there's nothing to it yet, really. It hasn't been proved at the box-office. I've only been in three pictures in a year and a half. They happened to be three big pictures, but they have only been shown in a few large cities—it's been the critics and the fan magazines that have acclaimed me a successful actor—not the people—so you see there's nothing to it. Only one critic has called me a versatile actor; the others talk about my teeth and my hair and my love scenes. It's a situation that frightens me terribly—and yet I couldn't turn back—and I cant seem to do anything else. I used to write. I dont do that any more. I plan to study—but I dont! I dont even read—enough. I'm just a romantic actor, and that's not a man's job.

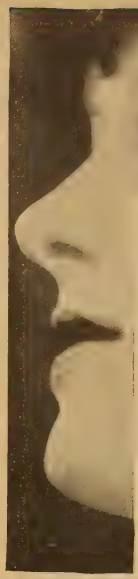
"Look at all the old actors—how they strutted and gestured! Acting all the time—children playing! That's acting. I want to do more than that. It takes more than that to make me happy, but I dont know what—I dont know what brings happiness."

"They are ready for you on the set, Mr. Gilbert; stage twelve."

Cinema Cinderellas

There is another thing about stardom . . . after you have counted the fame and thousands of dollars weekly that it brings. Time and time again movie stars marry men with titles or millions or both.

The article which Beatrice Wilson has contributed to the January MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE tells the inside stories of several of these cinema Cinderellas.



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—how to compel attention
—how to suggest a cultural background
—how to be at ease in any company

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Why Even Well-Bred People Often Feel *Out of Place*

CULTURE is not a matter of studied rules and regulations. Etiquette is merely the *expression* of culture—the outward manifestation of a desire to appear well-bred.

Even the well-bred often feel awkward and uncomfortable in a highly cultivated society. Yourself, for example. Haven't you—who are thoroughly well-bred, you who know the rules of good society—haven't you at some time or another felt out of place, the least bit . . . well, *inferior?* Haven't you felt embarrassed, ill at ease, as though you somehow didn't "belong"?

Why? Not because you weren't as well-bred as those other people. Not because you didn't know as well as they how to conduct yourself.

Have you ever attributed it to the fact that you are not quite sure of yourself? That you can not talk confidently enough about the things in which cultured people are interested — art, music, literature? That your personality is undeveloped, that you lack that final touch of social charm that will attract people to you instantly, everywhere?

What Is Culture?

Culture, in its final analysis, is *knowledge.* How to dress, and speak; how to attract the right sort of people; how to make visits, and how to entertain, and how to give a cultural impression on all occasions.

Are you sure of yourself? Or do you concentrate on mere *etiquette* to try to hide that which is lacking? The final touch. The important *cultural touch* that no amount of etiquette can give.

Why don't you enrich your personality and acquire new poise and assurance by giving yourself a fine cultural background? Why don't you make yourself appealing, likable—to all people? Why don't you acquire the *culture* that you simply must have to feel at home in any society, at ease in any gathering?

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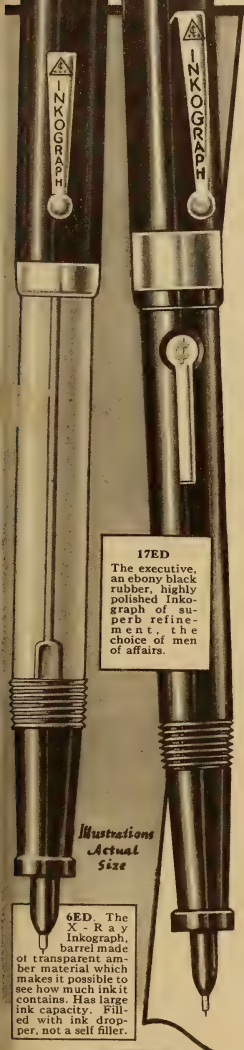

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Illustrations Actual Size

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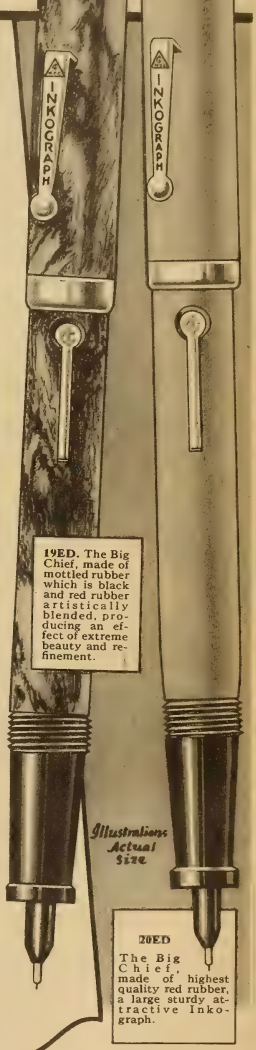

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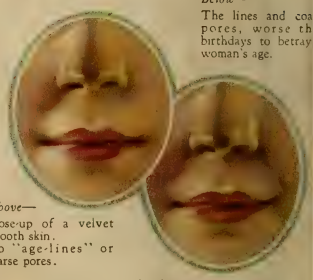
Below—
The lines and coarse pores, worse than birthdays to betray woman's age.



Above—
Close-up of a velvet smooth skin.
No "age-lines" or coarse pores.

An Indescribable Fragrance

Among the delights of using Cashmere Bouquet is its lasting, dainty fragrance, the result of essences that have been a Colgate secret for generations. It is this fragrance which prompts so many to lay a cake of Cashmere Bouquet among their choicest silks and other fabric treasures.

But let's get back to the subject of Cashmere Bouquet and your skin.

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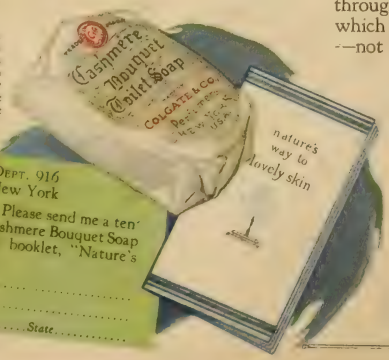

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MOTION PICTURE

JANUARY — 25 CTS

Is It Stardom That Kills Them?

See Page 22

There's something about an actress that attracts wealthy and titled men

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THE CHAMPAGNE LIFE: A Modern Love Story

—a gift within a gift—a pair of Kum-a-part Kuff Buttons in hand decorated, antique gold chest with modeled cover beautifully colored. A smart, decorative container.

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$5

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The Name KUM-A-PART is stamped on the back of each button. It's easy to identify the genuine; it's hazardous to accept a substitute.

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And among the men: Edmund Lowe, George O'Brien, Charles Farrell, Leslie Fenton, Richard Walling, Allan Forrest, Earle Foxe, and Barry Norton, a squadron of brilliant young players, all bearing the banner of youth through Fox Pictures.

Stars of today and stars of tomorrow, guided by the greatest directors and presented in the leading successes in fiction and drama—of such material have Fox Pictures been fashioned.

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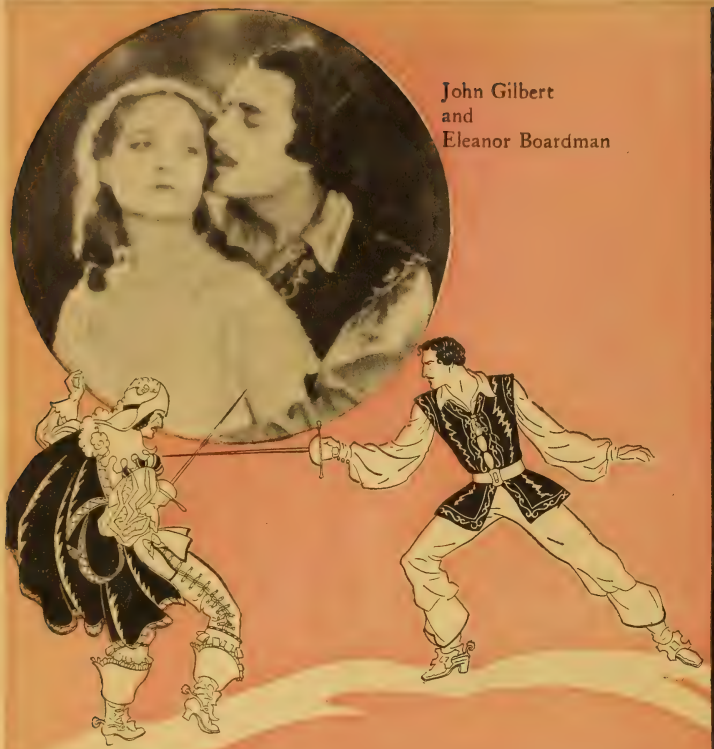
staged by John Ford, who directed "The Iron Horse"

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE
by the author of "If Winter Comes"

Watch for Youth in these Fox Pictures:

THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM
MOTHER MACHREE
THE AUCTIONEER
THE CITY
SUMMER BACHELORS
THE MONKEY TALKS

WILLIAM FOX PICTURES



BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT

Directed by
King Vidor
Adapted by
Dorothy Farnum
from
the story by
Rafael Sabatini
with
Karl Dane
Roy D'Arcy
George K. Arthur
Arthur Lubin

MAGNIFICENT!
EACH tense moment holds you dream-bound.
THE crushing kisses of John Gilbert
STOLEN between duels . . .
FROM languid lips of fair ladies . . .
NONE fairer than Eleanor Boardman, heroine,
KING Vidor has painted a flaming romance
FROM the vivid pages of Sabatini . . .
THE director of "The Big Parade"
THE Star of "The Big Parade"
TOGETHER they have given the screen
ANOTHER immortal entertainment.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

Which Eyes Are the Keenest?

Blue—brown—hazel—or gray?

Test them now and win these rare prizes

WHAT color eyes really see motion pictures and what color merely look at them? I wonder! Here is a chance to test your own. For the best answers to my **six** questions, I have chosen these rewards.

To the member of the fair sex with the keenest eyes, I shall give the beautiful Dutch cap I wear in the "Red Mill."

You men aren't forgotten either. Owen Moore, who plays opposite me in the "Red Mill", promises to give the most observing man the ice-skates he uses in this picture.

To the next 50 best, I will send my favorite picture specially autographed.

Begin now—blue eyes, brown, hazel and gray . . . and good luck to you all.

Marion Davies

Marion's Six Questions

1. Who are the wives of the following directors (they are all prominent screen actresses): Rex Ingram, King Vidor, Fred Niblo and Robert Z. Leonard?
2. What recent Elinor Glyn story has been brought to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?
3. Name and describe in not more than 50 words the popular comic strip character which Marion Davies is portraying in a Cosmopolitan production.
4. Who is M-G-M's new Western star and what unusual language does he use?
5. What famous Latin quotation appears on every M-G-M film and what does it mean?
6. What great star appears in "The Temptress" and what is her native land?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York.** All answers must reach us by January 15th. Winner's name will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note:—If you do not attend the picture yourself, you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winner of the Norma Shearer Contest of October
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1330 L St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Autographed pictures of Miss Shearer have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.

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Motion Picture Magazine

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Vol. XXXII JANUARY, 1927 Number 6

Adele Whitely Fletcher
Editor

Colin J. Cruikshank, *Art Director*

Mr. Jannings In Hollywood

An Editorial

EMIL JANNINGS is now in Hollywood, where he will remain for the next few years making American motion pictures. And everywhere you go, tongues wag in discussion of whether or not this great character actor will survive Hollywood. Whether or not he will be proof against the things which changed Pola Negri and other imported artists.

Art, they tell us, has no commercial value. Art, they say, is not for the masses. And pictures made in Hollywood must pay for themselves in the admissions that pass into the box-offices thruout the country.

But we are not convinced. We believe it is quite practical and possible for Emil Jannings to appear in pictures that will please the most carping critic . . . that will enthrall the masses . . . that will delight the cinematic connoisseur.

Which is another way of saying that we believe Emil Jannings a very great artist.

And true art, in our opinion, has a universal appeal. Symbolism, highfalutin notions, and profound abstractions, on the other hand, will never be generally appreciated.

We remember a Sunday afternoon in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. We had stopped before Rodin's statue, "The Hand of God." It shows a mighty hand cupped to hold the figures of a man and woman lying in an embrace. We watched the faces of many people as they passed the pedestal supporting this famous marble. Almost everyone paused, at least.

Then an art student, probably from Greenwich Village, came along. His tie was flowing and his hair longer than it needed to be. He bent his leonine head this way . . . that way. He stood enraptured. He knew the beauty of the conception and the perfection of the sculpture.

A work-weary mother with a little boy of five and a baby tugging at her shabby skirt stopped there. She said nothing and made no gestures such as the art student had made. But it wasn't until the little boy became restless to go and see the mummies that she passed on, with reluctance, in an habitual answer to the impatient, demanding tug at her skirt.

She felt "The Hand of God" in her way . . .

The art student felt "The Hand of God" in his way. . . .

And the many others who stopped there felt it in their way. . . .

That is art. We do not believe that great art is some secret known only to the privileged few. We believe it is a simple representation of some truth or truths . . . and this we think is the thing which Emil Jannings has to give, whether he stands under the lights of a Hollywood or a Berlin studio.

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The story of a large motion picture company on a colorful and romantic location trip

News of the Camera Coasts ..... Elizabeth Greer and Milton Howe 66
News and photographs gathered in the studios and social circles

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The readers' open forum

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In which the sharp edge of truth is wrapped in humor

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?" ..... Marion Meyer Drew 72
Readings of the stars in answer to that universal question

The Answer Man ..... Himself 74
Questions—and answers

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I shall certainly be delighted to tell anyone what your course did for me. In fact, I have been telling people for the last three years and started several people in the work in Japan.

When one lives in New York, as I do now, and sees the number of wholly unqualified people who are teaching singing, it seems as if there ought to be some test for teachers. I think that learning ten operatic roles, one after another, is a pretty good test of the condition of a person's throat, don't you? My voice doesn't seem to have suffered in the least from it.

Florence Mendelson,
New York City.

Wouldn't Part With Course for $1,000.00

I have a great deal to say about this wonderful course, and want you to know that I am a happy man since taking it up. I needed your course badly, very badly. Being a teacher, I have to speak, at times, quite loud, and the strain on my throat was acutely felt, and hoarseness followed. My voice is absolutely clear and resonant now, in fact, I have no words to thank you enough.

I wouldn't part with my Course for a thousand dollars.

Julio C. De Vosconcellos,
New Bedford, Mass.

Realizes the Dream of Her Life

A feeling of thankfulness comes over me to think I have found such an opportunity to cultivate my voice. It is the one great thing in my life to develop a beautiful voice, and to think that it is daily improving through your wonderful method brought right to my own door.

I will now make you happy by saying it is certainly the best investment I ever made.

Florence M. Clarke,
1488 11th Ave., Vancouver, B. C.

Lost Voice Restored—Sings Better Than Ever

I am very glad to be able to inform you that the study and practice of your exercises is making a great change in my voice.

You may appreciate what this means to me when I tell you that an illness while in France, weakened my throat to such an extent that I feared I would never sing again. However, after studying your lessons, I find that I can sing better than ever, in fact, I was told by a friend who had heard me sing at a reception that I had never been in better voice than I am now.

J. Ralph Bartlett,
Newton, N. H.

THE four letters on this page tell amazing stories of vocal development. They are from men and women who have learned that *Physical Voice-Culture* is the one, infallible, tested, scientific method of voice building. They are just a few of the thousands telling the same stories of success, in many cases, after all other methods of voice building had failed.

Your voice has fascinating dormant possibilities that you may not even realize. The new book, *Physical Voice-Culture* will show you how to build up a superb voice by the development of muscles whose existence you never suspected. No matter what condition your voice is in now, it can be improved at least 100% or every cent of tuition will be cheerfully refunded without question when you have finished the course.

Just a few years ago, Bert Langtre's voice was almost destroyed by catarrh and asthma. An impediment in his speech caused him untold embarrassment and suffering. Now he is singing in Grand Opera in California. "An unusual case," you say. Not at all. He merely took advantage of the opportunity you are given here.

Build up your voice the simple, easy, natural way by silent physical exercises in the privacy of your own home. The *Physical Voice-Culture* method is ideally adapted to home study. It is being taught as successfully by correspondence as by personal instruction. No one need know that you are studying until you have developed a strong, beautiful voice. When you are constantly urged to sing or speak at your church, at private receptions or public functions—when you are the most popular person in your circle of acquaintances, then you will know the rich rewards of *Physical Voice-Culture*.

If You Can Pass These Tests You Can Develop a Superb Singing Voice

1. Can you open your mouth wide enough to insert two fingers between your teeth?
2. Can you swallow five times in succession?
3. Holding your hand to your throat, can you feel the cords vibrate when you sing "e-e-e-e?"
4. Can you hold your breath for 30 seconds?
5. Are you determined to sing or speak well?

If you answer "yes" to these questions, you have a potentially fine voice that can be developed amazingly by PHYSICAL VOICE CULTURE.

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Mail This Coupon

Find out at once about the wonderful possibilities of your voice—possibilities that you have never realized! Simply send coupon for FREE book. Read the astounding *true stories* of what others have done. This may be the turning point in your life. Mail coupon today.

Perfect Voice Institute
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PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 12-61
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Send at once, free and without obligation, your beautifully illustrated book "Physical Voice Culture" and full information regarding your home study method of voice building. It is understood that I do not have to pay a cent for this book, either now or later, and that I do not have to return it.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

The Bulletin Board

The News as We Went to Press

MARY ASTOR isn't such an old-fashioned girl, after all. Only a month or so ago she became engaged to Irving Asher, a First National production manager, and vowed to love him "forever after" (she had just completed a picture with that title). Then her work took Mary to Texas on location, and while there her feelings for Irving became rather vague and luke-warm. So on her return Mary broke the engagement, very sweetly announcing, "We're still friends. We just decided while I was away that we weren't suited to each other." At least you must give her credit for deciding it before, instead of immediately after the wedding, which is the usual procedure in the film colony. They were to have been married at Christmas time.

$10.00 for the Best Title to this Picture

You may send as many titles to this picture of Edna Marion, of the Christie Comedies, as you like—not more than ten words long. All answers must be mailed by December 20 and no titles will be returned. Address them: Title Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York

F. B. O. will bring another of Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter's stories to the screen. Evidently "Laddie" was a success. The next will be "The Magic Garden." No feminine members of the cast have been announced yet, but this picture will mark the reappearance of Raymond Keane, for the first time since his rather ill-fated leading rôle in "The Midnight Sun." Raymond is a nice boy, but he couldn't become famous overnight, any more than any other child can. Phillip de Lacy and William V. Mong are also in the cast.

MAL ST. CLAIR's next picture for Famous Players will be "The Cross-Eyed Captain." Ben Turpin is not in the cast. And, furthermore, it is serious drama, something quite foreign to the nature of Mr. St. Clair, who, as everyone knows, has built his fame on his flair for sparkling comedy. It will be interesting to see what he can do in a heavier medium. The cast has not been announced.

AND speaking of Ben Turpin—since being torn from his old stamping ground at the Mack Sennett studio, he has planned to go into vaudeville. He was on the verge of this once before, just before the first Mrs. Turpin died, and he will use the act he prepared at that time. Watch for him in the Keith-Albee houses.

OUR award for change of title this month goes to Warner Brothers, who will screen Victorien Sardou's play, "Cyprienne," under the title, "Dont Tell the Wife." Paul Stein will direct this promising piece, with Irene Rich and Lilyan Tashman as material.

The second prize goes to Famous Players. When Vincent Lawrence's play, "Face to Face," becomes a starring vehicle for Florence Vidor, it will be called "Afraid to Love." Besides the lovely star, William Powell is the only member of the cast so far selected. Frank Tuttle will direct.

DR. LUDWIG BERGER, well-known German director, has been imported by Fox Films. He will arrive in Hollywood in March, to work side by side with his compatriot, Murnau, who is now busy making "Sunrise" at the Fox West Coast studio. Two of Dr. Berger's pictures are more or less familiar to the American public. "The Waltz Dream" must have been seen by practically the whole population, as it arrived at a time last summer when moving picture palaces were the only breath of relief from the intense heat. Dr. Berger's version of "Cinderella" was shown in New York to a smaller audience.

THE cast of "Song of the Dragon," which is Lothar Mendes' second American picture, recently repaired to Washington for a few days. This tale abounds in spies and war-time atmosphere, and the capitol was necessary as a background for several scenes. And so President Coolidge had the pleasure of meeting Dorothy Mackaill, Lawrence Gray, William Collier, Jr., Gail Kane, and a few others. Which was really very democratic of the President, following as it did on the royal heels of Queen Marie.

SOME degrees of deformity are impossible, even to Lon Chaney. He evidently couldn't perform all the feats required of him as "Alonzo the Armless," so another story has been selected for his next picture. This time it will be "Mister Wu," quite obviously a Chinese tale. Will Nigh will direct.

DORIS KENYON insisted on marrying Milton Sills and going on their honeymoon in spite of the influenza from which she had been suffering up to the day of the wedding. And as a consequence

(*Continued on page 8*)

I Was Afraid of This New Way to Learn Music

— *Until I Found It Was Easy As A-B-C*

Then I Gave My Husband the Surprise of His Life

"DON'T be silly, Mary. You're perfectly foolish to believe you can learn to play music by that method. You can never learn to play the piano that way . . . it's crazy! You are silly to even think about it."

"But, Jack, it's . . ."

"Mary, how *can* you believe in that crazy music course. Why, it claims to teach music in half the usual time and *without a teacher*. It's impossible!"

That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music. He just laughed. His unbelieving laughter made me wonder. I began to feel doubtful. Perhaps I had been too optimistic—perhaps enthusiasm and the dream of realizing my musical ambitions had carried me away. The course, after all, might prove too difficult. I knew that I had no special musical talent. I couldn't even tell one note from another—a page of music looked just like Chinese to me.

But how I *hated* to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. Music had *always* been for me one of those dreams that never-come-true. I had longed to sit down to the piano and play some old sweet song . . . or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera, or even the latest jazz hit. When I heard others playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me. For *they* could entertain their friends and family . . . *they* were musicians. And I, I was a mere listener. I had to be satisfied with only *hearing* music.

I was so disappointed at Jack. I felt very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn't keep from "peeking" at it. It fascinated me. It told of a woman who had learned to play the piano in 90 days! She had mastered the piano by herself, in her spare time, and at home, without a teacher. And the wonderful method she used required no tedious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practising. Perhaps I might do the same thing!

So finally, half-frightened, half-enthusiastic, I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting Jack know. Almost as soon as I mailed the letter I felt frightened. Suppose the course proved to be horribly difficult . . . suppose Jack were right after all!

Imagine my joy when the lessons started and I found that it was as easy as A. B. C. Why, a mere child could master it!

While Jack was at work, I started learning. I quickly saw how to blend notes into beautiful melodies. My progress was wonderfully rapid, and before I realized it, I was rendering selections which pupils who study with private teachers for years can't play. For thru this short-cut method, all the difficult, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated and the playing of melodies has been reduced to a simplicity which *anyone* can follow with ease.

Finally I decided to play for Jack, and show him what a "crazy course" had taught me. So one night, when he was sitting reading, I went casually over to the piano and started playing a lovely song. Words can't describe his astonishment. "Why . . . why . . ." he floundered. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon, of course, Jack insisted that I tell him all about it. Where I had learned . . . when I learned . . . how? So I told of my secret . . . and how the course he had laughed at had made me an accomplished musician.

One day not long after, Jack came to me and said, "Mary, don't laugh, but I want to try learning to play the violin by that wonderful method. You certainly proved to me that it is a good way to learn music."

So only a few months later Jack and I were playing together. Now our musical evenings are a marvelous success. Every one compliments us, and we are flooded with invitations. Music has simply meant everything to us. It has given us Popularity! Fun! Happiness!

* * * *

If you, too, like music . . . then write to the U. S. School of Music for a copy of the booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," together with a Demonstration Lesson, explaining this wonderful new easy method.

Don't hesitate because you think you have no talent. Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a wonderful "Musical Ability Test." You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument thru this short-cut method. Send the coupon. The Demonstration Lesson showing how they teach will come AT ONCE.

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Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

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Have you above instrument?.....

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(Please Write Plainly)

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City.....State.....

AT THE MOUNT ROYAL *in Montreal*

166 *Women Guests*

tell why they find this "a perfect soap for the skin"

WINTER SPORTS at Mount Royal—

A crystal world—diamond-bright air—fields of snow that sparkle with a million tiny flames—

Men and women in love with life, as they skate, ski, toboggan against the cold, warm in their glistening furs . . .

They go from tropical seas to twenty degrees of frost, these pleasure-loving women of the leisure class—yet manage to achieve a skin always smooth, soft, flawless in texture.

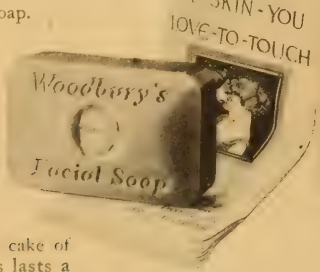
How do they do it? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough to keep their skin in perfect condition summer and winter?

We asked 270 women guests at beautiful Mount Royal in Montreal what soap they use for the care of their skin.

166 answered, "*Woodbury's Facial Soap!*"

"*Soothing—delightful—refreshing,*" they said. "*The only soap that does not irritate my skin.*" "*It is all that a soap should be.*"—"*A perfect soap!*"

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.



A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's, you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get a cake today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

"Wrapped in furs, against the glittering background of winter—men and women in love with life . . ."

Your Woodbury Treatment for ten days • Now—the new large-size trial set

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
1301 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c please send me the large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."
If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1301 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

Ruth Harriet Louise

MARION DAVIES

This is the girl of whom they used to say "Pretty—but dumb!" Now she's Hollywood's favorite daughter. Her dressing-room is a salon where she dispenses wit, beauty, and good-fellowship to all comers. Her sparkling talents as a comedienne will next be revealed in "Tillie the Toiler"

Edward Thayer Monroe

REGINALD DENNY

The screen is crowded with Americans trying to act like Englishmen, but Reg is the only Englishman we know of who tries to act like an American and gets away with it. His comedies are both typically American and very funny. So long as he can keep this up, he's safe. Watch for "The Cheerful Fraud"

Autrey

OLIVE BORDEN

Olive's attractions include youth and high-powered beauty. And if you are not already acquainted with her on the screen, you will be soon, for she is making rapid strides to the top. She has won the feminine leading rôle in "The Monkey Talks"

Melbourne Spurr

RED GRANGE

Behold the only athlete who brought to the screen something besides his famous name, and whose head hasn't been turned by the bells which rang out the triumph of his first picture. The screen needs these modest heroes, so it's good news that when the football season is over, Red's going back to Hollywood to do another. Incidentally, he's putting himself to the test—there will be no football in the story this time

Maurice Goldberg

VERA REYNOLDS

Vera Reynolds has been brought up in the Cecil De Mille tradition. She has all the familiar attributes of a De Mille heroine plus a certain piquante flavor which sets her apart. H. B. Warner will play opposite her in "The Little Adventuress"

TOM MIX

The most sumptuous and expensive cowboy in existence, who can still ride and do stunts with—and even beyond—the best of them, Tom sits solidly on his glittering throne as king of the Westerns. You will see him next in "The Canyon of Light"

Melbourne Spurr

DOLORES COSTELLO

Dolores seems to fit perfectly your conception of all your favorite heroines. No wonder directors clamor for her. It is a tribute to the power of her personality that her popularity increases in spite of poor pictures. She will star in "The Third Degree"

E. R. Richee

FAY WRAY

Another unknown, destined for fame. Two things augur well for the future of Fay Wray. One, that she has worked under the guidance of Erich von Stroheim, who lifted her from obscurity to the leading rôle in "The Wedding March." The other—well, if your eyes have strayed from her face long enough to read these lines, look again. She will pursue her career in "Children of Divorce"

Evidently Constance Talmadge didn't find society especially worth her while. For her divorce from Captain Mackintosh will put an end to the social prestige she enjoyed on her last trip abroad

P. & A.

Even if Peggy Hopkins Joyce doesn't use her title of Countess Morner in democratic America, it gives her many advantages when she travels in Europe

Cinema Cinderellas

Who Have Married Men of Wealth and Title

By LUCILLE LEBLANC

A CHARMING dining-room in London's most fashionable residential section. The hum of many voices; the musical ring of a woman's laugh; the sparkle of gorgeous jewels; white arms catch the light of crystal chandeliers and shine like marble: the soft tones of old masters on paneled walls form a mellow background for the colorful, glinting, shining scene. Snowy napery and gleaming silver. The blush of tropical fruits: the sparkle of champagne. The fragrance of hothouse flowers, rare as the splendid jewel which glistens on the girlish throat of the hostess.

Famous names. Celebrated faces. International personages are assembled here tonight to pay homage to the charm of a slip of a girl who sits at the head of the table. On her right is the sleek blond head of the world's most popular bachelor, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. On her left is the great Duke of ——. Across the table sits the famous Duchess of B——. Down the table sit other members of the nobility. The list of guests reads like pages of Burke's Peerage.

But the eyes of all present are centered on the small yellow head of the hostess, and the ears of all present are listening to the words of the hostess, and the admiration of all present for the vivid personality and charm of the hostess is a tribute which only few humans can ever receive during the course of a lifetime.

It's a far cry from the dinner-party described above to a narrow, humble street in Brooklyn, New York, U. S. A.

International Newsreel

you recognize the large, sparkling brown eyes? The sleek, well-groomed blonde head? The flashing white teeth? The twinkle in the merry gaze? Of course! Our own Connie! The story of her career from the dark Brooklyn days until recently as one of London's most charming hostesses, would make Hans Anderson weep with tears of chagrin at the feebleness of his own imagination.

When Constance Talmadge used to hang around the studios in the old Biograph days, and wait patiently for another day's work as an extra, the wildest dreams of her fancy could never have conceived the destiny which awaited

(*Continued on page* 92)

Mae Murray, who acquired the title of Princess when she took Prince David Divani as a husband, declares that this marriage is her last

Then there's Gloria Swanson . . . little did she think when she was a Mack Sennett bathing girl that she would marry the handsome Marquis de la Coudray

Underwood & Underwood

Kesslere

Connie Bennett and Phil Plant, who is heir to some thirty-odd millions of dollars, had been in love for years. His family sought a wife for him from the highest social circle possible. But he and Connie slipped away to Greenwich and were married quietly

International Newsreel

Many of the leading social lights present at the party were, and still are for that matter, quite unaware of the existence of Brooklyn. Perhaps it is just as well. But the same yellow head presiding at the table and smiling sweetly into the face of Royalty, or chatting vivaciously with the other members of England's highest social circle, might have been seen not so very long ago, bobbing down the narrow, mean, poverty-stricken Brooklyn street. Perhaps the yellow head might have been going to the corner butcher for a bit of meat. Or to the grocer's for a bunch of carrots. Or to the local bakery for a nickel loaf of bread.

Who is it that sits at the head of the wonderful dinner-party in London? Who is the little girl running—in all probability—bare-legged down the street in Brooklyn? Cant

The Young Chaplins

Charlie Chaplin has a press-agent to keep photographers and reporters and feature writers away from him and his family . . . rather than to arrange appointments. And his two babies have been so successfully guarded by nurses and servants at the Beverly Hills home of Charlie that no photographs have ever been made of them before. With Charles Spencer Chaplin, Junior, is his baby brother, Sidney Earle Chaplin

Read the diary kept by Irving Sindler, a property-man on "Son of the Sheik," when the company was on location. It tells of unbelievable hardships which Rudolph Valentino experienced

Here is the company of "Beau Geste" on the desert where they filmed many of the scenes. Herbert Brenon wanted a location containing plenty of sand. He found it in the middle of the Arizona desert

Willard Louis was almost continuously on one set or another in the studios during the last three years of his life. This portrait, taken shortly before his death, portrays him a weary man

"The Path of

Is Hard Work and the Strain Killing Our

THREE of our leading film stars, Barbara La Marr, Willard Louis and Rudolph Valentino, have died within the year.

In each case it has been said that death came suddenly. But did it? Is it not possible, even quite probable, that these film players in a tense fight to gain greater fame, or to keep the fame that was theirs, ignored over a period of time the limitations of the human body?

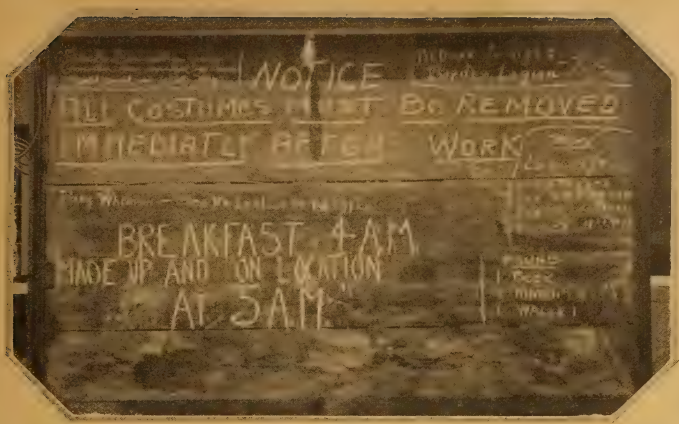
Barbara La Marr, victim of a strenuous diet which brought about tuberculosis, certainly burned out the last spark of her vitality in "The Girl from Montmartre."

Willard Louis, who, after twelve years of obscurity in film work, gained fame in "Beau Brummel" with John Barrymore, was almost continuously on one set or another at Warner's studio during the last three years of his life. Making eight pictures a year, certainly it cannot be doubted that he was severely taxed physically. A new contract, calling for but four pictures a year was signed during the filming of his last picture. It came too late. Two days after the completion of "The Honeymoon Express," he was reported seriously ill. In a week he was dead.

The "sudden" death of Rudolph Valentino, idol of millions of motion picture fans, shocked America and Europe. Yet we in Hollywood who knew him from the "Four Horsemen" days onward were not so shocked. In

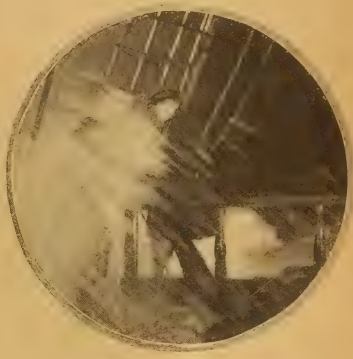
During the filming of "Old Ironsides" a night explosion killed one of the actors. It was unavoidable because today players insist upon taking chances. The god of Hollywood is Realism. No cost is too great

Barbara La Marr was a victim of the strenuous diet which brought about her collapse. But she most certainly burned out the last spark of vitality when she insisted upon working on "The Girl from Montmartre." She was ill and should have rested



Here is the bulletin board used on the Catalina Island location for "Old Ironsides." Each morning the bugle sounded reveille at three-thirty. Breakfast was at four. And they started to work at sunrise

The stars who, a few years ago, consented to the use of a trained acrobat to double in work involving actual danger, now do this work themselves. Hollywood has gone work mad



John Barrymore, with his leg strapped back in order to appear crippled, permitted stage-hands to deluge him with icy water by the hour when they were taking the night stuff for "The Sea Beast"

Glory . . ."

By HELEN CARLISLE

Attendant Upon Fame Screen Stars?

five years he changed from a blithe, happy youth to a weary man, his heavily shadowed eyes showing every indication of some serious illness. It is not difficult for us to believe that he paid for "Son of the Sheik" with his life, that he had not the physical resistance to throw off the strain of his last location trip which took him into the bitter wastes of the Arizona desert.

Irving Sindler, a property-man on "Son of the Sheik," kept a diary during the filming of the picture. Here are a few entries.

"Monday Night—In Camp. Oh, boy, what heat. It rose right up and smacked you in the face. Twenty miles of trek by auto and horse across the desert. Nothing but heat, sand and flies. Well, we'll get Mr. Valentino's lovely, beautiful desert scenes. This cant last forever.

"Tuesday. Miss Vilma Banky put her spoon in a bowl of something that looked like blackberry jam, and when the flies flew away it was the sugar bowl. Montagu Love is sick, but carrying on. He says it's the brackish water.

"Thursday. The thermometer in Mr. Valentino's tent went to 123 degrees at 11 o'clock. We worked in the sun, toiling up the side of a big sand dune. Our assistant director intended to take a shower this afternoon but news spread that somebody had killed a sidewinder

(*Continued on page* 108)

The way in which Rudy accepted the hardships of desert location was commented upon at the time by members of his company. He is shown on the right as he emerged from a tent during a sand storm

In this, one of the last pictures taken of Rudy. He is not the blithe, happy youth that he was when he played in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Those in Hollywood who knew him sometimes thought of him as a weary man

THE CHAMPAGNE

Does a woman really love more than
and there have always been
Then she meets

It was as if he had galvanized the girl into electric life. She leaned across the table and clenched his hands with her two hands. He had not suspected her of such strength

"I'M happy . . . I'm miraculously happy!"

"I should think you would be! I'm glad to hear you admit it at last!"

"I've never admitted it before because I've never been happy before—not really."

"Oh, Nicole, that's nonsense! Forgive me, dear, but honestly, it *is* silly! You . . . why, you've had everything for the past four years . . . *everything*. . . . How can you say a thing like that and mean it?"

"But I do mean it, Georgia. Until I met Michael I've never been really happy. Oh, I've been excited, thrilled, pleased, proud, peppy, even conceited, but I've never been *happy* and—there's a difference."

"Well, there may be, but it seems to me you would have to take a microscope to find it."

"No, it takes love to find it—real love."

"Oh, but darling, you've been in love before and you've recovered—rather faster than most, at that."

Nicole shook her beautiful, much-photographed dark head. "But I shan't get over this," she said, simply,

LIFE

By FAITH SERVICE

once? Nicole is a star . . . many men in her life. Michael Strong . . .

"that's just it. You see, this time *I* am the one who cares —so awfully."

"Oh, come off, dear! Michael Strong is as much in love with you as any man could be and keep the wits God gave him."

"I dont know about that . . . but the thing is, it doesn't matter . . . so much. I would love him whether he loved me or not. I would keep on loving him even if I were never to see him again. I would love him if he hated me. It's like that, now."

"The movies are getting you, darling. They're getting into your blood. You're talking worse than the vilest subtitles. You've had too many emotions, Nicole. Oh, they've been screen emotions, most of them, I'll grant you. Shadow stuff. But emotions, none the less. The only rôle you haven't been cast in is that of unrequited love and no director would be such an ass as to cast you in that part. You'd *look* so absurd. Sounds like flattery, but it's God truth, as none knows better than you, darling. So you must turn about and get you that rôle in real life. Nicole, you know as well as I do that if Michael Strong did one least little thing to displease you . . . forget the morning orchids or the car at the studio door or something like that you'd give him the gate quicker than he would be able to Charleston out of it. I've seen you throw over better men than Michael, nice as he is, for wearing the wrong color tie."

"I tell you, it's different—now."

"Every girl thinks it's 'different' every time she falls in love. So it is—a different man. But the gaff is the same. And you know it."

Nicole smiled. It was a disconcerting smile. It subtly and sweetly and positively denied all that Georgia had said. It portended many things. It hinted at depths, half-hidden, passionate, profound. Georgia recognized the suggestiveness of the smile. But she recognized, too, that Nicole was a clever actress and that she spent most of her waking hours in just that—acting. Nicole could "pull any line" she had a mind to. Just at present, it would seem, she had a mind to pull the Great Love stuff. The thing to do was to humor her. You had to humor Nicole. None knew that better than Georgia. You had to humor her if you wanted to get along with her. And it was undoubtedly the better part of wisdom, the buttered side of the bread, to get along with Nicole.

To get along with Nicole meant to have scads of her gorgeous, cast-off gowns, frothy gowns, beady gowns, severe little tailleurs with unimpeachable names sewed in them on embroidered satin labels; it meant silk hosiery with scarcely a pin prick of damage done them, slippers of every hue and texture, furs, tinted lingerie, negligées, perfumes, powders, fol-de-rols de luxe. It meant living for padded, swanky, lulling days in Nicole's gorgeous New York apartment. It meant traveling across continent with Nicole deluged with fruits, flowers, light literature, reporters and welcoming committees. It meant heavenly weeks and months in Nicole's sumptuous Beverly Hills estate. It meant the use of the cars; it meant luncheons at smart hotels, theater and supper parties—a champagne life. It meant sinking into the upholstery of a luxurious movie queen's life without any of the screen strain. Yes, it was wise to keep on the right side of Nicole.

Of course, humoring her as the victim of a great, perhaps an unrequited love, was going to be unusually trying. But it would pass in due course of time. Everything passed in due course of time with Nicole. Men passed quicker than anything else. Young Van Alstyne Perret who had deluged Nicole with rainstorms of purple orchids, offered her a town car and a roadster and the permanent use of his family name, the three hundred and ninety-ninth name of the four hundred.

Prince Mahmed Ben Ali who had given Nicole the priceless pigeon blood ruby, the Oriental rugs that were a Prince's ransom, the jewel casket exhumed from the tomb of the ancestor of Old Tut and a pleading proposal

for Nicole to return with him to Egypt, or wherever it was he came from, and reinstate the Ptolemies, or whatever kings they were.

Siegmund Lars, the Swedish star, who had killed himself with Nicole's miniature surrounded in diamonds on his forever silent heart.

Jackson Gatesby, son of old Gatesby, the Pork King, who spent his life and a reasonable share of his father's hog-got fortune trying to persuade Nicole that a mansion in Chicago was her logical abiding place and that while movie stars come and movie stars go, pigs is pigs forever.

Oh, Georgia could tap off twenty of them on her enameled fingertips without going to any mental exertion whatsoever. And now there was this Michael Strong under the spotlight. Nice boy, tall, well-knit, college-bred, wealthy, tan skin and tan hair and straight-gazing gray eyes. Nice boy, but . . . Of course, while it lasted, it would be ferocious. That was Nicole, too. Her whims were passionate whims, intensely conceived and intensely given in to. It was her capacity for hurling herself into the expedient emotion that had gone far to making her a screen star. She vibrated, not artificially, not even artistically, but actually, and her vibrations, instrumented by her rare dark beauty, "got across." She was restless and provocative and scornful. "There's *something* about her," the fans said, wonderingly. They couldn't quite figure out what it was. They continued to flood in to see her in order to find out. They never had. . . .

"I've been pleased before," said Nicole, "and excited and proud and thrilled. But I've never been happy and . . . there's a difference"

Of course, this was going to be bad for Nicole just now—this Great Love idea. She was about to start work on a new production and she was cast for the part of a lady of many loves, light, variant, whimsical, capricious. It wouldn't do for her to get out of character. That steady, inward burning light in her eyes, that quiet voice, that simple, sombre sense of Oneness—no, it would never do.

Georgia considered what might be done about it. Nicole had dropped off to sleep, a vision, even to her best girl friend, lying, ivory-white and ruby-red among the frail lace cushions of her chaise longue.

After all, Georgia was her best friend. Her one real friend, it might well be. The other friends, if friends they would prove to be, were entrees into the charmed circle after the circle had been charmed. It would remain forever doubtful as to whether they would have been quite so friendly had they known Nora Barth of Highway, New Jersey.

Nora Barth, in Highway, New Jersey, had belonged to no charmed circle. She had not, in fact, belonged to any circle at all. Fond Mamas had forbidden their daughters to "go" with Nora Barth. Who, said the fond Mamas, who and where was Mister Barth? No one knew. No one had ever known. This nebulous person had never done the respectable thing of materializing before the eyes of Highway, New Jersey. People said that he had been "an actor." Oh, but why bother about what people said—they said the usual things.

Mrs. Barth, faded and frail, took in sewing and lodgers. Men lodgers. There was nothing actually against her, of course . . . still . . .

There was nothing, actually, against Nora, either. Of course, she was too pretty to be quite "nice." No "nice" girl would have such mean white skin, such luminous dark eyes, such a twilight of dark hair. The boys flocked around her . . . really, it wasn't decent.

Georgia Paine alone had stuck to Nicole. She had given up other friends, given up being included in the "set" for the sake of Nora Barth. Her friendship had been wholly disinterested, even sacrificial. It would seem, now, that Nora Barth had not been without her appreciation. She shared all of her stardom that was sharable with Georgia. The fruits thereof fell ripely into Georgia's hands.

Georgia felt triumphant, as tho she had been personally responsible for Nora. She had been wont to say to some of the sneering girls back in Highway, "All right, you wait and see . . . Nora Barth is going to be Someone—then you'll all be sorry."

Well, they were all sorry, if that was any satisfaction, which it was. They were very sorry. Not one of them but what would have given more than a good deal to be invited to Nicole's apartment, to be seen about with Nicole. Not one of them ever was. It would seem, too, that Nora Barth was not without her vindictiveness. She didn't forget.

Georgia looked at her, reminiscently. She could still see the dark, silent, lovely thing Nora Barth had been. She remembered her passionate devotion to her frail, faded mother and her mother's adoration of her. "Mama, please let me do the dishes for you tonight . . . just once." "Darling, I wont let you put your lovely hands in soapsuds. I'll spare you that sort of thing, at any rate." "But Mama, I *like* to wash dishes. I like to sweep and bake and sew, I wish you'd let me help." It had been like that, always. Silly, but *so*.

The day Nora Barth went to the studio in New Jersey. "I'm not good for anything else, Georgia. I cant do anything real. I wish that I could. Mama has made my beauty all there is of me . . . it's because she loves me, of course. . . ." Georgia remembered how wistfully Nora

(*Continued on page* 105)

They called her Carol, because her mother had been reading "The Birds' Christmas Carol," and her own little Christmas baby seemed so like the Christmas baby in the book that no other name really belonged to her

Boris

If you're in a state where you think Christmas is a nuisance . . . and you know that all it will mean is days of difficult shopping . . . and eventually gifts you would never have chosen in a hundred years, then read this story . . . by all means

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

By ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSON

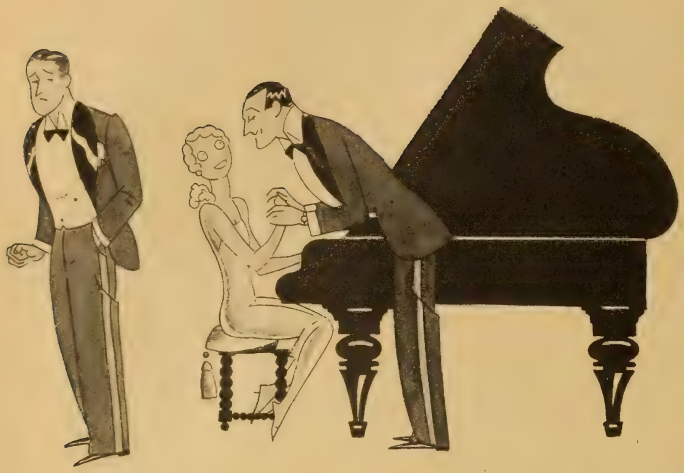
YOU just know Carol Dempster was born in December. I wish I could make the twenty-fifth her birthday, but it wasn't and I cant. It was the ninth.

But that was near enough to Christmas day to keep the family in suspense—those four elder brothers and sisters and the mother and father, who all wanted a Christmas baby so badly.

She came just at the time when mysterious bundles were being met at the door by the grown-ups and carried up-stairs to some secret place for safe-keeping. When the children were writing long letters to Santa Claus and telling him they wanted more than anything else a real, live baby, and when boxes of holly and mistletoe were

(*Continued on page* 96)

Movie Husbands



The Innocent Husband has never learned what it is all about. His chief penchant is for becoming involved with wicked vamps . . . and it is never his fault. They always misunderstand him

There is the Romantic Young Husband. He is always seen adoring his wife and hovering over her solicitously . . . strangely silent while she innocently gets flirtatious with noted roués

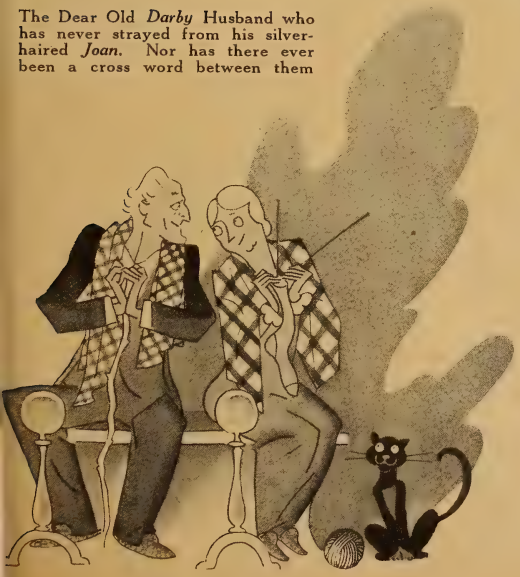
The wife of the Philandering Husband has a difficult time of it. She doesn't know how Anita Loos gets that way, saying that gentlemen prefer blondes. Blondes and brunettes are all the same to her husband, who forever neglects his own true wife for their charms

Drawings
by
Eldon Kelley
from a Suggestion
by
B. F. Wilson

The Strong Silent Husband. Ah . . . he is married to a difficult woman with a sharp tongue. But he can bear it. Because locked in his manly bosom is his great love for a childhood sweetheart

The Brute Husband. After years of hoping that he will mend his ways or break his right arm, the little woman is always forced to flee with another

The Dear Old *Darby* Husband who has never strayed from his silver-haired *Joan*. Nor has there ever been a cross word between them



The Meal Ticket Hubby has a hard time of it. He is nothing more than an animated check-book. His wife and daughter neglect him for social affairs until the first of the month. Then he sees a great deal of them

Florence Vidor is not reviving the eighteenth-century custom of society ladies of receiving morning callers while in bed. This is simply an impromptu conference between the director, Mal St. Clair, Miss Vidor and Monta Bell, the author (another famous director) during the filming of "The Popular Sin"

We Interview Florence Vidor

THE CAST

A Dark, Delightful Lady....*Florence Vidor*
We..... { *Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher*
The Gentleman with a Cane....*Mal St. Clair*
Others: Chauffeurs, Maids, Stagehands, Costume Designers, Members of the Company of "The Popular Sin," and the Usual Lookers-On.

SCENE I.—Somewhere on Long Island. Between Kew Gardens and Astoria.

The interior of a conveyance which the American suburbiani would immediately recognize as a station taxi service, neither better nor worse. Seated side by side on the rear seat, holding perilously to the stuffing that emerges from the upholstery as the car takes or is taken by the wayside bumps are Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher.

The time is approximately eleven-thirty of a late Autumn morning—or it should be eleven-thirty even if it isn't. Anyway, it's Autumn.

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER (*austerely elegant in black*): I couldn't get anyone to take us over for less than four dollars, I tell you. I called *five* places.

GLADYS HALL (*complacently*): I've often made this trip for three-fifty. I'm sure of it.

A. W. F. (*bitterly*): Before prohibition. . . . I mean before the war.

G. H. (*still cloaked in complacency*): No, I'm talking about post-bellum matter. *I* should have arranged for the car.

A. W. F. (*witheringly*): We're late enough as it is.

G. H.: Well, *I* didn't keep you waiting long. It isn't my fault that I cant afford one of the new seasonable frocks and have to take hems up and let out seams before I can go anywhere. If editors paid writers fair prices. . . .

A. W. F.: I have a feeling you have said something of the kind before. Your ingenuity in placing the burden of things that go wrong on my shoulders is commendable. May I suggest that if the same fiendish cleverness was applied to your work you might not have to cavil at a four-dollar fare?

G. N. (*petulantly rubbing imaginary spots from her frock and arranging her beads to the best possible advantage*): *Does* this dress look all right or is it just silly? I wouldn't care so much if it were anyone but Florence Vidor . . . she always seems so *right*. . . .

"I believe in convention," said Florence Vidor. "After all, without the conventions life would be impossible. People are too much like links in a chain . . . too interdependent. And if no one abided by the laws of society, made in self-defense, life would soon be impossible"

An Interview Playlet in One Act and Five Scenes

A. W. F.: Silly? I seem to recall how smart you thought it last season when . . .

G. H. (*morosely*): Last season! That's just IT!

A. W. F.: Anyway, it *is* Florence Vidor who is being interviewed today, you know, not you.

G. H.: Yes, and it's YOU who made the appointment. You're not as efficient as you were in the Maytime of your life, my dear frend. Time was when even you would have eschewed a studio luncheon even if the magazine had had to go to press with several blanks. It's hardly a treat, you know. Pork and beans . . . or a cheese sandwich, very storey . . . . and coffee in thick cups and . . .

A. W. F.: Miss Vidor was busy today. And there was no help for it. And really you know, my dear Miss Hall, you're being *paid* for this. Paid well, too, if I may presume to say. . . .

G. H.: You may presume all right. Much good it will do you—or me. I must say. . . .

A. W. F. (*counting out the remainder of the fare in dimes, nickels and quarters after seizing on the only paper money in her possession—singles*): I wouldn't, Gladys—whatever it is.

G. H. (*hopefully*): Do you want my share now?

A. W. F. (*with an uplifted eyebrow*): Certainly. Do you think I am a philantrophist?

(*The driver is paid and the interviewers disappear into the white marble portico of the building where they are last seen arguing and protesting with that autocrat of autocrats, the doorkeeper, as the curtain mercifully descends upon this raffish scene.*)

SCENE II.—The suite occupied by Florence Vidor during her sojourn in the Eastern studios. In the dressing-room gay rose chintz hangs at the window. There is a vanity dressing-table of pale green enamel. There is a rose chintz slipper chair. Gorgeous garments hang in the charmingly crowded wardrobe.

A maid is putting things to rights.

In the adjoining reception-room the same rose chintz serves as decoration at the windows, on the cushions of the deep wicker chairs and on the chaise longue.

Drawn up by the chaise longue is a table set for luncheon. A cozy table, damask-covered.

Miss Vidor, dark and slender, in a negligée of soft satin quilted with rose chiffon and designed in swirls of rarely beautiful colors is on the chaise longue reading "The Divine Lady," By E. Barrington. An appropriate selection.

Outside the door two voices are heard, raised in protest.

FIRST VOICE: We're frightfully late and no wonder. I *knew* that was the wrong way.

SECOND VOICE: You know it now, you mean. So do I. What a place! Are you sure this is the door?

FIRST VOICE (*wearily*): I'd hate to think how long it is since I've been sure of anything. . . .

SECOND VOICE: Well, are you going to stand here wallowing in self-pity or are you going about the job *you're* paid for too, or you'd know why?

(*This has all been executed in* sotto voce, *or whatever you call it. It is to be fervently hoped that the divine ladies have been sufficiently engrossed, one with the other, to be oblivious.*

(*At the sound of a knock Miss Vidor rises, opens the door and reveals to her probably appreciative eyes the two interviewers, such as they are.*)

FLORENCE VIDOR (*in her curious, low rich voice*): How do you do, Miss Fletcher . . . Miss Hall . . .

G. H. (*relieved*): We hoped this was the right suite. Miss Fletcher isn't sure of *anything*, you see, so how could she be sure of this?

A. W. F. (*suavely—on the surface*): We were afraid we might have tumbled into the mens' corridor by mistake. At least, *I* was. Miss Hall might have enjoyed it. You know how some people *are* (*giggling socially*).

FLORENCE VIDOR (*with a special sort of gayety—a genuine gayety that seems, nevertheless, to be overlaid on a special sort of sadness*): I know, that's the way I am. (*Hastily*) Not sure of things, I mean. Especially studios. At home, they are very simple affairs. One story, you know, but here I lose myself several times a day traveling to and from the stages.

But do sit down. We'll have luncheon served immediately.

(*It should be noted that the orbs of both G. H. and A. W. F. brighten illuminatingly*

Michael Arlen might have written about Florence Vidor, except for the fact that he paints his characters more flamboyantly. She has a sophisticated sparkle. And there is something slightly Continental about her in spite of her American background

at sight of the table laid in the dressing-room suite. It promises something better than the gloomy prognostications that took place in the taxi.)

A. W. F. (*trying to sound casually affable rather than gastronomically relieved*): How pleasant to have luncheon served up here!

FLORENCE VIDOR: I cannot promise it will be pleasant. Ordering a luncheon in the studio presents difficulties. I've spent most of the morning with the menu trying to arrive at some decision about the general preference for boiled fish *versus* corned beef and cabbage.

(*Miss Vidor's personal maid now serves the luncheon. Chilled grapefruit. Broiled fish. Green peas. French-fried potatoes. Lettuce and tomato salad. Caramel custard. Coffee, Cigarets.*)

G. H. (*herself again after the entrée is safely before her*): Is your little girl with you, Miss Vidor? Suzanne?

FLORENCE VIDOR: She will be tomorrow. I was very brave about leaving her at home. I thought she would be better off with her own friends and familiar surroundings. But I've lost my nerve, I think. I miss her so terribly. I've really been in a most depressed state, weeping at unaccountable times. I thought I would feel much better if I sent for Suzanne—and I did.

A. W. F.: Does Suzanne play with the children of motion picture people for the most part?

FLORENCE VIDOR: She and Jack Holt's little boy have splendid times together. But her other friends are the children of non-professionals. She has a little playmate next door with whom she is especially intimate. They have played together since they were wee babies and they are still together most of their waking hours. They are an adorable combination. The little playmate has the qualities Suzanne lacks and *vice versa*. And then at school, too, she is away from theatrical influence.

"It is a great pity that the incomes of motion picture people are made public property . . . published . . . exaggerated often enough. The result is constant appeals from strangers . . . from very distant or unheard-of relatives. It would be impossible to grant half of them and have anything left"

G. H.: Would you want Suzanne to go on the screen when she grows up?

FLORENCE VIDOR: If she wants to. If she shows any marked ability or any strong desire. But somehow I dont think she will. She doesn't seem to have the slightest interest in theatricals. She never plays theater as most children do. And every time I take her to see me on the screen she cries. She hates seeing me. 'Barbara Frietchie' was the only picture of mine she really liked.

A. W. F.: Why do you suppose she cries? Jealousy? The sense of possession being infringed upon.

FLORENCE VIDOR: Possibly. She sees men making love to me and she doesn't like that. It somehow offends her tho she may not know why, probably doesn't. And then I think, too, that Suzanne feels badly because I work. I frequently impress upon her the fact that I *do work*. I do it for several reasons. One reason is so that she will not have an inflated idea of money. One day, some months ago, she came to me and asked me if we were not very rich. Some child at school had told her we were—that we must be because I was in pictures and all picture people were rich.

(*Continued on page* 117)

"It used to be," said Florence Vidor, "that a woman not actually ugly and deformed could not or should not be able to add two and two. But that is so changed now. Rarely beautiful women are versed in high finance"

"The Popular Sin" is a story of divorce. It is the first picture Florence Vidor has made in the East . . . and here she is seen with Clive Brook, one of the gentlemen in the case

Melbourne Spurr

Lila and Her Two Jimmies

Lila Lee Kirkwood says she has captured the delightful spirit of Christmas again. Thru Jimmie Junior, of course. He's old enough to know about Santa Claus and such things now . . . and Lila says Jimmie Senior is almost as excited as his son and heir

Aileen Pringle wears black velvet and crêpe with scarf sleeve
Bebe Daniels' pajamas are of chiffon, satin and velvet in black and white

(These costumes are not for sale)

AS OTHERS SEE US

"OPEN LETTER TO A COUNTRY COUSIN"

New York.

PATSY DEAR:

I scarcely dare tell you that shortly after you left for your home I went up to the Cosmopolitan Studio to see GLORIA SWANSON.

You never will survive having missed that, I suppose, but I simply could not spare the time when you were here.

How I wish you could have met her, for she is everything that is dear and lovable. Sounds odd, doesn't it, in view of the tremendous publicity that has been given her "regal dignity," "temperament," *et al.;* but Heaven help anyone who dares knock the little Marquise in my presence, it wont be exactly safe to do!

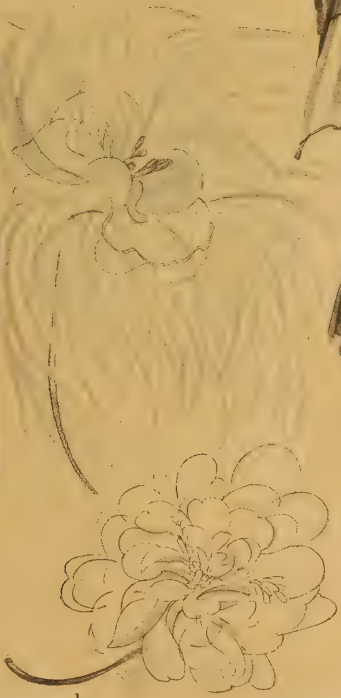
I shall have far more to tell you next month, for I am going up there again in a week or two to do her latest wardrobe, which was still in the formative period at the time.

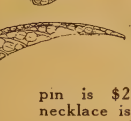
By GRACE CORSON

There have been many openings this month, but "The Sorrows of Satan" was most interesting to me because I had seen much of it in the making.

D. W. Griffith, who directed it, was, as usual, in hiding far up in a balcony, but Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez, Betty Blythe, Carol Dempster and Lois Moran and Estelle Taylor with, of course, Jack

(*Continued on page* 100)





Here are pins of brilliants, with the hats of black, red or green. The large head two inches high is $5. The small head one inch high is $2.95. The feather pin is $2.50. The baroque pearl necklace is fifty-two inches of beautiful quality, $3.95

All articles on this page from Arnold Constable & Co.

The heavy ribbed silk "Darbrook" scarf is for sports. The scarf sketched was in navy, red, grey and yellow. But there are many other color combinations obtainable. It is about thirty-three inches by thirty-four inches and costs $5.95

An ostrich flower for shoulder or corsage in all the evening shades may be had for $1.75. It measures twelve inches across. Then there are chiffon flowers, measuring six inches across, for $2.00

Who would dream that this smart evening wrap is but a square of metal brocade, cleverly held to the figure? It may be had in a multitude of colors. Without ostrich, $25. The boa, twenty-five inches long, costs $5.95

Full details about articles sketched and Shopping Service Instructions on Page 100

"Little words. Little touches. Little looks. The foreign lover uses them all."

"Americans are so afraid they will 'make a fool' of themselves. They make a declaration of affection to you once and expect that to last."

Below are Lewis Stone and Alice Terry in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

"As a lover, Rudy always underacted, suggesting more than he gave—suggesting passion under restraint. That, I think, was the secret of his appeal."

The scene above shows Miss Terry with Mr. Valentino in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

"Wait until you see Petrovich in 'The Magician.' He suggests great forests, the plains and the sea. He is a lover among elemental things. Yet he is not crude."

The picture on the right shows Miss Terry with Petrovich in "The Magician."

Some Women Have

By DWINELLE

Alice Terry Compares the Men of Six Nations in the Love Scenes She Has Played With Them in Her Various Pictures

LOVE with all the trimmings! Romance, fire, poetry, passion, ecstasy and abandon! Love that is just love—love without prosaic conditions or practical angles. Love without the thought of grocery bills and leaky roofs—love, in short, that doesn't have to be subjected to the acid test of marriage.

Love for Lovers! The kind that all husbands have forgotten about, and that most of them never knew. That's the sort of love that the Great Screen Lovers give us, and that nine million and ninety-nine women feast upon in every theater in the country—while the dishes stand stacked in the sink!

For every woman, no matter how prosaic, how placid her disposition may be, likes to imagine herself the heroine of a great romance, the object of an irresistible love.

"The Anglo-Saxon is ashamed of his emotions. But he is much more reliable when it comes to paying the bills"

"Conway Tearle is really English inside. Good and proper, but not especially exciting, compared to the Latins. It is difficult for a woman to make a love scene out of faithfulness and devotion."

It was in "The Great Divide" that Miss Terry played with Conway Tearle.

"Ramon Novarro is the greatest one I know. He has romance and charm. And being a Mexican, there is something different about him . . . a strain of the Aztec Indians which lends mystery."

Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry will be seen on the screen next in "The Great Galeoto."

"Tony Moreno is forceful and masterful . . . all that sort of thing. He takes possession of a woman and you couldn't resist him . . . is that being a cave-man?"

This scene of Miss Terry and Mr. Moreno is from "Mare Nostrum."

All the Luck

BENTHALL

Happily and safely married as she may be (and she usually is), there is always the thought if "other eyes and other lips their tale of love could tell"—it would be, well, interesting—and that's where it ends for most of us——

So we buy our movie tickets and love and are loved, vicariously.

But the fair and lovely Alice Terry knows more about it, than that. She is safely and happily married, too, but in addition, she knows more about the world's Great Lovers and their way of "telling their hearts" than any other one woman. Lucky Alice!

Valentino, Novarro, Moreno, Tearle, Stone, Petrovich! All have loved her—and she doesn't turn a hair! Now I ask you, is that any way to treat a gift of the gods?

Love of all shadings and varieties—love of all nations—nice, restrained English love, practical American affection, tempestuous Spanish passion, and violent Italian outbursts—they are all part of the day's work, to her.

There was Valentino. Do you remember Alice and Valentino in "The Four Horsemen"? No one had ever heard of him before that. When I talked to her about him, he had been dead just a little while. The world acclaimed him great and was still ringing with the extravagant pæans of praise, but in the face of it all, Alice was quite luke warm, calmly analytical. Rudy was a great lover, but she has known greater ones, she thinks Novarro is—but that is getting ahead of the story.

"When they told me, Valentino was to play opposite me in 'The Four Horsemen,' I knew him only as a dancing man—you know the sort—young, charming, graceful.

"Well, that was all right, *Julio* was that type and Valentino played the part beautifully. He was easy to

(*Continued on page* 90)

George P. Hammel

This is Helen Mundy as she looks today. Paramount considers her a "find" and she has been placed under a long-term contract. Talk about your *Cinderella* stories!

Karl Brown went into the Tennessee mountains and selected natives to play every rôle in "Stark Love." Helen Mundy, sixteen years old, was chosen for the leading lady. Mr. Brown sensed something dramatic about her. But we doubt if he knew the beauty that lurked behind her unkempt skin and hair and her coarse garments.

Which only goes to prove you never can tell. There's a far hail between the two pictures on this page . . . but they are the same girl and were taken only a few weeks apart

You Never Can Tell

Crazy Quilt

Those Who Did Not Know Judith Tower, the Motion Picture Star, Envied Her.

But It Was Only on the Surface That Her Life Offered All That Could Be Desired.

By
ADELE ORMISTON

Illustrations by Henry Pilgrim

(See Page 78 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapters)

JUDITH was never again to surprise Harvey by an unexpected return. Sometimes she fancied what she might have seen if she had entered her apartment a few minutes sooner. And always such fancies brought with them the strange illness of repressed fear.

When she finished her scenes on the Mountain Stream location two days before the rest of the company, she had returned to New York without wiring Harvey. She had taken an early morning train and subjected herself to the tedious day journey in order to be home twelve hours earlier.

It was a Thursday afternoon, late, when she arrived at Grand Central Station. She computed the weeks she had been away on her fingers. It was Lillian's day out. Harvey and she would be alone.

A surge of dear impatience to be with him again. She hoped he would be at home. For the things that Sonia had told her and which she had accepted as the truth made her desirous of holding him safely in her arms.

He *did* prefer her to all the others. Sonia had said that.

The ride up-town seemed endless. Judith thought the traffic signals would never shift from red to the green light that permitted progress.

"Love," she said, "I am so happy to be back home . . . with you. Are you a little glad, too?"

$200 in Prizes Is Being Offered for the Best Opinions

See Page 80 for

Once upon a time Judith would have felt no understanding for the woman who continued to love her husband after she discovered that he was less than the eidolon that she had created in his image. She would have marveled over the wife who accepted her husband's penchant for philandering as something that she must help him overcome . . . rather than something which should turn her from him.

Funny what marriage had done to her.

Her impatience increased as she approached the house. When the cab stopped at the door she was sitting on the edge of her seat with the exact meter charge plus a tip in her hand.

The doorman carried in her hand luggage. The elevator boy greeted her and carried her up-stairs in the little gilded cage.

She let herself in with her latch-key.

No one was home.

But in the living-room there was evidence of a recent occupation. The coffee table was drawn up to the lounge. There were two empty cocktail glasses. A silver shaker caught the lamplight. There was a tray of sandwiches. And a cigaret smoldered in one of the shallow cloisonné trays. Judith dug the burning end into a green dragon that curled in the enameled Chinese pattern. A sandalwood fragrance assailed her. She sniffed at the burned end. It was heavily scented.

While she bathed and changed from her traveling suit into a dull crêpe afternoon dress, she wondered about the cigaret and its smoker. On an impulse she ran down-stairs to see whether any lip rouge stained the crushed butt. It was impossible to determine this.

"Some men affect scented cigarets," she thought, "and even if it was smoked by a woman, what of it? Surely Harvey is entitled to have tea with a woman. It might have been business. If there was anything wrong between them, he would hardly bring her to the apartment."

Yet in spite of this self-reassurance, Judith continued to doubt.

Scarcely any perfume was left in the engraved glass bottle on her dressing-table. And she remembered that she had filled this bottle just before leaving. Could Lillian have appropriated it?

Judith knew that Lillian was not likely to trouble herself with the vanities of this world. She had Religion. It amounted almost to a disease with her. She had denounced Judith's extravagant purchase of perfumes, jewelry and other similar things as the devil's own accouterments.

Who then had made themselves at home at her dressing-table? Whose image had been reflected in the mirror that now reflected hers? Who had appropriated the fragrance of her Amber antique?

On the floor was a tiny piece of linen, lace-edged. Judith picked it up. It had been scented with her perfume.

Her first instinct was to keep the handkerchief and confront Harvey with it. But she did not do this. She dropped the handkerchief in the scrap-basket and impulsively wiped her finger-tips.

Then she unpacked her bag and was beginning to put away the things, laying aside the accessories she would need at the studios, when she heard Harvey come in.

She paused a second. She wanted to greet him naturally, and she steadied her voice against the nervous break which threatened it.

"Mon amie," shouted Harvey and he bounded up the little stairway three stairs at a time. "When did you get

Judith had rather expected Felice to avoid her. But, on the contrary, Felice

on Why "Crazy Quilt" Is a Fitting Title for This Story. Contest Details

home? And why didn't you wire me to meet you?"

Judith was like a little girl who has planned a beautiful surprise that has gone awry.

"I wanted to surprise you," she said, "and the house was empty."

He took her into his arms and covered her face with happy kisses.

And Judith, catching a glimpse of the discarded handkerchief over his shoulder, turned her eyes away.

"He does love me," she thought, "I am horrid to suspect him. He will explain."

Whereupon she proceeded to adore him more than before, because she felt she had done him an injustice.

With his assistance, the trunk which came up-stairs was soon unpacked and they went down to the living-room together. He had said nothing about his very recent guest. It was as if he had completely forgotten about the tea things until they came upon the disarranged couch and the plates and glasses.

Judith by this time was confident that everything was as it should be. She felt that he would have been hasty in offering an explanation if he had felt any sense of guilt. That was because she was never to understand how unimportant philandering was to Harvey.

"Had a friend in for tea," he said now. He was quite casual. And his remark seemed a little superfluous since they were standing over the tea things. "Meant to clear the things away when I got back."

"That was pleasant," said Judith, "I must have just missed you. A cigaret was still burning when I came in."

One half of her brain was ashamed to see the other half seeking slyly to implicate him.

"Who was it?" she asked, "anyone I know?"

"Nope. Nope," said Harvey, "a man I met while you were gone. He's an interesting sort of chap. From Chicago. He wanted to do some press work for you. I thought I had better talk with him. You are getting enough publicity now. But you cant tell about the future. And I thought it was well to have someone in mind. . . ."

"He's lying. He's lying," thought Judith, "People always talk more than is necessary when they have something to cover up." And she interrupted him to save him from further evidence of guilt and stupidity.

"We'll keep his address," she said. "And now let's order dinner sent up from the restaurant."

"If only it didn't have to be like this," she thought. "If only it could be the way I thought it was going to be." But it never occurred to her not to go on.

While they ate their dinner Harvey asked a hundred questions about the trip. Had she been able to get some good stuff in her own scenes? What had the director said about her work? When could they see the rushes? How had Sonia and Hugh Kendrick got on?

Judith gave him one hundred answers. And he did not seem to notice that she ate very little dinner.

It was almost nine o'clock when the waiter came for the tray and she and Harvey settled down to their accounts. Immediately Judith realized that they were further in debt than ever.

She hated to take the management of her finances away from Harvey. But she felt compelled to do this. There were any number of canceled checks that had been made out to "Cash" and Harvey's recollection of what they had been used for was very vague.

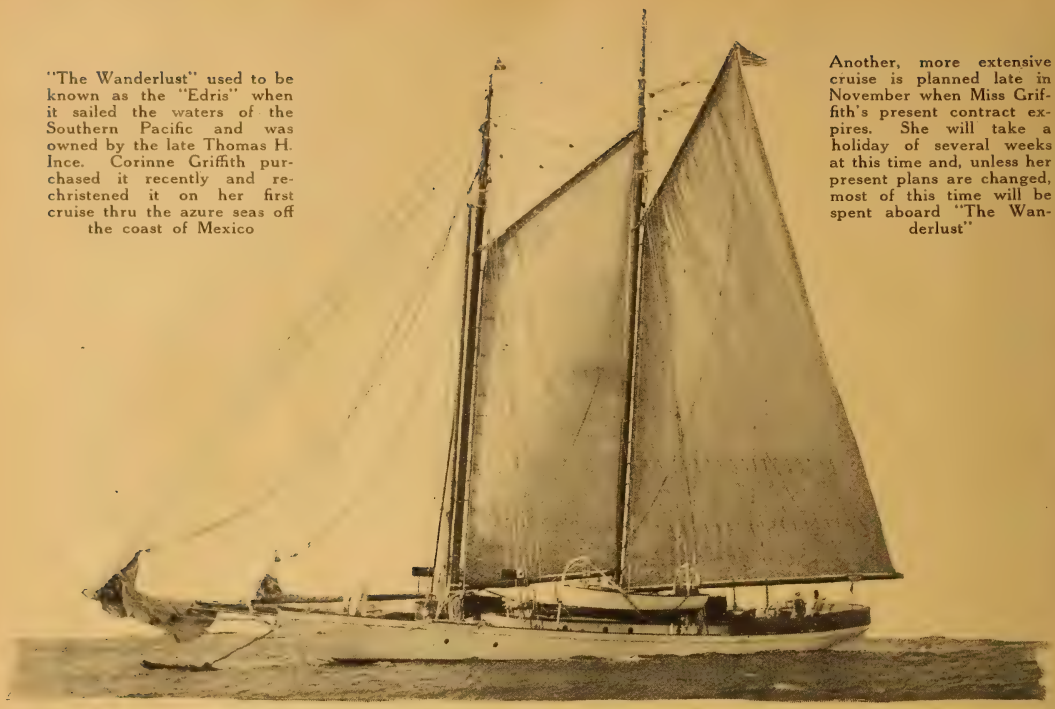
"We owe over a thousand dollars," Judith said finally. "That is frightful."

"It's nothing," insisted Harvey.

(*Continued on page 78*)

rather made a point of stopping in Judith's dressing-room in the mornings

"The Wanderlust" used to be known as the "Edris" when it sailed the waters of the Southern Pacific and was owned by the late Thomas H. Ince. Corinne Griffith purchased it recently and rechristened it on her first cruise thru the azure seas off the coast of Mexico



Another, more extensive cruise is planned late in November when Miss Griffith's present contract expires. She will take a holiday of several weeks at this time and, unless her present plans are changed, most of this time will be spent aboard "The Wanderlust"

Corinne Commands a Right Good Crew When She Sails on "The Wanderlust"

It is a luxurious affair . . . eighty-five feet long, with a nineteen foot beam, carrying a crew of four and accommodating ten passengers. It was built in New York in 1909 and brought to California under its own sails by way of Cape Horn

On deck with Miss Griffith is her husband, Walter Morosco. Mr. Morosco is a director for Warner Brothers and one of the young men who is being watched with great interest in motion picture circles. His future is considered brilliant

All Aboard the Limerick Liner

See Prize Winning Limericks on Page 88

Are you going to be one of the lucky passengers on The Limerick Liner? We have $50.00 to divide among four writers of clever lines. Remember that the line you submit to complete a limerick must rhyme with the first two. Send as many as you like before December 20. Address: Limerick Contest 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A surprise in your stocking
—how jolly!
Alberta is your Christmas
dolly.
She has cute dimpled knees,
Says "Papa" when you
squeeze,

— — — — — — — — — —

New Year's is a failure for
Syd,
For its old-fashioned joys are
forbid,
And the glass in his hand
Contains nothing but sand

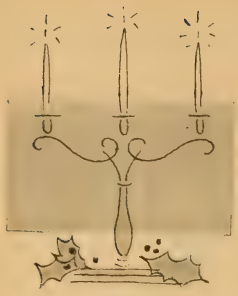
— — — — — — — — — —

Vera Reynolds and Julia Faye
Are practising for the ballet.
Perhaps they have fears
For their movie careers,

— — — — — — — — — —

Disguised in a hat with a
brim
Is Leatrice, keeping in trim.
With hair cut like a boy
She is simply a Joy,

— — — — — — — — — —



Christmas in the

Too many of us are apt to hang up a holly wreath . . . decorate a small tree and let it go at that. But the way in which these things are done is almost as important as the trees and wreaths themselves

IT'S nearing the time when mysterious bundles appear and immediately disappear in dresser drawers and on the top shelves of closets, when equally mysterious questions are asked, measurements taken and telephone calls made. Christmas!

We all get ready for the holidays in innumerable ways. It marks the height of the whirl of the social season when jollity, merriment and good cheer are paramount. And in the home there must be Christmas, too. Not only the inward spirit of the season but outward signs which will help to symbolize the real spirit of the day.

Of course, you will have a Christmas tree. That goes without saying. But, at that, there are so many more things in decorating a home than the tree, itself. Too many of us are apt to hang up a holly wreath and decorate a small tree and let it go at that. A tree is lovely. So are holly wreaths — but the kind of a tree you have and the way you arrange your wreaths are almost as important as the trees and wreaths themselves.

First, then, the Christmas tree. Do you have a box of decorations which you take out, year after year, add only one or two new things and feel that you have done all that is necessary in the way of tree decoration? If so, I bet the tree isn't half as attractive as you think it is. There is really nothing awfully good-looking in a small pine-tree, cluttered up with an odd assortment of old Christmas things. A Christmas tree to be attractive must have some novel features.

It's all very well to say that the custom of Christmas trees is such an old one that the decorations need not be novel. For, after all, the present accepted way of decorating a Christmas tree hasn't any great tradition back of it and there's no reason why you cant change it if you like. And there's no reason, either, why your Christmas tree should cost a great deal of money, in order to be attractive-looking.

Why not this year, for a change, have a one-colored or a two-colored Christmas tree? I can think of nothing lovelier than a Christmas tree that is all silver. It will attract immediate attention and will be so fairylike and new that the spirit of Christmas will seem to flame out in it. For your all-silver Christmas tree use plenty of crystal balls and silver ornaments. Use festoons of silver, too. If you wish to make home-made decorations for your silver tree, get sheets of bright silver paper. Make chains of some of it. Paste some on both sides of sheets of cardboard and then make innumerable stars and crescents and a few moons, too, for your silver tree, fastening these on the tree with silver cord. With some of your silver paper make tiny cornucopias, fringing the tops and fastening to the tree with silvered cardboard handles. In the cornucopias you can put white and silver candies.

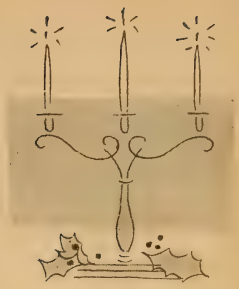
If you start saving silver papers of all sorts a few weeks before Christmas you will have a lot of it by the time your tree should be decorated. Tin-foil, too, is useful. Cover oddly shaped candies and little toys and nuts with these papers and put them on your tree.

You will need silver paint, of course. Regular radiator paint will be best. You can use this for silvering some of your old Christmas tree decorations and for silvering all sorts of tiny objects, small tree cones, the tips of some of the branches and if you like even the trunk of the tree itself. Then, just at the last, after your tree is completely decorated, throw over the whole thing some silver snow which you can get quite inexpensively in envelopes.

Of course, there is a sentiment about candles

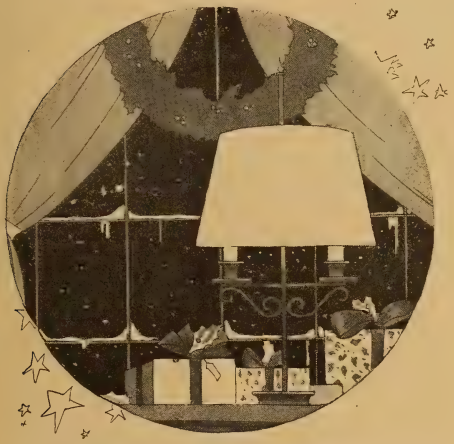
Why not this year, for a change, have a one-colored or a two-colored Christmas tree. I can think of nothing lovelier than a tree that is all silver . . . or a tree decorated in red and silver

Home—By Stephen Gooson



The Interior Decorator of the First National Studios Offers a Variety of Original Suggestions for Christmas Decorations

and for real beauty and charm electric lights cannot rival them. However, in these days when fire prevention is vastly more important than yielding to a desire to keep up old customs, the candle must go. However, very attractive little electric lights have taken the place of candles and these are so reasonably priced that anyone can afford



If you live in the country, it is fun to make the big wreaths yourself . . . but I would put a wreath in every living-room window

them. For a silver tree use all white lights. If you carry out this plan I think you will be amazed at the beauty and charm of your tree.

A two-colored tree is good, too. A tree that is silver and green or red and silver is quite as attractive as an all-silver tree and may suit your purpose better. For the green and silver tree you may use tiny puff balls of green tissue-paper, green-painted toys and ornaments. And be sure to buy some of the brilliant green glass balls which come in several fascinating shades. Make old-fashioned green chains to alternate with your silver festoons. Your lights should be green and white.

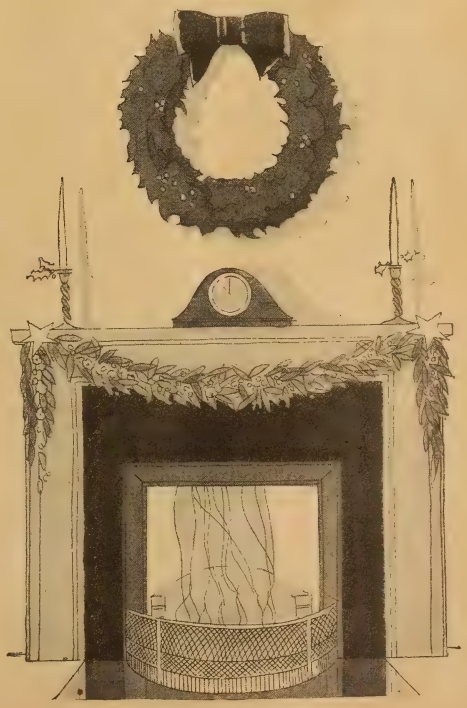
Your red-and-green tree would be perhaps the most startling that you could plan. Cant you visualize it? Brilliant red and green spheres, red ribbons and ornaments, tiny, highly polished red apples, little toys of red and silver. A tree decorated in red and silver with the deep green of the tree as a background will give you the real Christmas spirit and much real beauty besides. For, after all, tho we love the average Christmas tree in many cases it is not a very real object of beauty.

If you want to keep all of the bright colors you may still achieve a lovely Christmas tree if you are willing to put thought to it. Look over your Christmas decorations and discard those that are at all shabby. For new ornaments add some of the brilliant spheres in various colors, especially in orange, red, green and blue. These colors are not only lovely in themselves but they reflect the light and add lightness and loveliness to your tree in greater quantities than any other ornaments I can think of. Add, if you like, too, some glass icicles and a bright bell or two. Use a quantity of festoons, for these festoons, draped from branch to branch, soften the outlines and give the tree a completeness that it can never have without them.

In decorating your tree, pay attention to design. Put your heaviest ornaments near the bottom, those of medium size half-way up the tree and keep light, delicate ornaments for the top, with a lovely angel or a Christmas star for the topmost branch. After your main ornaments are on

(*Continued on page* 89)

Special fireplace decorations . . . the mantel festooned with fir or pine or some other Christmas greenery . . . a large wreath tied with scarlet ribbon over the mantel . . . red candles and fresh sprigs of holly



Motion Picture Junior

Vol. II. No. 7 January, 1927

The Junior Answer Man

FRED H., JR.—You can obtain pictures of any of "Our Gang" at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California. Ramon Novarro is at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Jack Holt, Jr., made his first screen appearance with his famous father in "Forlorn River." He is just six years old.

GERTRUDE F.—Farina's real name is Allan Clay Hoskins. His little sister, Jane, is going to join our comedies. She will be known as "Aroma." The members of "Our Gang" comedies will be glad to send you their pictures if you write to them at the above address.

LILLIAN B.—You can secure a picture of Gloria Swanson by writing to her at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City, New York. Laura La Plante is at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. It is customary to send twenty-five cents with a request for a star's picture, but there are a few players who send out their pictures free of charge.

MARY S.—Write to Richard Dix for his photograph. He is at the Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, Long Island.

KITTENS.—William Haines was born January 1, 1900, and is not married. Tom Mix is forty-seven years old. You can write to William Haines and Conrad Nagel at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Clara Bow, Charles Rogers, Pola Negri, Mary Brian and Blanche Sweet at Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, California. June Marlowe is at Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ANNA L.—Rin-Tin-Tin is almost nine years old. Did you know Lois Wilson had her hair bobbed? Her next picture will be "The Great Gatsby."

G. B.—Einar Hansen was born in Motala, Sweden. You can write to him at First National Studios, Burbank, California. Did you like the story about Mr. Hansen in the November CLASSIC?

(*Continued on page* 116)

Louise

Here's a grand surprise for Christmas morning! How would you like to open a huge doll box and find beautiful Marion Davies inside, with golden curls and beautiful clothes . . . looking just like a doll?

All questions sent to Joe Frank Cobb in Care of Movie Junior, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York, will be answered by him

How I Became an Animal Trainer

By
JERRY THE GIANT

Before Jerry became an animal trainer he thought he would like to be a sailor . . . or a fireman . . . or a policeman. Then he went to the zoo. And after that he met The-Man-Who-Makes-Pictures

AT one time—but I have changed my mind now—I was going to be a sailor, and roam over all the seas in a ship with big sails.

At another, I thought of being a fireman, so that I could ride a big engine down the street and clang the bell.

Then there was the time I wanted to be a policeman, and stop everything, except the fire-engines, with a wave of my hand. And again, I thought to be a bandit would be fun—or maybe an explorer and find the North Pole.

The day I changed my mind completely was the day I went to the Circus, for that day I knew that I wanted to be an animal trainer more than anything else in the world.

My mother said, if I prayed every night, perhaps I'd get a chance to be one, but she said I must con-cen-trate, and that meant that I was to shut my eyes tight and not look thru my fingers or think anything else, even for a minute, while I prayed.

So, and one day, not such a long time after that, my mother said to come on with her and be in a movie. We went over to the big Fox Studio and there met the Man-Who-Makes-Pictures. He said he was going to make some films all about a circus and I was to be in them.

I said, "Can I ride a n'elephant?"

He said, "Perhaps."

But when we got out to the "lot" which is just a big field with tents in it like the circus, there weren't any elephants there.

There was a big white horse, tho, called "Arabia" and I rode him around all over the place and made him "whoa" and "giddap" and all. I liked that Arabia.

I liked all the animals there right away, except the jackass that put back his ears when he looked at me, and an old gander who quacked something quite disagreeable when we were introduced.

I couldn't understand why they were like that, but Pal said it was because ducks and mules have no sense of humor. Pal's a dog, and I guess he's about the smartest dog in the world. He's played in two hundred and twenty-four pictures!

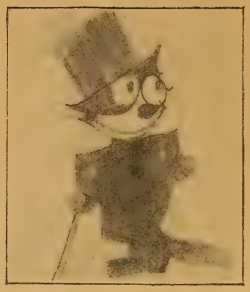
I said "What's a sense of humor?" and he said, "It's the thing that makes you big enough to laugh even when the joke's on you."

Then he went on to tell me the joke. It seems that a rumor got around the place that there was to be a series of comedies made with an all-animal cast, and Brian Boru (that's the gander) went around quacking to everyone that he was to have the lead in them.

(*Continued on page* 116)

Isn't the Felix drawn by Master R. Melvin Quinn too funny? It won the first boy's prize

THE CAUSE OF ALL THE MERRIMENT AT YOUR NABORHOOD MOVIE.



Felix as a gay man about town won the first prize for girls. It was submitted by Guila May Replogle

Master D'Angelo, who sent in this pose of Felix in a thinking mood, won the second prize for boys

And Norma Beausoliel won the second girl's prize when Mr. Sullivan saw this drawing of Felix and his auto

Extra: All About the Felix Cat Contest

With a List of the Winners

ALMOST fifteen thousand boys and girls submitted drawings of Felix in this contest. So you can imagine all the work that Pat Sullivan had to do in order to select the winners. His office was swamped with the funny pictures of Felix and he worked all day long and far into the night so that he could decide definitely upon the winners in time to get the news in this issue.

This contest, you know, was conducted in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE thru the courtesy of the Pat Sullivan Studios, the George Borgfeldt Company and the Educational Film Exchanges, Inc. It ended weeks and weeks ago, but we just had to keep giving Mr. Pat Sullivan more time, because he wanted to judge the drawings largely on originality and cleverness of the artist together with the neatness of the sketch.

The prizes have been mailed to the winners and we hope they have oceans of fun with them.

Here are the winning names and addresses. Is yours among them?

First Prize—Girls—Guila May Replogle, Holton, Kansas
1 dressed Felix standing about one foot high

First Prize—Boys—R. Melvin Quinn, 1419 N. Fourteenth Street, Reading, Pennsylvania
1 Felix standing about one foot high—*Not* dressed

Second Prize — Girls — Norma Beausoliel, 4143 Papineau Avenue, Montreal, P. Q., Ontario, Canada
1 Felix with jointed limbs—about eight inches high

Second Prize—Boys—Pasquale D'Angelo, 69 Dundas Street, W. Toronto, Ontario, Canada
1 Felix with jointed limbs—about eight inches high

Third Prize—Girls—Virginia L. Presbury, 833 Tauromee Avenue, Kansas City, Kansas
1 walking Felix made of metal

Third Prize—Boys—W. Brady, Jr., 633 East 101st Street, Cleveland, Ohio
1 walking Felix made of metal

Fourth Prize—Girls—Helen Momberger, 373 Third Avenue, Newark, New Jersey
1 Felix scooter (mechanical toy on wheels)

Fourth Prize—Boys—Robert Weischedel, 23 Taft Avenue, Nutley, New Jersey
1 Felix scooter (mechanical toy on wheels)

JUNIOR DOLLS TO THE FOLLOWING GIRLS:

Olive Thomas, 125 Orchid Street, Fresno, California; Lyda Burradell, 20 N. Xanthus Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Adelaide Schneider, 507 E. Columbia Street, Springfield, Ohio; Virginia Reiff, 3345 Arrow Avenue, Pleasant Ridge, Cincinnati, Ohio; Helen Bauman, 856 Franklin Place, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Constance Geillinger, 711 Fifteenth Avenue, N. St. Cloud, Minnesota.

BOYS:

Leonard Milhado, 512 Main Street, Poughkeepsie, New York; Edward Weibel, 486 High Street, Morgantown, W. Virginia; Walter L. Houston, 7 Highland Avenue, Stoneham, Massachusetts; Charles Keiser, Vine and Holly Streets, Hazleton, Pennsylvania; John Wilson, 27 Stiles Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey; Herbert A. Lamond, 18 Lisbon Street, Providence, Rhode Island.

In addition to the prizes named, the above will also, receive a signed original drawing of Felix the Cat.

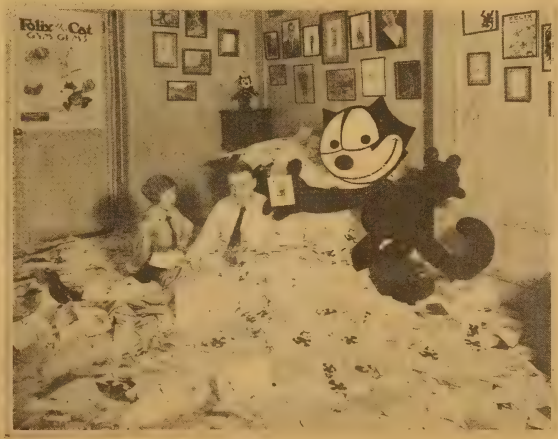
HONORABLE MENTION

The following will receive a signed original drawing of Felix the Cat:

GIRLS:

Margie Cunio, Pine Street, Attleboro, Massachusetts, R. F. D. No. 4; Ida Schwartz, 1742 Federal Boulevard, Denver, Colorado; Marie Dunn, Apt. 287, Torreon, Coah, Mexico; Mignon Jordan, 930 W. Harding, Stockton, California; Marguerite V. Jaeger, 61 Rhode Island Avenue, Washington, D. C.; Delia Myers, 1114 Fifth Avenue, W., Olympia, Washington; Helene M. Burke, 137 Wilson Street, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada; Annette Dame, 4397 Delorimier Avenue, Montreal, Quebec, Canada; Louise Dawson Maynard, 1508 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland; Jennie Dancy, 1118 Amelia Street, New Orleans, Louisiana; Agnes Con-

(*Continued on page* 116)



With drawings stacked on every desk in his office and overflowing a foot deep on the floor, Mr. Pat Sullivan found it an extremely difficult task to pick the prize winners

In this picture Felix is holding the prize-winning drawing which is reproduced above in the upper left-hand corner. Recognize it?

Movie Mother

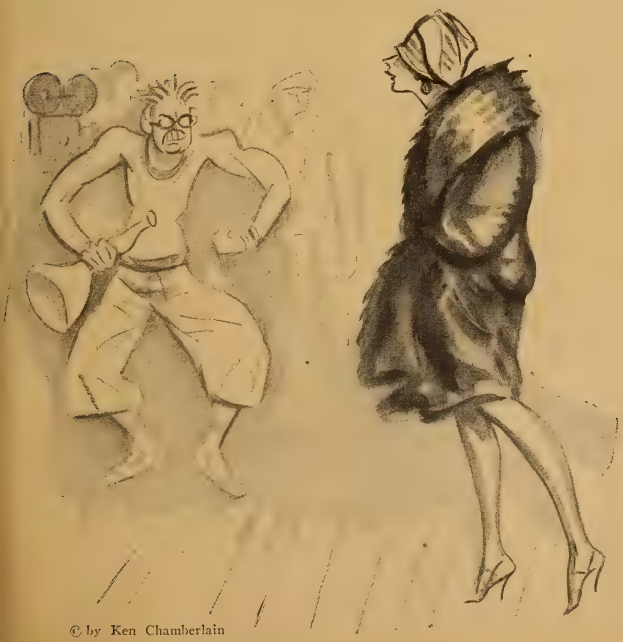
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, Stroheim, von
Never directs with his puttees on;
One glove off, and one glove on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, Stroheim, von

Cock-a-doodle-doo
This dame has lost her shoe!
Her hat and gown and undies too . . .
What will the censors do?

Little Miss Muffet
Sat in a buffet
Eating dill pickles and pies
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her,
'Twas Lon Chaney in a disguise.

Goose—By Ken Chamberlain

Emotional Lillian Gish
Gets you weeping like a fish,
But when viewing Vilma Banky
There's no need to take your hanky.



She must be somebody's pet.
She shows up at eleven,
Called at seven,
The director is hot on the set . . .
A ten o'clock holler
A diller, a dollar

© by Ken Chamberlain

"People told me I would be miserable at home because my mother and father have no luxuries, but I wasn't. I loved taking my bath in a deep barrel of water"

"Mother doesn't understand me, when I tell her the money I make. And, she always goes to see my pictures three times when they play in Sweden. The first time, she says, she cant see me at all because her eyes are too full of tears"

Kesslere

Anna Q. Dares to Be Herself

By GLADYS HALL

Fearing that some of the intimate statements she made in this interview would be misunderstood, Anna Nilsson wired us from the train, en route to California, asking us to delete them.

But we feel her frankness too charming to be sacrificed and publish the story in its entirety.

A. W. F.

WE'VE heard some funny ones in our time . . . funnier than we could make you believe.

But the funniest ones of all have been those that issued from the lips of silken sable ladies of the screen . . . silken sable ladies to whom we have naively put this question: "What does it feel like to be rich and famous?"

And these darlings of the gods have sighed, rested an irreproachable cheek upon a still more irreproachable hand, and answered, "If you only knew. . . ."

Which struck us as unkind because, of course, we didn't know, never have known and never will know, tho such admissions always seemed to us to be unnecessary, considering our obviously department-store apparel. We intimated that we did *not* know, that we wished that we did, but knew the wish to be idle and so asked . . .

"Ah," they have sighed, these silken sable ones, "Ah, it is very sad . . . it is terrible, really . . . people envy us, but if they only *knew* . . . you've no idea . . . all the dreadful publicity . . . this inability to appear anywhere in Public without being Mobbed. . . ."

"Still," we once interrupted a fair siren, "still, you're mobbed with roses and orchids — not stones, after all. . . ."

"Yes, yes . . ." thus the fair trillionairess, "but it is so dreadful . . . when one is sensitive . . . when one loves privacy and inconspicuousness . . . when one would infinitely prefer a tiny cottage hidden away somewhere . . . privacy . . . gingham. . . ."

We have frequently reflected at some such juncture as this: "Oh, be your age . . . be human . . . tell the

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Kenneth Alexander

You'd like Anna Q., even if you had never heard of her before, and her name was Hattie Gray. She is a regular fellow. . . . Who is more than this?

Anna has never felt it necessary to concoct any stories about an ancestral home in Sweden. She is entirely frank about her parents, and supplied this snap-shot taken with her mother and father at the Nilsson house, in Klippan, Sweden, as an illustration for this story

The Christmas Cards

John Gilbert values this card, sent him last year by Rudolph Valentino, more than any other he received, because of its association with a valiant soul

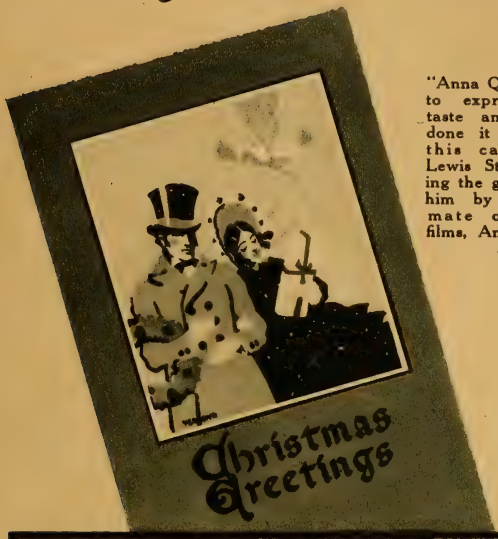
Below is the card that the Bosworths sent Natalie Kingston. She treasures it most of all because of its individuality. It is painted in blending pastels

Tod Browning holds that this card from Mr. and Mrs. Lon Chaney with the lamplight streaming from the cabin windows is his favorite of all the hundreds of cards he received. The pity is that the warm coloring is lost in this reproduction

Dick Barthelmess received this card from one of his closest pals, William Bowell. He likes it more for the scrawl in the corner than for the gay design

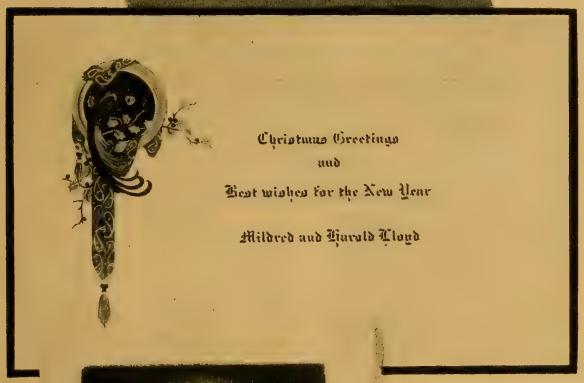
The view from the balcony of the Antonio Moreno home, decorated their card last year. It pictures a California vista . . . that's why Alma Rubens likes it best of all

They Liked Best



"Anna Q. never fails to express artistic taste and she has done it again with this card," says Lewis Stone, selecting the greeting sent him by his teammate of several films, Anna Q. Nilsson

A painting of Venice beautified Marion Davies' card last year. And Ramon Novarro says he prefers it to any of the other cards he received, altho many of them were rarely beautiful



Of all the formal cards they received, Tom and Victoria Mix prefer the one sent them by Mildred and Harold Lloyd. It is engraved in rich and vivid colors

JVST TO SAY HELLO
BECAVSE IT'S CARISTMAS
AND VE'RE FRIENDS
LEW CODY

Because it typifies the greatness and the beauty of the Christmas spirit, Lou Tellegen chose this card from Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray as his favorite

Norma Shearer loves this card because it so completely expresses the genial simplicity of Lew Cody's nature and friendship

Russell Ball

The Conference

Albert Parker, the director; Earl Brown, the scenarist; and Gloria Swanson, the star and producer of "Sunya," lunch together in Gloria's suite of rooms at the studios and consult about the hundred and one things always demanding consultation when a motion picture is being made. This charming suite of rooms was designed and furnished by Urban for the use of Marion Davies when she worked in New York. Miss Davies turned them over to Miss Swanson when she learned that she was going to make "Sunya," her version of "The Eyes of Youth," at these studios

The Editor Gossips

About Several Motion Picture Personalities . . . and No Particular Discretion Marks Her Sentiments

Jack Dempsey is like a hen who has hatched a duckling with Estelle Taylor . . . always amazed at the continued miracle of her beauty and talent. We think men with famous wives are usually like this, quite regardless of their own prestige or attraction

A. Kenyon Newman

NO matter how bored we may become with things in general, we never fail to get a thrill from comparing things as they are with things as they are reported in newspapers. For months before Jack Dempsey fought Gene Tunney, the papers were filled with rumors of differences between him and Estelle Taylor. And those with unkind pens intimated that there would certainly be another marriage on the rocks if Jack lost the championship.

It may be that this is quite true. The more convictions you have had, the more often you have been disproved. But if there is one iota of truth in these rumors about the Dempseys, we insist that they are both greater artists in acting than they have ever been given credit for being. (And we do not forget the things said of Estelle's *Lucrezia Borgia* in "Don Juan.") They present a surface which appears beautifully serene. And their attitude towards each other suggests camaraderie and understanding.

We went to one of New York's gay supper clubs with them one midnight a few weeks ago. Estelle was the guest of honor. And Jack beamed his pride and pleasure. He was like a hen who has hatched a duckling and is somewhat amazed at the continued miracle of its accomplishments. We think men with beautiful and famous wives are usually like this, regardless of their own prestige or attraction. They invariably prowl about a little wonderingly . . . very worshipfully. . . .

Estelle did look a dream, in a gown reminiscent of the crinoline mode, in soft blue taffeta with a fichu of silver lace and deep folds in the skirt which just escaped the tips of her silver slippers.

When some mention was made of something that interested them, Jack's eyes would search quickly for Estelle's eyes . . . or Estelle for Jack's. And they would exchange little smiles and now and then manage to dance together, even tho they gave most of their time to their guests. We heard several other people at the table speak of the bond that so evidently exists between them.

When it was barely two o'clock, Jack insisted that they go home. Estelle was due at the studios the next morning. "You'll be so tired I'll hate to wake you up at seven o'clock, honey dear," he said. And she laughed indulgently and slipped into her shimmering white fur wrap.

In "New York" Estelle plays a gamin rôle in which she wears clothes similar to the ridiculous and abbreviated garments worn by "Kiki."

Like so many of the screen actresses today, she adores parts which permit her characterization. This is not as it used to be. We remember well when a star or leading-lady (there is a distinction, you know . . . listen in at any studio!) wanted to play dress-up parts where she could be the grand and beautiful lady. Their beauty was their fetish.

But today the girls on the screen whom we know are perfectly willing to look ninety-nine years old or positively ugly if the rôle is sufficiently colorful and interesting. Characterization is the thing.

It was a pleasant party . . . and exciting when the spotlight was turned on the Dempsey table . . . and the radio microphone brought over for Estelle and Jack to talk thru . . . and applause ringing thru the room when Jack was introduced. He was touched at the things said about his being an heroic figure in defeat, because of the splendid sportsmanship with which he has accepted

(*Continued on page* 99)

It was during the filming of "Flesh and the Devil" that the love affair between Greta Garbo and John Gilbert had its birth. This with the added attraction of Lars Hanson being in the cast, recommends the production to us

"The Lady in Ermine" frames Corinne Griffith as a bride at a very fashionable wedding . . . and this scene causes us to make a mental note of the title as one of the holiday offerings we wish to see

"Pals in Paradise," judging by this still picture, has a quality of pathos; laughter, following close upon tears. May Robson, Rudolph Schildkraut and Marguerite de la Motte are in the cast

Mae Murray does not dance in "Valencia," according to Roy D'Arcy, who supports her in this production. But Mr. D'Arcy goes on to say that Mae proves that she can carry a picture without any aid from Terpsichore

Eight Holiday Offer

Last month we read that Mary Astor nearly lost the part in "Forever After," because Mr. Irving Asher, the producer, did not like her . . . and how he fell head over heels in love with her before the filming was completed. Seeing Mary in this scene with Eulalie Jensen and David Torrence causes us to understand the Asher change of heart

Rod La Rocque comes to the screen next in "The Cruise of the Jasper Red," an adaptation of the story by Don Marquis

John Barrymore in the title rôle of "The Beloved Rogue," and considering that this is based on the story of Francois Villon and that Alan Crosland directed it, we have high hopes for the next Barrymore performance

Perhaps you saw Beatrice Lille in "Charlot's Revue." If so, you'll be eager to see her in "Exit Smiling," which marks her film début. It is a story of the theater. And Beatrice plays the understudy for the leading lady in the story. It should be amusing

ings from the Studios

Richee

Merry Christmas; *à la Parisienne*

The poem of "The Night Before Christmas" says something about ladies waiting for Santa Claus in kerchief and cap, but Arlette Marchal prefers these very French pajamas for her Christmas Eve peregrinations

There were so many beautiful girls wasting their youth futilely trying to get into the movies that the typewriter and shorthand notes seemed safer. Patricia worked with Lillian Gish in "Annie Laurie" last

A Few Months Ago Patricia Avery Was a Stenographer on the Metro Lot . . . Now She Is a Very Promising Movie Actress

The Reluctant Cinderella

By DOROTHY MANNERS

SOME people, as the saying goes, are born to fame. Like Gloria Swanson. Others acquire it. Like Colleen Moore. And still others have it thrust on them—like a couple of dozen people I could name. But in all that repertoire there is no more striking example of being gently but firmly shoved into the spotlight than Patricia Avery, whom Metro-Goldwyn discovered in their own clerical department and recently signed on a long and prosperous motion picture contract.

It sounds like a new version of the *Cinderella* story—poor little secretary one day and featured player in Lillian Gish's "Annie Laurie" the next—and, as a matter of fact it is. But in this case it's all about a reluctant *Cinderella,* who had to be forced into the Coach and darn near stuck out her tongue at the Fairy Godmother, for in the beginning Patricia, called Pat, didn't want to be a movie star. That is, not particularly.

It seems odd that a girl with eyes so clear blue and an oval face and a slim figure as graceful as a Greek urn girl's shouldn't particularly care about being a movie star, for the movies are notoriously good to girls who look like that; but Pat says, modestly, there were so many more beautiful girls trying—hoping—skimping—praying to get in, accepting sacrifices from their families—wasting their youth in futility——

The typewriter and the debit and credit sheets looked so much safer!

There was to be no time frivoled away in the pursuit of careers. She made up her mind quite firmly about that when she was just a kid and received her first screen offer from Chaplin. You know, Charlie Chaplin. It seems that Rupert Julian, a friend of her father's, had introduced Pat to the little comedian one day. Now, Charlie at that time was making "The Kid" and needed some angels for the dream sequence. Pat, as I have tried to make clear all along, looks like that, like an angel in a dream sequence, so Charlie asked her if she wouldn't like to be one.

(*Continued on page* 98)

The Picture Parade

THE SORROWS OF SATAN—*Drama—80%*

FRANKLY, we were disappointed in "The Sorrows of Satan." And in spite of the fact that years ago we relished this Marie Corelli story of lovers parted by an Evil Influence, we feel that the production's lack lies in the story alone.

You may recollect the plot of two humble writers who live only for each other until the boy is tempted to desert his humble sweetheart for pagan orgies, Mr. Satan acting as his guide.

Griffith has given this story a sympathetic and beautiful interpretation and has modified the wholesale measure of sentimentality which he usually dispenses. And we wish to give particular credit to either D. W. or his artist of a cameraman for the interesting shadow effect which is used in symbolizing Adolphe Menjou in meticulous evening dress as the incarnation of Mr. Satan.

Mr. Menjou's performance, in our opinion, is a little too restrained. Now and then a theatrical gesture or gleam of an eye might have let his audience in on his delight when he achieved his particular end. After all, some things just are theatric . . . despite the modern school of acting . . . and Satan abroad in evening dress is one of them.

But in the case of Lya de Putti we recommend a little restraint. She flaunts the old s. a. too obviously to continue interesting.

Ricardo Cortez as the wandering sweetheart gives a convincing performance.

But it is for Carol Dempster that we save our best adjectives. And for Griffith, too. He has made of Miss Dempster a splendid actress . . . an artist.

In a nutshell, we think "The Sorrows of Satan" an out-of-date story, beautifully produced and holding moments of inspired acting. But for the future, we suggest that Mr. Griffith be given simpler stories about people who do not revel in Bacchanalian orgies. A. W. F.

THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH—*Drama—85%*

ANOTHER Western epic of historical interest has been brought to the screen in "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

The sturdy, pioneering spirit of empire builders is shown in the early scenes of the picture. The desert with its cruel and death-dealing heat and dry, choking sand storms is conquered by a small band of home seekers with a visionary ideal of some day harnessing the Colorado River to make the desert wastes flower.

If one can overlook the incongruities of the cast, it is a great story told in a very dramatic and compelling way. Vilma, as the virile Western girl, *Barbara*, gives a very consistent and charming interpretation of the girl—but Vilma is not and could not possibly be the *Barbara* of Harold Bell Wright's great novel.

Ronald Colman as the engineer who learns to love and fight for the conquering of the desert, even against his own kin, is anything but convincing when the engineer, but *very* convincing as the lover of Vilma.

Gary Cooper played the most consistent and convincing characterization of the picture as *Abe Lee*.

The desert is the menacing gesture in the first of the picture, while the very water which they have struggled to bring to the desert forms the tremendous menace in the last climactic scenes. These scenes carry the story thru to a terrific climax.

This picture will be a popular one with men and lovers of epical features of the West. But if you loved the story as Harold Bell Wright wrote it and would be disappointed if you did not see HIS story—dont go! Otherwise it is well worth seeing.

Produced by Samuel Goldwyn; directed by Henry King.

Cast.—Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, Gary Cooper, Clyde Cook, etc. D. B.

FOREVER AFTER—*Romantic Drama—80%*

IF F. Harmon Weight is a new director—he's new to us anyway—and this is his first picture, congratulations are decidedly in order. In the first place, he has made an actress of Mary Astor. For the first time in our memory she gives a sincere and positively touching performance. Mary Astor!—who even to her fans has never been anything but a classic profile. In the second place, he has made some war scenes which are intelligible—something almost unheard of. And he has assembled a very good cast and made them behave with a maximum of naturalness. The picture is marked thruout by dignity and sincerity. The story is not unusual. It is of a wealthy girl whose parents will not allow her to marry or even see the man she loves, because he is penniless. The war reunites them. That's all—but it's good. No wonderful, you understand, but it will get your sympathy. Unless we just happened to be in a romantic mood that day.—*First National.* E. G.

A GUIDE TO THE GOOD PICTURES

WE will publish our reviews in a uniform size so that they may be filed for future reference. They are written by critics whose view-points are unbiased. The ratings should be of special assistance.

Ratings: Excellent, 95%; Good, 80%; Fair, 70%; Poor, 50%

HOTEL IMPERIAL—*Drama—90%*

ERIC POMMER, that intrepid German producer, has made, thru the excellent direction of Mauritz Stiller, a very great picture. It accomplishes almost to perfection those photographic effects which directors have been striving for. And so simply and directly that one is unconscious of the freakishness of the camera work in one's absorption in the dramatic unfolding of the plot, with its rapid suspense-building. Pola Negri does her best work since coming to America. James Hall has charm and should shoot straight into the star class on the release of this picture. Every character lives thru the story and the types are perfectly chosen. It is a smooth, eloquent tale told in an entirely new language—a thrilling language of pictures. It tells of the courage and cleverness of an Austrian peasant girl who, in a hotbed of Russians, saves the life of a young Austrian officer and helps him to glory. Tho one is ever conscious that it is essentially a war story, and the menace of war times is constantly present, there are practically no actual battle pictures. It is almost altogether a story of the reaction of individuals to war. Dont miss this great picture.—*Famous Players-Lasky.* D. D.

BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT

—Romantic Drama—85%

ANOTHER *Don Juan* with the lover whispering the same sweet nothings into feminine ears, after which they obligingly lift their faces to be kissed, etc.

A more charming, genteel lover than *Don Juan*—and an athletic genius and sword fancier of quality. The story centers about the magnificent court of Louis XIII and Bardelys, the court Great Lover and irresistible woman charmer.

His talents are challenged by his enemy who has been coldly repulsed by *Roxalâne De Lavedan,* a noted beauty of nobility whose family are opposed to the *King.* He forces *Bardelys* to accept the challenge.

Bardelys takes the personality of the leader of the revolution unto himself and stumbles into the boudoir of *Roxalane.*

John Gilbert as *Bardelys* is to be congratulated on a finished, delicate performance of a rôle that calls for finesse. His is a more convincing and enjoyable *Don Juan* than John Barrymore's.

The rest of the cast is well played and the *King,* played by Arthur Lubin, is one of the most finished bits of "performance plus" I have ever witnessed. His shades of characterization are exquisitely done.

For a swashbuckling romance of the middle ages, of the time of Louis XIII, I do not believe "Bardelys the Magnificent" could be improved upon.

The direction was interesting and finished but not so brilliant as we expect of King Vidor since "The Big Parade."

Cast of characters.—John Gilbert, Eleanor Boardman, Arthur Lubin, Roy D'Arcy, John T. Murray, and George K. Arthur. "Bardelys" promises great entertainment. D. D.

THE BETTER 'OLE—*Comedy—80%*

NOT since the days of brother Charlie's "Shoulder Arms" has a comedy carried such high explosive laughter as Syd Chaplin's burlesque, "The Better 'Ole." Truly the celluloid version of Bruce Bairnsfather's comic character, *Old Bill,* is the happy hit of the season. It presents a compact array of funny gags—many of which are culled from the play—and others which have sprung from the fertile minds of Chaplin and Chuck Reisner, the director.

Syd fairly makes the picture talk—what with his antics in and out of the trenches. An exceptional series of original stunts in a barnyard are productive of laughs straight from the diaphragm. From the moment that Charlie's elder brother goes on fatigue duty there isn't a single pause in the continuity of gags. They are executed with snap and dash and spontaneous humor. If there is any criticism to make, we would direct it to an occasional stressing of the scenes. It could be shorter and be just as funny. Still the spectator who fails to chuckle over the horse play should be locked up as dangerous to his community.

"The Better 'Ole" is one of the best burlesques ever screened. It demonstrates that Syd is a real character comedian. He is truly Bairnsfather's *Old Bill* to the life. The droll fellow once said, "If you knows of a better 'ole, go to it." We suggest *if you know of a better comedy, go to it.* That's all we have to say.—*Warner Brothers.*

L. R.

MY OFFICIAL WIFE—Drama—75%

THIS will do very well as a classic example of miscasting. Can you imagine Conway Tearle as a bad, impetuous, Prince-about-town, a caveman, a conqueror, a seducer? And Irene Rich as a proud and spirited Russian countess, a young girl whose beauty and talent make her the toast of Vienna, pursued by all men? No, neither can we. Yet Warner Brothers, with a perfectly straight face, have cast them in these rôles. The setting is Russia in the time when Grand Dukes and snow-storms abounded. The *Countess* is kidnapped from her sleigh by six riotous young bloods, who take her to an inn and throw dice for possession of her. She vows to kill the unknown man who outraged her. Later, she meets and loves *Prince Alexis*. Guess whether she keeps her vow when she finds it was no other than he who wronged her on that fatal night. The story flounders all over Europe, and Conway Tearle smiles genially at every tragic crisis. We understand now why Mr. Tearle has been so wistful all these years. It was the better part of valor.—*Warner Brothers.* F. G.

THE TEMPTRESS—Drama—75%

IT must be admitted that "The Temptress" is a bore. It would seem to be the story of a woman whom all men love and whose curious fate it is to destroy all men who love her—not thru her own will, but as an inevitable consequence of her fatal lure. This she refers to as "God's legacy." She at length atones by destroying herself to save the one man she really loves. This theme is somewhat obscured in a typically movie-esque treatment which emphasizes a Paris revel—two Paris revels, to be exact—an Argentine revel, the breaking of a dam, and similar scenes in which all the extras and studio contrivances can be used. Greta Garbo as the unhappy Temptress has a rôle which requires of her precisely nothing. Antonio Moreno's rôle calls for a little more.

There are two interesting episodes—the spirited course of the Argentine equivalent of a covered wagon across the pampas; and a barbarous duel with whips between our hero and Roy D'Arcy. But Mr. D'Arcy is going to smile that way once too often if he isn't careful.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* E. G.

THE ACE OF CADS—Drama—75%

WE enjoyed "The Ace of Cads"—the *Ace* himself and the picture as a whole. It seemed to us that Adolphe Menjou as the [illegible] gallant *Ace* was both moving and sincere. After all, ultra-sophisticated people do not, indulge in emotional gymnastics. By a slight sag of the shoulders, a gesture gone before it is begun, they exhibit the various bitternesses thru which they pass. Adolphe Menjou does just these things. He is subtle and he is significant. Alice Joyce as the *Lovely Lady* who is the very justifiable object of his lifelong devotion makes the constancy absolutely understandable. She has two or three compelling scenes, notable among them the one by the fireside when she listens to him tell his heart-breaking gallant tale. Norman Trevor as the *Lovely Lady's father-in-law* is, needless to say, excellent. You may have read Michael Arlen's story, in which case repetition would be unpardonable. Enough to say that it is the very sophisticated tale of a suave and charming man who loves a *Lovely Lady* to the final exclusion of all others. They are betrayed by a false friend on the eve of their happiness. Drama dogs their footsteps and interest grips the audience. Directed by Luther Reid.—*Paramount.* G. H.

THE QUARTERBACK—Drama—80%

IF you like football and Richard Dix, you are going to like this picture. If you dont—but that is another story. Richard is as Dixian as ever and playing opposite to him is the beautifully blonde Esther Ralston. Perhaps co-eds act with their fellow students as Miss Ralston in the rôle of *Louise Mason* acts with Richard in the rôle of *Jack Stone.* We dont like to say because we are not an authority on co-eds. But she did seem awfully, awfully starry-eyed and super-ccy to us. As a whole, Fred Newmeyer has made a good story, nice tempo, funny bits. Richard is dashing and attractive and real, and college life is gaily depicted and football rules the world. For the rest, *Jack Stone* comes to his father's college to grind and work his way thru. The well-known adage about mice and men steps in. *Jack Stone* falls in love, takes a job as the local milkman, goes in for football (needless to say) and out of these ingredients, plus one of two others of an even more dramatic nature a likely tale is told.

You'll enjoy it. It's one of those things. . . . It was directed by Fred Newmeyer.—*Paramount.* G. H.

THE PRINCE OF TEMPTERS—*Romantic Drama—75%*

THE first American picture of Lothar Mendes is not so impressive as one might have hoped. But you must not forget that this is an E. Phillips Oppenheim novel, adapted by Paul Bern. Mr. Mendes did the best he could with what he had. By some magic he coaxed Ben Lyon and Lois Moran really to act, and of a silly story he made an entertaining and even touching picture. He makes his greatest mistake with Lya de Putti, but she is arresting and vital and refuses to be suffocated by the writhing garments she is forced to wear. Mr. Mendes knows his camera and his photography is distinguished and interesting.

The story is the old struggle between sacred and profane love. A young monk, who at the age of twenty-two, gets his first taste of life outside a monastery, is the battle-ground. The Prince of Tempters, by the way, is the Devil—not Ben Lyon.—*First National.*

E. G.

GIGOLO—*Drama—70%*

A GIGOLO is one of those elegant gentlemen in Paris cabarets, who dance, for a consideration, with women who have no partners, and whose chief concerns in life are their lip-stick, manicures, and such. Into such a job Fate forces Rod La Rocque, returning with a shattered face from the war. After the proper number of reels you witness his regeneration, under the influence of the little girl back home.

Louise Dresser, in her most wanton make-up, revels in the insanity and tragic death of her rôle. The main event of the picture is the discovery that Rod La Rocque looks swell in a mustache. If he adopted it as a permanent feature, he could be almost anyone's successor. But Rod is capable of a lot more in the way of acting than he shows in this affair.—*Producers Distributing Corporation.*

E. G.

THE MAGICIAN—*Melodrama—85%*

TALK about menace! If you want to see it at its wickedest, go to Rex Ingram's latest. Every once in a while Ingram takes time out from his Art to have a little fun. This is the first time he's done it since "Trifling Women." And altho the result isn't quite so deliriously thrilling as that ominous trifle, owing to the absence of young Novarro, still it is remarkably good entertainment of the more gruesome character, told in terms of menace rather than mystery. The first half is done in the best Ingram style, stamped with the wayward personality and highly flavored humor of that amazing gentleman. Later on he becomes involved in another of those Sorcerer's Towers, and there the events become too ordinary, and the settings too utterly fantastic, to be convincing. Alice Terry is as calm but perhaps not quite so beautiful as usual. Ivan Petrovitch is an adequate hero, only faintly reminiscent of Conway Tearle. And Paul Wegener gives a remarkable performance as the mad *Magician,* doubly terrifying because he avoids all the obvious and traditional methods of being so. The picture is beautifully mounted, as Ingram's always are.—*Ingram-Metro-Goldwyn.*

E. G.

TAKE IT FROM ME—*Farce—80%*

REGINALD DENNY again, in a picture that's just a little more ridiculous than his usually are. Reg finds himself without a sou, his furniture being attached, when he suddenly inherits a department store. For spiteful reasons, which you'll understand when you see the picture, he and his two bosom friends decide to run the store into bankruptcy, and to this end they introduce some startling and joyous innovations. This new régime furnishes material for most of the comedy, and reaches its idiotic height when the floor-walkers glide about on roller-skates.

All this is utterly absurd, and a little of it is very funny. And, of course, their jovial mismanagement attracts so much trade that the store is saved for Reg and his typist sweetheart—played rather rustically by Blanche Mehaffey. About as good as most of the Denny pictures. Lee Moran and Ben Hendricks, Jr., are sometimes good as Denny's pals, who are willing to share his misfortune and even more willing to share in the profits of his department store.—*Universal.*

E. G.

(*Continued on page* 119)

The first big thrill of "Rough Riders" comes when the troops receive their horses

On Location With "Rough Riders"

Every day is circus day in San Anton' . . . they storm the gates to "watch 'em make pictures" . . . and rush the ropes in order to shake hands with the famous villains or get a closer view of the leading lady

By ALICE TILDESLEY

TO the veterans of '98 who throng the Fair Grounds of San Antonio these bright fall days, it must seem that the leaves of the book of history have been turned back and they are gazing on a well-remembered page.

There stands the Exposition Building, re-erected with its pretentious cupolas and tower—there, the great stables—and there the entrance with the legend "Rough Riders' Camp" over its covered archway—all cunningly simulating a weather-beaten age.

Tents stand in orderly rows under sheltering oaks, and on the parade-grounds drill a thousand men in the blue shirts and khaki breeches of nearly thirty years ago.

Frank Hooper is always on the scene in his Teddy make-up . . . .

The scene on the right is not in the picture . . . it is Mary Astor handing a basket of lunch up to her two leading men, Charles Emmett Mack and Charles Farrell

Noah Beery who plays "Hell's Bells," the sheriff, doesn't mind the camp life a little bit. On the contrary, he enjoys it. For Noah lives on a ranch when he is at home

Remember the gay nineties . . . when bicycling for two was all the rage. Mary Astor and Charles Emmett Mack do the tandem stunt

George Bancroft plays *Happy Joe,* an escaped prisoner

Even the music that echoes across the camp belongs to that earlier day:

"Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true,
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you.
We shan't have a stylish marriage,
We cant afford a carriage,
But you'd look sweet
Upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two!"

They might be dreaming it . . . if it were not for the cameras, the silver reflectors, the canvas-backed chairs painted with well-known names, and the white-clad figure of Victor Fleming behind his megaphone.

The Rough Riders are re-creating history.

The "bicycle built for two" is there, with Mary Astor and Charles Emmett Mack riding it to the admiring laughter of spectators—Mary with her gorgeous hair looped in the "Psyche" of 1898, managing her trailing skirts with amazing grace; Charles, in the ludicrous male garb of the day, achieving the impossible by looking pathetic and wistful instead of absurd.

There's a story about the clothes Charles wears. . . .

Every day, when he has been released from location, he drives immediately to San Antonio's gym, where he "works out" for half an hour. When he emerged from the place one afternoon, he found a man in uniform waiting for him.

"Hey—you—what's your name?" demanded the officer.

"Charles Emmett Mack."

"Where'd you come from?"

"Scranton, Pennsylvania.

"How long you been in this country?"

At which the young actor drew himself up, announced that the remark was an insult to his home town, which had always considered itself part of the United States.

"Aw, cut it out! You're an alien from Limehouse—I can tell by your clo'es, and you snuck acrost the border—now didn't you?"

They had to take the immigration official out to camp to prove the actor's citizenship!

Troops pass in review before a sturdy, soldierly figure whose glasses glint below the broad brim of his slouch hat.

"Gee—the old man himself!" cried a visiting veteran, watching the "incarnation of energy" before the Kleigs.

Frank Hopper's portrayal of Theodore Roosevelt is a dignified, painstaking, carefully studied, living picture. In his hands, the tradition of the great Rough Rider is safe. Yet away from cameras, Mr. Hopper is a quiet, dreamy, modest and bashful man. . . .

The original volunteers to the most picturesque regiment in history were a motley crowd, including Indians, cowboys, high-ranking officers, millionaires, "society men," and social outcasts. . . . So their doubles of today are of all ages, sizes, race, and class—among them, Noah Beery, as *Hell's Bells,* the shooting sheriff; George Bancroft, *Happy Joe,* the escaped convict; Charles Emmett Mack, the country boy; and Charles Farrell, the "dude" from New York.

Every day is circus day in San Anton', as they storm the gates to the Fair Grounds "to watch 'em make pictures." They rush the (*Cont'd on page* 110)

Charles Farrell, who has ridden every "remount" the cowboys own, is happiest when his steed is standing on hind legs . . . pawing the air

Doug's niece, Flobelle Fairbanks, wants to make her own way in the films. And when she appears as Gloria Swanson's sister in "Sunya," which is her first part of any consequence, she will be billed as Florence Faire

Every author who makes a trip to Hollywood is certain to write his impressions of this famous suburb later on. Here Julia Faye and Vera Reynolds give Irvin S. Cobb a few leads . . . and correct a few impressions in which they think him in error. The girls were working in "Corporal Kate" when Mr. Cobb visited them at the Cecil B. DeMille Studios

News of the

By ELIZABETH GREER

THE arrival of Emil Jannings in America seems to have stirred up more comment than anything else this month. Endless people have felt the urge to warn Jannings against the fate that might be awaiting him in Hollywood. And to these Jannings replied, on his first day in New York, "Ah, I am Jannings! I go to Hollywood. I am still Jannings!" But in spite of his own confidence, I feel that the dangers besetting him cannot be exaggerated.

At a luncheon given to Jannings in New York, Jesse Lasky rose to reply to those same warnings. He has no intention, it seems, of making changes in the art of Mr. Jannings, and in evidence of this he has entrusted his German star's career to Eric Pommer, who supervised Jannings' pictures in Germany.

Jannings seems not at all worried. He has won the first victory over Paramount by refusing "The Man Who Sinned," the first story they suggested to him. And he is so satisfied with the treatment accorded him that he has signed a contract for three years' work in Hollywood. Just the same, he had better hurry up and learn English. I dont see how he can win the fight with his present vocabulary of two expressions—"I am happy," and "Thank you very much."

THE only serious contender for honors that Jannings has to face is the Queen of Roumania. You've heard about that cheque for $25,000 that is lying in the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce awaiting the Queen's decision as to whether it befits her dignity to work for ten hours in a movie studio to reap all that reward for her favorite charity. The Roumanian Consulate is in a panic at the mere suggestion, and Marie herself has declared that she will appear in nothing but the news reels. But Edwin Carewe, who wrote that cheque, still has hopes.

International Newsreel

Vilma Banky is to be made a present of this statue of the late Rudolph Valentino in his last rôle, "The Son of the Sheik." It was Miss Banky who played with Rudy in this picture. Lelio De Ranieri, the sculptor, is seen here with the character statue

Blueprints and architects' technical talk is all well and good. But Laura La Plante wanted to know just what her new house was going to be like . . . and a tiny model was made for her. It will be as the bride of William Seiter that Laura will live in this attractive home

International Newsreel

The Kid is dead . . . long live this happy young feller . . . and let us hope that Jack Coogan with a haircut and long trousers gives us as many fine performances as he did before these changes came to pass

Camera Coasts

and MILTON HOWE

Even queens change their minds. And Her Majesty has always been deeply interested in moving pictures. Last year she signed a contract to do scenarios for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Writing, as everyone knows, is one of the royal accomplishments. But then, so is acting. So the lives of the young Roumanian Consuls may be blasted, after all.

Life in the studios is just one celebrity after another. Elsie Janis was a recent caller out at Culver City. She entertained the film stars with her famous impersonations . . . and they feted her at luncheons, teas and dinners. Greta Garbo and John Gilbert welcomed Elsie to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (what a name!) studios

OUR noble and refined heavyweight champion, Mr. Gene Tunney, has great delicacy of feeling. His producers—for he's a movie actor, too, of course—wanted him to do a picture about a prize-fighter who left the ring—temporarily—and got himself a paraffin nose. No one knows what happened in the script after that, for at that point Tunney raised a prohibitive hand and refused to hear more. "Nothing doing," said he—altho he probably didn't use quite such a slangy expression—"I'll do nothing to hurt the feelings of my friend, Jack Dempsey." And now they're looking for another story. There has been a rumor that Dempsey and Tunney may play in a picture together, during the action of which they would reproduce as nearly as possible the recent championship bout. The purpose of this would be to get around the ruling which prohibits the showing of the actual fight films in many states. But our guess is that the public doesn't want to see any synthetic versions of the big fight—the real thing was feeble enough. And also that Jack Dempsey is content to have lost the championship once, and wont care to play second lead to his friend, Gene Tunney, in any fictionization of the event.

BELLE BENNETT seems to have settled the question, in her own mind at least, of whether an actress ought to stick to one type of part. For Belle will insist on being a mother. She has never been able to forget "Stella

P. & A.
The first picture taken of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills (née Doris Kenyon). Doris and Milton were married at Doris' country place at Ausable Forks, New York

International Newsreel
When Mrs. Lloyd arrived at a theater to see Harold in "For Heavens Sake," these counterparts of her famous son were in the lobby to welcome her

Dallas," and neither have the producers, and whenever the script calls for mother love, a loud summons is sent out for Miss Bennett—despite the fact that since "Stella Dallas" her interpretations of this divine emotion have been nothing to boast about. It's got to the point where the whole audience braces itself and gets ready for a good cry when they see her name in the cast.

All of which merely leads up to the announcement that Belle will have the title rôle in "Mother," an F. B. O. production of Kathleen Norris' novel.

NORMA TALMADGE has been inspecting all the dark and impetuous young men in Hollywood with a view to engaging one for the rôle of *Armand* in her production of "Camille." So you can imagine that quite an endless succession of screen tests was made, as Hollywood abounds with the sleek and the swarthy. Norma finally selected Gilbert Roland, who says he is a twenty-year-old Spaniard, for her leading man. You've no doubt become familiar with Gilbert Roland by now, as he's been conspicuous in all lists of promising youngsters. And you're sure to like him, for he is a happy composite of all our best male stars, and you're sure to see in him a distinct resemblance to your favorite. Norma and Joseph Schenck were so delighted with Gilbert's tests that he has been signed by United Artists for five years, and will probably be divided between the Talmadge sisters.

CONNIE TALMADGE, by the way, is to be directed by Marshall Neilan, who has just severed his connections with Paramount. Connie has just severed her connections with her recent husband, and is free to pursue her gay career in the studios. Thank goodness. It would have been awful to lose Connie. The new picture is "Collette," presumably the new title of "The Sun of Montmartre," which was originally written by Hans Kraly for Norma's use. Connie will be an Italian girl, and the press-agent assures me that it will be a stronger part than she has ever played. Which sounds ominous. Who would want to see Connie in a strong part? But we have faith in Hans Kraly.

GARDNER JAMES is going to marry Marion Blackton, the daughter of J. Stuart Blackton, who directed Gardner in "Hell Bent Fer Heaven." Marion has had a hand in Gardner's career right from the first, for she was assisting her father in casting when James applied for a job, and she wrote the script of that picture, in which James made his first big impression. Now he has been signed by Inspiration Pictures to a five-year contract, and they hope to develop him into a successor to Richard Barthelmess. The wedding will take place on Christmas Day.

Rahmn
The Pickford-Fairbanks studios look natural again. Home from their European wanderings, Mary and Doug are busy daily at the studios and everybody's happy

C. H. Monroe

Ruth Roland is Hollywood's Hetty Green. Ruth has invested her motion picture salary in real estate so wisely that she is a power in California. Her latest development is Roland Square . . . and she is seen here on the steps of one of her business offices

International Newsreel

Jack Dempsey was so pleased with the cover of his wife when it adorned the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE that he bought up all the copies he could find . . . and he says that this publication certainly helps him keep track of Hollywood activities when he is in the East

If you want to see how Charlie Chaplin acts when not under the spell of his Art, watch the picture houses closely now. For during the recent fire at the Chaplin Studio, the cameraman had the presence of mind to keep on grinding thru all the pandemonium and got two hundred feet of film showing how actors behave when they're not acting. Charlie was in the midst of making up, and he is to be seen dashing about in his bathrobe, among firemen, flames, and drenching water.

First National's East Coast studio has been closed, now that "Not Herbert" has been completed, and all the stars are traveling back to California where all First National pictures will hereafter be made, at the enormous and expensive new studio at Burbank. Ben Lyon was to have joined the caravan going westward, but he is going to stay in New York for one more picture. Robert Kane, who releases thru First National, will continue to produce his pictures in New York, and it is for him Ben will work during the next few weeks—in none other than "The Duke of Ladies." And here I will let you in on a secret. "The Duke of Ladies" is nothing in the world but a title—a darn good title, so the officials think—and it has been applied to one picture after another, and then found inappropriate. So the general impression must be that "The Duke of Ladies" has been in production for months and months. No indeed. And you can expect almost anything to be hiding behind the shield of this provoking title. No clue to the nature of the new story has been proffered by the publicity department—probably because they dont know themselves. Ben's first picture in California will be "The Butter and Egg Man."

Hollywood's first big blue-eyed Indian made his appearance at a press luncheon given for Colonel Tim McCoy at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

My pal, Glenn Chaffin, took a good look at the big feathered brave who was indulging in the sign language with the Colonel. The big Injun kept staring at Glenn.

"What's the matter with that painted baby, Glenn?" I asked. "He must have the Indian sign on you."

Glenn, who is one of these strong silent men from the rough open spaces of Montana, walked over to the painted Injun and asked him to take the feathered teepee off his head.

"My Gawd!" exclaimed my pal, "If it isn't Charlie!"

It seems that Charlie used to be Glenn's barber. He

(*Continued on page* 112)

Here is an interesting picture in which you'll recognize George O'Brien as the gob that he was during the war. He's the fellow in middle, that's right

Say It With Letters

Have you a kick against the movies? Then dont suffer in silence. Write us a letter about it. Have you a favorite that you want to tell the world about? Then remember that it isn't fair to keep the good news to yourself. This department is devoted to your opinions and you are the boss of this page

A New Light on Hollywood Cinderella

DEAR EDITOR:

I read the article "The Fake Princess," in your latest issue, with much interest and greater surprise. Putting aside everything else, Helen Otero, "the fake princess," is entitled to our admiration for the real spunk she displayed in deceiving Hollywood, of all places, which is used to seeing so much nobility in the screen and out of it. I think Helen's was one of the nerviest little stunts ever pulled off anywhere. That she was finally handed a lemon after three weeks of successful counterfeiting, is but natural. The clock had to strike the hour for Cinderella, and the price had to be paid.

However, that did not end the joke, by any means.

Hollywood has not yet been entirely undeceived!

Because, Hollywood is not yet aware that the fake princess of Spain is not even an honest-to-goodness Spanish girl, to begin with! Miss Helen Otero is a native of the Philippine Islands, this "wild" possession of the United States. She is descended from Spaniards it is true, but has Filipino blood running in her veins, and if she has blue-blooded relations, the Man in the Moon is my bootlegger. In other countries there would be nothing to this blood angle, but in "God's country" blood makes the man (or is it blood *unmakes* the man?), unless I am greatly mistaken. Yet this is not all. Not only has Nature failed to lavish physical gifts on poor Helen, not only is she not possessed of any remarkable personality, but she has not even enjoyed the advantage of a liberal education, hence her defective Spanish pronunciation. With this great handicap, one naturally wonders how in the world could she have maintained the deception for so long.

If she was a guest of the Morenos, how could Tony the old screen wonder . . . have failed to discover the fraud? I thought Tony had a lot of horse-sense, whether Tom Mix is around or not. Looks as if the horse-laugh has to be mostly on Tony! As to Mrs. Moreno, she deserves a full share of our admiration for her wonderful magnanimity. How many hostesses could have borne their disappointment like she did? But really, Tony Moreno's short-sightedness is unbelievable. I really think that it was his sense of Spanish chivalry that kept him from discerning the counterfeit goods.

Helen, or rather Elena Otero, formerly known here as Titina, long before "Titina my Titina!" was ever sung here, is the youngest of four sisters named Ester, Consuelo, Pepita, and herself. The first one went to Spain, the second married an American, who holds a very responsible position in a local electric company, and Pepita is still pounding on her old typewriter here in Manila. Helen went with her sister and American brother-in-law to the States, and remained in San Francisco, if I am not mistaken, from where she started on her spectacular invasion of sophisticated Hollywood!

Those who know Helen Otero, how she looks, and what her accomplishments (or lack of them) are, received the shock of their lives upon learning that she succeeded in putting such a big one over on Hollywood the blasé, and they wonder how far could have gone any of our real better equipped beauties, because we do grow some peaches in our orchards here, if anybody should ask you! We thought Helen could never have created any excitement at any one-horse-town barn dance on your side of the ocean.

Yours very truly,

EDDIE MONTY, Manila, P. I.

YOUR opinions on subjects relating to the movies and their players may be worth actual money to you, if you can express them clearly in a snappy letter of one to three hundred words. A five-dollar prize is awarded for the best letter of the month, which will be printed at the head of this department. One dollar is paid for the excerpts printed from others. Write us an interesting letter, giving reasons for your likes and dislikes. Sign your full name and give your address. We will use initials only if requested.

Send to SAY IT WITH LETTERS, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Maim, the Halt, and the Blind

FOR a long time I have been holding back my one and only fault against the movies. I am sixteen years old and have spent about seven years of the sixteen as a true motion picture fan. There is only one fault that I can find against the movies and I wish to state it in your "Yes and No Department." I do not enjoy a picture if the star is a cripple or disfigured in any way and I will not attend a movie if I have any idea that this will be done.

The first picture of this kind that I saw was my favorite actor, Richard Barthelmess in "The Enchanted Cottage." In this picture he was a cripple and his lover a very ugly girl. The public does not care about seeing the stars attempt something new. Richard did splendid acting in "The Enchanted Cottage," but it certainly was a box-office failure in this town. There was John Gilbert too in "The Big Parade." In this picture he appears as a suffering cripple, Percy Marmont as a crippled beggar in "The Street of Forgotten Men" and Ronald Colman as a blind war veteran in part of "The Dark Angel." These pictures do not suit the public at all. They do not want to see the stars break away from the parts with which they are best known. Let Barthelmess remain as the strong young likable boy he really is. Gilbert the passionate lover and not a poor cripple and Colman as the strong romantic man he is.

Some may not agree with me but I think the majority will, as no true motion picture fan likes to see or even think of a favorite actor as a blind beggar or anything besides the romantic lover he really is. I wonder how many agree with me?

C. S.,
Cambria, Virginia.

Didn't I Tell You?

I HAVE just reread the criticism of John Nuding in the September issue of MOTION PICTURE. He was disgusted with the "exaggerated passion" displayed in the garden scene of "The Sea Beast."

Now what under the sun is the matter with John? Was he simply dyspeptic that evening as a result of too many helpings of boiled New England dinner—or has he reached that state of prosaic smugness where Romance is viewed with distaste, a fusty, unlovely thing?

I think that love scene of Barrymore and Dolores Costello was one of the loveliest things I have ever seen on the screen. It was as exquisite, as softly fragrant as the drifting petals of that summer garden. There was a poignant, haunting beauty about the scene that is with me yet. And I have heard dozens of people express opinions identical to mine. I have heard no one express disgust at that "passionate osculation."

What should our hero have done? Seated himself at a discreet distance from his love and recited Shakespeare? Or perhaps he should have delighted her by bursting into some of the good old sea chanteys, or she might even have joined him in the chorus of "Asleep in the Deep"—altho the latter might be just a trifle devilish and unmaidenly.

But for Pete's sake! Let's get over this prudish attitude. What we need are more real pictures with real people in 'em—people that are full of vices as well as virtues. We're tired of these insipid, namby pambies that dance before us like marionettes on a string. Let's try to get a little closer to life and we'll have better pictures. The garden scene was life—even if John doesn't think so.

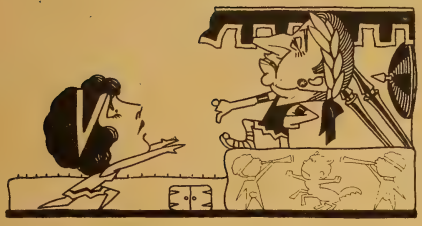
E. F., Los Angeles, Calif.

(*Continued on page* 121)

THAT'S OUT

The Truth About a Number of Things

By TAMAR LANE



Suggestion to Mr. Hays

ACCORDING to report, Will Hays is evolving a new system whereby the producers' association will ban from the films all players who figure in sensational newspaper cases.

We dont see what concern the public has with the private lives of the players so long as they give us capable and entertaining performances upon the screen.

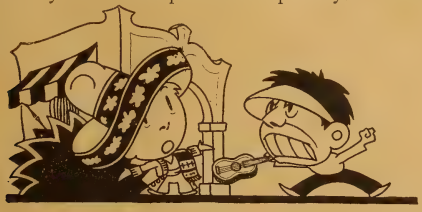
We might suggest to Mr. Hays, however, that he place some kind of ban on the hamfat Thespians who chew up the scenery and keep good actors from getting a job.

Horseshoes *vs.* Talent

AFTER all, a rabbit's paw and a horseshoe are much more valuable assets in the picture game than talent and ability. In the silent drama, if a player has enough luck, then ability is only a matter of secondary importance. But without luck it is very difficult to reach the peak of success.

Viola Dana, for instance, is not only unusually talented but is one of the most charming little actresses on the silversheet. She has failed, however, to receive anything near the screen reward that she merits.

If Viola had only been fortunate enough to have been cast into a few of the big box-office knockouts, she would undoubtedly be at the top of the heap today.



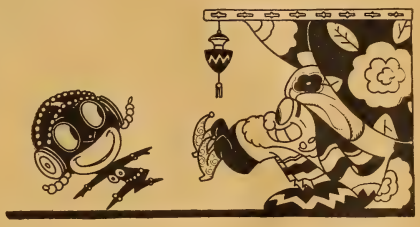
He Wasn't the Type

THERE is apparently an unwritten law on just how things must and must not be done on the screen. Every player goes thru practically the same ritual for no other reason than that the man just ahead of him did it that way.

Let some misguided individual try to depart from the regular approved method and he is promptly and soundly whacked on the head by the director and profession in general, and then roundly lampooned by the professors of the press.

A young South American recently arrived in Hollywood and had the effrontery to try and get a job in a Brazilian picture without knowing how to dance the tango and play a guitar.

He was, of course, at once informed of his gross ignorance, but being a relative of the general manager of the company, he was given a job in another film playing the part of an English butler.



Page Elinor Glyn

PRODUCERS claim that players who have sex appeal are the most successful on the screen.

This, no doubt, accounts for the great popularity of Farina.

In the comedies in which I have seen him, he certainly has more than his share of "It."

THE chief argument of the proponents of censorship is that persons go to the theater, view immoralities and crimes upon the screen, and then go out and emulate them.

If this is true, then censors who view several times as many pictures a month as the average person does in a year, must be the dangerous characters they are often painted, and we may believe everything we hear about them.

On the strength of their own logic and assertions, I think that a bill should be passed to the effect that no censor be allowed at large except under police surveillance. The present crime wave being due, according to

(*Continued on page* 93)

Alec Francis
December 2nd

Doug Fairbanks, Jr.
December 9th

William S. Hart
December 6th

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

© U & U.

Marion Meyer Drew
December 15th

Marion Meyer Drew Will Tell You What the Stars Forecast for You in the Movies

Iris, November 18:

It looks to me as if you have far more appreciation of the artistic efforts of other people than the actual ability to express emotion yourself—quite a common occurrence and one which accounts for many disappointments upon the stage and screen. You really are able to write dramatic literature, however. If you can manage to bring it about easily I suggest that you go upon the stage for a few years in order to develop your sense of the technique essential for successful playwriting. Dont expect to be a big dramatic success yourself. If you are unable to adapt your views to this kind of a life then marry the next nice young man.

Z. S., April 1:

Apparently there is a kind of ingrowing self-consciousness abroad in the land that makes at least half the correspondents of this department say something like "You know, I never in the world would have thought of wanting to go into the movies—oh, my dear, I think it's a terrible life—but all my friends are just pushing me toward it all the time, and do you think Miss Drew that all these intelligent and highly critical people that tell me I'm the next Gloria Swanson can possibly be wrong?" The chances are that they are. The young man who wrote under the above initials has no more chance—in spite of his friends—to succeed on the screen than my pet parrot.

Frederick B. S., May 17:

You have a certain sense of showmanship and a fondness for artistic and theatrical things, but you are not an actor. This is a strange suggestion, perhaps, but I believe you would do well in managerial work such as manager of a baseball team, prize fighter or other professional sport work. Dont write and ask me how one goes about it to get such work, for I haven't the faintest idea.

Marion R., May 19:

Yes, you have a lot of ability—many different kinds of artistic talent, but look out for those tricky emotional states of yours which are apt to create chaos in your character and life if allowed full sway. I advise you to study dramatic art. If you find your interest there failing then turn to cartooning. You will earn a good deal of money through your own efforts, but never depend upon anyone else to assist you in the slightest degree.

Mrs. W. G. S., February 7:

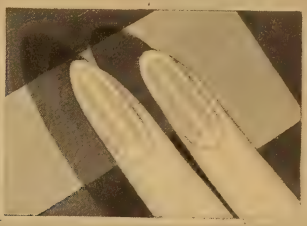
Although it is extremely hard for anyone to break into the scenario department of a motion picture company I

(*Continued on page* 115)

EDITOR'S NOTE: **All comments made in this department are based on astrological rules, but neither the writer of this department nor this publication can assume responsibility for statements made therein, because inaccurate data is sometimes furnished, even tho the sender believes it to be correct.**

You must send: your date of birth . . . your year of birth . . . city or nearest town and county of birth . . . your sex and the hour and minute of the day or night when you were born.

"What can I do to have perfect Half Moons?"



Do you know what the Half Moons really are?

And that some women never have them at all?

Northam Warren, authority on the care of the nails, answers an important question on the manicure

WHAT woman does not look with envy at the lovely almond-shaped nails of her more *soignée* sister? Does not shrink back in mortification at her own dim, come-as-they-may, vari-shaped finger tips?—clean, but oh, so stupid! Sigh once more for that glistening perfection, above all for those pearl-white rounded half moons and shapely, snowy tips?

Perfectly shaped Half Moons make the nails appear longer and give them the desired almond shape. No wonder they are so much coveted by the woman who wants to have beautiful nails.

The Half Moon is a pale crescent-shaped area just above the nail. Its size and shape vary in every individual and in each finger. Occasionally this white area is so small that none of it shows above the nail rim. And some women actually do not have Half Moons at all.

This is the dainty antiseptic which removes the dead cuticle that often spoils the shape of the lovely Half Moons

This is the Cuticle Cream, to be rubbed into the nail base, after removing the dead cuticle with Cutex. It keeps the rim around the Half Moons soft and well shaped

"Usually," Northam Warren says, "when the Half Moons do not show, it is because the dead cuticle has not been *properly* removed and the nail rims rightly shaped.

"The cuticle is really skin that grows in a protective rim around the nail base. It constantly throws off old tissue that covers up the Half Moons and causes the rims to draw so tight to the nail they split and crack. You can not cut it away without snipping into it, causing it to grow back still more unevenly—and just softening and pushing back the cuticle breaks it and doesn't remove this old skin either.

"So many women had trouble with this part of the manicure that I experimented until I found a way of removing the old tissue and softening the cuticle so it is easy to shape it into perfect ovals and allow the Half Moons to show. That way is with a liquid—the safe antiseptic Cutex Cuticle Remover."

WITH orange stick and cotton dipped in Cutex the cuticle is gently shaped until the dead cuticle which obscures the Half Moons is removed.

Then rub in Cutex Cuticle Cream—all around the nail base. It helps train the rims back, and keeps the cuticle soft and pliant. But remember that just one treatment—if you have neglected to train the cuticle properly—won't get the Half Moons to show perfectly. You will need to remove the old cuticle and shape the new regularly—once a week. Even if you discover that you do not happen to have Half Moons yourself, you will be delighted with the lovely oval shape of your nails.

MARTHE REGNIER, *talented and unusually gifted French actress and a modiste of artistic ability as well, says: "Half Moons are the distinguishing mark of beauty in well kept nails. Since I discovered Cutex it's no trouble at all to shape cuticle, revealing the Half Moons.*

Cutex Sets, containing everything for the manicure are 35c to $5.00. Separate preparations are 35c. You will find them wherever toilet goods are sold. Or see the special offer.

SEND 10c for Introductory Set containing Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, brush, emery board, orange stick, cotton and booklet.

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. M-1
114 West 17th Street, New York City
I enclose 10c in stamps or coins for Introductory Set.

_____

_____

_____

LEORO H.—And here we are back again in time to say—

Kindest wishes for every good thing
That Christ and the New Year can bring,
It's olden and golden, but tried and true,
That jolly old wish sent herewith to you—

Merry Christmas

SALLY.—So you think I am handsome, and fit for the movies. Well, am I not in the movies? Ramon Novarro was born on September 20, 1899. You want us to print a picture of Lew Cody's famous door. I'll see what I can do.

FREDALIE.—Why, Norma Talmadge is playing in "Camille," and Constance in "Collette." Irene Rich in "My Official Wife." Well, I should say you want to diet, and not be like the horse who eats nine times its own weight in hay. Write me again.

DONNIE JACK.—Of course, I love music, and I love the "Blue Danube," too. Willie Frietsche and Mady Christians in "The Waltz Dream." That was Jobyna Ralston in "The Freshman." Yes, we used Jack Gilbert's picture on the January, 1926, CLASSIC.

LORNA, AROLLA.—I should say I am getting older—with another birthday next month. Conway Tearle has been married five times, and his last wife is Adele Rowland. Address him at Warner Brothers, Los Angeles, California. There was a picture of Conway Tearle in the January, 1924, issue, also in the October, 1926, issue.

TED.—You say the spirits of your mid-Victorian ancestors forbid your corresponding with an unknown male. Dont be sil, Ted. The answer to your question is that Ronald Colman is being divorced from Thelma Ray. Erich von Stroheim has used thirty-six sets in "The Wedding March." The sets depict Vienna and Tyroll. We are waiting patiently.

ADELAIDE S.—That was a beautiful thought you expressed for Rudolph Valentino.

NEGRI FAN.—I should say this is some busy little city. The number of taxis in 1915 in New York were 3,381; in 1925 there were 24,398; an increase of more than 621 per cent. Number of pleasure automobiles in 1915 were 49,344; in 1925, 363,404; an increase of more than 630 per cent. Number of commercial cars, omnibuses, etc., in 1915 were 19,607, and in 1925 there were 94,449, an increase of more than 381 per cent. Do you still want to come here? Pola Negri was married to Count Dombski. She is playing in "Barbed Wire."

MARY ALICE.—Well, the hottest spot on earth is Death Valley, in California. Yes, House Peters is married to Mae King, and they have two children. He was born in Bristol, England, is six feet one and one-half inches and weighs 190 pounds. Has brown hair and hazel eyes. Not playing right now.

L. A. HULL, ENGLAND.—Cheero! You say you like my page, and you think we Americans are the biggest bluffers in the world, but you admire us for it. Well, I'll be——. Yes, I dont think Bebe Daniels has any brothers or sisters. She sure is a jam boy. Run in again some time. Did you ever hear the joke about—— Oh, what's the use.

WANDA.—Well, I'm afraid you are going to lose the bet. Milton Sills and not Conway Tearle in "Flaming Youth." James Hall opposite Pola Negri in "Hotel Imperial." John Barrymore's next on Villon will be released as "The Beloved Rogue."

LAURA M. T.—I should say I do remember you. What are you doing in New York City? All right, here goes on Jack Holt. He was born in Winchester, Virginia, May 31, 1888, the son of an Episcopal clergyman. He went to Alaska when a youth, where he took up civil engineering. He also attended the Virginia Military Academy and then found his way into the movies. See you later.

ELLEN D.—Something's wrong! Alice Terry and Antonio Moreno played in "Mare Nostrum," and Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro played in "Scaramouche." Savee! Why, dont you know, Mae Murray is known as "The Nell Brinkley Girl."

FRANCES C. S.—Your letter was bright and interesting. Sorry I cannot help you on the poem—you ought to tell me about it when it appeared. Yes, I have been to Charleston. When are you coming to Brooklyn?

KAY.—Yes, Mabel Normand is married, and she is playing in "One Hour Married," a two-reeler, with Creighton Hale. You know she is Mrs. Lew Cody now.

UNKNOWN.—Address Ronald Colman at the Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Why, Warner Brothers have borrowed Rudolph Schildkraut from De Mille to play the part of Noah in "Noah's Ark." Mae Murray in "Diamond Handcuffs."

JUSTINE McK.—Yes, Alice Terry wears a blonde wig in pictures, but her hair is really dark red. She played in "The Great Divide" without the wig. Renée Adorée and John Gilbert in "The Day of Souls."

RAY A.—The door of the brain is often the shortest cut to the heart. I admire your choice. Greta Nissen is playing in "Blondes or Brunettes," with Adolphe Menjou, while Arlette Marchal is the brunette. Owen Moore and Joan Crawford in "The Taxi Dancer."

MARGARET.—So you dont like it down in Mexico. No, I have never been there, and have no desire to go. Lon Chaney is playing in "Alonza the Legless." So Clara Bow is your ideal type of girl. She's the "girl friend," all right. Clara and I are pals of old. Norma Shearer is twenty-three years old.

CURIOUS GIRL.—That was a very nice photo you sent to me, but there is really no way I can help you get into pictures. Sorry.

LILLIAN RICH FAN.—Yes, Lillian Rich is playing in two reelers for Hal Roach. You say you have to drive six miles to see the pictures. Yes, Fred Thomson still owns "Silver King." Some of the stunts are performed by doubles, you know. I enjoyed yours a lot.

E. M. W., BUENOS AIRES.—With the greatest of pleasure. Leatrice Joy was born in 1899.

N. D., NEW ZEALAND.—Well, men always imagine—quite erroneously—that daughters will grow up to be exactly like their mothers. Yes, Victor Varconi in "The King of Kings." Milton Sills in "The Runaway Enchantress." He and Doris Kenyon were married. They ought to be very happy—I hope so.

HURRAH! HURRAH! MORE CLUBS.—The Harry Langdon Fan Club, Doris Rondeau, Delmar Hotel, 63½ Windward Avenue, Venice, California. Ronald Colman Club, Harry Baumgartner, 1406 Kentucky Avenue, Joplin, Missouri.

BABBIE.—Yes, Corinne Griffith has been married to Webster Campbell, and now to Walter Morosco. No, Norma Shearer has not been married, and Mae Murray born May 10, 1893.

HEAR YE, HEAR YE!

All you folks who have questions to ask, come this way and you shall be heard—and answered. I have learnt a lot during the last eighty-two years, and it's all yours for the asking. Been answering ??? here for the last fifteen years and still going strong. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear here, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address, and mail to me, The Answer Man, care of* MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, *175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Single, $1
Double, $1.50

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"THINEST" in name—thinnest in fact—a Tre-Jur Compact of supreme beauty and incredible lightness.

It is hard to believe that such an exquisite, slender case contains so bountiful a measure of powder and a mirror of such generous size.

It carries a quality of cosmetic supremely fine and deeply appreciated by women who prize the *best* . . . . . In polished gunmetal finish—the "Thinest" single costs $1—the double $1.50.

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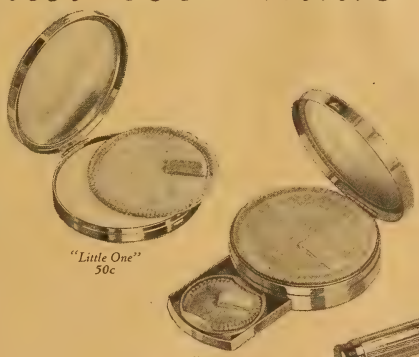

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Face Powder, 50c

TRE-JUR

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 74*)

NIRA C.—That's the right idea, you say, "If we are to help others, what are the others here for?" You refer to Youcca Troubetzkoy in "Flower of Night." Clara Bow born August 18, 1905. They do say she is engaged to Victor Fleming, the director. Bebe Daniels in "Stranded in Paris."

MARJORIE.—So you really dont believe that I am eighty some odd years old with a long beard. I'm a veritable Father Time, Marjorie. Yes, of course, I like A. W. F. very much. She's the managing editor, you know. And you are going to be a school teacher.

MARINA F.—At this writing, Richard Barthelmess is in Europe. I hardly think he will go to China. So you were sorry to hear about Valentino. Everybody here was, too. Niles Welch is engaged to Elaine B. Gholson. Doris Kenyon and Lewis Stone in "The River." Virginia Valli's next is "Ankles Preferred," with Lou Tellegen.

TARZAN.—Esther Ralston is married to George Frey. You want Mrs. Paul Whiteman to play in pictures. I dont know the young lady. Well, a person is said to be suffering from pyromania when he has an uncontrollable desire to witness or start fires.

ROSEMARY.—Yes, that is the original signature of Valentino. Light-haired people live longer than dark-haired, and the rapid growth of finger-nails is a sign of good health.

HANDY ANDY.—I agree with you, and I dont understand why it wasn't done.

A. E. P.—Valentino was born May 6, 1895. Lloyd Hughes is playing opposite Mae Murray in "Valencia." He will play the rôle of a young sailor who falls in love with the Spanish dancer.

PATRICIA H. K.—So you are fond of Norma Shearer. She was born in 1903, and has blue eyes and dark hair. She is five feet four inches, weighs 109 pounds. Her birthday is August 10. The Prince you refer to is playing only small parts right now. George Lewis is playing in "The Collegians."

CHARLESTONITIS.—The famous Black Bottom dance which Ann Pennington does in the "Scandals" on the stage is to be introduced in "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em."

EDNA H., AGE 13.—Thanks, Edna, for the verses. Maybe some day you will write a book of verse, who knows? Elinor Glyn will appear in the foreword for her new production "It," with Clara Bow and Antonio Moreno in the leads.

NORTH CHINA SCHOOL.—Glad to hear from you. Sid Chaplin is a half-brother to Charlie. Richard Barthelmess is five feet seven inches. He has brown hair and eyes. May McAvoy was born in New York City on May 9, 1895. She is suffering from a nervous breakdown. You must write to me again.

FRANCES S.—Renée Adorée and John Gilbert in "The Day of Souls." Agostino Borgato, who is the famous Italian stage star, and who appeared on the stage with Duse for twelve years, is playing also in the picture.

MARCIA R.—William Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio, in 1898, and he is six feet, weighs 175 pounds. Blond hair and blue eyes, and is married to Elinor Faire. Clive Brook was born in London, England, on June 1, 1891. He has hazel eyes, dark brown hair, is five feet eleven inches, and weighs 154 pounds. He is married and has a daughter, Faith.

BONITA, AUSTRALIA.—Valentino's body was placed in a mausoleum in California.

PATRICIA.—I should say I do drink buttermilk. It's my favorite drink. No, Mary Brian is not married.

RED-HOT MAMA.—How do you do? Well, John Barrymore is five feet ten, and was born February 15, 1882, while Lionel was born in April, 1878.

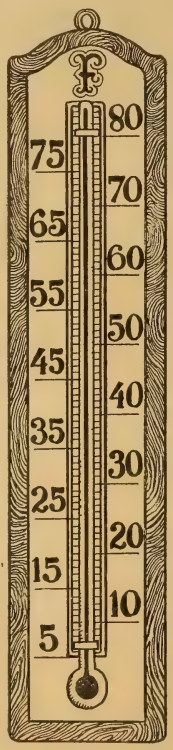
VIVIAN.—Rod LaRocque was born in Chicago, Illinois, November 29, 1896. Yes, Kathleen Clifford is to direct "The Salvage." Richard Talmadge's first for Universal is "The Black Rider." William Powell in "Gaby," which is a picture of the life of Gaby Desly's, that Fox is producing.

LLOYD HUGHES FAN.—Glad you like to read this magazine. Give it to your friends to read. Lloyd Hughes is six feet, and he was born October 21, 1899. Shirley Mason in "Rose of the Tenements," for F. B. O.

DOLLY.—Is it cold here? I should say so. I have my fireplace burning the electric heater. This is some hall room. Ronald Colman in "A Night of Love." He is five feet ten inches and weighs 165 pounds. Thanks, but I have no wife.

M. V. N.—That was Jason Robards and Blanche Mehaffey in "Cohens and Kellys." You say life is like a game of cards, the Queen always follows the Jack.

Watch Them Rise!



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Wear them now in security, under the most trying of hygienic handicaps

Eight in every ten women have adopted this NEW way which solves woman's most important hygienic problem so amazingly . . . by ending the uncertainty of old ways . . . and adding the convenience of disposability.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

SOCIAL demands, no matter how ill-timed, hold terror no longer for the modern woman. Sheerest gowns are worn without a moment's thought or fear. One dances, motors, goes about for hours in confidence and security.

The uncertainty of the old-time "sanitary pad" has been supplanted with positive protection. There is a new way—a way that once you try will keep you forever from risking again dangers of old ways.

These new advantages

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as cotton. Kotex also deodorizes by a new disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind *and your health.* Many ills, according to leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

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No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

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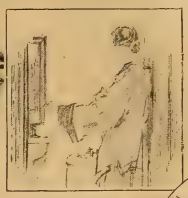

(1) No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.

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(3) Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 41)

"You dont realize what things cost . . . what we pay out in tips and entertainment alone."

Judith was quick to take advantage of this opening.

"And I never will," she admitted, "until I sign the checks."

By taking the responsibility of their indebtedness, she saw a way of taking over the finances without hurting Harvey's feelings.

"Let me be the banker for a little while. I want to send father a weekly check in the future, and I think the only way for me to learn to manage is by actually managing."

Harvey laughed at her indulgently.

"All right," he said. "We'll go down to the bank tomorrow and fix the account in your name. You'll get tired of it."

Judith said perhaps she would. But she knew that she would never do anything of the kind. It was her first step towards an eventual and complete management of her own affairs.

She felt sorry to think that her marriage could never be like the marriage of her mother and father. It was not that she loved Harvey less than her father had been loved. It was never that. Not even when things were at their worst. It was just that she knew somehow that she must not depend upon Harvey, because Harvey was not a dependable person.

On the desk was the scenario of "The Exile." It was clipped in the final blue covers.

"Is it finished?" asked Judith, glad to put away the check-book and the unreceipted bills.

Harvey grinned. He felt "The Exile" to be well done. That was evident. And he helped Judith settle herself on the lounge and adjusted a lamp so that she might read with comfort.

The manuscript was a great improvement over the other two that Harvey had done. Judith knew this before she had read ten pages.

She turned to Harvey, who was watching her over the top of a new novel.

"This is splendid," she said. "You have swung into a great style."

Her praise delighted him. He tried not to appear too pleased, but failed miserably.

"It is a simple treatment, but it has great subtlety," she said a little later. "I can hardly wait to play *Cornelia*. She's delightful."

"Gee, I'm awfully glad you like her," Harvey said. "I haven't showed the manuscript to a soul. I wanted you to read it first."

Then he began to tease her.

"After all," he said, "I'm only the poor scenario writer and you are the featured player. It must suit you or you can insist upon it being done over again."

She glared at him with a mock ferocity and her green eyes were gay and young with laughter. When she and Harvey were together, it was easy to forget all the things that went on when she was not with him. He hypnotized her.

But as she read further she became troubled. Several times she realized that scenes had been given to Felice Friend. And they were scenes that rightfully belonged to her. At first she said nothing. She thought that the things Sonia had said were prejudicing her. But as she read on she knew that this was not the case and that unless some scenes were changed, her part would be second to Felice's.

When she had finished she laid the manuscript aside with a weariness. And Harvey was quick to sense her mood.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "Doesn't it hold up well?"

This time Judith knew that Harvey was sincere. He was evidently unaware of what he had done.

"It is beautifully done thruout," she granted. "But you have made it Felice Friend's story."

"I have not," Harvey contradicted her, and, reaching angrily for the manuscript, began to turn the pages roughly. He had been so proud of his work that he was hurt frightfully when Judith made this criticism.

"You act as if I was a fool," he told her. "Felice Friend could not carry a story under any circumstances."

"I agree with you," said Judith. "If you'll bring the manuscript over here, I'll show you the scenes where I think you have given her the story."

As Judith turned the pages and marked the scenes, Harvey forced himself to listen quietly. It became more and more evident to him that she knew what she was talking about.

"See," said Judith, when she had finished. "It is nothing that cannot be easily remedied." She started to go up-stairs. "I feel like an utter worm, mentioning it, but——" With a shrug almost Latin in its eloquence, she paused at the stairway and waited for him to join her.

There was an irritation in his movements as he clicked off the lamps moving from one to another.

"Damn it, Judy," he said, "you should not have to concern yourself over this sort of thing. I dont understand yet how I could have been such an idiot."

Judith forbore telling him. His hair was tousled where his hands had run thru it, she noticed. He was such a child. He kicked a chair as if it was entirely responsible for his stupidity.

Judith wanted to take him in her arms and soothe him. Once again he needed her. For all his sophistication and efficiency, he needed her hand to show him the way.

When he had put out the last lamp he came over to where she stood.

"Love," she said, "I am so happy to be back home . . . with you. Are you a little glad, too?"

For his answer he bent back her body

(*Continued on page* 80)

CRAZY QUILT

Synopsis of First Chapters

JUDITH TOWER, the great-granddaughter of Lola Chase, a once famous and beautiful actress, uses $1200 left her by her mother to go to New York and break into the movies. Her talent and beauty are appreciated by the producer of Excelsior pictures, but he offers her a contract on terms she cannot accept, and she leaves his studio forever. Working as an extra at the Acme Studio, she meets Harvey Dunn, a young publicity man, and thru him meets McAllister, a director, who gives her small parts, and later influences Irving, the producer, to give her a contract. Meanwhile, Harvey and Judith fall deeply in love and become engaged. One night at the Ritz they meet Joy Royce, an actress, who greets Harvey with a proprietary air which disturbs Judith for the moment.

At a surprise-party in Judith's new dressing-room, the Acme stars come to congratulate her on her contract and her engagement. A boy comes with a note which he says is from Miss Royce, to be delivered personally to Mr. Dunn. Harvey, drinking heavily, reads the note and drops it on the floor. Judith covers it with her handkerchief and picks it up, unnoticed by Harvey. In it Joy refers to her romance with Harvey, declares she still loves him, and reproaches him for marrying Judith. Judith keeps the note, but never mentions it, as she has complete faith in Harvey's love for her. They are married the next day. Harvey is absorbed in Judith's career, and they live far beyond their means in an effort to keep up appearances. Their many debts worry Judith, but Harvey assures her bluff is necessary in the picture game, and her increasing salary will soon pay for everything. They take an apartment in a fashionable neighborhood. Harvey urges her to use her relationship to Lola Chase for publicity purposes, and she begins to appear in fan magazines. Harvey drinks a great deal, and in moments of intoxication is ugly to Judith.

At the theater where Judith's first picture is running they meet Dolores Cortez, a passée vampire, who invites Judith to a tea for the press at her house the next day. There Judith meets Robert Landis, a well-known feature writer and a charming man, who asks if he may see her again. Miss Chambers, a magazine writer, makes an appointment to interview her the following Thursday, at her apartment.

On Thursday, a few moments before Miss Chambers is expected, she returns to the apartment to find Harvey in the bedroom. He is drunk, and uglier than she has ever seen him. He has found Joy Royce's note, and accuses her of spying on him. She reaches for the note, to tear it up, but he shoves her violently, her head hits the chifforobe, and she faints.

Harvey is distraught. Judith recovers sufficiently to receive Miss Chambers. She forgives Harvey, feeling he needs her love and protection more than ever. He stops drinking, with her help. Some weeks later Judith goes to the country on location. Harvey is forced to remain in town to write her next script. She is unhappy, fearing he will drink in her absence. After two weeks Sonia Solana, an Acme star, joins her on location, and tells her Harvey has not been entirely faithful to her.

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For ten years Al Christie has been a consistent producer of wholesome entertainment for the whole family.

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JACK DUFFY, in this CHRISTIE COMEDY, apparently did not knock before entering.

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ANNE CORNWALL seems to be skating on thin ice in this CHRISTIE COMEDY.

Released through
EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.

The name Christie on Comedy is like Sterling on Silver

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 78)

with an almost brutal movement so that she might receive the hungry force of his embrace and kisses. And then he carried her tenderly up-stairs and to their room.

CHAPTER XI

For the next six weeks Judith knew nothing but "The Exile."

The week after her return from Mountain Stream, she had gone in to see Mr. Irving. He had made the appointment. And he had proceeded to explain to her that the exhibitors were already starring her. "They are billing you in electric lights outside of the theaters," he said. "So we feel that we must cash in on this popularity. It may not last, you know."

That, Judith sometimes thought, was the motto that should inscribe the stars' coat of arms. "It will not last." That was the fear that crept up behind everyone who was anyone in the movies.

"While the public wants Judith Tower," said Mr. Irving, "the Acme company will give them Judith Tower."

"If I am to be starred," said Judith, "I wonder if you are not willing to destroy our present contract with each other and make another with me.

"I will have to spend more on my wardrobe. I have already found it necessary to engage a secretary. My expenses demand more money."

Judith hated the task ahead of her. But she had no alternative. She knew that Mr. Irving expected her to browbeat him into giving her more money somehow.

"I sound ungrateful, I know," she said, "and I want to preface what I am going to say by telling you that I do appreciate all that you and this company have done for me. But I must have more money."

"I am coming to that," Mr. Irving told her. "We will change your contract. I know that Excelsior has sent an agent to see you since you've been back. Now they want you, hey?"

Judith smiled.

"You must know that I would not sign with the Excelsior under any conditions," she said. "Even if you did not keep me."

Mr. Irving raised his bushy eyebrows. "So," he said. "And why not? They tell me Mr. Goldstein has financial difficulties, but I say that he will get out of them. I have seen my friend, Mr. Goldstein, get in and out of financial difficulties for years now. And it is my belief that he usually ends up better off because of such difficulties."

"I was not thinking of that," said Judith. "I did not even know they were having trouble."

"I think I remember something," Mr. Irving laughed. "Mr. Goldstein himself. Huh?"

Judith nodded her head. She was loath to resurrect this memory.

"You turned him down. I remember now. Mr. Goldstein told me I was a fool to give you a contract. He said you had the swell head and would never make good."

Judith watched Mr. Irving change from a kind Jewish father type into a crafty and indomitable business man. She decided it was something in his eyes. It clicked on and off. Now he was not kind or fatherly any more. Now he was cold and hard. Now he was coming to money matters.

"Perhaps," he said, "Goldstein was right about the swell head. I am not sure. It would be easy to forget all the Acme company risked when they gave you a contract. It might be pleasanter to forget, yes?"

Judith steeled herself against this attack. If they were not sure of any continued popularity for her and must make the most of this present popularity, so must she. And thru a friend in the booking-offices she had learned that her pictures would make a fortune for the company even if they paid her five times what she was scheduled to receive.

Other contracts had been destroyed when some actor or actress had shown remarkable ability and won a great popularity. Judith was determined to get some adjustment.

She smiled at Mr. Irving when he intimated ingratitude. And her smile answered him.

They settled every question about the new contract except the matter of salary. The company would pay for her clothes. The company would pay for her fan photographs. These concessions cost little but gave the impression that Mr. Irving was being more than fair.

Judith had determined that Mr. Irving would be the one to broach the salary this time. She waited. But it was not until after many dips into a wide variety of conversational subjects that he despaired of the poised girl sitting opposite him.

"Well, Judith," he said finally,, "what do you think we should pay you? Of course, you know and I know that there is nothing to make us give you any more money than your contract now calls for, but we want you to be happy."

Judith postponed naming the amount she had in her mind. And she told herself that what seemed a fortune to her was but a comparatively small figure to them.

"You know," she said, "on the other hand, that I could cost you many thousands of dollars by being late to the studio . . . by feigning illness . . . and by a hundred ruses which have already been employed by dissatisfied people.

"And you also know that I can only do my best work when I am happy and contented.

"I have received two offers from other companies. Naturally, I cannot be happy working here for five hundred dollars a week when these two other companies are willing to give me two thousand dollars a week to start. Their contracts call for five years, at the end of which time I would receive five thousand dollars a week."

"Ridiculous," said Mr. Irving rather thickly. Her direct approach and her utter frankness were terrifying. When people hedged, Mr. Irving knew what to do. And people usually hedged. He was not sure whether Judith's forthright manner was naïve or deliberate.

"I agree with you that such a salary is ridiculous," said Judith, to the further amazement of the little man who sat watching her. "But that is not the question. What are you receiving a week, Mr. Irving?"

She raised a slim white hand. "Dont trouble to answer," she told him. "I only wished to call it to your mind. So that I might ask you to compare it with what your income would be weekly in any other business."

"Well, now, let's see." Mr. Irving

(*Continued on page* 82)

$200 in Prizes

On page 39 of this issue is a story called "Crazy Quilt." It finds its human drama in motion picture people. We are offering two hundred dollars in prizes for the best compositions of not more than three hundred words which express opinions as to why "Crazy Quilt" is a perfect title for this story.

The rules are simple, but we urge you to read them carefully.

Rules of Contest

1. No person may submit more than one composition.
2. This contest is open to all people except employees of Brewster Publications and their relatives.
3. No composition must run over three hundred words.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. List your name and address at the head of every sheet of paper used.
6. Address compositions to Crazy Quilt Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
7. No communications about the contest will be answered.
8. No compositions will be returned.
9. Compositions may be sent any time up to February 1, 1927. But we suggest that you read the entire serial before submitting your composition. It will run for six months, concluding in the February issue, so you will receive hints about the title from time to time.
10. In the event of two or more letters being of equal merit, equal prizes will be given the writers.
11. The two hundred dollars will be divided as follows:

Prizes

$100 . . . . . First Prize
50 . . . . . Second Prize
25 . . . . . Third Prize
10 . . . . . Fourth Prize
5 . . . . Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Prize

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Founder of the Merke Institute, 5th Avenue, New York

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You're wasting your time—you're throwing away money—when you try to reach these dormant roots with ordinary hair tonics, oils, massages and salves. For such measures treat only the surface skin and never even get to the roots, the real source of trouble. How could they ever possibly grow new hair?

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It's no use trying to make a tree grow by rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. You must get to the roots!

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Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 80)

sensed the determination of steel beneath Judith's silken surface. "I'll tell you what, Judith——"

But Judith did not dare stop talking for fear she would lose her nerve before she came to the salary.

"If you will give me a new contract," she said, "I do not think you will have any cause to regret it. The other companies, as I said before, offer me two thousand a week to start.

"That is only their first offer. I could probably get more if I was free to bargain with them. I will sign a new contract with you for five years, starting at fifteen hundred dollars a week, to begin next week."

Mr. Irving immediately made a counter offer of seven hundred. But Judith would not compromise. She shook her head. He offered one thousand next. She seemed regretful that she could not accept this magnificent offer, but she remained firm.

And the next week, when she stepped on the set for the first scene of "The Exile," a new contract between her and the Acme company had been arranged. She was to receive fifteen hundred dollars a week to start and five thousand dollars a week at the end of five years.

Mr. Irving and Mr. Singer shook hands with her at the door of their office before she went down to the stage. Their lawyer and hers were to be there that afternoon to draw up the contract.

She paused. There was merriment in her eyes.

"Dont laugh until I am out of hearing, gentlemen," she warned them. "I know what a bargain you are getting. And I might come back and insist upon new terms more favorable to me."

Mr. Irving and Mr. Singer looked at each other nervously. It was her little joke, yes. Her funny joke. She felt in a good humor, now that she was going to be a rich woman. Aha. Ha. Ha. But there was little mirth in the sounds that came from their throats. And it was not until that night when they placed the signed contract in their personal safe that they actually dared to congratulate each other.

So once again Judith left the executive office not quite able to believe that things were true. Harvey waited for her in her dressing-room.

"You did well," he said. "You are a great business woman, Judy. If you manage Mr. Irving as you seem to, it is nothing short of marvelous.

"And now what will we do with all that wealth? Buy a Rolls Royce?"

Judith shook her head.

"I haven't ten thousand dollars," she said. "We'll get a lesser car, tho. I have determined to save five hundred dollars a week. This popularity may not last. And there are options at the end of every year of my contract. I'm going to save one third of my salary always."

"You can never do it," Harvey said. "You have to keep up appearances. And you dont know the expenses you will have."

"But wait," said Judith. "I have more good news. Mr. Irving will send for you later, he said. They're offering you a contract, too. And how much do you think they will give you at the beginning?"

"Two hundred?" asked Harvey. "Or have you taken all their money?"

"Two hundred, nonsense," said Judith. "*Three hundred.* Mr. Irving told me that they were delighted with your work. And he has promised to give you the scenarios of my productions whenever it is possible to do so."

Harvey could not kiss her. The greasepaint would smear. He could not take her hands, for they, too, were made up.

"It is because of you, Judy," he said "They can well afford to pay me three hundred a week if it pleases you."

"Now who indulges in false modesty?" Judith wanted to know, as her head emerged from the bungalow apron she was slipping into. "Dont be a goose, Harvey Dunn. You have done fine work. You know that. I know that. They would have taken you out of the scenario department long before they gave a thought to pleasing me if you hadn't made good. Now, wouldn't they?"

"Probably," Harvey grunted.

The call-boy had knocked on her door five minutes ago. And Judith never kept the company waiting. But today she determined not to leave the room until she had Harvey in a proper frame of mind. He must never be allowed to feel that his success was a parasitic growth of her success. Judith could have wept over the husbands of some of the stars. They seemed pathetic. She felt it was not natural for a man to be beholden to a woman in the way that movie stars' husbands were often beholden. . . .

"Mr. Irving should call you up-stairs and tell you that I have had nothing to do with this," she said. "And he probably will."

Her seriousness broke into a bright smile when Harvey came over to her.

The call-boy knocked again.

"Sorry to hurry you, Miss Tower," he apologized, "but Mr. Ford says he's got to finish with the set tonight. . . ."

"I'll be there immediately," Judith called. "Immediately."

"There is no safe spot where I can kiss my lovely wife," Harvey complained, as the boy departed.

Judith craned her head so that he might place his lips on the spot where her copper hair swept the white of her neck.

And then she ran up-stairs to the stage, where her intensive work began. The company was waiting for her on the set. It was her first featured rôle. She knew the importance of a well-done portrayal. She thought of nothing but *Cornelia Radcliffe* in "The Exile" for the next month and a half.

At nine o'clock she was at the studio and in her make-up. It was usually after seven when she left. With a driving energy which exhausted her director and the leading man, she worked from early until late. And she was never known to leave the studios without seeing the film rushes.

Despite this concentrated effort, she never appeared harassed. Thru some fluke in her make-up, she seemed serene and fresh, even when she felt far from either of these things.

Madeliene, the famous modiste who made her costumes, insisted upon long and trying fittings. And because three costumes were not completed when they began work, it meant fittings in the evenings. Judith would stop at the atelier on Fifty-seventh Street at night before she went home. Madame Madeliene had her fitters stay overtime.

It was not until she was half thru the picture that her car was delivered. It was a Packard, and she had had a special body made . . . a cabriolet model of sage green with silver wire wheels and trimming . . . pale gray upholstery . . . and her chauffeur wore gray.

The car did make things easier. It permitted her to rest driving to and from the studios. The company's cars had not done this, being for the most part antediluvian models.

To make things more difficult, at this time her dressing-room was changed. She now occupied a larger room with a small adjoining office where her secretary worked. Her mail increased every week. And there were so many important phases to this work that Judith found it necessary to give her lunch hours to dictation . . . to autographing special photographs . . . to the management of her accounts.

Except for the car she had purchased on the instalment plan, she was entirely out of debt by the time "The Exile" was completed. And every week she had the pleasure of mailing her father a check for one hundred dollars.

She knew what a bonanza this must be to him. His letters were pitiful. It was very evident that he hated to take the money from her, but that circumstances did not permit him too make any independent gesture.

In her own clumsy way, Lillian proved a comfort. Harvey rather objected to her. He insisted that she put things away where he could never find them. But Judith made no move to dismiss her. She knew that no one servant would do as much as Lillian, who did everything from managing the apartment, marketing, mending . . . to picking up her clothes after her and even running her bath.

When Judith first entered upon this intensive routine, Harvey remained at the studios until she was ready to leave. And he stayed at home with her in the evening, even tho she was so tired that it was all she could do to sip a cup of broth before she fell asleep.

Judith felt this was not fair to him. She realized that she would have two or three or maybe even four weeks' rest between productions, when Harvey would have his regular work to do. So she urged him to go out evenings.

"You must not stay home because of me," she told him. "I'm too weary even to talk at night. Go to the theater." She suggested the theater because she felt Harvey would be safe there without her. She thought he would not be likely to take any woman to the theater where they were always sure to run across half a dozen or more people they both knew.

"But it wont be any fun without you, Judy," he would say. "I want to see the good things in your company. You know how you would feel in my place."

Judith did know. "Save the very good ones for us to see together when we have finished this picture," she said. "But do plan to go out evenings, dear. You need some recreation."

And eventually it was as she suggested. On the nights that she went to Madame Madeliene's and did not even get home for dinner, Harvey planned engagements.

There was no location trip this time. They took their exterior scenes on Long Island, making early starts in the morn-

(*Continued on page* 84)

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By HERBERT HOWE

FEBRUARY

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Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 82)

ings and returning late every evening. Judith was glad of this. She did not feel comfortable about leaving Harvey alone in town.

As it was, she worried over the evenings when he was out, but did not go to the theater.

"What did you see last night?" she would always ask. And if he said that he had not been to the theater but had spent the evening at the Lambs or browsing around some old book-shop, Judith always doubted that he was telling the truth.

She hated the suspicions that disturbed her peace. But she could not quiet them. A bad reputation, like a good one, works for you day and night. And Harvey had won a bad reputation. . . .

In the morning, when she was getting ready to go to the studios, Judith would watch Harvey lying in the bed from her dressing-table mirror. And when he answered her questions she always feared that she would find deception written across his face.

Sometimes he seemed unpleasantly aware of her scrutiny.

And things in this quarter naturally grew worse.

The note that Joy Royce had sent him the day before they were married . . . the strange handkerchief and scented cigaret in the apartment upon her return from Mountain Stream . . . the scenario giving Felice Friend so much more than her share . . . these things bore out the things Sonia had said. In themselves they would have made Judith suspicious. Sonia's talk had helped her towards a philosophical acceptance of them.

One morning when she was in a hurry and asked more searching questions than usual with less than her customary diplomacy, Harvey proved quite disagreeable.

"My," he sneered from the covers, "you rather fancy yourself in the rôle of a detective, dont you? Perhaps we can give you a chance at something like this in your next picture. If practice makes perfect, your severest critics would marvel at the expertness of your portrayal."

That morning Judith did not kiss him good-bye. She was rather relieved that his retort saved her from a kiss that would have been foul with stale alcohol.

"Is anything crueler than love, I wonder?" she thought as she drove to the studios. She was too listless even to open her personal mail. And several times Lillian peered back into the car from her seat beside the chauffeur. She worried about Judith and Harvey sometimes.

Judith wondered if Harvey would seek her when he came to the studios later on. He was doing the scenario for the next picture in which Felice Friend was to appear. And Judith thought perhaps Felice was "pulling her stuff" once more. Whenever she was away from the set, Judith imagined she might be with Harvey. And she suspected them of being together on the nights when Harvey said he had been at the club or shopping for books.

It was Sonia who put her right on this score.

"Dont worry about Felice," Sonia told her. "I doubt that your Harvey is big enough game for her. She oogles him only to advance her interests when he is working on her scripts. I know Harvey is not seeing her evenings, because I have been on parties with her and that insufferable collegiate son of the Baker family."

Sonia said nothing about the fact that she thought she had seen Harvey driving thru Central Park one night with Letty Earl, a Jollies beauty. As a matter of fact, she was not sure about this herself. She had only had a flash of them as the headlights of her car fell upon the hansom cab in which they were driving.

And it had been Letty Earl that Sonia had seen Harvey entering his apartment with while Judith was away.

She felt that she might be inclined to judge Harvey unfairly. His peccadillos . . . his constant philandering . . . this had not been anything but amusing to Sonia before Harvey married Judith. Now she resented it if he even looked at another woman. Sonia was very fond of Judith, and Sonia, in her entire lifetime, was to be very fond of a very few people.

Certainly Felice herself seemed to have no guilty conscience where Harvey was concerned. Judith had expected her to avoid her. But, on the contrary, Felice rather made a point of stopping at Judith's room in the morning.

She did this on the morning that Judith and Harvey had their unpleasantness. And she talked ceaselessly and simperingly the entire time that Judith had mascaroed her eyes, smoothed the pale pink paint over her face, traced her mouth with the scarlet salve, and induced faint mauve shadows around her eyes.

Felice's greeting never varied.

"Hello, dear," she said. Judith's "Good morning, Felice," never seemed to impress her. Her greeting always continued to be an endearment.

"I've heard the grandest story," she said. "You know Metta Street. Incidentally, she has a new Rolls Royce. Robin's-egg blue with a silver-gray hood. And the other morning her chauffeur parked the car outside the carriage entrance to Tiffany's while Metta went in to see about some new settings.

"And when she came out, my dear, Tompkins saw her and was about to drive up to the marquee for her. And a man standing there waiting for a taxi hailed him. He saw the bright color. . . . Tompkins was flabbergasted. And Metta was furious.

"Metta sent the car back to the shop the next day and it is to be done over a dark blue."

Judith was amused. "That is a precious story," she said. "I saw Metta's new car waiting for her at the stage-door the other night. It was a little gay in color."

"But that isn't the main thing I have to tell you." Felice cuddled in the *chaise longue* and toyed with her fur piece. Judith remembered what Sonia had said about how perfect it would be to look the way Felice thought she looked.

She almost purred over herself.

Judith had never liked her. But she had learned, among other things, that open warfare with people who would frequently be members of your cast was ill advised.

"Well, my dear," Felice went on, "just listen to this. Metta, you know, has been stopping at the Ritz. So has her mother-in-law, Mrs. Ridgeway. And, of course, you've heard that Metta will probably leave Lester Ridgeway. The rumor is that she has the goods on him. And Mrs. Ridgeway is simply furious. She knows that a divorce will ruin her darling boy's career, on that heels of that other unpleasantness.

"Well, anyway, Metta was registered at the hotel as Mrs. Ridgeway. She and Lester were there together for a time. And when she asked for her mail one

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

day last week the clerk handed her a letter left by a messenger. In it was a detective's report of her entire doings the day before.

"It was meant for Mrs. Ridgeway, senior Of course. She has had detectives watching Metta, trying to get something on her and in this way forestall anything Metta might be going to say about Lester. Isn't that priceless?"

"What did the report say?" asked Judith.

"Oh, that's the funniest part of it. I almost forgot." Felice's voice was a squeal. She was delighted with her news. "The report told how Metta had arisen at about eleven and driven to the park, where she had walked around the reservoir, as we all do now and then, for exercise. Then she had come back and lunched alone at Maillard's on hot chocolate and eggs Jeanette, or something like that."

"What did Metta do about it?" Judith was interested in Felice's gossip today. This was not always the case. Felice's stories were rarely as amusing, but Judith was always to marvel at her ability to get the latest news.

"Metta?" asked Felice. "Why, she sent the report to Mrs. Ridgeway with a personal note advising her to engage more efficient detectives. Then she checked out of the hotel."

The call-boy knocked. Judith slipped into the pale blue chiffon folds of a negligée which Lillian held for her.

"Imagine Mrs. Ridgeway's chagrin," she said. And Felice laughed her little, pinched, nasal laugh.

Judith hoped she had not heard the uncomplimentary things Lillian muttered about her having "the tongue of a serpent" as they left the room. Lillian couched both her denunciation and her praise in Biblical phrases.

"See you later on the set," Judith said, as she went in one direction and Felice, going in the other, stopped to knock on Sonia's door. She was eager to relay her news further.

"Whoever it is, you cant come in," shrieked Sonia.

"It is Felice," Felice said confidently.

"You cant come in, I said," repeated Sonia ungraciously. And once again, if Felice had paused to listen, she would have heard uncomplimentary mutterings thru the door

"One thing about Sonia," thought Judith on her way to the studio floor, "one blessed, sterling thing. She has never accepted the false standards. I wonder if she has ever been guilty of a hypocritical social gesture."

Then she forgot about Sonia and Felice and everyone else. She ceased to be Judith Tower, concentrating to maintain her magic place in a magic world . . . disturbed about a roaming husband. From the moment that she stepped under the brilliant white glare of the lights and the camera began to grind, she became *Cornelia Radcliffe*, a young woman persecuted by the bigotry of a small town.

They worked late that night. Until one o'clock. Judith's eyes ached with an intolerable fury. She was devitalized after being fifteen hours under the lights. But no hint of this depletion showed in her work when they looked at the rushes the next afternoon.

"She has a streak of genius," her director told Harvey when the picture was at last finished. "And while she has temperament, she also has reserve. She is not given to outbursts.

"I have found her charming to work with. But I feel that it is just as well not to arouse that fire and determination

Miss Anderson's Statement

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio, my hair was straight, as you may see in the picture above. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hairdresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved.

(Signed) Evelyn Anderson.

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Maison de Beaute,
Chicago, Illinois.

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Maison Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Maison Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

(Signed) Edward J. Cook.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1926.

Emma W. Stolzenbach,
Notary Public.

Glorious Waves Like These

No beauty shop expense—no ruinous hot iron—no bothersome appointments. Just 30 minutes—at home—whenever convenient

IF anyone told you that you could have the loveliest marcelled hair you ever saw, every day in the year, without another trip to the beauty shop, without another ruinous touch of the hot iron or torturous "permanent," you wouldn't believe it.

Yet, it is literally true. You can have the most beautifully groomed, gloriously waved head of hair imaginable, all the time. And you needn't step outside your own home to get it.

Just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcellers, once a week—right at home—and hair with a wave as perfect and lovely as the most skilled specialist in waving can give, will be yours from now on.

A $1.50 Marcel Saved Every Time You Use Them

No one knows better than you how those trips to the beauty shop mount up. The Maison Marcellers save all this expense. The initial cost is practically nothing—just the price of a couple of marcels.

No longer are you at the mercy of the professional waver. No more will you have to make appointments far ahead with a popular operator. No more will you race about to secure a last-minute wave before some unexpected engagement.

Now you are absolutely sure of a lovely, natural wave, no matter if your plans are last-minute ones.

It Waves While You Dress

All you do is slip the Maison Marcellers on slightly dampened locks. At the end of thirty minutes you slip the Maison Marcellers off—and your hair lies in smooth, soft waves about your face! Does it sound too good to be true? Your mirror proves the almost unbelievable wonder of its results—far better than any word can picture.

Restores Your Hair's Natural Beauty

Maybe you have let your hair go completely, worried along with straight, straggly, unkempt locks, because your hair could no longer stand the ruinous methods in vogue to keep it waved.

Maison Marcellers give your hair a chance to regain all the soft, silky lustre that Nature has bestowed on it.

For Any Kind of Hair—For Any Arrangement

No matter whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short, the Maison Marcellers will give you a wave of unbelievable beauty—a shingle bob, Ina Claire, horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part. And it is the simplest thing in the world to do. The Maison Marcellers adapt themselves to any style—any requirement. Made of soft rubber, light and flexible, scientifically designed. Lie down for a nap with them on—you'll never know they are there.

We asked fifty women their opinion of Maison Marcellers. Here is what some of them say:

Miss K. W., Chicago: I have had my hair marcelled so much that it was beginning to get terribly dry and scraggly. Since I have quit applying heat to my hair, it is quickly regaining its old lustre and beauty. I think your marcelling outfit is wonderful.

Mrs. A. K., Memphis: I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your Maison Marcellers came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

A Clever Christmas Idea Give Maison Marcellers!

If you want to gain the reputation of giving your friends highly original gifts, if you want them to have something that is sure to delight them, no matter how they wear their hair, or what kind of a wave they prefer—**choose Maison Marcellers.**

Every person who receives this valuable little gift will be grateful to you for disclosing such a remarkable waving method, enabling them to have the loveliest wave imaginable, a marcel that the most skilled professional might envy, and that without the least harm to the hair.

If you want us to send the Maison Marcellers to you already packed in a charming gift box, specify so in the coupon below.

Buy Now While the Special Price Still Prevails

Just to establish this revolutionary new invention—just to put it into the hands of the women whose words of praise will sweep the Maison Marcellers throughout the country, we are making this special offer to you. If you act promptly you can still get the marcellers at the special price. **A complete set of Maison Marcellers, including a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, for only $2.98 plus a few cents postage—a price that scarcely covers the cost of making, packing and advertising.**

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon, my hair, few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit $2.98 with him (plus a few cents postage). After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

MAISON DE BEAUTE
711 Quincy St. **Chicago, Illinois**

COUPON

MAISON DE BEAUTE
711 Quincy St., Dept. 77
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including Marcel Style Chart, and complete directions which I agree to follow. I agree to deposit $2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If the Marcellers do not put a well defined wave in my hair, I will return the outfit within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name .....

Address .....

Please pack Marcellers in gift box ( )

NOTE:—If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose $3.10 with your order and the Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

Cuticura Toilet Trio
Send for Samples
To Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. K, Malden, Mass.

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 259 styles of Bass, 684 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Café Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 133 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

Waterman Piano School, 1830 West Adams Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

$1 Brings You ANY OF THESE WONDERFUL XMAS GIFTS!

Small ads—BIGGEST VALUES—easiest terms" our motto. Pin $1 to this ad, check gift desired and mail NOW. That's all! NO RED TAPE—STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL! Pay balance next year TEN easy monthly payments. 30 DAYS TRIAL.—Money back if dissatisfied. RUSH YOUR ORDER TO-DAY!

X61-18K white gold hand engraved and pierced. Fiery blue white diamond. $45. $4.40 Monthly

X62-Newest Square prong ring. 18K white gold. Fine Blue White Diamond. $50. $4.90 Monthly

X63-18K white gold ladies three stone ring. Three fine Blue White Diamonds. $42.50 $4.15 Monthly

X64-Gents 18K White Gold Ring. Two Blue Sapphires. Fine Blue White Diamond. $47.50 $4.65 Monthly

X65-Gorgeous Dinner Ring. Beautifully pierced and engraved 18K white gold. Three Blue White Diamonds. Two blue sapphires $46.75 $4.57 Monthly

X66-Ladies New Oval Shaped Wristwatch. Four blue sapphires—four genuine diamonds. 15j guaranteed movement. $38.75 $3.77 Monthly

X67 Gents Strap Watch. Jeweled Movement. White metal case. Black enamel inlay. $14.50 $1.35 Monthly

X68-Jeweled Elgin Octagon Watch Chain and Knife Free. Furnished in presentation gift case. $21. $2.00 Monthly

FREE CATALOG & GIFT BEAUTIFUL art CALENDAR for 1927 sent FREE with catalog illustrating SILVERWARE, IVORYWARE, CAMERAS, DIAMOND JEWELRY, ETC. Thousands of gift suggestions on our famous PAY—AS—YOU—PLEASE PLAN to every adult answering this ad.

O. F. BALE & CO.
EST 1888
21-59-Maiden Lane-New York

Learn to Draw at Home

Simple Method Makes It Amazingly Easy

Trained artists earn from $50 to over $250 a week. Increasing demand right now for good art work. Magazines, newspapers, advertisers, printing houses, etc.

Become an artist through this quick, easy method—at home in your spare time. Learn Illustrating, Designing, Lettering. A real home training in the art profession. Prepare to make money. Learn to draw and earn big money.

Send for FREE BOOK

Just published, a new book describing the latest improved and successful opportunities in Commercial Art—gives full details of this quick, easy method of training. Tells how and why you can succeed. Shows actual experiences of students earning big money. Write for free Book and details of our Special Offer. Mail postcard or letter now.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
Room 181-E 1115—15th St., N.W. Washington, D. C.

which animates her work. I prefer not to disturb her placid depths."

Harvey would have done well to have considered this remark. It might have insured his future against the things it was to know.

Chapter XII

Once Judith's contract was signed, Mr. Irving resumed his former warm, friendly manner. It seemed to Judith that he went out of his way to do pleasant things.

One evening he invited her and Harvey to dinner. They motored to a famous road-house near Ossining, where they dined on a rustic veranda built out over a sleepy stream. Japanese lanterns swung in the early autumn breeze. And perfect little Japanese gardens encircled the rustic house. It was delightful. Motto, the slant-eyed proprietor, saw that their service knew no lack.

Mrs. Irving, a large Jewish matron, accompanied them. She talked mostly of her sons. Judith thought how very different it was from the way that dinners are supposed to be when movie magnates wine and dine their stars.

After dinner they drove thru the town. And when the car halted in the middle of a busy village street, Judith looked out of the window to see what blocked them. And there, outside of a theater, was her name in large electric lights.

She turned to Harvey and the Irvings excitedly, as if to ask their less bewildered eyes to confirm what she thought she saw. They were all watching her. It was Mr. Irving's little surprise. He had told Judith that it had been the exhibitors who had made a star of her. This was his proof.

"Perhaps it is just as well that you say nothing about me bringing you up here to see this," Mr. Irving suggested, on the drive home. "Mr. Kendrick's contract calls for him to be the only starred or featured member of his productions. We bill him that way on all of our advertising. But we cannot help what the exhibitor does."

"But that one would expect you to go in and tell the man how to run his theater," Mrs. Irving commented. She disliked the Kendricks. She resented their superiority. They should act so stuck-up with the Irvings when it had been Mr. Irving who had made him.

"I'll say nothing," Judith agreed. "You were very wonderful to bring me up here."

Even the chauffeur grinned over Judith's pleasure. He had been rehearsed in this little surprise. What tales Haynes could have told! He had driven Mr. Irving for five years. And frequently business conferences had been conducted on the drive to and from the studios.

Haynes had heard the death-knell sound for many a famous one.

It was this evening that Mr. Irving offered Judith the leading rôle in the big special production that McAllister had been assigned to direct.

"It is my advice to you to take the part," Mr. Irving had told her. "Mac especially asked for you. But I told him you might not want to play the part, since you wont actually be starring. You will be the only member of the cast featured. But the production itself will be the thing. And your rôle is very great. A great rôle."

"I would like to read the 'script before I decide," said Judith. She had learned to stem her impulses and enthusiasms. She would love working with Mac again. And she felt that no meager amount of prestige would accrue from being featured in a special production that would have a Broadway run and a brilliant première. But she had learned to be cautious.

"I will see to it that you get the scenario tomorrow, first thing," promised Mr. Irving. "We are going to call it 'Woman.' A wonderful title. Why, someone hasn't used it before this, I dont know. It is a title made for the box-office."

And, true to his word, Mr. Irving had the scenario at Judith's apartment the next morning by ten o'clock. Lillian brought it up-stairs with the mail and the breakfast tray.

Judith read it immediately before she even arose. At twelve o'clock she telephoned to Mr. Irving that she would be glad to play the part. And that very afternoon she went to Madame Madeliene's to see about her gowns.

There was little enough time left for the wardrobe to be made. She had several important engagements for the one week before Mac would start shooting. And the next day the Acme company was giving her a luncheon at Sherry's in celebration of her stardom.

Judith thought of this luncheon as something of an ordeal. She knew that the guests would be magazine and newspaper people, for the most part. She knew that panegyric tribute would be paid her by all of the speakers. She knew that she would be expected to say a few words in reply. And she felt sure that whatever she said, whatever she did, whatever she wore, would be criticised by some members of the press. It had never been given any celebrity to please everyone.

What to wear? She did not wish to overdress. Yet she knew the importance of being effective. Harvey warned her several times on this score. It was his opinion that Judith was not quite flamboyant enough for her position.

She finally decided upon an ensemble suit of dull blue and silver gray. The coat of blue broadcloth had a large shirred collar and cuffs which were heavily embroidered with a large design in gray worsted. And the gown of gray chiffon was embroidered in blue. Her hat was a blue felt and a band of moonstones weighed down the short brim. Gray suède shoes and gray stockings. A large blue suède bag. And the heavenly corsage of gardenias which Harvey sent her for the occasion.

The hour set for luncheon was one o'clock. Judith ordered the car for twelve-thirty. Harvey told her that she looked more beautiful than he had ever seen her. And all the way to Sherry's he showered her with praise and endearments.

Judith was amused at the surreptitious way in which he sought to learn whether or not she had any idea what she would say in her speech. He had urged her to prepare something or to let him write her a speech. But Judith knew that she would do better if she depended upon the inspiration of the moment. She knew that this would sound spontaneous and sincere even if it did not sound brilliant.

She had prevailed upon Harvey to attend the luncheon. Despite the fact that he was the one imperfection in the pattern of her life, she loved him more than anything else in the world. She would have made almost any sacrifice for him and never thought of it as a sacrifice. And she knew that he loved her as much as he would ever love any one person. It was just as Sonia had said. Harvey was not a one woman's man. There was no changing him. When he was with her, he was perfect. In their days and evenings together, Judith sensed no lack. But she knew that whenever she left Harvey for a location trip, whenever she had to neglect

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

him because of concentration upon her work, that he would seek another woman —or other women.

If she was slow to realize just how far and how often Harvey strayed, it was natural enough. Her mirror told her that she was not the kind of woman to whom a man might be expected to be unfaithful —rather the woman because of whom a man might be unfaithful to another woman.

But she had adjusted so far admirably. Under normal circumstances, Judith would have left the management of her affairs entirely to Harvey. Yet just the other day in one of those revealing flashes that are now and then given to people, she realized that she no longer looked to Harvey for any assistance whatever so far as her career was concerned. They had been married three-quarters of a year. And while he had controlled things in the beginning, she had since then taken all the reins of management into her own hands. She had done it unobtrusively. And she herself had not been aware of the change. It had come about so casually, so gradually.

They arrived at the hotel in ample time. Only a handful of people were in the reception-room when they entered. Others sauntered in every few minutes until a little after one, when the room was crowded with little groups.

No trouble or expense had been spared to make the luncheon all that the press has come to expect film luncheons to be. Waiters moved about among the groups, serving trays of fascinating and indescribable canapes.

Magazine editors, Sunday supplement editors, motion picture critics, feature writers, syndicate editors, general magazine editors, executives of the Acme company—these comprised the guests.

It was one-thirty when Judith led the way into the dining-room. She took Mr. Irving's short, crooked arm. She had grown fond of this little man, Napoleonic in his business ability. And she knew that he liked her, because she had always been reasonable and fair, yet had never submitted to his tyranny.

The table was laid in a large hollow square. It was beautifully set. The floral decorations were orchids and pink roses. The candles were pale green. Crystal, silver and china gleamed in the soft light.

The courses were delicious and numerous. As a bell rang, softly in the distance, the waiters advanced, a starched white army, to remove the plates and serve another course.

Robert Landis, whom Judith had not seen since Dolores Cortez' tea, arrived late. He had been detained at the office, but he came directly to Mr. Irving and Judith to make his apologies.

"Forgive my tardiness," he said to both of them, but looking only at Judith, who still seemed to him lovelier than any woman he had ever seen. "But, believe me, it was unavoidable. I got in from the Coast late yesterday and I'm sailing for Italy tomorrow. A hundred things to do. But I could not deny myself the pleasure of this luncheon."

Because there was again a personal challenge in his voice, Judith was suddenly reminded of the challenge he had offered her at the Cortez tea as they had talked together. And now when she had given him her hand in greeting, he had presumed to hold it. Finally she withdrew it, slowly. She knew that Harvey was watching them and that he was sulking, just a little.

When Robert Landis left her and went down the table to his place, she felt nervous about her speech. She would hate to falter before his keen eyes. She would

(*Continued on page* 95)

Pathfinders

An advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS discovered America, thus adding a new world to the old. Alexander Graham Bell discovered the telephone, giving the nations of the earth a new means of communication. Each ventured into the unknown and blazed the way for those who came after him.

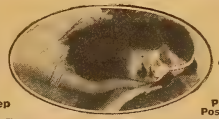
The creating of a nation-wide telephone service, like the developing of a new world, opened new fields for the pathfinder and the pioneer. The telephone, as the modern American knows it, has been made possible by the doing of a multitude of things in the realms of research, engineering and business administration.

Its continued advancement requires constant effort in working upon a never-ending succession of seemingly unsolvable problems.

Because it leads the way in finding new pathways for telephone development, the Bell System is able to provide America with a nation-wide service that sets the standard for the world.

Free Watch!

To advertise Sterlite Diamonds, we will give, *Absolutely Free*, choice of lovely Ladies' Platinum Finish Wrist Watch, or Gents fine 8 Day Watch, with each Sterlite Diamond ring purchased under our monthly payment plan. Both watches are *accurate timekeepers, have finely jeweled movements, fully guaranteed, and we have sold hundreds at $10.00 each.* Your watch will not cost a penny under this offer. Sterlite Diamonds have the *brilliant, dazzling, blue-white, flashing fire of genuine diamonds.* We defy you to tell them from real diamonds costing hundreds of dollars. Send only 10 cents with order, mention Ladies or Gents style. Send strip paper ring size. On arrival pay Postman first payment of 98 cents, plus postage. Then send us $1.00 a month for six months—$6.98 in all. *We trust you fully, ship at once, ask no reference, and we will gladly refund your first payment if not satisfied.* You are taking no chances, *our money back guarantee protects you.* STERLING CO. H-40 BALTIMORE, MD.



ANITA Shapes While You Sleep

Users Praise it as a Priceless Possession

RESHAPE YOUR NOSE!

You can surely and safely mold your nose to beautiful proportions with the

ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER

Shapes while you sleep or work—painlessly, comfortably. Results speedy and *guaranteed.* Physicians praise it highly. No *metal* to harm you.

FREE BOOKLET points way to facial beauty and happiness. *Write for it today.*

Gold Medal Won 1923

The ANITA Co
ANITA Bldg. Dept. A32 Newark, N.J.

Girls Wanted for the *Movies*

GIRLS! Answer Hollywood's Call! Prepare yourself for stardom as Mae Murray, Rudolph Valentino and scores of other screen and stage stars have done. Directors need expert dancers **daily! Dance** your way to **success!**

Let Vestoff Train You at Home

Veronine Vestoff, world's foremost ballet master, can train YOU, **in your own home**, in ballet, oriental, eccentric, toe, interpretive, Greek and classical dancing. The wonderful Vestograph, or motion picture method, gives you the professional technique of famous Broadway stars.

FREE BOOK Explains Wonderful Opportunities

Leading stage and movie dancers and famous teachers of dancing everywhere owe their success to Veronine Vestoff. You, too, can win fame and success from his marvelous Home Study Course. Write **today** for FREE booklet on all kinds of Dancing, and details of **Special Offer** to new students.

VERONINE VESTOFF
Academie de Dance
100 West 72nd Street Dept. 41. New York City

Be the Best.... Ukulele Player ..in your crowd

No Musical Knowledge Required With This New, Simple System

REX' UKULELE TRANSPOSING CHART

If you're a beginner, you'll find in it ALL THE SHORT-CUTS to artistic Ukulele playing—*without any technical musical terms or signs.*

If you play well now, you'll find this chart invaluable for fine shadings of harmony and for *instant transposition into the key that suits your voice.*

Find "That Long Lost Chord"! Make that Uke "eat out of your hand". It's easy—*this* way!

Transposing Chart complete (105 chords—5 keys) together with Rex' own short-cuts to expert Ukulele playing sent postpaid, for only $1.

A *good* Ukulele player, you know, is the most popular person in the crowd, and . . . . . I PERSONALLY GUARANTEE YOUR ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

Just slip a dollar bill in an envelope and SEND FOR IT NOW!

REX B. TAYLOR
Box 535 HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

TRY THESE CHORDS

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home.

Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. MAHLER CO., 6-B, Mahler Park, Providence, R.I.

Wrinkles Will Disappear in 8 Days!

MARVEL-PEEL—Guaranteed Harmless—will remove every wrinkle and scar from your face. Freckles, Blotches, Small Pox and Acne Pits, Sunspots, Eczema, etc., vanish like magic. A new tested method. Use safely at home. Satisfaction or money back. Marvel-Peel contains no Salicylic, known beauty experts. Famous Hollywood Marvel-Peel. Full treatment, $2.00 postpaid. Send today.

TRIAL TREATMENT 50c

Finally and quickly prove the amazing effects of Marvel-Peel. No matter what you have tried, try this SAFE, NEW and SUCCESSFUL Method. Write **LUCILLE FRANCIS CO., Dept. M., 404 W. 9th Street, Los Angeles, California.**

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-158, Drexel Ave. & 58th St. © A S 1923 CHICAGO

Answers to December "Whose Hands?"

By F. Vance de Revere

Greta Nissen

The very beautiful hand which was long, narrow, fragile-looking, with slender, tapering fingers and lovely almond-shaped nails, belongs to Greta Nissen. The highly inspirational, very emotional, extremely sensitive nature, sympathetic, affectionate and demonstrative, strong in her likes and dislikes, is indicated in her face and hand alike. The very flexible hand and fingers indicates a very sociable nature and one which is impressionable and easily influenced by her surroundings and the people with whom she comes in contact. The face, too, gives the same indications; in fact, such an individual must have the companionship of others to be happy.

Lya de Putti

The odd little hand which was very interesting and the hand of a foreign actress, who recently came to us, belongs to Lya de Putti. Her face, more than her hands, gives all indications of her dramatic sense and ability. There is shown great love of all that is beautiful and love of the creature comforts of life in both face and hand alike. Likewise, the dreamy, visionary, impulsive, spontaneous nature, highly emotional, very intuitive and a very active, restless person. In the face are indications of a mentality which grasps quickly, a very interesting and a very magnetic personality.

Clive Brook

The hand belonging to the tall, lean, muscular man was Clive Brook's hand. His face and hands correspond in great detail with some slight variances. The two run so accurately and true to type that, by looking at his face, you would immediately know the shape and formation of his hand without looking at it. Likewise, looking at the hand, you would know the figure, general appearance and type of his face. This is as it should be and gives added strength to his characteristics. The face as well as the hand gives indications of a serious nature, one who is a thinker.

All rights reserved by F. Vance de Revere

Prize Winners for Limericks Published in November Magazine

Far from buying his pleasures, this one—
Herbert Brenon—gets paid for his fun,
For picking out beauties
Is one of his duties
When he's picking, they come on the run.

MISS RUTH NORFOLK,
Clarendon, Va.

Dotty Gish doesn't care if her voice
Gives nobody cause to rejoice.
"On the screen," she averred,
"I'll be seen, and not heard,
Where the beauties, tho' dumb, get first choice."

MRS. M. D. FITZSIMMONS,
Williams, Ariz.

Miss Del Rio's warm welcoming glance
Is not caused by her latest romance.
Only roast beef on rye
Puts that look in her eye
And not something approaching in pants.

KATHLEEN MCGUIGAN,
Canal Zone, Panama.

You can tell by the eyes—that's how I know
This isn't a fair young albino,
A Ku Klux, or a swan—
But Miss Alberta Vaughn
Let's hope (let's soap) it's a "hair-raising" show.

JOHN P. FORD,
Hackensack, N. J.

A Whitecap on the Briny

is the prize-winning title for the picture which appeared on page 8 of the November issue. It was contributed by C. M. Stevenson, San Francisco, California.

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Christmas in the Home

(*Continued from page* 45)

the tree put on your festoons and last of all dust on some silver snow, part of which will stay on the tree and the rest will drift down over whatever foundation you have planned. And here is a warning about silver snow: Most of it is of metal and I've known of several cases where it has short-circuited the electric system, because it came into contact with the electric light connections on the tree. So, use silver snow, but use it with care.

Dont put packages on the tree! If you do, your tree will start to look denuded as soon as Christmas is over and part of the joy of the holidays is to have the tree looking lovely until Twelfth-night.

Wrap your packages in white or red tissue paper and tie the packages with gay cord and ribbon and decorate with plenty of seals. These packages, piled at the foot of the tree on Christmas morning, add another touch of gaiety. If you wish the brightest sort of Christmas, make a ceremony of opening the packages. If one of the family or a guest acts as Santa Claus—without the old man's costume—it will add to the fun of the occasion. And certainly the beauty of the holiday will be enhanced by the gaily wrapped bundles.

The tree isn't all of Christmas! The decorations of the rest of the home are as important as the tree itself. First of all, in preparing for Christmas, get rid of all of the superfluous ornaments in your home—and let this include all of the things that have been around during the year and have added neither beauty nor comfort to your home. After you have got rid of all "extras" you may start to add the special Christmas decorations.

I should use a lot of wreaths for Christmas. You may buy these already made up or, if you live in the country, you may gain an additional holiday pleasure by gathering the green branches and making them yourself. I would put a green wreath in every living-room window and I would have others ready for decorating the rest of the room.

I would have a special mantel decoration for Christmas. Above the mantel I would hang one or two holly wreaths according to the size of the room and the mantel. I would balance these wreaths and hang them by wide bows of bright soft red ribbon. On the mantelpiece I would put a miniature tree with perhaps two tinier trees to balance it or a low bowl of brilliant leaves or flowers or perhaps just a couple of candlesticks with red or green candles. On a table you might have a potted poinsettia plant with its brilliant leaves and flowers. If you have not planned on having a Christmas tree, I'd advise you to alter your plans and have a tiny one anyhow. If your home has children, you will want a big one, of course, but if there are only adults, a tiny tree, a living plant decorated with familiar Christmas things will add a great deal to your Christmas happiness.

You will want Christmas festoons for your room. These are made of fir or pine or other Christmas greenery and will last well thru the holiday season without shedding or turning black and will add immensely to the appearance of things. You can make these festoons very easily at home or you can purchase them at the florist shops inexpensively. Buy a few more yards than you think you will need, for when you go to make festoons, no matter how carefully you have measured, you'll be surprised to find out how much

(*Continued on page* 91)

The health and beauty of the hair

depend chiefly upon the condition of the scalp. Normal capillary circulation and nerve tone mean well-nourished roots—strong, vigorous hair shafts—lively, lustrous hair. Important also, of course, that the scalp be kept really clean. Excellent for these purposes is Liquid Silmerine. Rubbed into the scalp it has a wholesome tonic effect, invigorating tissues, improving circulation. And it effectually eliminates dandruff, dirt, excess oiliness. Always use before shampooing.

For the strength and welfare of your hair—for intensifying its natural color—for keeping it delightfully soft, silky, with a gleamy gloss and sheen—use Liquid Silmerine regularly. It's a toilet requisite.

For straight hair—men, women, children—Silmerine is the ideal dressing. Keeps hair smooth and neat all day and evening—without being greasy or sticky. Makes unruly hair easy to manage.

For keeping the hair wavy or curly—even under most trying conditions—Silmerine long has enjoyed a splendid reputation. Use with utmost confidence.

Large bottle, with adjustable cap, $1.00, at drug stores and toilet counters everywhere.

PARKER BELMONT & COMPANY
2350 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

Liquid Silmerine *Gives a neat, well-groomed effect*

Bring out the hidden beauty

Do you know that just beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon? Mercolized Wax will gradually, gently, peel off the devitalized surface skin, revealing the youthfully fresh, white and beautiful skin underneath. It leaves no trace but that of increased loveliness. The new complexion is a perfectly natural one, not to be compared at all with a make-up.

It hastens Nature's efforts. Shedding worn-out skin is Nature's way of renewing the complexion. Tiny cutaneous particles come off day by day. When this skin shedding begins to lag—as it does in time—complexion troubles begin. Nature may then be assisted by simply applying Mercolized Wax. The Wax actually destroys the mask of dead scarf skin—causing no discomfort. It makes the pores breathe; livens up the whole countenance. All of a sudden **you seem to have lost 10 to 20 years from your age.**

Freckles, pimples, liver spots, moth patches, etc., of course disappear with the discarded cuticle. Isn't this better than attempting to hide or cover up skin defects, and stifling the pores with a soggy mass of creams or other cosmetics?

Mercolized Wax will give you a new skin of **enchanting beauty and girlish charm**—bearing not the slightest evidence of artificiality. One that will give you complete confidence in your appearance—one, indeed, that will make **folks turn a second time to look at you** in passing.

And all these results are accomplished by using just one box of Mercolized Wax—less than that, in fact.

Try it today—95c a box, with full directions, at any drug or department store.

MERCOLIZED WAX

Removes Wrinkles In 15 Minutes

Sounds too good to be true? It is true; you can prove it this very day. If you want to see wrinkles, creases, sagginess completely disappear from your face in 15 minutes, just mix a spoonful of Powdered Tarkroot with a spoonful of lemon juice and apply this soothing mixture to your face. Then sit down before your mirror and have the surprise of your life!

See the Age Lines Vanish!

The hated lines go away like magic. Behold, now, what you looked like when young! Watch the sagginess correct itself. Enjoy the strange, delicious sensation of stimulation, support and plump, smooth firmness. When you wash off the application, your face looks much younger.

The effect is far better than that of the most expert face massage.

For Baggy Cheeks and Chin

Instead of making the face flabby, as frequent massaging tends to do, it does the very opposite. Reduces flabbiness of cheek, chin and bagginess beneath the eyes. It fills out hollows and improves facial contour wonderfully. It obliterates worry, care and age-marks! And there's nothing quite so good

For Blackheads, Oiliness

or coarse pores. It leaves the skin velvety soft and smooth, with a healthy, girlish tint.

Tarkroot acts upon an important physical principle, invigorating skin and underlying tissues, making them much firmer. It is not a cosmetic, for you wash it off after it has done its work, the skin appearing natural, glowing, refreshed.

Costs Less Than 3 Cents

an application when purchased in the original package. So Tarkroot certainly is not expensive to use.

Tarkroot produces such really amazing results it is difficult to tell the whole story without appearance of exaggeration. Only the actual experience could make you believe all it will do. Buy a package from your druggist today.

Dearborn Supply Co., 2350 Clybourn Av., Chicago

Quickly Erases Wrinkles

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WATCHES-JEWELRY
Make Best Xmas Gifts
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Brilliant blue white diamond and 2 sapphires set in 18 kt. gold

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Dept. 2782 Binghamton, N. Y.

Some Women Have All the Luck

(*Continued from page 37*)

work with. But in the next picture, "The Conquering Power," things were different. He was dissatisfied with his part, discontented and unhappy.

"As a lover, he always suggested so much more than he gave. He underacted, always. It gave the effect of great passion under restraint. I always had the impression that I was playing with a volcano that might erupt any minute. It never did—but that was the secret of his appeal. That was why women loved him. Curiosity? Well, maybe, but that's love in a sense, isn't it?"

Her blue eyes twinkled. They are humorous eyes, not languishing at all, and she has a most practical, nonchalant way of summing things up—things and people, and this stage property we talk so much about—Love!

"Of course, I wouldn't say that I have learned all about Italian love from Valentino, or all about our American brand from Lewis Stone. It is hardly fair to judge a country by just one lover, you know. I think that I should have at least two from each country before going on record with an opinion, but even with my slight experience, I have formed some conclusions as to the way they do it, nationally speaking, so to say.

"The Latins are easier to work with, for the simple reason that they give so much more. The real difference between them and our men is just this—they expect to do the loving, they want to do it—they do do it, while the average American man just sits back and waits for the woman to make love to him.

"I'd lots rather have foreign lovers, on the screen anyway. Women aren't more important in their scheme of things, really, but they have a way of making them feel so much more important. It's very comfortable," Miss Terry laughed, "and I love to be comfortable!

"Little looks, little words, little touches! They use them all—but, of course, the American lover is much more reliable when it comes to paying the bills!

"But in a love scene! I'd just as soon have a chair as the typical American man! I can play a love scene better with a chair! I can move the chair wherever I want it. If it gets in my way, I can push it aside—but I cant do anything with a lover who wont start something!

"And the Spaniards, the Italians, the Mexicans—start things!"

Her lip twitched and she chuckled—a most American chuckle. "I'll say they do," she confided, "and they usually finish them, too. The Anglo-Saxon is ashamed of his emotions—the Latin enjoys his! An Englishman wont make a show of himself, because it's not done. An American words it a little differently; he calls it 'making a fool of himself,' and he wont do that because it makes him feel like a fool, and he hates the experience, but a real lover doesn't mind a little thing like that. A lover who is a lover by temperament will follow his dream wherever it leads. He is the real idealist, the real romanticist!

"Ramon Novarro is one, the greatest I know. He will be greater, ten years from now. He has everything. I cant think of a part that he couldn't play—all he has to do is to buy his stories and wait. He has the grace and restraint of Valentino and the virility of Moreno. He is a Mexican, which is something different from being a Spaniard—there are Aztec strains there that add complexity and interest—and mystery. The Aztecs were the greatest mystics the world has ever known—Novarro has it all.

"When I played with him before in 'Scaramouche' and 'Where the Pavement Ends,' he was a little immature. Now I am playing with him again in 'The Great Galeoto,' and he has learned so much—camera angles, distances and things like that. His technique has become smooth, sure—and he has lost nothing of his romance, nothing of his charm."

"He sounds like Romeo," said I, who had been watching him while she talked, rehearsing several scenes with the director——black eyes, black hair—youth and beauty incarnate.

"But aren't any of them cave men?" I asked. "I thought cave men had things their own way with the ladies. These lovers of yours are so sophisticated——"

"Well, I dont know," she said slowly. "Tony Moreno comes nearer being aboriginal than any of the others. He is physical, virile, expresses himself in action. He is forceful, masterful—and all that sort of thing. He takes possession of a woman; you couldn't resist him—if that's being a cave man."

"Sounds like it, but then it spoils the picture of the Spanish lover. I thought they all twanged guitars, serenaded señoritas, and flashed knives upon occasion."

"Well, Tony would flash the knives! He'd love it! Then that's that; he's Spanish, all right, but I have seen him look like a pretty good American."

"Yes, and so does Conway Tearle. I played with him in 'The Great Divide,' but he is English inside—a lover who tells it to you seriously and expects you to believe it without repetition for the next twenty years. Good and proper—but not exciting. They take so much for granted, and it is awfully hard to make a love scene out of faithfulness and devotion. Of course, it's nice to have around the house, but we were talking about pictures and love that can be measured—by so many feet of celluloid.

"Now, there's Petrovich," she said enthusiastically; "you dont know anything about him yet, but you will. I played with him in Europe in 'The Magician.' He's a Serbian, not so young as Novarro, not so finished as Valentino. To me he suggests great forests, the plains, the sea. A lover among elemental things—and yet he is not crude. Probably the thing I am trying to express is strength. He has it to an amazing degree. He is a lover that will stir your pulses——"

"Miss Terry, will you come to the wardrobe-room now and be fitted for your costume?" a quiet but rather exasperated voice inquired.

"Oh, dear me; I forgot. I was supposed to be there an hour ago." She gathered up her draperies—long and flowing, the sort she always wears on the screen.

"Here, I've been gossiping about lovers and neglecting clothes. I wouldn't have believed it was possible, but they are fun, aren't they? Please say that I love them all—and that I dont think just one is a fair sample of any country—besides, I've never played with a Frenchman, so my remarks dont count—they are incomplete.

"'Now it may be, the flower for me
Is this beneath my nose;
How can I tell, unless I smell
The Cathaginian rose?'"

Her voice came drifting back thru the dark cavern of the stage.

And her next stop is "The Garden of Allah," where another lover awaits her! Dont some women have all the luck?

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Christmas in the Home

(*Continued from page* 89)

they will take up. Use a generous piece for your mantel and in that space between your windows in your living-room. Other festoons may be hung in graceful curves and scallops above the piano or above any other large piece of furniture.

If your decorations are somber, cover a few pillows with inexpensive bright red sateen and perhaps make a slip cover for one of the chairs of the sateen, too.

Potted plants add immeasurably to the Christmas, if you plant bulbs far enough have some of your flowers in bloom at Christmas, if you plant bulbs far enough ahead and keep them dark for several weeks. Ferns and other green growing things in pots are almost as lovely. Pepper-plants in bloom are among the most charming of the Christmas decorations.

Do not limit your Christmas decorations to your living-room. Your halls and dining-room should have their share of Christmas things, too. Fir boughs and festoons will add a great deal to your hall and give a note of welcome to your home.

Your dining-room should have special care at Christmas. Above your buffet or your serving-table put more festoons of green. And on the buffet itself, put a tall vase of leaves, with, if possible, some red berries. Your dining-table should have a centerpiece appropriate for the holiday season. A low bowl of green leaves, a tiny tree, flowers with red predominating or a pepper-plant all make ideal center-table decorations.

Even if I were not in the habit of using candles on the table regularly, I would use them during the Christmas holidays. I am in favor of having candle-lit dinners all during the year, but in the Christmas season they seem especially necessary. No matter what color candles you are in the habit of using, I would use bright red ones during Christmas week. These, with your bright centerpiece in which green predominates and your white linens, will make the Christmas spirit seem very near indeed.

If people would only realize how beautiful the home could be made at a small expense, Christmas this year would have added joys. A walk thru the woods will enable you to pick enough pine boughs—and without hurting any permanent growth either—to make your Christmas home a gay one. A few evergreen twigs, a tree with bright, new decorations, wreaths, festoons of green and bright candles, and your home will radiate the Christmas spirit and the spirit of hospitality, too.

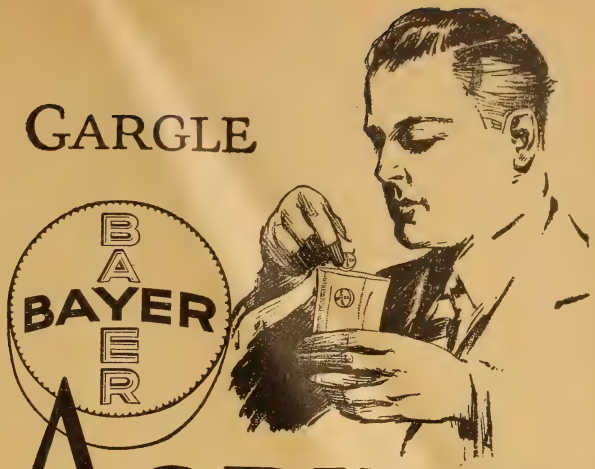
Keep your Christmas things simple. For simplicity should be one of the real key-notes of Christmas. By using ingenuity in the hanging of the Christmas festoons and in the placing of the Christmas tree you can turn your home into a perfect miniature stage set for whatever gaieties the holidays may offer.

One thing more, and an important thing, too: have a light in your window to guide the Christmas spirit and to add joy to those who have no Christmas of their own. And outside of the house have a wreath at the door to give cheer to the passer-by and to welcome with the real spirit of Christmas the guests whom you will bring within your home.

Your Home

—is your frame. Every month Stephen Goosen will write a practical article that will help you make your home more attractive

GARGLE



ASPIRIN

Dissolve two "BAYER TABLETS OF ASPIRIN" in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle thoroughly.

Swallow some of the solution. Don't rinse the mouth. Repeat gargle every two hours if necessary.

This is an effective gargle proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians.

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We carry all standard makes of Railroad Watches—guaranteed to pass inspection.

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WATCHES

Girls! This New Translucent Rouge immediately brings out your natural beauty and charm

TRIAL SIZE FREE

A single application works like magic

SCIENCE has advanced another step forward in the development of the most startling beauty secret ever offered women – a wonderful new Translucent Rouge that brings out the natural beauty of your skin without clogging up the pores and without giving it that painted opaque look.

New — Translucent — Beautiful

The pores of the skin under a magnifying glass look like small valleys and mountains and it is in these valleys that the skin breathes and thereby stays in a healthy condition.

How, then, can one expect to have a healthful and beautiful skin if these little valleys are continually filled up with grease and hardened powder rouges? Mad Cap Rouge is neither a grease nor a powder and will not clog up the skin pores.

The skin is naturally translucent. Mad Cap Rouge is also translucent and when applied simply tints the skin a beautiful pink, letting the natural beauty of the skin show thru. Its application has a soothing, healing effect on the skin. It produces a glorious color and is used and recommended by beauty specialists everywhere. *It is also waterproof and stays on 24 hours.*

Try It — Beautify Your Complexion

We ask you to try Mad Cap for a few days at our expense and see how it will give you the complexion of women you have always envied. You will note the great difference after the very first application and then, if you are not absolutely delighted, we will welcome the opportunity of refunding your money.

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Simply fill in and mail coupon and enclose 10c for postage. Use Mad Cap Rouge a week at our expense.

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Please send me Free Trial Size Mad Cap Rouge. Enclosing 10c for postage.

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Address.....

Cinema Cinderellas

(*Continued from page* 20)

her. Even after she had become a popular star, and no longer could remember the time when a dollar loomed large in the family exchequer, the idea that she would one day crash thru the sacred portals of society never entered her head, of that we are sure.

Her marriage to Alastair Mackintosh, of London, an officer in the British army and an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, was the means of making Constance Talmadge a hostess to whom all London flocked with eagerness. The story of the marriage itself read like a romance. Pretty, talented, witty and popular, Connie has always been rumored to be engaged to this man or that. Famous motion picture stars are always the target for such rumors. But when the wedding took place, the surprise of her friends reached amazement, for no one knew the groom, and it was only after a very short acquaintanceship—about three weeks—that the two decided to marry.

Vague stories of how the groom left Hollywood almost immediately after the wedding circulated around Connie's immediate set. He was seen down at Palm Beach last winter while she was out West working. Then after a short honeymoon in Paris, the two took a house in London, and every day one read in the social columns of the press the description of a dinner-party given by the Mackintoshes; the presence of Connie at such and such a reception; the glowing praise of her charm, and vivacity, and lovely clothes, and so on.

The divorce now being planned will put an end to all of this, to be sure. But Connie had it, even if she didn't find it especially worth her while.

Nor is Connie the only movie star who has risen from an obscure background to the shining spotlight of society thru marriage. No one will ever forget the nine days' wonder of Gloria Swanson's marriage to the Marquis de la Coudray. When Gloria sported on the California sands as a Mack Sennett bathing beauty, her ideas of nobility and ladies of title were rather vague. Prince Charming probably appeared in her mind as a nice American of wealth, if possible, and preferably one in the motion picture business. Now she is addressed by the high-sounding, aristocratic name of Madame La Marquise de la Coudray. (There are several other names that go before the last, but we have forgotten the spelling of them.) And, strangely enough, Gloria's good-looking, popular young husband is far more democratic in action and manner than any of the film celebrities surrounding his famous wife.

Another Connie recently upset the social world of America by grabbing off one of its most eligible young bachelors. Connie Bennett had just begun to reap the harvest of her hard work in the cinema world, when she decided that, after all, love was the preferable thing to fame and a career, and quietly slipped away to Greenwich with Philip Plant, son of the late millionaire "Tin-plate King."

The two had been in love for several years, but as Philip was the heir to some thirty-odd millions of dollars, his family decided that only in the highest social circle could an eligible mate be found. Connie Bennett had as her background the aristocracy of the stage, being the daughter of Richard Bennett, one of our best actors, and Adrienne Morrison, whose theatrical ancestry goes back to the days of the first strolling players in Europe. But the theatrical world and the 400 are as wide apart as the north and south poles, and no one ever dreamed that the two would meet.

Connie has given up her screen career, at least for the time being. She was beginning to be noted by the astute eyes of the producers, for her unusual screening ability and decided talent.

The lovely Thelma Morgan, altho born in the high social circle, for quite some time worked before the camera. Like Connie, however, her recent marriage to Lord Furniss, one of the richest young men in England, has cut off her career as a cinema star. Lady Furniss will be far removed from the film world, and it is extremely doubtful if, in her present position, she will remember that such a thing as a "nine o'clock, on the set, all made up" call has ever existed.

Then, of course, there is the much-married Peggy Hopkins, who the last time the spirit moved her, took unto herself as a groom a young Count Morner. They say that while Peggy's democratic character keeps her from using the title over here, save occasionally, when she travels abroad she is known everywhere as the beautiful young Countess, and that altho she has, as is customary with her, decided to call the marriage off, she will retain her right to the title. However, that is all hearsay and rumor. She is making rapid progress as a screen actress, and photographs remarkably well.

The most recent thrill with which the screen world has been provided in the way of marital romances, is that furnished by Mae Murray, who now has the title of Princess. Prince David Divani is tall and unusually good-looking. Also, he has just left his twenty-sixth year. The new Princess declares that this marriage is her last one, and that she will never get another divorce. The little Follies girl who used to dance nightly for the proverbial rows of bald-headed men has come a long way, but who can tell, in this democratic world of prohibition, international debts, Steinachism, screen sirens and aviation, that her story may be just another fairy-tale in the book of cinema cinderellas who have emerged from the cinders and married Prince Charmings of wealth and social position.

Nothing we might hear about a movie star would surprise us, after all the shocks we have had to take.

THE MYSTERY TRUNK....

Ramon Novarro **took an empty trunk to Tunis, out of which** ***Herb Howe*** **brings forth a lot of humor in his remarkable series, commencing next month in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE — "On the Road with Ramon"**

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

That's Out

(*Continued from page* 71)

the censors, largely to the pernicious effects the movie has upon the mind of the spectator, then it is alarming to think what great portion of this crime is no doubt being perpetrated by these poor censor creatures who are forced to sit thru so many photoplays.

Sauce for the Gander

THE American film colony is much alarmed about the "invasion" of foreign directors and players to these shores, and seeks to have a curtailment placed upon these importations, on the grounds that they are depriving American studio workers of employment.

A short time ago, it will be recalled, there was a great outcry in England about the preponderance of American films in that country and the demand was made that a ban be placed upon American films. To which the Americans replied: "Make as good films as we do, and you wont have to worry about American pictures."

It now seems as tho the logical thing for the foreign invaders to say to American screen artists is: "Display as much ability as we do, and you wont have to worry about any further invasion of foreigners."

Our Monthly Prediction

THIS department not being considered complete unless there is at least one prediction made, it becomes more or less our duty this month to forecast a bright future for Richard Talmadge.

Contrary to what many film fans may believe, Talmadge is far more than merely a good acrobat. He is an excellent comedian and under a contract which will give him better stories and direction, he should rapidly climb in popularity.

The Bulletin Board

(*Continued from page* 8)

she collapsed, right in the middle of the honeymoon, and had to be taken to a sanitarium, where all visitors were turned away. As soon as she recovers sufficiently, they will leave for their new home in Beverly Hills.

THE sprightly Betty Bronson will be Richard Dix's heroine, very soon, in "Paradise for Two." Betty's last picture was just plain "Paradise." Andre Beranger, having finished work with Mal St. Clair in "The Popular Sin," will join the cast of the Dix picture.

NOVELS are being bought up right and left, to be converted to screen plays. Universal paid a fabulous sum for Edna Ferber's very popular "Show Boat," and will give it a costly production with Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry, and Jean Hersholt, under the direction of Harry Pollard. And "Marriage," by H. G. Wells, has become the property of Fox, and will be directed by R. William Neill, who has just finished work on "The City." The Wells novel will emerge on the screen as "Wedlock."

DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI, the Russian gentleman who is responsible for "The Midnight Sun" and "The Crown of Lies," will direct Metro-Goldwyn's production of "Anna Karenina."

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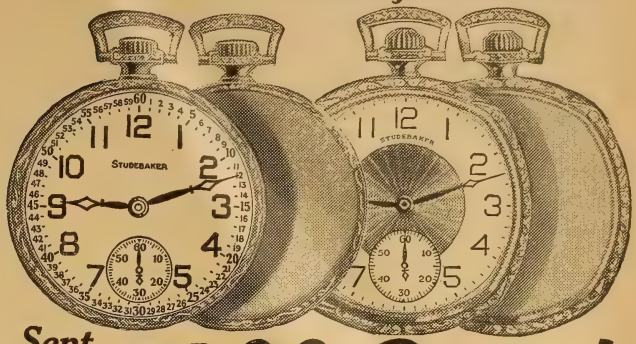

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The Spotlight Is Turned on the Director: Alfred Santell

By
SCOOP CONLON

BECAUSE this brilliant young man came unheralded from the comedy field to direct Corinne Griffith, and became famous overnight for his production of "Classified," considered by many to be the finest picture in which this star has ever appeared.

Because, as a comedy supervisor and director he turned out scores of our funniest laugh makers every year. His best work was in the supervision of that rollicking farce-comedy, "Introduce Me," for Douglas MacLean.

Because he repeated his Corinne Griffith success with his production of "Bluebeard's Seven Wives," which marked the best thing Ben Lyon has ever done on the screen, and which ranks with "Classified" as one of the best of recent productions.

Because he is the only known director who made his first entrance into the studios by selling the first scenario he ever wrote!

Alfred Santell

Alfred Santell is regarded by the other men behind the guns, the producers, as a real "find"—a director of originality and intelligence. He is keeping up the pace with no signs of letting down, as is evidenced in his more recent production, "Sweet Daddies," a clever picture adapted from the story, "Molasses," and which has an equally clever cast including Jobyna Ralston, that charming little leading lady of Harold Lloyd's, who makes her début as a featured player—Jack Mulhall, Charlie Murray, George Sidney and Vera Gordon. So consistent have been Santell's brilliant achievements that First National purchased his contract from Corinne Griffith's producers, to place him at the head of his own productions. He was brought to New York to direct "Subway Sadie," and "Even Stephen." Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall, a team of players who have gained much in popularity under Santell's direction, are co-featured.

Unlike so many of his successful fellow directors Alfred Santell did not buck the extra lists back in the pioneer days of the "movies." He has never been an actor. He did not drift into pictures by accident, but rather changed his professions by deliberate design. Alfred Santell was a young architect. Born in San Francisco, he had studied architecture at the Wilmerding Art School at Mark Hopkins. In Los Angeles at the age of eighteen he won a Carnegie Library competition. He designed the first arcade store front ever used in the West. He superintended the construction of industrial plants and office-buildings. But, the urge for writing was always strong in the young man's soul, so he tried out his ideas at a time when picture producers were calling for stories, in 1915. So clever was his first effort that a picture director actually called upon the young architect at his office with an offer from his company to the aspiring young writer. As the offer was far in excess of Santell's remuneration as an architect, then and there architecture lost a student and disciple. He began with the old Kalem and Gaumont Companies, then Mack Sennett's, and then to the old American Company at Santa Barbara, where he speedily became the comedy supervisor. This marked the turning point from writing to directing, and just previous to the World War, Santell re-joined Kalem to make a series of the once-famous "Ham and Bud" comedies. After directing a series of funfests for Goldwyn, he signed with Uncle Sam as a machine gunner. When he returned from his vacation, he was made supervising director of comedies at Universal by Carl Laemmle, who remembered the young man's rare ability to create laughs. After a few years, during which time he had risen to the top in

(*Continued on page* 111)

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Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 87)

loathe it if anything she did or said brought that amused twist to the corners of his large, generous mouth.

With the serving of the *demi-tasse,* Kenneth Green, a brilliant and witty newspaper man, arose to act as master of the speeches. He introduced Mr. Irving first.

Judith hoped that the guests did not think she believed the things Mr. Irving said of her. He told how she had been called to his attention when she had been an extra girl on the lot, how she had worked untiringly, how the exhibitors had actually forced him to star her.

He gave her laudatory praise.

Then McAllister was introduced. He told how Harvey Dunn and he had been the first to believe in Judith. He asked to be excused for mentioning it, but said quite frankly that Judith was his boast. Judith was delighted that he mentioned Harvey. It had never suited her to have him remain in the background. She had always wanted to give him credit in her interviews and biographies. And while she knew that it was not good business to stress her marriage, she was willing to risk doing it in order that Harvey receive the credit she felt was due him.

Finally the speeches were over. And Mr. Green turned to present Judith. The applause drowned his words.

"Speech, Miss Tower," called one enthusiastic spirit. The words floated to her on the din of the clapping hands. She arose from her chair and stood looking at the double row of faces down the tables. She turned to see Harvey for a brief flash. He was beaming.

Then she saw Robert Landis. This seemed to steady her, curiously enough. For he seemed to be waiting confidently for what she would say.

After a few minutes' din, silence crept into the applause. And quiet followed after that, reluctantly.

"Mr. Chairman," said Judith in her clear, low-pitched voice, "Mr. Irving, Mr. McAllister and fellow guests, I would need a facility of words greater than that which the speakers have asked you to believe is my facility of expression in the silent field, to tell you how much I appreciate the things you have written of me.

"The other night I ran the first picture in which I appeared at my home. And I realized how very kind you had all been to me in the beginning.

"Mr. Irving has graciously given me this opportunity of thanking you. But standing here, I find that an 'I thank you' does not begin to express all that I would like to say."

She had been grave while she talked. But as she sat down her slow smile brightened her features.

There was more applause. And the guests flocked down to the end of the table to offer her their congratulations upon her stardom.

Robert Landis deliberately waited until the last.

He took her outstretched hand firmly in his. "Say *'bon voyage'* to me," he commanded her. "Mr. McAllister tells me he expects to have 'Woman' ready for a première about Christmas time. I'll see to it that I am back for that."

"Bon voyage," Judith told him. "We will look for you at the première."

Harvey came up to them now. And Judith turned to introduce them.

Robert Landis appeared to be going to accept the introduction, but Harvey inter-

(*Continued on page* 118)

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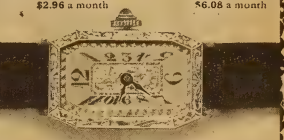

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A Christmas Carol

(*Continued from page* 25)

just beginning to be seen on the street and everybody was ordering Christmas trees and candles and turkeys and all the other things that *are* Christmas.

And they called her Carol because her mother had been reading "The Birds' Christmas Carol," and her own little Christmas baby seemed so like the Christmas baby in the book that no other name could really belong to her.

It makes one believe in prenatal influence to know this and to know Carol Dempster.

I thought of it last year when I was having tea with her in Sherry's. It was just a few days before Christmas, two, to be exact, but somehow it might as well have been the Fourth of July for all the Holiday spirit I could muster up. It just didn't seem Christmas somehow, even tho florist windows were ablaze with poinsettias, and crowds, laden with bundles, were scurrying along the slushy streets.

And then Carol came, a sprig of holly stuck into her fur sport jacket and her auburn hair waving around her cheeks, flushed with happiness.

"Isn't it gorgeous," she challenged me, "and dont you love buying things? I'm having such a wonderful time."

I found myself agreeing. After all, this viewpoint was so much more refreshing than the one I had been encountering in almost every person I had met for the last month.

"Isn't it a nuisance, it's just for the shopkeepers that's all. You tire yourself out and spend all your money and what do you get out of it? Miles of red ribbon and carloads of tissue paper and things wished on you that you would never have picked out for yourself in a million years, a sick headache and a sicker bank roll and making believe you like it!"

There was no make-believe about Carol. She had barely ordered before she was up from the table again.

"You'll pardon me, wont you? There are a few things I need for my tree. I'll be back in just a moment."

Time meant nothing at all to Carol, it developed, and when she returned she was laden with packages.

Two were promptly pushed towards me, a saucy little doll with a chock of red worsted hair and a peppermint stick the size of the Woolworth tower.

"Dont take a bite of it before Christmas," she cautioned me. And I found myself promising I wouldn't.

"You cant see my Christmas tree at all now, there are so many bundles around it, but I'll have to climb over them, so I can stick this Christmas angel somewhere on the tree. It looks exactly like one I loved when I was a little girl."

She opened her pocket book and a couple of mice fell out.

"Aren't they cute? One's for Jack Dempsey and the other's for Mary Garden. They're coming to my morning party. The butcher has promised to deliver five pounds of chopped meat on Christmas morning as a special favor. Isn't that nice of him?"

I must have looked bewildered, for she laughed.

"Oh, of course, you dont know Jack and Mary. I'll have to tell you about them. Jack Dempsey is a huge tiger cat with a cauliflower ear and a nose that hasn't been remodeled, and a rakish scar right down his cheek, and Mary has the most beautiful voice in all the backyards in our street and she's temperamental, too. They're going to be the guests of honor at my stray cat and dog party, so I got these mice from the catnip bootlegger as a special treat.

"You'll come to my afternoon party, wont you? We're having chili con carni and hot tamales, real candles on the tree and a snow man in the back yard."

She opened a package and held up two miniature golden birds.

"They're dolls for my canaries," she explained. "I think they will like them, dont you? It was so hard to think up something different from other Christmases."

I thought of the days before Carol was born, of her mother planning things for the children, making glazed paper cornucopias for the tree, gilding walnuts and fir cones, sewing new dresses for the last year doll's and for the ones that had not yet been taken out of their boxes, and I understood why Carol loved Christmas planning and giving more than anything else in the world.

"It was on my fifth birthday that my family first discovered my Scotch blood," Carol chuckled.

"The sister next to me was nine years older, and that's an awful lot when you're a little bit of a tot. I looked up to her, she seemed almost like one of the grown-ups and on those rare occasions when she allowed me to play with her I was in the Seventh Heaven.

"It never occurred to me that we always played store with my candy—I suppose I was Scotch in that, too, that I never ate it all at once, just nibbled at it from time to time, and so, of course, I had some left when hers was all gone.

"I was so thrilled at being store keeper and when she would say, 'Oh, do give me a pound of those *delicious* chocolate marshmallows, and you *do* keep the *most* delightful burnt almonds in town; I *must* have a pound or so of them,' I would weigh a few pieces on a tiny scale and wrap them in tissue paper, feeling very important and grownup.

"But on that fifth Christmas, well. . . .

"'Carol, let's play store,' my sister urged.

"All right," I agreed. "We'll play with *your* candy.

"And we never played store again."

Who, but Carol would have bought a house just to spend Christmas in? I had heard a great deal about that house, an old Westchester farm house, nearly two hundred years old. That sounded like Carol. But then, there were rumors of a swimming pool, sunken gardens and extensive remodeling to bring it up to date, and somehow that didn't sound like Carol at all.

I asked her about it one sultry Indian summer day, out in her dressing-room at the Famous Studio in Astoria.

"A swimming pool!" Her voice choked with laughter. "Maybe you mean my old brook all dammed up, so that when I go in wading the water will reach my knees, anyhow.

"You must come out some time, that is if you dont mind eating off oilcloth in the kitchen. We do our own cooking. Enoch, my man-of-all-work, doesn't take his title seriously at all. But he does take care of the dogs in his fashion.

"They started out in life as a chow and a wire terrier, but now one looks like a dachshund and the other, well, Bulfound-

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land terrier might describe him a little. Overfeeding can make any dog belie his pedigree."

"You're going in for early American furniture, I suppose," I ventured.

"Early American!" Carol's brown eyes swam in tears of amusement. "Early Second Avenue, you mean.

"There isn't a second-hand store on that street that doesn't close when they see me coming. I'm a wonderful bargainer—there's the Scotch strain again, you see. . . .

"You'll have to see the house for yourself. I can hardly wait for Christmas, it will be such fun having it out there. I have everything planned. There's going to be a Yule log and on Christmas Eve, Enoch and I are going out in the woods and chop down our own Christmas tree.

"After we've trimmed the tree on Christmas Eve, we're going to have a *real* egg-nog and Christmas cookies, and then we're going to hang up our stockings in front of the fireplace and make a solemn vow not to waylay Santa Claus."

"It's too bad Jack Dempsey and Mary Garden wont have their party this year," I sympathized.

"But they will. They're legally adopted now, and have taken up their residence in my barn. You should have seen those two city cats on their first day out in the country. You would have loved it.

"They're going to have their own party with turkey and bowls of cream and an appetizer of catnip all to themselves.

"But, of course, you'll see it all for yourself when you come out. You're invited right now with one stipulation. You'll have to believe in Santa Claus."

"I do!" I shouted.

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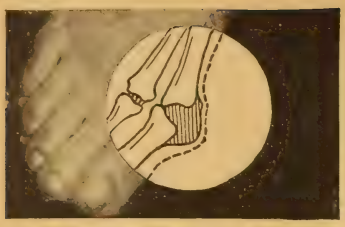

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S. BRAM STUDIOS
729 Seventh Ave. Studio 210 New York City
Special Prices to Dealers

The Reluctant Cinderella

(*Continued from page* 59)

"Thank you just the same," she said primly, with that primness that comes only from a native Bostonian, "but I couldn't stay out of school."

"Oh," said Charlie.

And so far as both Pat and Charlie were concerned, that ended her movie career.

Pat, who was so set upon her schooling, went ahead and finished it, and might have become just a young Hollywood débutante with her high-school diploma in one hand, and a tennis-racket in the other, if she hadn't met a boy friend of hers on the street one day. He told her that if she were interested in anything of the sort, there was a nice job out at Goldwyn in the research department. Pat thought she might like that. Fooling around with books. Looking things up. So she applied and got it.

And that, strictly speaking, is the end of the prolog, and this is where the plot begins. The plot is to get Pat into the movies.

Alice Duer Miller is a scenarist out at the studio, and it is often necessary for scenarists to get in touch with the research department. Miss Miller, busy about her research work, noticed among other things, that there was an awfully pretty little girl up there, who was being rather wasted.

One day at lunch, she pointed her out to the casting director, and he thought the same thing. The upshot of it was he broached Pat on the subject of a test. He told her, if the test turned out nicely, it would be shown to the officials, and might mean the beginning of a career for her.

Now Pat thought hard.

She had been quite firm about not chasing a career. But, if the career wanted to chase her, why, that was different. Oh, altogether different.

So with all her co-workers in the research department whispering last-minute words of advice, and encouragement, and her knees knocking so insanely from stage fright, they almost failed her, she took the test.

It would make a nice little story if it could be recorded, that young Irving Thalberg, commercial genius of the plant, saw the test, and immediately made her a star along with Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford. But, nothing of the sort happened. With her heart in her mouth, Pat waited around for a few days for word from the casting office, but none came. She took it for granted that the test was a flivver, and with her antipathy toward careers intensified, went to work as secretary to Cedric Gibbons, art director at the studio. Instead of flashing her days away under spotlights, she clicked them off on a typewriter—*Yours of the 27th received, and would like to state—Very sincerely—per P. A.—No, Mr. Gibbons was not in—was there any message—thank you!*

Along about this time, John Stahl was spending a lot of time in the projection room going over tests. He ran across the one of Pat. Mr. Stahl didn't think it was a very good test, but he did think the subject showed unusual promise. Enough to warrant another test, which was made under his personal supervision. The Stahl test was so good, that Pat, a very much surprised Pat, was whirled out of her swivel chair, and sent over to the casting office to put her X on an acting contract. They started her in gently at first, in bits, and then came the splendid part with Lillian Gish. And the girl made good.

"And now," smiled Pat across the table, "I'm being interviewed."

Which was no lie.

I had gone out to the studio to have lunch with her, expecting to get an entirely different story. Something along the lines of, "If at first you dont succeed, try, try again," and of tenacious perseverance overcoming all obstacles. But in place of the seeker, I found the sought.

As you may have begun to suspect by this time, Pat is an extraordinarily sensible girl. It exhibits itself in more than her attitude toward her career. Her voice is nicely modulated—even. She speaks with almost a deliberation of thought, as tho her association with ledgers had made her realize the value of accuracy and brevity even in social conversation. On this day, she was dressed neatly in tailored clothes. Evidently, a picture contract to Pat doesn't mean anything in the line of ostentation. Here, you say to yourself, is no flashing personality of exotic background. Instead, a nice girl, with a proud father and sister, and a dependable talent, that will probably carry her farther than fluke flashes of genius might.

I asked her what all the girls she used to work with thought of her good fortune. Jealousy is rampant in studios. I wondered?

"They are almost as thrilled as I am," Pat answered. "They keep dropping over on the sets I work on, and telling me how awfully glad they are. Everyone has been so wonderful, from the gateman up to Miss Gish."

At the mention of Lillian, she grew verbosely enthusiastic.

"You know I had played a few bits before in 'Tell It to the Marines,' and 'A Certain Young Man,' but nothing of importance, until Mr. Robertson decided to trust me with the rôle of Miss Gish's sister in 'Annie Laurie.' Of course, I was as green as it is possible to be. They had to advise me about everything from make-up to technique. Miss Gish kept whispering to me not to work so fast. I just flew thru scenes. I could hear the camera crank turning so rapidly, and I tried to keep up with it. But, Miss Gish would remind me even when we were actually shooting a scene. She would say, 'slower, not so fast—take plenty of time to see him—dont mind the crank.' Isn't she," added Pat with a burst of admiration for the illusive Lillian, "an angel?"

I said everything pointed that way, and we launched into an essay of mutual admiration on Lillian. But that's Lillian's story. And this is Pat's.

She doesn't know yet what she will do next, but with the trusting faith of a child in a parent, she has the greatest confidence in Metro's plans for her.

"I'm so glad, I'm so anxious, to just do *anything.*"

Which is an awfully sane, sensible philosophy for a girl starting out in the picture business. Or any other business for that matter.

Pat may not have cared anything about the glass slippers to begin with, but now that she has them on they certainly fit nicely.

Colleen Moore is Planning to Do a Courageous Thing

And you can read all about it in the interview playlet by Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher in the February Motion Picture Magazine. Order your copy now.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

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They vanished so quickly I was astonished at the wonderful results ~

By Miss Karsten

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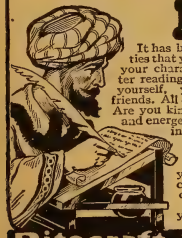

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THE RAJAH CO. Dept. 124 Salisbury, N. C.

The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page* 55)

his loss of the championship . . because of the fact that he never offered an alibi.

Of course, he didn't wish anyone to see that he was touched. He made believe wipe his forehead with his handkerchief and surreptitiously managed to get the mist of tears out of his eyes. God love the Irish!

As we said before, no matter how bored we are generally, we will always be able to work up some interest in comparing things as they are with things as they are reported to be.

SPEAKING of the girls on the screen hankering for characterizations these days, brings us to Alice Joyce. She finds that looking every inch the aristocrat . . . being the Park Avenue type . . . has its disadvantages. Producers forget that Alice has touched life at many points . . . that she wasn't born with a golden spoon in her mouth. They hold up productions if Alice is busy and they have a grand lady they wish portrayed . . . and they never think of asking her to play gay parts with a naughty wink or two in them or to do any of the varied things that she longs to do.

We predict that you will see a different Alice Joyce on the screen in the next year . . . for Alice wearies of her lofty pedestal, cinematically speaking, and after all, La Joyce has not come the long way from obscurity to position and professional success because she has not learned the way to go about getting the thing you want.

WE are not altogether simple. We dont actually believe that the stars dont get a greater kick out of their Rolls-Royces and their banking reports and their fame than they admit . . . or that Hollywood is as pre-eminently respectable as an Epworth League gathering. But on the other hand, we object more than we can say to the pictures of Hollywood that are painted in many novels which deal with motion picture people.

"Jarnegan," by Jim Tully, has a dramatic sweep to it. It has a certain power and force. But outside of this it is not worth reading. Certainly it has permitted the author to hide behind his protagonist in order to vent his personal prejudices. It was Hollywood and Charlie Chaplin and motion pictures and motion picture editors that made Jim Tully what he is today. He might have come along from his hobo days to some degree of literary fame by another route. But he didn't. And "Jarnegan" seems to us poor pay for the consideration he received from several famous hands.

He disparages Mary Pickford and the things she has achieved in a manner too ridiculous to be refuted. And we do not wonder that he is a little ambiguous in his reference to Charlie Chaplin. Ethics become more and more passé.

So far as the plot of Mr. Tully's novel goes, we do not so much find fault with the things he says as the things he leaves unsaid. He has seen fit to give a picture of only one small portion of life in motion picture circles. And he reminds us of something Glenn Frank, former editor of the *Century Magazine,* said about some modern writers having astigmatic vision so far as beauty was concerned. "Given an old cathedral with a dead dog lying in the gutter before it," said Mr. Frank, "some of them would see only the dead dog and miss entirely the beauty of the cathedral's spires etched against the sky."

(*Continued on page* 104)

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—how to bring color to gray hairs, the best way, the simple, clean way—and at my expense. Test Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer on one lock of hair. You will be happily surprised. See natural shade come to the gray hairs. Won't wash off, won't rub off. Over 10,000,000 bottles sold — sales prove it best. Make simple test on one lock of hair. Mail coupon now.

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APPLIED with artistry, make-up flatters and magnifies your beauty a hundred-fold. It is important, however, to select the precise tones for your coloring under day or night light—to use cosmetics that harmonize with the intricate organism of the skin—and to commence your finishing touches with a protective cream.

The Basis of Beauty

VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM—ideal cleansing, molding and protective cream—soothes, refreshes, molds out *"tired look."* Unsurpassed for all normal skins, also the only cream that benefits an oily, pimpled or acne-blemished skin. Excellent as a foundation for make-up. 4 *oz.* 1.00, ½ *lb.* 2.00, *lb.* 3.50.

Following are my recommendations for the four predominant colorings:

Blondes

VALAZE POWDER (*blush* or *natural* for day, *mauve* for evening)
VALAZE RED GERANIUM ROUGE
VALAZE RED GERANIUM LIPSTICK

Brunettes

VALAZE POWDER (mauresque for both day and evening)
VALAZE RED RASPBERRY ROUGE
VALAZE RED RASPBERRY LIPSTICK

Neutral

(between blonde and brunette)
VALAZE POWDER (*rachel* or *blush* for day, *mauve* for evening)
VALAZE CRUSHED ROSE LEAVES ROUGE
VALAZE RED RASPBERRY LIPSTICK (medium) for evening, VALAZE RED GERANIUM ROUGE and LIPSTICK are exceedingly becoming

Auburn

VALAZE POWDER (*white* or *cream* for day, *mauve* for evening)
VALAZE CRUSHED ROSE LEAVES ROUGE
VALAZE RED RASPBERRY LIPSTICK for evening use the intensely flattering VALAZE RED GERANIUM ROUGE and LIPSTICK.

Order VALAZE NOVENA POWDER *if your skin is very dry, or* VALAZE COMPLEXION POWDER *if it is normal or oily. The powders are 1.00, 1.50, or 2.00. Rouge compacts 1.00, Rouge creme 1.00, 2.00. Crushed Rose Leaves, rouge compacts 1.00. Lipsticks 1.00, 50c.* CUPIDSBOW—*the new self-shaping lipstick—Red Geranium and Red Raspberry shades 1.50. Purchased at the better stores by trained and competent advisers or order direct from Dept. M-12*

VALAZE *Helena Rubinstein*
46 West 57th Street, New York
PARIS LONDON PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO BOSTON NEWARK DETROIT

As Others See Us

(*Continued from page* 35)

Dempsey, still bearing a scar or two of the recent battle with Tunney, were conspicuous in the crowd of mere "people."

White wraps and silver gowns dotted the boxes and audience in surprising number.

Alma Rubens, in white and silver, Estelle Taylor in dramatic black chiffon velvet gown with silver wrap, Betty Blythe and Carol Dempster in ermine wraps, and little Lois Moran, in flesh chiffon with a wrap of rose brocade and platinum fox, were all surpassingly lovely, oh, and Lois Wilson, too.

Mal St. Clair, Jesse Lasky and Adolphe Zukor were also being smothered in the crowd, tho that's not quite true of St. Clair, who easily towered sky-scraper-wise over all other males present!

But, surprisingly enough, Lya de Putti, exotic siren, appeared, for a short time, in an inconspicuous tailored suit! Fearful of a possibly cool reception, she left before the second half of the picture. Oh! and how could I forget "Two-Gun Texas," the hard-workin'est "hostess" in Manhattan? She was there, of course—oh, very much!

No, I didn't doll up much that night—I'm saving mine! The Club Mirador opens this week—ah—now you know!

The M. and M. de la F. et de la Coudraye (pardon the abbreviations) are going, members of Signor de Sigarolla's party, after dinner at the Colony and a visit to the "Captive," Broadway's latest hit—and Maurice is back from Europe, and the orchestra—m—*m* . . . but why go on?

That's why I'm saving my clever new wrap for its first appearance. It's of black and silver with a black velvet border and I've an alarming silver snake to wear on my throat. I've sketched the wrap in The Shopping Service.

Write when you can, I must run—miss you awfully.

Love,
GRACE.

SHOPPING SERVICE

N. B. For lack of space I've illustrated the wrap and feather boa together. If worn together, be sure you fold in the border before putting on the ostrich. The border, falling scarf-wise, as in the drawing, should be worn so only without ostrich.

These are separate articles and are priced as follows:

Feather boa: ($5.95)
Twenty five inches long, delicate, fluffy, uncurled ostrich, finished at ends with gros-grain ribbon. For formal afternoon wear or for evening with wrap.

All street and evening shades, in one, two, or three colors or shades combined, including black and white. They add a smart and luxurious finish to your evening wrap. Others, longer and fuller, up to $17.95.

Evening Wrap: ($25.00)
The wrap sketched is really a huge square scarf, which may be draped to the figure as I've drawn it, or as you like. Of colored silver brocade with a heavy georgette border, metallic cloth corners (as sketched), or of plain georgette. A multitude of colors, including red and silver, green and silver, orange and silver, black and silver, black and gold, all white and silver (lovely for brides) and with same color border or contrasting shade. With border of velvet—$39.50.

Plaid silk scarf: ($5.95)
33" x 34" and of heavy ribbed silk, this is actually a large *man's* kerchief and

(*Continued on page* 101)

Personal Advice

Anyone constantly in the world of fashion . . . anyone who attends the smart openings at the exclusive ateliers of the modistes . . . in other words, anyone with the background of Grace Corson, is well able to give advice . . . advice that should prove invaluable.

And Miss Corson, in a special service to the readers of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, will be very glad to give her personal attention to any questions you wish to ask.

However, it is extremely necessary that you give her every detail about your appearance, enclosing a full-length snap-shot when it proves possible to do so.

Address:

Miss Grace Corson, Fashion Editor,
Motion Picture Magazine,
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, New York

And be sure to give the following details:

Height	Color Hair
Weight	Color Eyes
Complexion	Name and Address

Shopping Service

Anyone wishing to take advantage of Grace Corson's expert shopping service in connection with the articles mentioned on page 35, may address Miss Corson, care of Shopping Service, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Send either a check or money order, payable to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, for exact amount of the desired purchase. . . . Be sure to give color, size and other additional details . . . and do not fail to write your name and address plainly and in full.

Stamps or cash will not be accepted.

***Be sure* to return any article for which you wish credit or exchange to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and not to the shop from which it came.**

There is no extra charge for Canada or foreign countries.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

As Others See Us

(*Continued from page* 100)

would be an excellent gift for men friends or relatives, besides being excellent for sports wear. The colorings are various, either brilliant or somber, as you choose. The one sketched has a navy blue body with plaid marking of red, soft yellow, grey, and light blue. A narrower scarf, of same material, tho not illustrated, is also an unusual value. 16½" x 44"—$2.95.

These scarves are "Darbrooks" and are being featured in the best Fifth Avenue shops and the leading fashion magazines.

Ostrich flower: ($1.75)—about a foot long. Very large and full, long, delicate fronds, and a light frosting of silver on the pistils (is it, or are they, I've forgotten my botany!). In all evening shades, and a lovely accessory for your evening frock, for shoulder or corsage.

Chiffon flower: ($2.00)—6 inches across. These flowers are, also, for shoulder or corsage and may be had in not only evening shades, but street colors as well. There are larger sizes at $2.95, and smaller ones for $1.25.

JEWELRY

Pearl necklace: ($3.95)

Of heavy, lustrous quality baroque pearl and fine color. (Color is very important, as so many pearls are "waxy" or too yellow or too gray). May be worn down the back or tied or looped as you like. Once around the throat as pictured, the ends reach to the waist.

"Diamond" pins:

Large head with square black eyes, black, red, or green cap—$5.00.

Smaller head with mask, also with black, red, or green cap—$2.95.

These pins are of "French extraction" and are not only amusing and fantastic, with their harlequin airs and masked faces, but are very stunning for wear on either the hat, shoulder, corsage or purse.

Feather pin: ($2.50)

Really diamond-like in their brilliance. These pins are being much worn in New York on gowns, day or evening, for street wear on hats, and suits, or for purses.

And, speaking of Christmas gifts, I always get as much of a thrill out of the gay wrappings as out of the gift itself . . . and I dont think I'm alone in this.

I've planned a very novel wrapping for some of my special gifts this season . . . especially for the very Special One. I'm going to wrap my packages in midnight blue paper . . . paste some silver stars on them, using big stars as stickers . . . and tie them with Christmas tree tinsel. It is a very effective wrapping, because I've already tried it to make sure.

Watch for Gloria Swanson's newest clothes—in next month's magazine.

RAMON NOVARRO:

A theatrical producer at twelve; proclaimed a genius at twenty-two; world famous and beloved at twenty-seven; destined, say some, to be the greatest idol the screen has ever known. . . . You'll want to read his adventuresome career commencing in the next issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

THE JANUARY CLASSIC

HOW Would Calvin Coolidge Look In Pictures? Would Al Smith's Personality Fit a Political Story?

Does Henry Ford Impress You as a Good Choice for Character Rôles?

These questions will be answered in the January CLASSIC—in a stimulating article by Robert Donaldson. It's all about famous faces—and how they would impress a casting director. Several celebrities among Who's Who and Who's Being Talked About in these United States are included in this richly absorbing and amusing feature.

In the January issue of CLASSIC there will also be an illuminating article which you cant afford to miss. It will acquaint you with the information that it takes hundreds of brains to make a star. Figure that one out.

The world's greatest humorist is also interviewed—and he tells you what he thinks of the movies. We are paging Ring Lardner.

And there will be more features that you wont want to miss. Chamberlain will greet you with his inimitable sketches. Taskey will feature again how the Stars Get That Way. There will be a story about Lloyd Hamilton, another about William Haines—that young fellow everybody's talking about.

There will be a complete array of new and beautiful pictures.

CLASSIC is the de luxe publication of the screen. It prides itself on its bright and attractive features—features which are off the beaten track. It is ever in search of new, original and fresh ideas. It believes in giving you the up-to-date slant on what's going on in the picture world. It's far ahead of the field because it scores one journalistic beat after another. Its contributors are constantly writing new impressions.

Buy the CLASSIC for January. Order your copy now. You cant afford to be without the Magazine with the Personality.

The crippled girl who became the world's most perfectly formed woman

Annette Kellermann's Own Story

When I was a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree. I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces. No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be some day starred in great feature films. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

My experience certainly shows that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is, very many tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a greatly improved figure and better health can be acquired in only 15 minutes a day, through the same methods as I myself used. These startling, yet simple methods can now be used in your own home.

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly tell you how I can prove to you in 10 days that you can learn to greatly improve your figure, how to make your complexion rosy from the inside instead of from the outside, how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow, blemished face, how to stand and walk gracefully, how to add or remove weight at any part of the body, hips, bust, neck, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to have greater health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from many ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire more perfect womanhood.

Just mail the coupon below or write a letter for my free book, "The Body Beautiful." I will also explain about my special Demonstration Offer. Mail the coupon now, before my present supply of free books is exhausted. Address, Annette Kellermann, Inc., Dept. 3811, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Annette Kellermann, Inc., Dept. 3811, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Dear Miss Kellermann: Please send me, entirely free of charge, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in: ☐ Reducing Weight. ☐ Body Building.

Name .....

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City ..... State .....

Kindly Print Name and Address

Anna Q. Dares to Be Herself

(*Continued from page* 50)

truth. . . ." But we've never dared to come out flat-foot and *say so*. Nor have we dared give utterance to the wonder about why they *dont* go and have privacy and gingham if those are the things their quivering souls desire. What's stopping 'em? What's to prevent? Every contract ends, and only man is vile, and such being the case, there are plenty such who would not hesitate to be the recipients of luscious bank-accounts, Rolls-Royces and other insignia of wealth, especially if by so doing they could ease the burden of some fair gal.

Anyway, we lunched the other day with Anna Q. Nilsson. You can say such things as we have intimated above to Anna Q., because, in the first place, Anna Q. would never say the *other* kind of things to *you*. She's too honest. Too forthright. Too humanly human. A child of the working people, by her own proud admission, people with their feet on the soil and the value of an honestly earned dollar solidly in their heads. Anna has never got far enough away from such substantiality to put on the mask of gilded boredom with the things that thrill us all —if we admit it.

Anna was stopping at the St. Regis. My fellow criminal, Adele Whitely Fletcher, and myself, were invited to lunch with her at twelve-thirty. We were on time—so was Anna. We met in the lobby, and just as our six eyes were turning in the general direction of food, Alice Joyce appeared. A double treat. There was Anna, gorgeous in autumn scarlet. A suit. Coat and skirt of scarlet and smart blouse of fawn color with touches of scarlet and green, a jaunty hat of the same vivid red pulled smartly over one eye. There was Alice, subtly beautiful beyond words to describe in a sort of silk suit of fawn color with touches of brown and gold, a small gold-brown felt hat encircled with a gold mesh chain. She had brought with her a copy of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" for Anna to read on the train. Anna had read it. "Throw it away," laughed Alice; "I'll get something else." She also offered to do for Anna any of the last-minute errands that might be necessary on her way to her own luncheon appointment. It appeared to be necessary to have two prescriptions filled. Alice volunteered and left, saying that she would return for Anna later and go with her to the train.

"That's just like Alice," Anna said, as we sat at luncheon, "so thoughtful and considerate and sweet . . . isn't she too beautiful for words? You know, she grows more beautiful every time I see her, every year of her life."

Which led my fellow criminal and myself to remark later that it was fitting and proper for Alice Joyce, Anna Q., Corinne Griffith and Florence Vidor to be the tried and true friends they are. For, after all, among the girls of the screen who stand significantly forth as, let us say, scholars and ladies, as thorobreds and regulars, these four are in the lead.

Anna was still talking about the beauty of Alice, the beauty of her gowns, the exquisite taste she invariably shows in dressing. We suggested that the shoe fit her, too.

"I dont know. . . ." Anna was dubious. "I dont think I do very well for myself when it comes to dressing. I suppose it's because I dont *care* enough about clothes. I like to have 'em, of course, but not enough to stand about and have fittings and fussings and things. I'd die if I had to go thru the rigmarole some girls do. I just wouldn't, that's all. I cant take that much trouble, which doubtless means that I dont care enough."

"Well," we sighed, with a scornful glance at our fellow criminal and at our own person, "well, it must be lovely to *have* all these lovely things, just the same." And then we bethought us of our favorite question. We were a trifle fearful because of previous experiences. Still, something told us that we could count on Anna.

We said, "What does it feel like to be rich and famous?"

"Thanks for the compliment! How cutely you say it!" laughed Anna, and then, "Why, I *love* it!"

"Well," we said, defensively, "it'll make a good article, anyway, since you are disposed to tell the ruth. We've asked the same question to dozens of stars, and they've always said it was terrible. Now, if *you* come out with the low-down, it will be unusual, dont you see . . . truth so often is——"

"You might say——" began Adele Whitely Fletcher, in her bright, entertaining fashion.

We fixed her with an awful eye. "Miss Fletcher, we are not interviewing *you*."

It was a neat comeback. Miss Fletcher retired coldly into her crab-flake cocktail.

Then we relaxed all over the place. At last, at long last, we had met a girl honest enough to be honest, to be human—because, pshaw; we dont *believe* it when folks say they hate it. Why, as we have said, if they hate it so, dont they give it the go-by and go into rural retreat? What's stopping 'em?

"Of course, I love it. What do you suppose I've been working for all these years, if not for just what I have now? I'd feel lovely, wouldn't I, if I hadn't succeeded after the time and effort I've put into it? Love it? Well, I should say so!"

"Tell us some of the reasons." (This came from behind the crab-flake cocktail.)

"*Miss Flet-cher!*" (This, sternly, from us.)

Anna Q. seemed courteously oblivious of the little friction.

"Why," she said, "I think I love what Gladys so naïvely calls fame and wealth best because of the things it allows me to do for others. I mean; you can do so little for people and it can mean so much. While I was home last summer I visited some relatives of mine whom I hadn't seen since I was nine years old. A mother and daughter. They were trying to buy their own home. They took in laundry, and laundry isn't paid for over there at the rate it is here. It was a slow process. They needed only a few dollars, really, to complete the purchase and own the place outright. A very little in American money —no more than I would pay for a hat or a couple of pairs of shoes—it was nothing. I gave it to them, and think of what it meant to them! The realization of years and years of labor. So, I can do lots of things like that . . . and I get a great kick out of it.

"Then there are all the interesting, worthwhile people my screen position makes it possible for me to meet, to know. Famous people who want to know *me*, who are interested enough to want to meet me and talk with me as, of course, they wouldn't be if I were just one of the crowd.

"Fame and wealth open doors for you.

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There's no doubt about that. Doors that can be opened by few other agencies.

"I may not care enormously for clothes, but it is pleasant to be able to have them, granted. It is fun to see things I want and know that I can buy them. It is more than fun to be able to make my young niece thrillingly happy by giving her gowns and coats and things of mine.

"And I dont believe that wealth necessarily destroys one's taste for simple things, simple ways of living. Everyone told me that I would be miserable if I stayed at home, because my mother and father haven't the luxuries, haven't a bathroom—or didn't have when I was first home. But I loved it! I loved taking my bath in a deep barrel of water, heated by hand, as it were. I dont say that I would want to give up the place in life I have worked for, but I can say, honestly, that I wouldn't be unhappy if I had to live more simply.

"There are other pleasant things about being a star. On my way home, for instance, I stopped en route at a hotel for a few hours. I wanted a room and bath. They told me they had none. I was leaving and just as I reached the door the manager came rushing after me. He said, all out of breath, 'Are you Miss Nilsson? Anna Q. Nilsson?' I admitted it. 'Come right in,' he said, bowing me back. I got the room and bath. Not because I was *me*, but because I was Anna Q. Nilsson. Perhaps I didn't get a kick out of that! I always do when that sort of thing happens—who wouldn't?"

Who, indeed?

Anna told us, too, with tears crowding her eyes, about her mother's pride in this wonder-daughter who, in a strange and foreign land, has so miraculously achieved.

"Mother doesn't understand me when I tell her the money I make. She simply cannot take it in. And when I tell her what I pay for a gown or a hat, she simply sighs and shakes her head bewilderedly. She says that she always sees my pictures three times—because she cant see me at all the first two—her eyes are too full of tears. But they never cry when I go away. They are great sports, my parents."

For the rest of the time Anna Q. talked to us about her people and the house she has bought for them; we talked about the screen and the people of the screen; the death of Valentino, the sorrow of Pola Negri, the reported engagement of Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, the attractiveness of Colleen Moore, Anna's own plans for the future when her First National contract expires in the spring.

She's K. O., is Anna Q. You'd be keen about her even if her name was Hattie Gray and you'd never heard of her before. She's like that—she thinks, as she would, that fame has opened doors for her. Maybe it has—a few. But doors are always open to a regular fellow, male or female, and Anna is regular, *plus*.

He Was Born in the Garden of Eden

"So you're the bird that ate the apple and got us all in dutch," retorts *Herb Howe* to *Ramon Novarro* in a humorous biographical series of Novarro commencing in the next issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

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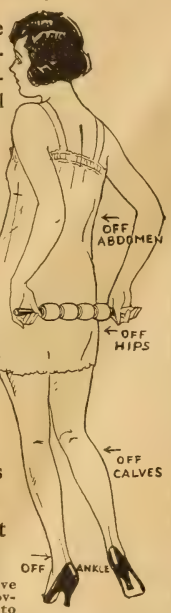

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The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page* 99)

THINGS *do* change. Marion Davies used to be considered a perfect stick on the screen. And until we met her personally one day, lunched with her at old Delmonico's, we had no idea that she would ever be anything else. We remember it well. Spring had come to Fifth Avenue. You knew it because the sunshine was a pale gold. Because ladies rode in cabriolets the tops of which were down. And because old women sold spring flowers, hyacinths, jonquils . . . violets.

Marion was suffering from Kleig eyes that day. And she was a little depressed and sad. This made her human. But every now and then she would brighten up a bit and the dimple would be shadowed in her cheek. And she would say something witty.

We couldn't reconcile her with the girl we knew on the screen, and we said so to the third member of the luncheon party after Marion had gone. One had great spirit and simplicity. The other had none. We made a true prediction that day because we said that we believed Marion Davies would make a reputation for herself on the screen if she was taken out of the big spectacular productions in which she appeared, always very much dressed up, and given an opportunity to be herself.

If you dont remember Marion in the old days that doesn't seem like any sort of a prediction to have made. But if you do remember her, then you'll excuse us for saying, "I told you so," and acting a little proud.

TODAY Marion's personal popularity measures that which she knows on the screen. Her parties both in New York and California are always jolly and invitations to them are sought after by those who know her.

She gave a buffet luncheon before she left for the Coast last month. Her large suite at the Ambassador was filled with people of reputation in professional circles. Fanny Ward, in sapphire blue, looking not half of her age. Nellie Revelle, who is able to get about some now after years in a plaster cast when her splendid spirits won her country-wide renown. Helen Rowland and Dorothy Dix, the two very successful newspaper writers. Gladys Hall, Laurence Reid, editor of the CLASSIC. Louella Parsons, motion picture writer and critic.

Marion was a delightful hostess, in-

(*Continued on page* 114)

Dick and Georges

Dick Barthelmess deserves a vacation . . . and he's going to have a real one this time. He even has refused to read stories that might serve him on the screen on this trip to Europe. He wants to come back to his new contract with First National and "The Patent Leather Kid," with a fresh perspective. Georges Carpentier, star of the ring, sailed with Dick on the "S. S. France"

International Newsreel

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The Champagne Life

(*Continued from page 26*)

had said that . . . funny girl, Nora . . . Nicole. . . .

All the fan world knows Nicole's career from the first bit she ever did in pictures. The publicity department of the Rare Art Films saw to that. They blazened forth "We have a find," and the easiest job they ever had to do was to make the world "find" Nicole with them. Now she was under a long-term contract with Rare Art and her slender, somehow aristocratic feet walked the palmy ways of adoration. As for mama, she spent lulled, luxurious days in the Beverly Hills estate, served, tended, surrounded by a satin-quilted existence. She spent her days happily pasting pictures and press notices of Nicole into real leather, gold-lettered volumes. Nicole's publicized beauty was a legitimate passion with her now. She could talk about it to rapt and attentive listeners. She was adaptable, too, was mama. She hearkened carefully to the press department; she played "the sedulous ape" to Graham Twing, Nicole's personal representative. She knew, now, that she had been the wife of an English actor whose brilliant career had been cut short by the untimely intervention of a colorful and galloping consumption. She knew that she had brought Nicole up in a charming, modest country house, in an atmosphere of garden flowers and good books. She knew that they had had their dark hours, but they had been aristocratic dark hours tinted with impoverished blue blood and the delicate neediness of the gently bred fallen on difficult days. Yes, mama was adaptable. . . . Nicole stirred among her scented cushions. . . . The maid knocked gently . . . "Mr. Strong on the wire . . . was Miss Nicole awake . . .?"

. . . . . .

Michael Strong arrived in time to take Nicole for dinner at Voisin. He brought with him a cluster of ivory-petaled gardenias with pendants of sea-green ribbon. In the center of the gardenias was a pearl, as ivory, as luminous as the flowers that couched it. He showed it to Georgia while they were waiting for Nicole's maid to release her.

"Oh, she'll love it!" said Georgia.

"I'm not so sure," Michael Strong shook his sleek, copper head dubiously. "I cant seem to find the exact things to please her, Georgia. I swear that I spend every waking hour trying to think of special pleasures, special trinkets . . . I seldom succeed . . . you see, there have been so many others before me, with more money, perhaps better taste . . . I'm afraid I'm sort of an anti-climax."

"Oh, no, I'm sure not. Of course, there have been a great many men. Nicole has been the shrine of princes." (Better not to let this tall, nice boy pin too much hope to Nicole. Stars shoot.)

"I know. That's what's so damnable for me. That's what makes me say I'm an anti-climax. It's hard," said Michael, simply, "to be an anti-climax when you love a girl as I love Nicole."

Georgia had a funny sensation. The same stark simplicity was in his voice as had been in Nicole's. Georgia thought, "I bet he would have fallen in love with Nora Barth . . . more'n I can say for the rest of them . . . *Gosh!*"

Nicole came slowly out. She was a gardenia, too. Her gown of ivory satin fell like a sheath about her. Her face was ivory white, her lips were a trembling scarlet. She had white stars drowned in her dark eyes. Michael thought that she

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The collar and cuffs are of fine quality, soft Mandell fur, while the entire coat is warmly interlined and lined with silk satin de chine in contrasting color.

Coat may be worn with collar buttoned up close to the neck, making it serviceable for Winter as well as Fall wear. Choice of French Blue or Black. Sizes 34-44. Length about 47 inches.

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always looked at him expectantly, with a new expectancy each time.

He presented the gardenias with a sacerdotal air, timidly almost. As tho he were approaching the divinity on an altar. Nicole murmured thanks and pinned them to her breast. The pearl ring fell to the floor, at her feet. Michael laughed excitedly and said, "You can step on it if you want, Nicole. That's the best thing it could ever expect to have happen to it. You know, Nicole, I'd rather like you to step on it, to crush it beneath your feet."

Nicole looked at him, curiously, "Would you?" she said.

"Yes, really."

Georgia tried to cry out, but it was too late. Nicole had implanted one small, firm white satin foot squarely on the pearl. It crushed with a frail, imperceptible moan.

Michael followed her from the apartment, with a white face. Georgia, shaking her head, stopped to gather up the priceless powder, "Aren't men the damn fools?" she muttered.

. . . . . .

"Would you rather go to the Ritz, darling?" Michael placed Nicole gently in her corner of the limousine, much as if she had been a priceless Tanagra, a stem of porcelain. He tucked the light robe deftly about her.

"I dont care."

"Would you enjoy it as much?"

"I suppose so."

Michael telephoned the word "Ritz" to the chauffeur and the Rolls rolled on.

"Nicole . . . I wonder if you know how beautiful you are . . . you know, you dont look real tonight . . . you dont seem—well, *possible.*"

"I think I know. I've been told so often enough."

Michael regarded her rather anxiously. She had been very odd of late. "Do you know, Nicole," he said, "you are curious as well as beautiful. In any other girl the statement you have just made would sound conceited, vain. When you say it it becomes merely a statement of fact."

"That's what it is—a statement of fact. Rather a boring one at that."

"Is the fact that I adore you a boring one, too?"

"Yes, it is, rather."

"Nicole!" There was sharp hurt in Michael's voice, a slitting knife of pain. Nicole only smiled.

"Dont you want me to adore you?"

"I suppose so . . . if it's the best you can do."

"'The best,'" repeated Michael, "but, Nicole, what more *can* I do? More than adore you, I mean. And I do that. You know it, you must know it. As I told Georgia, I spend every waking moment, even when I am clipping coupons, trying to think up things to do for you, buy for you, charm or please you with. I suppose (bitterly) that I cant do enough, no matter how hard I try. I know how many predecessors I have had . . . wealthier men than I . . . older, more cultured, more sophisticated. . . . That's the matter . . . the damnable thing is, it is the best I can do. I may improve, but I do the best I can now."

"Do you?" Nicole turned enigmatic eyes on him, eyes in which the white stars seemed to have deadened, seemed to be lying there, ghostlike and waiting.

"Yes, I do. I'm sorry. . . ."

"Yes, I'm sorry, too, Michael, because, frankly, it isn't enough."

Silence. Michael was having a bad time of it. He felt stunned, bewildered. His family had ridden him for weeks because of Nicole. They had said that she was an adventuress, a vampire, a mercenary, heartless, scheming shadow. They had warned him that she would get every available and unavailable thing out of him and would then throw him over, a used husk. "She will make a damned fool of you," as his father put it. Were they right? Could it be possible that this lovely thing was cold enough, heartless enough, scheming and evil enough to be able to sit there, calmly, and tell him that what he offered her, had offered her, was not *enough?*

He couldn't understand. There was the town car he had offered her and she had refused to take it. He had recounted that to the skeptical family, triumphantly. The diamond lavaliere she had also refused. He had attempted to placate the family with that sop, too. His brother had sneered and said, "The girl's wise. . . ." They had nearly come to blows about that right under the nose of Great-grandfather Strong, peering frostily down on them from over his elegant stock. Of course, there were the morning roses, imperial forests of red roses he personally selected and sent to her matutinally; there were the evening orchids, mauve and green and white; there were the deathly white gardenias containing, frequently, some costly bauble such as the annihilated pearl. There were books and French bonbons and scraps of lace for her delicious nose . . . things like that. But one always sent girls like that things like that. It was a sort of *noblesse oblige.* One couldn't go about with girls like Nicole unless one did that sort of thing. One couldn't, certainly, profess to be in love with them. It was a part. The little incident of telling Nicole to crush the pearl, for instance. Michael had felt proud of that. It had come to him as a sort of inspiration. He dared to believe that not one of his predecessors had outdone him there.

Yes, Nicole had accepted these things, but he was bound to admit that she had accepted them indifferently, as if they didn't matter. And now she said that he hadn't done enough . . . was this, perhaps her way of dismissing him? Was this, the thin lash of contempt with which she dispensed with no-longer-desirable suitors?

They arrived at the Ritz and Michael, whiter than he had been when they left the apartment, helped her to alight. The head waiter, personally hospitable, simply, as a matter of fact, overcome with hospitality, ushered them to a table near, yet not too near, the music, brought over a fresher and more elaborate vase of flowers, hovered, extra-solicitous. Near-by diners turned to look at them, whispered among themselves. . . .

The head waiter and Michael conferred together in undertones. Nicole never cared about what they ate.

They were midway thru the excellently selected meal and neither one of them had said a word. Michael had a sinking sense of failure. He was schooling himself to meet the last lash of Nicole's slim whip of disdain. Nicole's eyes were misted and remote. Michael, fearful, couldn't tell whether it was from boredom, from the studio lights or from sheer *ennui.* It never occurred to him that it might be from tears.

He said, at last, forcing a natural voice, feeling that this evening required of him more courage than had the whole siege of Château-Thierry, "So I bore you, Nicole?"

"Yes."

"You're honest—anyway."

"Yes."

"Dont you even want to talk to me?"

"No. Sorry."

"Cant you at least tell me *why?*"

"Yes—you dont talk about anything that interests me."

Michael felt a healthy impulse to wrath.

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FOR feminine Hygiene

Why, he hadn't talked anything *but*—the movies, studio life, restaurant life, scandal. . . . He said, "I dont see how you can say that, Nicole, and be honest. I talk to you about your work, the people in the studio, Europe, Biarritz, even clothes, tho I do slip up on them. What *do* you want to talk about?"

"Facts."

"Now you're spoofing, Nicole. You weren't, you know, made for facts. Leave them to the plain Janes. You are a fairy thing, any man who doesn't keep you so would be a brute, an ox.

Nicole yawned. Deliberately, unmistakably *yawned*.

Again Michael felt the slim sword-thrust of fear. He was *afraid* to lose this girl. His fear left him unarmored, revealed.

"Nicole," he cried out on that sharp sword-thrust of fear, "Nicole, dont you know . . . *I love you!*"

It was as if he had galvanized the girl into electric life. She sat erect, the white stars glowed to red and burned in her dark eyes, a tint rose up over the ivory pallor of her skin. She leaned across the table and clenched his hands with her two hands. He hadn't suspected her of such strength.

"Do you know," she said, tensely, "that this is the first time you have told me that you love me?"

"Nicole, that's absurd . . . why every day I. . . ."

"Yes, it is. It is. Every day you tell me that you adore me, that you worship me, that you fear me, that my beauty is like incense, like this, that and the other thing. But never before the good old homely words 'I love you,' said as you just now said them. The kind of a thing a *man* says to a *woman*."

"Is this *all?* Has this been the matter?"

"It isn't all. It's only a part of the matter. Your orchids, your jewels, your car, your dinners at the Ritz, the Voisin, Crillon. . . . I've *hated them!* Your talk of what it might be *if* I should . . . if ever I *would* marry you. . . . Of course I want to marry you. I love you. You ought to know that. I love you as any woman from a laundress to a Lorelei loves *her man*. But I dont want to live in Rolls-Royces and Ritzes. I dont want to be smothered in fumes of incense and those preposterous orchids . . . I'd rather . . . I'd rather have had buttercups and Queen Anne lace . . . out of a field. . . . Every man sends gay, transient women roses and orchids and bon-bons and jewels. What of it? I'm sick of the champagne life. I want to be real, to get my hands into the earth. I want to be like one of those women you see in the side streets of Harlem, nursing their babies, figuring out life with their man. *Living*. I tell you I am NOT a shadow—I'm substance. Nobody has ever understood that. And you—you dont understand, either. I want bread and you give me stones—oh, precious stones. I want you to order me about. I want you to plan a home with me . . . and children . . . and dining-room furniture . . . and kitchen utensils . . . oh, dont you *see?*"

Michael's eyes were shining. His voice was rough and fibrous. He said, "I *do* see . . . I think I see—*you*——"

. . . . . .

The people at the next table were amused. They said, when Nicole and Michael had gone hastily out, leaving their dessert untouched, "That was Nicole Nadine, the Realart star, wasn't it?"

"Yes. She must have been rehearsing one of the big scenes in her next picture."

"Guess that was it. Well, she certainly puts her stuff across."

Doris Kenyon

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Today it is remarkably easy to acquire a clear, white skin, free from all blemishes, freckles and blackheads. A wonderful new scientific discovery removes these blemishes with amazing quickness. Almost overnight you can clear your skin of freckles, roughness, tan, or a "muddy" complexion. These imperfections vanish as if by magic—and your skin takes on that delicate smooth beauty that everyone admires.

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Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

The Path of Glory

(*Continued from page 23*)

(snake) in the shower-room. At midnight it is still too hot to sleep. Sheets are like fire.

"Friday. We got up at four o'clock. Had two hours' sleep. At sunrise Mr. Valentino's white helmet looked solid black. Flies all over it. They get in your eyes and mouth. Evening. A little cooler, but still over 100 degrees.

"Saturday. We climb the sand dune again, sometimes on hands and knees. Mr. Valentino deserves much applause. He does his work without complaint. His horse fell in the sand twice today. It was galloping. He never complained."

Desert locations such as those used in "Son of the Sheik," "Beau Geste" and "The Winning of Barbara Worth" are almost unendurable. I know, because I've been on some of them. In each case, the camp is tossed up far out on the blazing desert floor. Communication with the outside world is cut off. Frequently the food from the camp kitchens is bad. Wells are drilled and shower-baths built, but all drinking water comes from a long distance. At least one physician and trained nurse are sent out with each such company, and they always find plenty to do. There is no recreation, except watching the rushes of the picture when the reels of film, shipped daily to Los Angeles for development, are returned to camp for the director's inspection. Indeed, the company desires no recreation, after a fourteen-hour day of toil in the blasting heat.

When I asked Henry King, director of "The Winning of Barbara Worth," why he had chosen such a furnace as the Black Rock Desert up in Nevada as the location for his picture, he said: "It was necessary to find a location that never had been used before. 'Barbara' would have been just another Western if made in the studios or on near-by locations. I and my chauffeur got completely lost while hunting the locations we have here in Nevada. He suffered from sun-stroke and was delirious. We were out of water. When finally I found a desert shack where we could get some water, my lips were so swollen and cracked that I was unable to speak. But I got the right locations for 'Barbara.'"

Without doubt he did, and without doubt you know who co-starred in that picture, filmed in the furnace heat. Ronald Colman, who had just completed ten weeks in the Arizona desert on "Beau Geste," and Vilma Banky, who had just completed six weeks on "Son of a Sheik." Sixteen weeks for Ronald and twelve for Vilma on the desert this summer.

Even at this writing, two Famous Players-Lasky companies are down in Texas. One director is ill. So is one leading woman. I've been requested not to name them, so I wont. But they're fighting poisonous mosquitoes and malaria down there to get the "real stuff."

In all seriousness, I say that Hollywood has gone location-mad and work-mad. Hollywood has built a Juggernaut, under whose wheels the highest and lowest are being crushed. One hears nothing of the deaths of minor players who may be killed in the making of a picture. One rarely hears of injuries, serious tho they may be, which a star sustains, or of the illness of a prominent player. It is only when a Valentino dies, after a week in which his illness was considered "publicity bunk" by the very wise film fans, that the world can realize what a human—perhaps I might better say inhuman—place is the Hollywood of today.

In the United Studios, two years ago, Milton Sills was carried on and off the set every day, on a stretcher, during the making of a picture. "Dont mention my illness," he asked me. I didn't.

Colleen Moore, because she wouldn't use a double, sustained a serious injury when she fell off a flat-car, a few months later, coming within one-eighth of an inch of breaking her neck. But the picture was a good box-office attraction, so why worry?

Lon Chaney seems determined to wreck himself physically with his characterizations. He has received injuries to his spinal cord that may be lasting. "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" practically cost him the sight of one eye, because of the lump of putty worn over it. He has worn eyeglasses ever since that picture, in an effort to correct his vision.

John Barrymore, greatest of our stage artists, has been caught up in the work-mad frenzy of Hollywood, since he entered pictures. His slogan, like that of so many other stars, is: "I'll do it myself. No doubles for my pictures."

In "The Sea Beast" he not only worked with his leg strapped back, but had tons of icy water hurled over his slim body in the storm scenes. Where a double could have done his work, he slid down a rope from the crows'-nest to the deck of the vessel. In a night scene he dived from the ship into the black water and cut his head badly. In the duel scenes of "Don Juan," he threw his company into consternation by taking a flying leap, quite unexpectedly, from the head of a stone staircase down upon his opponent below.

The camera rarely gets a close-up on one of Barrymore's spectacular stunts, because neither director nor cameraman knows when he's going to do one. He has been injured in the making of his present picture, "François Villon," and in all of his previous pictures. Barrymore is an artist. He is untrained for a stunt man's work—yet he insists on doing it.

The stars who, a few years ago, consented to the use of an acrobat to double in work involving actual danger, now do this work themselves, and frequently get badly smashed up for their pains.

Those who, in former years, took to their beds and stayed there when they were ill, are now lugged onto the sets on stretchers when illness assails them. They go thru their scenes, nurse standing by. This may be very fine. Personally, I think it sheer idiocy.

I'm glad to say that one star at least, and that one Gloria Swanson, at present agrees with me. In a recent interview with my editor, she made some very frank statements, just after recovery from a nervous breakdown.

"It was probably a very good thing for me," she said. "It made me realize that I must take care of myself; that I just cant go and go without taking stock at all. I had never before this really thought about my body or what it needed.

". . . I've worn out other members of my companies for years, working long after they felt like giving up. But I suppose for some time I've been doing it on nervous energy."

Gloria Swanson is the first star who, after a serious illness, has faced this work-mad frenzy of the film colony with intelligence. If some of our other stars will take stock of themselves, we may not have to chalk up the death of three or more of our favorite players in 1927.

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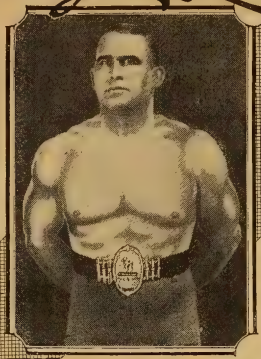

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This astonishing, yet simple training, builds the whole body. It does not emphasize wrestling. You can specialize in it if you like, and we will help you. But whether or not you go into the finer points of scientific wrestling, the Sandow-Lewis system will positively make your body strong and healthy.

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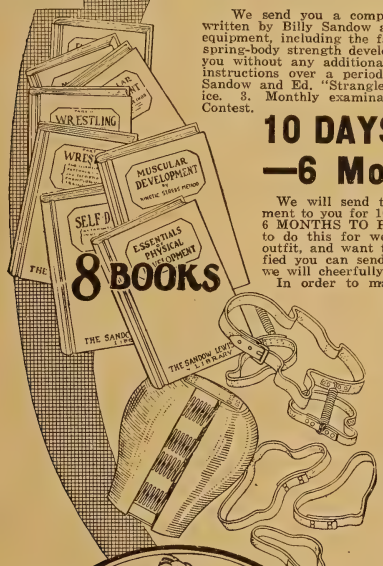

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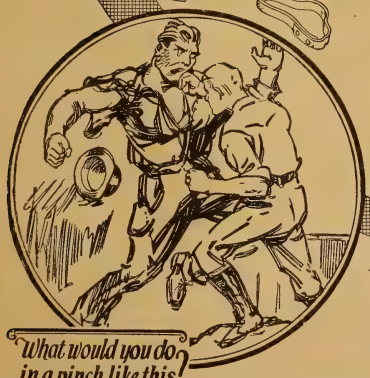

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And Bathasweet costs so little. For over 20 years it has been one of the least expensive of the good things of life. At all good Drug and Department Stores, 25c, 50c, $1, and $1.50.

FREE A sample sent free if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. ML, New York.

On Location With "Rough Riders"

(*Continued from page 65*)

ropes that are stretched to keep the crowds out of camera lines, in order to shake hands with the famous villains, or get a closer view of the leading lady. They bring a different gift each morning, perhaps the prize being two small bears brought by a diminutive boy to his screen hero, Noah Beery.

They wake Mary Astor up in the night with telephone calls, saying: "Hello, this is the little girl that waved to you from the Ford—wont you come to dinner at my house?"

They waylay that popular young lead, Charles Farrell, with invitations to hops, etc., bestowing all sorts of edibles upon him, until he says, that if only he were allowed to eat it all, Paramount wouldn't have to worry about his board bill.

One week was devoted to personal appearance in a local theater, lovely Mary Astor drawing the biggest crowd, but every member of the cast requiring an S. R. O. sign. George Bancroft delighted his house by giving a dramatic reading.

"When I heard him laughing that there foolish laugh, he puts on out to the Fair Grounds, when Beery's getting after him, I didn't know he could make folks cry," observed one of his audience, seriously, "Why, he's a great actor! We gotta go see him in the pictures."

Bancroft is often found talking to the real veterans, who have "joined up" for the battle of San Juan Hill. He told me of strange experiences in the Philippines, after this Cuban campaign was over. . . .

Soldiers were marching over a sandy jungle path. As they marched, some of them noticed a bit of white lying underfoot; the steady tramp of feet shook more and more sand from it, and one of the men stooped to pick it up. It was stuck fast. Another jerked at the handkerchief (as he thought it) and lo, it wasn't a handkerchief, but a breech-cloth bound about a buried native, who lay quietly listening thru a tube to what the white chiefs said in their tents, breathing thru another tube connected with a near-by tree.

"One of the men in that same outfit was taken prisoner by the savage tribes," said Mr. Bancroft, "but when they undressed him to put him in the boiling pot, he was tattooed from head to foot, and they thought him a hoodoo, or a god. He took advantage of that, and was proclaimed king of their tribe, and reigned until he ran away. . . . That's the truth. . . . Anyway, all his comrades believe it."

"I've been a private in every war—('America,' 'Unknown Soldier,') and I think it's time I got a commission," announced Charles Mack. "Here I am a buck private again!"

"I'm still an officer," beamed Charles Farrell, "but I seem to be sliding down the scale; 'Commodore' in 'Old Ironsides' to sergeant in this opus. I'll be with you next time, old son."

These two are always together—"Chuck and Chuck," they call themselves. "Is there room for Chuck?" they ask, before accepting an invitation.

"Chuck's got a new uncle," cried Farrell.

"Same old uncle, but he's just acknowledged the relationship," corrected Mack.

"The uncle was in the audience last night, when Chuck made his 'personal,'" went on Farrell, "Chuck said, 'damn,' and we were afraid it wasn't being done in Texas——"

"But my uncle, who thought I was excited about myself, and wouldn't know me before, came up and spoke to me afterwards," finished Mack, "maybe the 'damn' *didn't* do it——!"

"Since Chuck got a fond relative, I called my father on long distance all the way to Cape Cod," glowed the younger Chuck, "he had to get up at 3 A. M. to answer the phone, so he probably thought I'd gone mad, but I haven't seen him for four years, and I was so glad to hear his voice!"

Listening older men smiled at each other. "Guess Dad was kinda reconciled to being waked up," murmured one.

Charles Farrell has a winning personality, and half San Anton' yearns to adopt him. If they dont manage among them to spoil him, this boy should have the hearts of the world to play with, in another year. . . .

The first big thrill in "Rough Riders" comes, when the troops receive their horses. Every man in the original regiment was a splendid horseman, but very few of the horses sent down to them were broken to saddle, as history tells.

Every man on the parade-grounds, at San Anton' can ride, too, from Noah Beery, who lives on a ranch, when he's home, to Charles Farrell, who has ridden every "remount" the cowboys own, and is happiest when his steed is standing on hind legs pawing the air. The "wild" horses for this sequence were outlaws of the plains.

A thousand men and mounts were drawn up on the level fields in cavalry formation; Frank Hopper, as *Roosevelt*, and Colonel Fred Lindsay, as *Leonard Wood*, reviewing them from powerful steeds; director and cameras on a towering parallel above. Among the lines were placed a hundred bucking broncos, each with an attendant cowboy, animals with restless, wicked eyes, and such names as, "Funeral Wagon," "Widow Maker," "Whirling Chair," and "Cyclone."

"Get ready to mount!" came the order thru the megaphone.

The bugler sent his strident message on the heels of that word; there was a quiver thru the ranks, as blue shirts rose above the horses' shining manes; and then, there was a rearing, plunging mass of horseflesh surmounted by shouting, singing, swearing cowboys.

"Dynamite," who bore Son Kuykendahl, a hardened plainsman, was viciously biting his way thru the ranks; "Done Gone," a coal-black outlaw, was living up to his name, for he had shot like a feather-tipped arrow out to the cleared space beyond the cameras, his rider left behind; the "Widow Maker," threw Fred Kohler, the hard-boiled sergeant of the picture, and rolled over on him, badly damaging his leg, before bolting for the pecan grove; and "Pancho Villa," a prancing fury with one white eye, tried to trample half the regiment, as he strove to lose the man he carried.

"Ride him, cowboy!" went up the cry.

"Eat 'em alive!"

"Step on 'em! Step on 'em!"

"R-i-i-i-d-e!"

Again they got the broncos into line; once more the bugle sounded its note of shrill excitement across the dust-choked fields; and a hundred horses, receiving a second time the undesired weight of a rider, turned the scene into a riot of kicking, biting, wheeling, curveting tumult.

The cowboys sang:

"Come on, Pony, kick a lil more,
Come on!
Come on, Pony, git real sore,
Come on!"

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

They came on. . . . Three men were picked up and taken off the field.

"Funeral Wagon" and his fellows were lined up again. Nobody had ever stayed on "Funeral Wagon," they said. He was the "wickedest hoss on four legs. . . ."

This time a lean and powerful young man took him.

"Ready!"

The bugle!

A veritable tornado as the blue shirts rose . . . animals with bared teeth and fiery eyes . . . a volley of hoofs sounding ominously . . . clouds and clouds of dust thru which streaked horses glistening with sweat . . . yells, calls . . . someone, out of breath, trying to sing. . . .

But they couldn't buck the riders off this time. They plunged and they reared, but they came back into line bearing their exultant riders, every one. . . .

"Did you hear, who rode 'Funeral Wagon'?" asked Mary Astor, as we made our way back to the hotel.

"A man named Coward! . . . Imagine!"

The Spotlight Is Turned on the Director: Alfred Santell

(*Continued from page* 94)

comedies, the ambitious young Santell yearned for new worlds to conquer. He thought to try the dramatic field out of curiosity, much to the disgust of his comedy associates who hated to see him desert the slap-stick comedy realm where he was ensconced securely as a prince of laughs.

But the architectural training asserted itself, and Santell entered the dramatic field from the bottom. He preferred to build a solid foundation before rearing his structure. He built wisely and well. Finally, such unusual feature comedy dramas as "Lights Out," "Fools in the Dark," and "Parisian Nights," which he supervised and directed for F. B. O., began to attract attention behind the scenes of the industry. Corinne Griffith's producers were looking for a director. They decided to take a chance on this young man of marked originality. How several critics howled to high heaven that Corinne's producers were now completely ruining her career by allowing their goddess to be directed by a low slap-stick comedy director! And all that the quiet and determined young comedy director did was to make of "The Marriage Whirl," a mediocre story, a much better picture than was expected. Followed "Classified," which has "classified" Alfred A. Santell as a king-pin director.

There is much spirited bidding among the stars for this young director's helping hand, but there are more reasons than one why players like to work for him. Particularly, the feminine stars! Why? Because, between scenes on the set, Santell composes ballads and jazz songs in honor of his ladies fair, and sings them to his own accompaniment on the ukulele like no other minstrel in pictures.

When Al finishes directing Colleen Moore in "Orchids and Ermine," he will direct Dick Barthelmess' first picture under his new contract, "The Patent Leather Kid." And Dick Rowland has signed a new contract with him which calls for the screen to present his pictures as Alfred A. Santell productions.

Have You Ever Been Down To Your Last Cent?

Next month we will publish a story, telling of the experiences of several famous movie stars when they were stranded without a cent.

What does it feel like to have empty pockets in your London tailored clothes?

What does it feel like to wear a mink coat (shabby) and lack the few dollars needed to pay your board bill?

Dont miss this amazingly human document. People rarely talk so frankly.

"Ramon Novarro Should Be Written in Fiction"

Ramon is as colorful as the life he has lived. And next month begins *Herbert Howe's* fascinating story *"On the Road with Ramon."* It is more than a life story. It is a biographical adventure into the character and career of this romantic idol. And it is profusely illustrated with never-before-published photographs of Ramon's childhood.

Colleen Moore and G. H. and A. W. F.

Another playlet interview such as that with Florence Vidor, which appears in this issue. . . . Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher visited with Colleen on her last trip to New York. They have known her for years. And she talks to them without reserve.

The Low Down on Several Lovely Ladies

By ANDRE ANI

(*Costume Designer to Some of the Biggest Stars*)

. . . including some hints that no woman can fail to employ without adding charm and smartness to her attire.

THE FEBRUARY

Motion Picture Magazine

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Just a few applications brought such exquisite loveliness to complexions that it was pronounced Sacred by the Priests of Diana who gave it the name of Diana's Earth. Later, by Royal Decree it was reserved exclusively for women of noble birth.

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BEAUTY *GUARANTEED!*

Regardless of the present condition of your skin, Peach Bloom will restore quickly the beauty Nature intended you should have. And this magic improvement will be so apparent once you have tried PEACH BLOOM that you will never again be without it.

The coupon below carries our Positive Beauty Guarantee, which likewise applies to your purchase of Peach Bloom from any Drug or Department Store, Beauty or Barber Shop in the United States.

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203 N. Wells St., Dept. 60, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me postpaid a 12-Treatment jar of PEACH BLOOM for which I am enclosing $1. If after three treatments my skin fails to respond to the extent expected, I may return the unused portion and my $1 will be immediately and cheerfully refunded.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

News of the Camera Coasts

(*Continued from page 69*)

ran a little tonsorial parlor in one of the small Montana towns. He had come to Hollywood to work as an Indian in the movies. I remarked that it must be difficult for a barber to suddenly quit barbering and take up an Indian's job, which means that he cant talk any more, but must use the sign language.

ERICH VON STROHEIM may be inveigled into giving up the directing business for the life of an actor. One of the biggest producers is anxious to put Von under a performing contract, and already has a number of stories lined up in which he would like to star the little Austrian.

There is no doubt but what the irascible Von will reject the offer. He even makes fun of himself as an actor in his present picture, "The Wedding March," in which he plays the leading rôle.

While looking at the daily rushes of his own love scenes, he is reported to have said, "Look at the terrible bull-necked little prig making love. No girl could love such a figure."

It is this very thing that the producer wishes to capitalize on, I understand. He thinks that Von Stroheim may be made more repulsive on the screen than Lon Chaney, therefore, he should draw more money into the box-office than Lon. However, Von is not the type to capitalize on physical distortions, such as those which have made Chaney popular. Von Stroheim is quite a human character, who is made fascinating because of his unattractive profile and his tendency to be cruel and wicked with his women folks.

ENOUGH money to start a small savings-bank breezed into the coffers of the Red Cross, when an appeal was made to motion picture folk to subscribe to the relief fund for the sufferers in the Florida disaster.

Not only did the stars donate directly to the fund, but midnight benefit shows were given at the down-town theaters. Practically all the stars in Hollywood made personal appearances at these shows, which was instrumental in adding thousands of dollars to the fund.

THE bankers' convention was held in Los Angeles and Hollywood, this last month. I dont know why Hollywood was accorded this honor unless it was the town that held the record for overdrafts on checking accounts. Actors and fan magazine writers have a habit of overdrawing.

Fifteen years ago a banker would have chuckled up his left coat sleeve if a motion picture producer had asked him for a loan. Now the big credit and loan boys are only too anxious to let the infant industry have a few shekels on time.

About the only actor who had a chance to talk with the banking boys on even terms was Jean Hersholt, and this is because Jean is a director in a couple of banks. Practically all the other boys had aided considerably in boosting the record of overdrawn checking accounts, so naturally, they felt a bit humiliated when they met a banker.

THE Miller boys, Fred and Roy, who own and operate the beautiful Carthay Circle Theater, which is one of the new show houses of Hollywood, opened their second picture this month. It was "Bardelys the Magnificent," starring John Gilbert.

The *élite* turned out in their stiff bosoms and pearls and filled the theater to the last pew. Claire Windsor was there dressed in a very stunning evening gown. Renée Adorée, Pauline Starke and Lillian Gish could be observed in the crowd of notables. Lew Cody and Mabel Normand were prominent figures in the crowd. They attracted as much attention as the feature picture. It was Lew and Mabel's first public appearance since their marriage.

The audience did not become wildly enthusiastic about the picture. In fact, they laughed at one of the final scenes in which Gilbert is pursued by an army of villains who are hell-bent on hanging him. John grabs a portière from a doorway in one of the topmost turrets of the castle and grasping the four corners of the drapery in one hand parachutes to the ground, thus eluding the pursuing hatchet throwers and saving his neck from the hangman's noose.

When Gilbert made his personal appearance on the stage after the show, he evidently had felt the reaction of the audience regarding his trip from the moon in a portière.

"You'll have to admit I'm some parachute dropper," he said. He concluded his talk by thanking the audience, and then he disappeared in the wings.

This one high jump should not, however, keep you from witnessing the picture, which, as a whole, is a very fine screen play, and an excellent vehicle for Gilbert.

IF *Uncle Toms* and *Little Evas* are so scarce I cannot understand how they ever managed to fill the casts of the several stage productions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which you'll remember were playing in every village, town and hamlet a few decades ago.

At Universal City the other day there were three hundred prospective *Little Evas,* lined up for tests. Not one got the rôle. Paul Kohner, the casting director, said in dismay, "We've tested five hundred little girls and not one proves to be what we want."

As I remember *Little Eva,* she was neither smart nor cute. That is the trouble with the majority of child players in Hollywood, they are too smart and too cute. Even their mothers will insist on that.

"I HAVE loved Greta Garbo ever since we met at the studio," said John Gilbert. "I am willing, but is she?"

"She" refuses to make a statement. Now, if we can only make Greta give in, everything will be hotsy totsy, and we can include them in a picture layout of newly married couples.

All a person has to do to tell if a couple is in love is to watch them. I have watched John and Greta, and if I could ever get "Bool" Montana to bet again after the Dempsey-Tunney fight, I would ask him to put up two to one that the screen's greatest lovers would be engaged before another six months had elapsed.

MARY BRIAN staggered back to Hollywood after several months in New York, talking like an amnesia victim. Mary has been away from the old home town so long she has forgotten where she lives.

She was met at the station by her brother, who escorted her to a taxi. Mary

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

attempted to direct the taxi driver to her home, but forgot where she lived. Just before she left for New York, some months ago, she purchased a new bungalow, and when she came back she couldn't remember the number of the house. Her brother had to refresh her memory on the subject.

That's what always happens when you send your gals to the big wicked city. They forget you.

I WENT to the Lasky Studio to find out who the blonde might be that is to monopolize fifty per cent. of Adolphe Menjou's attentions in his next picture, "Blonde or Brunette." I knew that Arlette Marchal was to be the luscious brunette, but there was some mystery as to who the fair one would be.

In the publicity department no one knew the answer, altho I had seen a newspaper story to the effect that Greta Nissen was to play the rôle. They called the casting office and the girl in that place was sure that "Blonde or Brunette," was Thomas Meighan's next picture. Finally Mr. Lasky's personal secretary was questioned, and she revealed the news that Greta Nisson is the one who is to do the fair-haired rôle.

HAL ROACH is the latest producer that has decided to vie with the heavens in the matter of exhibiting stars. Roach has signed Agnes Ayres for a series of two-reel comedies. Mae Busch also will lend her talents to a few of Roach's best comedies. Mack Sennett has loaned his principal beauty, Madalene Hurlock, to Roach for a picture.

Mister Roach may steal all the best-looking gals from the heavy drama, but none of them will get more applause than the little star he has had under contract for some time. Farina still continues to be our favorite comedy star.

CLARA BOW's next starring picture is to be another Elinor Glyn story entitled, "Red Head." If color photography is used on this production, you will see how closely the star fits the title rôle. A firing squad could never shoot Clara against a brick wall, because she would be so well camouflaged they couldn't draw a bead.

Clara started work last month on "Wings." She made a few scenes at San Antonio and then returned to Hollywood to film "It." She is going back to Texas after the completion of the latter picture to finish her work in "Wings."

MADAM GLYN will play one of the minor rôles in her own screen story, "It," which stars Clara Bow and features Antonio Moreno. The substance of the Madam's scene consists in meeting a group of people discussing the subject of "It." She proceeds to give them a definition of the word, which she has made so popular thru her writings. It will be the Madam's first appearance on the screen, and positively her last definition of "It."

IT was Jack Holt who started his career in the moving pictures as a double for a star, but now that he has attained the rank of a star himself, you would think that he would stop doubling. But the daring Jack still continues to do his own work without substitutes.

While making a dangerous ride along the rim of a canyon for a scene in his last picture, his horse fell in the loose dirt and rolled into the chasm with him. Jack escaped with minor injuries. Immediately he was warned that when dangerous stunt

Guaranteed VELVET

$1.00 deposit

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Our Big Fall Bargain

This lovely dress is made of guaranteed quality velvet. Absolutely guaranteed not to lose its nap and to retain its rich, lustrous surface. This frock is one of the season's most popular styles. The collar, vestee and cuffs are of silk crepe in contrasting color. In front is a row of attractive buttons, while at one side is a hanging panel having a embroidered pocket at the top and faced with contrasting colored silk. Fashionable long sleeves. Colors—Black or wine. Sizes 34-44.

Order by No. D-18-F. Terms, $1.00 with coupon—only $3.20 a month. Total price only $19.95.

No C.O.D. to Pay!

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Not only do we offer you a bargain price on this beautiful tailored frock, but liberal terms besides. Pay only a little each month. In that way you will never miss the money and you can be right in style with a stunning new dress. Send coupon and only $1.00 now and we'll send you the dress so you can see for yourself the style—the big value. Then—if perfectly satisfied in every way—take six months to pay our bargain price.

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I enclose $1 deposit. Send me the Velvet Dress No. D-18-F. If I am not delighted with the dress, I can return it and get my $1 back. Otherwise, I will pay $3.20 a month until I have paid $19.95 in all.

(Check Color Wanted) *Black* ☐ *Wine* ☐

Bust..... *Belt*..... *Hip*..... *Length*.....
(*Be sure to fill out the above lines*)

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Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "**Its Cause and Cure.**" It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. **B. N. Bogue, 11400 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.**

And They Thought He'd Never Marry

So many charming girls had failed to attract him, that people thought he'd never marry. Then he met this girl. She had read "Fascinating Womanhood," a remarkable new book which shows how any woman can multiply her attractiveness by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. She could just as easily have fascinated any *other* man. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Just cut out this ad, write your name and address on the margin, and mail to us with 10 cents. The little book outlining these revelations will then be sent to you, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Knowledge is power. Send your dime today. **THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, 3906 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Dept. 12-A**

Glasses Mar Nature's Beauty

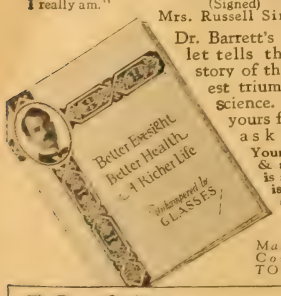
TODAY is an age of beauty. The modern woman no longer tolerates conditions which detract from her natural charm. To enhance her loveliness, she not only enlists the forces of nature, but she summons to her service the marvels of modern science.

She has come to realize that *real* beauty lies in *natural* eyes. Nature intends these wondrous windows of the soul to radiate that natural beauty.

Science has at last learned the secret of *natural* vision—has struck off the shackles that dimmed the lustre of so many eyes. This new knowledge of the eye is not only enabling thousands to discard their glasses, but it is so improving the lustre, the eloquence, of womankind's most ravishing feature that a new age of beauty is dawning.

Read what Mrs. Russell Simpson, singer and actress of note, and wife of Russell Simpson, prominent motion picture star has to say:

"I have discarded my glasses forever No need to say that the improvement in my appearance is such that some of my friends hardly knew me. Glasses made me look years older than I really am."
(Signed)
Mrs. Russell Simpson



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Please send me, without cost or obligation, Dr. Barrett's booklet on Better Eyesight.

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stuff was to be photographed, he was to let somebody else do it. That is just about as useless as telling Mussolini that he hasn't anything more to say about Italy.

LILYAN TASHMAN, the most preferable blonde in the picture colony, and her husband, Edmund Lowe, returned from their sojourn in Europe. Lilyan sojourned and Edmund worked.

Mr. Lowe went to England to appear in "One Increasing Purpose," and Lilyan went along to investigate the clothing business in Paris, while Edmund stayed in England. When he had finished his labors in the English studio, Edmund joined his wife at the French capital city.

Lilyan says that she was really the one who wanted to buy clothes in Paris, but when Edmund hit the town he went on a shopping expedition of the exclusive haberdashers that would put any woman to shame. She says that the men are just as foolish as the women when it comes to buying new wardrobes.

According to Lilyan there is a reason for all these people swimming the English Channel. By the time they have visited Paris and spent all their money, swimming the Channel is about the only way to get back to England. Eddie says he would have attempted the swim only he isn't a baker, and it seems that a baker has the best chance of getting across. The bakers' secret seems to be this: They eat a lot of salt-rising bread without putting any salt in it. When they get in the ocean and the salt water hits the bread, it swells up and they cant sink. Anyway, that is what "Lil" said.

The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page* 104)

formally moving from one group to another. Dropping a bit of gossip here . . . a bright sally there.

She was wearing a little dark blue frock, trimmed in red, which she had made herself. "I dont always make my own things," she said, "but I make most of the dresses I wear every day. Catch me spending all my money on imported models."

And sure enough, one of the rooms of the suite was occupied by an electric sewing machine and the other paraphernalia of dress-making . . . lengths of soft blue crêpe de Chine. Black satin. White chiffon. Silk flowers. Spools of thread, etc.

The telephones rang constantly. This celebrity and that called up. Could Marion take tea here? Could Marion drop in after the theater that evening, others were coming? Would Marion plan to take luncheon with so and so before she left? And so on. . . .

AMONG those who telephoned were Roy D'Arcy. Marion was surprised to hear him on the wire because she had left him at work in California. But his father-in-law had died and he had come to New York to see about some business in connection with the estate.

He had been over to the magazines to visit the editorial staff the day before. It is something of a thrilling visit for him, inasmuch as it is his first trip to New York since his screen success.

"Strange," he said, "that I should be signed to a contract now at a large salary . . . interviewed . . . that sort of thing. I am not nearly as good an actor as I was before I left New York. Then I sat in the anterooms of managers' offices and waited. Today those same managers meet me on Broadway and come up with enthusiastic smiles and oustretched hands. I'm 'Roy, old man' and 'Roy, old friend' and 'Roy, old pal' to them.

"I dont say the things I think. There would be no use.

"Once upon a time I would have taken any part and given my whole heart to it. I would have had enthusiasm for the thing I was doing in a measure which no man can offer after years of struggle.

"But I didn't get on then.

"Now I am shrewd and mercenary about the things I do. And I find I succeed much better."

He shrugged his shoulders in a manner familiar to anyone who has watched him on the screen. He smiled too, in his cinematic way. And altho he knows that he is being harshly criticised for the frequence of this smile and holds a high brief for it, something tells us that he will modify its appearance in the future.

If he doesn't, we wager that he disproves that old adage about "Smile and the world smiles with you."

A. W. D.

There Are Other Things You Can Do

—About your hair and quite likely another variety of your bob would make a great difference in your appearance.

There is a variety of things you can do with bobbed hair and one of the greatest hairdressers of the movies goes into detail about them next month. This story, which gives simple instructions for achieving any of the different coiffures suggested, will be illustrated with smart chic drawings.

Dont miss this story. You cannot tell what a different part may do to your appearance and how a change in appearance may influence the very course of your life itself.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

(*Continued from page 72*)

feel justified in telling you to keep at it and eventually you will succeed. You have an ability to write stories of adventure, daring, probably slightly humorous or at least without any very tragic import. It is easier to sell fiction and reserve the motion picture rights than to sell scenarios outright. You have a favorable year in 1927 and should strive to make progress.

Jeanne, June 5:

Long before you finish your two years at college you will have forgotten all about any desire to take up art work as a serious occupation and probably will know that the only connection you would ever want with the movies would be to enjoy an evening's entertainment thereby. You have a commercial type of mind, would do well as office executive, advertising manager or newspaper woman. Dont limit your activities, but go and do wherever and whatever enters your head for a few years. You will always benefit by changes, strange experiences and general turmoil.

R. P. L., December 20:

Things haven't been going so well in the past few months, have they, as you are living under a very trying and delaying planetary force just at present. You probably wont accomplish very much for another two years, except by way of preparation for later activity, much as a sailor clears the deck before he can start his voyage. Your best talents lie along dramatic lines, true enough, but probably you will live a drama rather than act one. Be sure that you have a husband who appreciates a hectic life and be very wary about making too early a marriage.

Rosamond J., April 14:

I want you to study medicine, realizing that this means great self-sacrifice and devotion to work on your part as well as more or less difficulty possibly in determining within yourself whether or not this is work which you might have attempted without a guiding voice from the haze of astrology. However, you have a true healer's horoscope, and not only will you make a name for yourself in such work, but will be supremely happy and useful to the world. In either physical training or stage work you would fail to make use of all your God-given talents, but if you must choose between the two careers which you yourself have mentioned, then take the work of athletic coach or physical trainer.

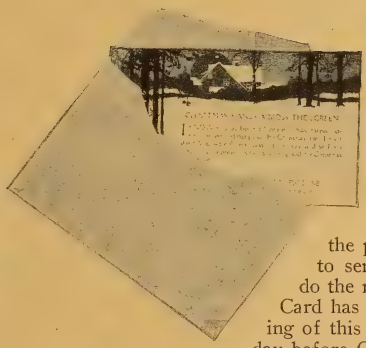
W. T., February 19:

So you think this department just an "exceedingly clever way of discouraging the movie-struck," do you? The attitude I had toward it myself was that I was far too encouraging, as most of the people I answer really do have some signs of talent which could be utilized in the films. So far as your own horoscope is concerned, you seem to have decided mechanical ability which should be cultivated. There is invention or some distinct talent in electricity or motors. Keep away from women; they will never do you a bit of good and at some time in your life you will lose a great deal of faith in humanity thru the deception or opposition of some member of the supposedly fair sex.

P. R. T. J., September 22:

So much artistic feeling, discrimination and delicacy shows in this horoscope that I agree with you that you are scarcely

A Real Christmas Present!



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Your Christmas Card, Too!

All you have to do is send us the subscription price and the name of the person or persons to whom you wish to send this wonderful gift—and we will do the rest. A beautiful Christmas Greeting Card has been prepared to announce the coming of this gift and will be mailed to arrive the day before Christmas—or you may mail the card if you choose. Surely there is someone among your friends and family—to whom you will present this twelve-month present.

A Magazine for All the Family

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is clean, wholesome and truthful—always. It is fit for any home—and interesting to the entire family.

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175 Duffield Street
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I enclose $2.50 (Canada $3.00, Foreign $3.50). Please send MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and my Christmas Greeting Card to

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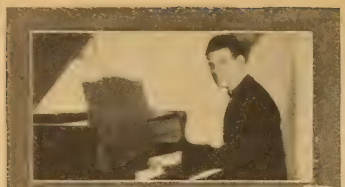

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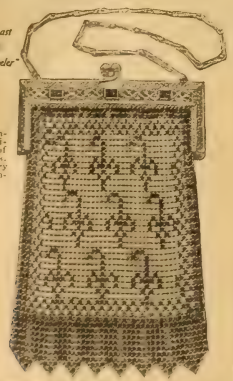

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fitted by nature to study medicine. Why not take up designing when you have finished your college course? While there are opportunities in the motion picture world for all nationalities and your own country will sooner or later develop its own distinctive art in this kind of work, still at present, even with great ability, the odds are against your progress.

Hugo P. H., December 23:

You have an awfully hard row ahead of you, Hugo, but you're going to succeed eventually and in some rather unusual manner. If I were you, I would get a job—any kind of a job—inside the four walls of a studio, and then trust to luck. Try to overcome those peculiar contradictions of character which you understand better than anyone else. They will stand in your way thruout life, but can be conquered if you wish. Also, dont fight with your employers, because you only lose out by doing so. If you will look for something important and fortunate around the month of April, 1927, you will probably not be disappointed.

Alex R. T., December 13:

You have a lot of ability for dramatic and screen work, and it would not surprise me to read about you in the papers some day. By no means should you settle down into office work, as you put it. You would suffer in health thereby, to say nothing of the mental anguish it would give you. Your success will come in middle life and in a place somewhat distant from that of your birth. Dont expect very much during the next four years of your life. You had better put in that period in going to school.

The Junior Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 46)

ELINORE E.—Yes, Sue O'Neil and Sally O'Neil are sisters.

BEBE.—Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, and Malcolm MacGregor was born in New York City. His latest picture is "It Must Be Love."

SALLY S.—You can write to Eleanor Boardman, William Haines and Carmel Myers at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Bebe Daniels, Florence Vidor, Adolphe Menjou and Ricardo Cortez at Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

MILLIE D.—The following are a few of the Fox stars: Buck Jones, Tom Mix, George O'Brien, Olive Borden, Janet Gaynor, Madge Bellamy, Edmund Lowe and Virginia Valli.

TRIXY L.—Try writing to Mary Kornman at Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California. She is a very busy little girl, but she may find time to write to you.

HELEN Mc.—You can secure a picture of Rin-Tin-Tin at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

RICHARD H.—You can write to Tom Mix at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, California, and Colleen Moore at First National Studios, Burbank, California. Colleen's next picture will be "Twinkletoes." She wears a blonde wig in this picture.

PEGGY.—I cannot give you all the addresses you ask for, as that would take up too much space. Here are a few of them: Charles Chaplin, 1412 La Brea Avenue, Hollywood, California. Constance Talmadge, 7200 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Marion Davies, Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Mary Pickford, Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California. Phyllis Haver, Metropolitan Studios, 1040 La Palmas Avenue, Hollywood, California.

How I Became an Animal Trainer

(*Continued from page* 46)

One day the Man-Who-Makes-Pictures called them all together and said there was to be a Person in the cast called Jerry the Giant.

That made Brian very angry and he told the jackass it was an outrage, and that they should all get together and refuse to work.

The jack, Pal says, is a radical, which means he objects to everything, so, of course, he was very glad to object to this, too.

But Arabia, who has lots of horse sense, said he wasn't going to do anything reckless until he saw this Jerry person. Pal told them that, in his long movie experience, he'd seen lots of Giants and they all had been at least twelve feet tall, and usually carried black snake whips, like *Simon Legree* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

That had them so scared that Brian never quacked once all the rest of that day, and the jack did everything they asked him to without a single objection.

Then the next morning they saw me coming out from the studio with the Man-Who-Makes-Pictures.

"Who's that?" asked Brian, suspiciously, and the jack was right near listening with his ears laid back.

"Why that," said Pal, with a chuckle, "is Jerry the Giant!" He's a smart dog and he knew all along that the Man-Who-Makes-Pictures also loves to make jokes, and that he had thought it funny to call me Jerry the Giant, because I am so small.

Felix Cat Contest

(*Continued from page* 47)

treras, St. Joseph's Academy, Prescott, Arizona; Shirley Sanford, 108 Jackson Street, Lockport, New York; Marian Harris, 153 Brunswick Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia; Frances Gartley, 9722 Holmes Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

BOYS:

Robert Detweiler, 310 Morton Avenue, Rutledge, Pennsylvania; Carl Pratt, Cloverdale, B. C., Canada; Ernest Miller, 140 N. Johnston Street, Los Angeles, California; William T. Kondo, 836 W. Twelfth Street, San Pedro, California; Sidney Breen, 5342 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans, Louisiana; Leopoldo Santiago, Jr., Box 103, Bayamon, P. R.; Mortimer Leurn, 2565 Marion Avenue, Bronx, New York; Henry Sabin, 2857 Clybourn Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Milton Pikulin, 638 Wood Avenue, Linden, New Jersey; Walter Magdziarz, 2126 W. Eighteenth Place, Chicago, Illinois; Emilio Lorenzo, Fco. V. Aguilera, No. 11, Havana, Cuba.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

We Interview Florence Vidor

(*Continued from page 32*)

I had to do something about it. And I told her emphatically that we were very far from being rich. I asked her, if she thought I would go to the studio every day and work hard all day and sometimes part of the night if we were rich. I explained to her that we were not *poor*, but that money came as the reward of work, and that was why I worked.

It is tragic to watch people who have not learned to take care of money. I have seen too many of them. Altho, I do think, too, apropos of this subject, that picture people are learning to conserve.

G. H.: If you could have your choice of a career for Suzanne, what would it be?

FLORENCE VIDOR: I think I should like her to be a writer. It is a more conservative life and does not depend so much upon externals.

(The luncheon is over. A telephone rings. Miss Vidor will be needed on the set in ten minutes. She excuses herself and goes into the adjoining room to dress. She is made up. The conversation is now carried on between the two rooms. Miss Vidor's maid assists her, not *with the conversation.)*

G. H. *(musingly):* Do you mean you've seen picture people squander their money?

FLORENCE VIDOR: Many of them. Not so much recently, tho, as I have said. I think the men and women of the screen have learned that tomorrow is uncertain, and that today must be made to serve that uncertainty. Everywhere they are saving . . . investing wisely in bonds . . . in mortgages . . . in real estate. . . .

It is difficult to save. I know that. The best thing to do is never receive any more than you are budgeting to live on. That is what I do. I have half of my salary sent direct to the bank every week. The bank invests it for me. You see, actually I am prudent, cautious. They are unromantic qualities, I suppose. They lack sparkle. But, I think it is well to have a little of the New England in your make-up.

Speaking of money matters, too, it seems to me a great pity that the salaries of the stars are made public property, published and expatiated on. It makes it difficult for us. There are all kinds of appeals coming in to us, from here, there and everywhere. Friends. *Very* distant or heretofore unheard-of relatives. Strangers. All of whom think it miserly and uncharitable to refuse them, "when you are making *all that money.*"

A. W. F.: I've often thought of that, too. It isn't right. I dont see why the stars do not request the companies to withhold that information. It interests me, too, about the business element that has come into the lives of picture people. It interested me especially when I was in Hollywood . . . girls like you and Corinne Griffith and Anna Q. Nilsson knowing about business matters, managing, investing, conserving. You rather destroy the old theory that an efficient and capable woman must spurn a powder-puff and French heels.

FLORENCE VIDOR *(laughing her quiet laugh):* I know. It used to be said, that a woman not actually ugly and deformed could not, or should not, be able to add two and two.

G. H. *(still musingly):* I think lots of things about picture people have changed . . . they are more conventional than they used to be . . . they may have lost some of the Barrymoreish quality of eerie wildness, but they've become more human . . . more like *people*. . . .

FLORENCE VIDOR: That should be so. I believe in Convention. After all, without the Conventions, life would become impossible. People are too much like links in a chain, they are too interdependent. If no one abided by the rules of the game made by Society in self-defense, it would be a wretched, harmful higgledy-piggledy existence.

There is still a state of rudeness exhibited now and again among the film people . . . but they will learn . . . one of the finest examples they have, by the way, is Daisy Moreno, who takes an active, participating interest in every film activity worth mentioning.

(She stands in the doorway now . . . ready to go down to the stage . . . ready to face the camera as the Dark Lady, sophisticated, witty, sparkling, romantic to the nth degree. And to see her it is not difficult to imagine her all of these things even if she does admit to a dash of old New England. She is wearing a gown of gold mesh . . . it follows the slim curves of her slight body with meticulous fidelity. On her delicately turned arms are many sparkling bracelets. Her small feet are encased in slippers of beaten gold. A lovely lady, indeed.)

SCENE III.—On the set.

A bedroom hung with powerful lights . . . while here and there an electric cable stretches across a priceless Persian rug or white bearskin. The dressing-table hung with mauve taffeta, and covered with glass is littered with tiny boxes of alabaster and jade . . . bottles of glass the color of lapis-lazuli . . . lip-sticks in cases of gold and silver . . . flagons of perfume . . . toilet articles of green enamel filigreed in gold. Everywhere the astounding detail of picture sets (some of 'em) today.

The bed is a far hail from the Puritanical affair of our forebears. It suggests a divan rather than a bed. And it is piled high with coverlets of lavender fleece . . . sheets of crêpe de Chine . . . spreads of mauve and fragile lace . . . mounds of tiny cushions in miniature shapes. . . .

MAL ST. CLAIR *(leaning on his cane in what seems to be his habitual directorial position):* Ah, Florence . . . ready?

Miss Hall and Miss Fletcher will sit on the side-line and watch you flirt with your first husband.

A. W. F. AND G. H. *(in the by-now traditional unison):* First! How many does she *have?*

FLORENCE VIDOR *(gaily):* More than one! "The Popular Sin," you know, is divorce.

(She steps into the scene. The action shows her standing by her dressing-table with her husband who, hat and gloves and stick in hand, enters and continues along what might be called a Parisian effect.)

MAL ST. CLAIR *(still leaning on his cane . . . it will save space to note here that he is leaning on his cane whenever he is mentioned and all the times he isn't)* makes a few suggestions. The cameramen and electricians stand by.

The first husband doesn't do whatever it is he is doing quite as Mr. St. Clair wishes it done. He steps into the scene and demonstrates the effect he wants to get, said demonstration consisting of taking Miss Vidor into his arms, acting in what seemed to be a conciliatory manner helped out by ardor.

Then:

MAL ST. CLAIR: All right, we'll take it.

This fun is for You!

YOU'RE at the top o' the world socially when you play a Conn saxophone. Popular? Why, man, you're wanted everywhere! Entertain yourself and friends; play professionally if you choose. The demand for good players exceeds the supply.

And with a Conn you can do it easily. Does live music thrill you? Can you follow a tune, singing or whistling? Then you can learn to play a Conn; it will come naturally. Conn's exclusive features give you quick mastery.

The world's foremost artists in symphony, opera, concert and popular orchestras and bands choose Conn instruments for their superior quality. *You can have the best at no greater cost.*

Free Trial, Easy Payments on any Conn saxophone, cornet, trumpet, trombone, clarinet, flute, Sousaphone—everything for band or orchestra. *Now is the time to start.* Send coupon for details; no obligation.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

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Please send literature and details of free trial, easy payment offer on

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"A New Skin In 3 Days"

Get Rid of Your Pimples, Blackheads, Acne, Oily Skin, Wrinkles, Tan, Freckles, Unsightly Blemishes and Marks of Age This New Way.

READ THIS FREE OFFER!

"They're GONE—Because They're OFF!" Place a Piece of Paper Over Half the Above Photo and Note the Transformation!

Worry no more over your "terrible" skin and complexion! Forget your failures with lotions, clays, creams, powders, massage, steaming pots and "coverups." Throw away your rubber masks, plasters and beauty makeshifts. Because—here's where you get a new, true skin! Your blackheads, pimples, large pores, freckles, tan, sallow complexion, surface wrinkles, blemishes and signs of approaching age, go, definitely—"because they're OFF!"

Most astonishing German discovery in the history of beauty culture. All explained in an amazing free book called "A New Skin in 3 Days." Learn how to do at home yourself, what foreign beauty doctors have charged enormous prices for. Make your own skin and complexion the envy of all who behold it. Send your name and address only—no money!

MAKE YOUR FACE YOUR FORTUNE!

Hundreds of men and women are now doing it at home—in the quiet of their own rooms—without the knowledge of their most intimate friends, emerging in a few days with a new, soft, velvety, clear, spotless youth-like skin on face, neck, arms, hands or any part of the body where a new skin is desired. It's astonishing almost beyond belief! Send now—the book is absolutely free to readers of this magazine. Address, Marvo Beauty Laboratories, Dept. 32-L No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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Pioneer Tailoring Co., 159 W. Harrison St. Dept. A-1098, Chicago

Lights! Ready, now . . . a little gay music please . . . right . . . *CAMERA. . . .*

(The scene progresses as it was rehearsed.)

MAL ST. CLAIR: Fine! Cut!

(Florence Vidor walks over to where the two interviewers are seated as precariously as one is always seated upon a collapsible chair.)

FLORENCE VIDOR: I can talk for a minute or so while they take a close-up of the dressing-table, and my first husband's reflection in the mirror.

A. W. F.: Mr. St. Clair doesn't make it seem like work, somehow, from the little we've seen of his work.

FLORENCE VIDOR: No, he doesn't. That is the secret and the charm of his success, I'm sure. When he tells me that my work in a picture is finished, I always have the feeling that my part cant have amounted to anything very big, or important . . . I seem to have done so very little. We come to the studio . . . we talk . . . now, and then we take a casual scene . . . now and then we rehearse . . . in the many apparent interims, it all seems very sociable and gay. . . . But, somehow, thru some magic, he finishes his picture on schedule time, and no member of his company ever has a sense of having done very much about it.

G. H.: What a gift! I wish I could find an editor with the same genius. *(Here A. W. F. averts her eyes, as well she might).* Then you must like working here, or dont you? Are things very different from the Coast?

FLORENCE VIDOR: Not very. I think the stage-hands are a little harder. They seem so to me. But, I dont mean that in a derogatory sense. Harder, without being unkind or crude. And how they *know* people! I would be very much worried if the stage-hands didn't like me. I think their opinions of the players are more than apt to be correct.

MAL ST. CLAIR: Will you come on the set again, Florence, please?

A. W. F. *(rising aristocratically):* We must leave. It was ever so nice seeing you. Perhaps you'll have tea with us before you go back to California?

G. H.: Yes, please do. We'd love it.

FLORENCE VIDOR: That would be fun. I'll telephone you when I have a free afternoon. Bertha will show you the way out. My car is outside. Please let Haynes take you wherever you are going.

G. H. AND A. W. F. *(again in unison . . . a very pleased, polite unison this time):* Oh, thank you. Good-bye.

SCENE IV.—Somewhere on Long Island, between Astoria and Kew Gardens. This time it doesn't matter. Matters and meters are different. Again the interviewers are discovered within a motor vehicle. But it might be difficult to believe that there was any similarity between the coach in which they are now riding and that in which they were to be found at the rise of the curtain.

There are jade fittings. A tiny jade clock. And the upholstery is pale gray suède. The chauffeur is smartly uniformed and it would appear that the bumps in the road so evident on the way over have since been ironed out. Thus can money remake even roads.

A. W. F. *(with the air of one whose every act may be misconstrued, but is eventually proved to be correct):* You see, the luncheon *wasn't* terrible, after all. Quite the contrary.

G. H.: No fault of yours. You nor I nor anyone else has a right to expect to be so perfectly fed in a studio. But you know, I get the impression that Florence Vidor would do everything that way. The right way. The dainty way. The elegant way. The lovely-lady way.

A. W. F.: I believe she would. Her appointments. Her gowns. Her voice. Her hair and nails. Everything she says . . . her poise . . . very charming, dont you think?

G. H.: Very. Michael Arlen might have written about her, except for the fact, that he paints in more flamboyance . . . but *you* know . . . one of these charming people. . . .

A. W. F.: A charming mother, too. You could tell. Intelligent, balanced, sanely affectionate. Yet she has a sophisticated sparkle, too. There is something slightly Continental about her in spite of her American background.

G. H.: Yes, there is. It's probably acquired, but after all, so is almost everything. I mean, we evolve . . . some of us not so far as others (this with a pointed glance.)

A. W. F. *(whether in an access of affection, or a delicately pronged sarcasm, it would be hard to say):* Sweet friend!

G. H. *(as the car comes to a stop, and the interviewers prepare to alight):* Give him (pointing to the chauffeur) a dollar.

A. W. F.: Suppose you play another tune, and give it to him, yourself.

G. H.: What does it matter, *who* gives it?

A. W. F.: It doesn't. Only, I'd rather owe you fifty cents, than have you owe it to me. I dont believe in compound interest.

G. H.: *Sweet* friend!

CURTAIN.

Crazy Quilt

(Continued from page 95)

rupted her with a slight manifestation of nervousness.

"We know each other," he said.

Judith realized that Mr. Landis had been going to permit the introduction to proceed, she sensed Harvey's nervousness, and she paused to remember that only a few weeks ago Harvey had said that he had never met Landis. They had been reading something by him in one of the magazines.

He had just got back from California yesterday.

"Oh," Judith made her voice quite casual. "You two met last night. . . ."

"She knows all about it, then," thought Landis, and aloud he said:

"Yes, Letty Earl introduced us at the party."

Judith placed her hand on the back of the chair to steady herself. Harvey had told her that he had a business engagement at the Lambs last night.

She heard the two men talking thru a dizzy fog.

"Is that right about Letty Earl going into the movies?" Landis asked.

"Dont think it is settled yet," said Harvey. "She has had an offer, I hear."

"God help the movies," groaned Landis. "We've too many empty little faces cluttering up the screen already. Tell her to stay on the revue stage."

Then he turned again to Judith, who gave no outward sign of her hurt and confusion.

"Good luck with 'Woman,'" he said. "Mac tells me the rôle was made for you." He laughed. "But I corrected him on that score. I told him you would make the rôle."

(Continued on page 121)

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The Picture Parade

(*Continued from page* 63)

THE NERVOUS WRECK—Comedy—75%

WE really should not be sent to review these screen screams. We simply cannot scream. And if one cant scream at a scream, there seems to be nothing left but sleep. "The Nervous Wreck" is solemnly embodied by Harrison Ford. For the first reel or two we were mildly amused and interested at the spectacle of this immensely reserved young man being with conscious unconsciousness "funny." He did it well, too. He believes himself to be a nervous wreck, indeed. For him Death's dark door yawns but three months away and he is far more concerned with pink pills for pale people than for any of the other phenomena of living, including *Sally Morgan*—at first. He arrives in the West as the picture opens and there he meets *Sally Morgan*, dizzily portrayed by Phyllis Haver. They have adventures, of course, and in the midst of them they encounter *Mort*, a cowboy, who is the inimitable Chester Conklin. That series of episodes is good for some laughs because of Chester Conklin—Chester, who ought to make any nervous wreck split his sides.

The cast includes: Harrison Ford, Phyllis Haver, Chester Conklin, Mack Swain, Hobart Bosworth, Paul Nicholson, Vera Stedman, Charles Gerrard and Clarence Burton.

It was directed by Scott Sidney.—*Producers Distributing.* G. H.

THE SENSATION SEEKERS
—Drama—75%

AFTER Lois Weber's excellent handling of "The Marriage Clause," her new picture is decidedly disappointing. A hackneyed plot about a sensational small-town girl and a young minister, unusually poor photography and an abundance of conversational titles all contribute to its mediocrity.

Billie Dove is not in her element as the cocktail drinking *Egypt*, who gets arrested in café raids and even her great beauty is lost in the harsh camera work. Huntly Gordon wanders in and out drunkenly in what is little more than a bit as her dissipated partner in crime, and the only interesting performance of the picture is given by Raymond Bloomer as the minister. He plays with dignity and re-

Count Ilya Tolstoy, the eldest son of the famous novelist, who is known as a great lecturer, is assisting Edwin Carewe in filming "Resurrection," his father's great love story. . . . Despite the fact that Count Tolstoy is on in years, he continues to lead a very active life and to enjoy a physical fitness

Mrs. Jack Alden was such a woman

PEOPLE were jealous of her invitations. Her little informal afternoons were as eagerly sought as big, formal evenings.

Hers was the secret of entertaining well—of saying and doing and serving just the right thing always.

Those fortunate women who may be called perfect hostesses are becoming more and more numerous every day. You no longer find them only in the ranks of wealth—but every day in every society.

Advertising keeps these women ahead of the commonplace. The advertisements tell them what is new—what is most delightful to serve and what to do. Above all, the advertisements tell how to accomplish much on little money—how to buy wisely and profitably.

Advertisements are a directory of the better things in life. Read them to know where and what to buy.

To buy advertised goods is to profit by the experience of the best informed

Transform Your Skin!

I have the honor to present a new kind of cosmetic . . . an amazing skin whitener . . . that often brings bewildering beauty to an ordinary skin in just 3 to 6 days. It not only clears your skin of every blemish . . . it simply transforms your skin from ordinary texture to smooth, luminous, ivory whiteness.

NEW KIND OF LOTION
Whitens . . Clears . . Smooths

Some skins are dull, sallow—some are tanned, freckled, reddened—weather has roughened and neglect has robbed some skins of freshness and smoothness—rare indeed is the clear white skin! But now every woman who wants a glorious complexion can have it.

My marvelous discovery whitens the skin to almost milky-whiteness. It smooths the skin to flawless, velvety texture. In 3 to 6 days all trace of freckles, tan and sallowness fade out. Blackheads and imperfections disappear completely.

Never before have women had such a cosmetic. Never before have such amazing results been possible. From all over the world comes praise of this new preparation—even, from American and English women in China, India, Australia. They call it the most important beauty discovery of the age.

Test It . . . Whiten Your Neck

Use my Lotion Face Bleach to whiten your face, hands, or the back of your neck, where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. Test it—see what a striking improvement just three days make!

Large Bottle . . . Fully Guaranteed!

Send no money. Simply mail the coupon, and when the package arrives pay the postman only $1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic 3 days, then if you are not more than delighted, I will refund your money without comment. Tear out the coupon now and mail it today to (Mrs.) Gervaise Graham, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

GERVAISE GRAHAM *Lotion* FACE BLEACH

(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM,
Dept. M-11, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago

Send me, postage prepaid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only $1.50. If not delighted even in 3 days' time, you will at once refund my money. (Or I can enclose money order or check, if you expect to be out when the postman calls.)

Name.....

Address.....

pression and deserves something better than the dramatic fate of reforming *Egypt*.

Naturally, as there is a minister in the plot, it rains like merry old thunder for the climax and there we have—a bold woman, a praying man—and rain, rain, rain!

Where have you heard that one before? —*Universal*. D. M.

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT
—Romantic Drama—70%

MOTHER love runs rampant thru generation after generation in this sickly and sentimental epic. Its virtues are few and among them the performance of Belle Bennett unfortunately cannot be numbered. It starts off with an earthquake, and is punctuated by storms thruout—both the domestic and natural variety. And how Belle Bennett can storm! How she can pout, and fling herself petulantly about! She sticks close to the pattern she set for herself in "Stella Dallas," but somehow the spell is broken. Of course, she hasn't much of a story to help her along. The moral of the tale is, DONT live with your mother-in-law. Belle is cruelly jealous of hers. Only to find, many years later, that she is hated with the same intensity by her son's wife. And there is much despair and suffering. Along about the ninth reel the scene shifted suddenly to Paris, and I was afraid she might be going to Fanny Ward's beauty shop to have her face lifted and start all over again. I made a hasty exit. So if you really care how it all turned out, you'll have to go and see for yourself.—*Universal*. E. G.

MICHAEL STROGOFF—Drama—80%

THE direction, acting, and locale of this elaborate picture are Russian, but unfortunately it has none of the power and simplicity we have come to look for in foreign productions. Maybe that's because the story is by Jules Verne. It is a rambling affair, which traces the journey of a heroic officer of the Czar's army, who is sent on a mission requiring courage and self-sacrifice. It is like something Cecil De Mille might have done, had he been born a Russian. Its great fault is that story is sacrificed to spectacle; yet its greatest virtue is the treatment of the spectacular scenes. There are some glorious, barbaric scenes in the Tartar camp, done in colors, and the dancing at the Czar's ball is effectively handled. But

It began when Dick Barthelmess selected Dorothy Dunbar for his leading lady in "The Amateur Gentleman." The F. B. O. company saw her and thought she looked as if she possessed the stuff of which stars are made . . . and now her name is on one of their long-term contracts

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if you want real drama that touches and convinces you, dont look for it here.—*Universal.* E. G.

THE FIRE BRIGADE—Drama—75%

HERE'S the greatest fire epic to date with the entire fire department of a large city participating and co-operating and otherwise furnishing the greatest interest and entertainment in the picture. Said picture is a heavily hokumized story designed to glorify the American Fireman, and to show all grafters the error of their ways.

The *Widow O'Neil,* wife and mother of firemen, sacrifices two sons in fires which might have been prevented if the building laws of the city had been enforced. But graft rules, and the latest crime is the erection of an orphanage whose walls are constructed of concrete that seems to be about two hundred per cent. sand.

All the fire stuff is wonderful. The framework of the picture, lavish and satisfying—but it is hard to believe the story, where it isn't impossible it is worn threadbare by use.

There is a color sequence of a costume ball that is exquisite.

Thruout the picture, Charlie Ray is good. He does everything that he ever has done and new stuff besides. In fact, all the acting is good, and old *Bert Woodruff* as the grandfather who clings to his steam-engine and three white horses, and drives them in competition with the motor trucks to the big fire, furnishes some delightful comedy and real thrills.

With all its assets and with all the time and money that evidently was spent on it, it is too bad "The Fire Brigade" does not hit on all six, but it doesn't.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* D. B.

Say It With Letters

(*Continued from page* 70)

A Hint for Scenarists

THE movies are the greatest pastime we ever had. They serve as entertainment and education.

There is only one kick, however, that I can make. Why, when there is trouble between the hero and villain, does the heroine always have to promise to marry the villain in order to save the hero from death? Why not let the heroine be more peppy and form up some idea to save the hero, rather than yield to the villain. I am sure this little incident is getting on the nerves of people.

All the players I have seen are very talented, especially Neil Hamilton, Richard Dix, Ronald Colman, and Ramon Novarro. There are many others. Roughly guessing, I have seen from 250 to 300 different plays in the last year and six months, and I think that the directors are entirely responsible for their success, and may there be more rising success in the future and may the movies live forever.

C. J. S.,
Monroe, Michigan.

Which, Indeed?

MAY I suggest my criticism of movies in general? It is best proved by an illustration.

Two boys sat in a darkened movie. One was watching the picture with an intelligent, reasoning glance, the other seemed to hang onto each successive scene, eager, feverishly interested. The first was amused by the picture but did not blindly idolize each successive panorama. On the screen a common-enough plot was unrolling—the eternal triangle, garnished with the highly extravagant, artificial life of its components—an emotional film playing the dry chords of passion in an attempt to squeeze hence some momentary interest. This shallow philosophy merely entertained the first boy, but was intensely real to the latter. He sat engrossed, thrilling to each climax, glorying in each strain of passion.

The movie over, these two lads went their respective ways. The first felt a little wiser, a trifle bored. The latter swaggered off, drunk with an unnatural elation, pulsing to the air as it bit his cheek. Which of these boys could best be trusted in a situation calling for chivalry?

The above story illustrates my criticism. The movie producer must select pictures that will not harm the ignorant, highly reactionary public. He must protect the weak, for they are the multitude. Does he ever figure the effect of his virile, exotic pictures on the starved imaginations of the common man? A movie's effect on the general public must be considered before it may attain that rôle of public benefactor that is its due heritage.

K. K.,
Biddeford Pool, Maine.

Crazy Quilt

(*Continued from page* 118)

"Damn his impertinence," said Harvey, almost as soon as he had gone.

Judith's mouth curled contemptuously.

"That is not gratitude, Harvey," she said. "Mr. Landis planned to be very kind to you. He was going to permit me to make the unnecessary introduction.

"Or perhaps it was me he planned to spare. Maybe he understands that it is rather humiliating to share a husband with a creature like Letty Earl.

"I could bear it better, I think, if you sought ladies for your extra marital affairs."

"You would jump to that conclusion," Harvey said sullenly.

Judith did not answer him. She saw that Robert Landis had paused at the door to talk with Mr. Irving.

"Where are you going?" Judith called to him. "What direction?"

"Down-town," he said.

"Let me take you," she said. "My car is outside. I am going your way."

Was there something prophetic in Judith's remark to Robert Landis? Here is a man who is evidently on the verge of falling in love with her. And she has liked him from the first time she saw him. Unexpected and exciting things bring this story to an end in the next instalment.

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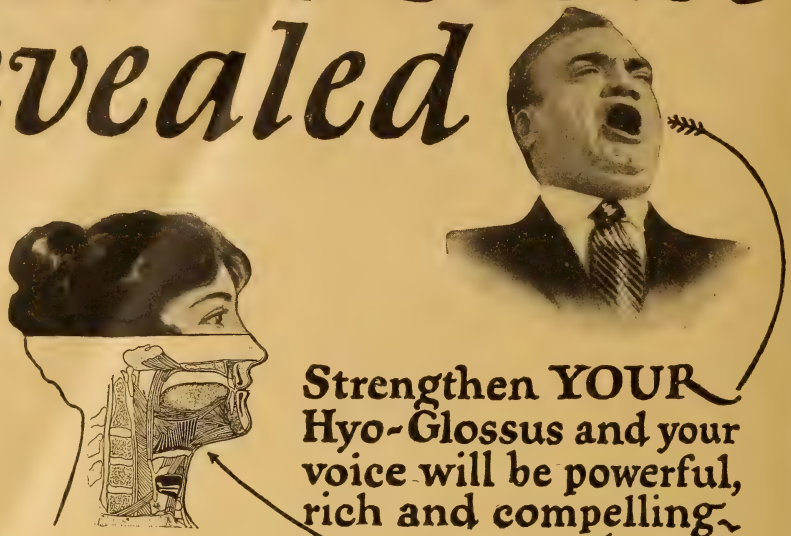
Caruso's Secret Revealed



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